



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

4

SERAPHINA.

By ANDREW W. ARNOLD, Author of *The Attack on the Farm, For the Sake of a Kiss, &c*

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

HALF-WAY between Soissons and Rheims, on a good map, you will see marked the little village of Marigny-les-Tours. It was there that I, Etienne Meynard, was born, and where my father—ay, and his father before him—carried on the business of a blacksmith. Whether he had had some white wine or not—and my brawny, jovial father did not object to it—no man could shoe a horse as well or as quickly or make a wheel-tire as accurately as he.

Nearly all the land in the district belonged to the great family of the St Claires, who lived in the château overlooking the hamlet.

Monsieur St Claire had of late years been a confirmed invalid; but his wife, who was an Italian, was a very energetic and kind-hearted woman, and beloved by all the country-side. No man could have looked after the estate better than she did. They were a very rich family, for the land produced wine of the finest quality, which was sent off to Rheims and Epernay; and, moreover, the eldest son was a partner in a large Champagne house. They had, besides, two daughters and another son, named Hubert. The latter and I were foster-brothers. As a child he had been rather delicate. The doctor said madame pampered him too much, and that he should be more in the open air; consequently they often sent down for me to go up to the château to play with him.

Ah! what snowballing we had in the winter; and, when the bright spring came, what birds' nests we took, as we rambled about the beautiful park together! So it came to pass that, although our relative positions were so different, we two became almost like real brothers. But at last the time came for him to go to school, and then—as he was going into the army—to St Cyr; and we only saw each other in the holidays.

It happened one day, just after he had got his

commission, that we went bathing. Hubert remained in the water longer than I, and I was nearly dressed when he was seized with cramp. I went at once to his assistance, and brought him to land just in time to save him. I was doing what I could to restore him to consciousness when his father and mother luckily drove up. Hubert was placed in the carriage, and servants sent in all directions for the doctor. Nothing could exceed the gratitude of his parents. Our little cottage and the forge, which belonged to the St Claires, was given, as it stood, to my father; and my sister Josephine was made a dairymaid at the château. They wished to have me grandly educated; but my father thought it better for me to remain with him and help him in his business.

When madame came from Italy she brought with her an Italian maid who was very handsome, and she married Jacques Marly the steward, who lived in a beautiful cottage just outside the village on the road to Fismes. There were queer stories about her, and she was said to have had a horrible temper. However, Marly was only married about a year, as his wife died soon after giving birth to Seraphina. The latter and I grew up together, and she always showed a preference for me over all the other lads of the village. Seraphina was now sixteen, and I was two years older.

One fine June day—we two always went about together when we could—she and I went fishing in the Arditre. Under the shade of a hawthorn-bush that was then in full bloom we sat down side by side, with the meadow-sweet around us. I threw my line into the little stream, and we waited patiently for a bite. The insects buzzed, and the bees hummed as they scrambled into the foxgloves on the bank; but never a fish, though we could see plenty of them, came to bite. One old roach came and had a look at the worm, but superciliously swam away again, and I fancy he told the young ones not to go near it.

'There's too much sun, Etienne,' said Seraphina.
'No; they are frightened at your eyes,' I replied; 'they shine too bright. Ah, Fina! if you were only at the end of the hook they would come in dozens to see you, because you are so beautiful.'

'But the other day you said Suzanne Blanc's eyes were beautiful,' she replied.

'So they are; but not to be compared to yours.'

'Why do you think I am so lovely?' she answered, placing her hand on my shoulder.

'Because I can't help it, and because I love you,' I replied; and as she was so close I kissed her.

'And I love you too,' she said, returning my kiss; 'and when we grow up we will be married.'

'But what will your father say?' I asked.

'Oh, I can do what I like with him,' she replied.

'But what will your parents say?'

'Whatever they say,' I answered, 'I will marry you, my darling.' And so we became betrothed, and considered ourselves the happiest people in the world. But at the same time my parents did not really like Seraphina; but I would have her, and the beautiful girl would not, she said, marry any one else, and so they had to agree to it. Besides, old Marly was known to have saved up a great deal of money, and my mother was rather influenced by that, for she was a very saving woman. It was a good thing she was, for my father, who had been a sergeant-farrier in the Dragoons, had the careless, happy-go-lucky ideas of a soldier. He loved to sit smoking and drinking at the 'Faisan d'Or,' and he would have spent the bulk of his money there but for his thrifty wife. As I thought upon it I could hardly believe my good fortune when Seraphina promised to be mine, for she was far and away the most beautiful girl in the whole district; she even promised to surpass her mother. She had, so folks said, the same sharp-cut features, the same brilliant dark eyes and splendid figure; and the bloom of health and youth showed through her olive complexion, reminding one of some of the Italian pictures up at the chateau. Seraphina was no favourite among the other girls, not only because of her looks, but because she inherited, if the truth must be told, some of her mother's temper. But I was young then, and I did not think of that. Those eyes, that had been flashing a moment before, shone with a warm, caressing glance, when I approached, that filled me with delight and love.

This was in May 1868, and the time had now come for me to serve my three years in the army. There were three or four other lads who had to go at the same time; and all the village turned out to see us off. Some of the mothers cried bitterly, as if their sons would never come back; and, in fact, some of them did not.

'Good-bye, my darling Etienne,' cried Seraphina, throwing her arms round my neck as she pressed her soft cheek against my own and covered me with kisses. 'You will be back in three years. I shall be a fine girl then.'

'You are now,' I returned, vainly trying to keep down the moisture that would swell into my eyes.

'And then, when you come back, we will be married, and won't we be happy! Keep up your courage. I will write, my darling, and tell you every single thing that goes on.'

I could not trust myself to answer; but, pressing her once more to my breast, and kissing my father and mother, my sister and little brother, I went after the others, who had got some way in front. None of us said much at first; but when we came to the top of a slight incline we stood and waved our tricolour-decked hats to our families, who were standing in a group to see the last of us. But we were all young and full of hope, and our spirits soon returned. Besides, having more money than we were used to, we stopped at the inns on our way; and, partly out of bravado and partly to hide our real sorrow, we took more than we ought to have taken. Consequently we were all three-parts drunk when we reached our destination.

Hubert St Claire would have liked to go into some expensive cavalry regiment; but his mother did not wish him to do so, because his uncle commanded a regiment of *chasseurs à pied*, whose dépôt was at Epernay. So Hubert got a commission in that regiment. Most of the men in our district served in the regiments quartered at Rheims or Soissons; but, partly because I was a tall, strapping lad (for they were finer men in the *chasseurs* than in the line), and partly through Monsieur St Claire's influence, I joined his regiment, and became Hubert's servant.

I took to soldiering naturally; I suppose I inherited my father's reckless, dare-devil character. I had more money than most of my comrades, for Hubert St Claire was very kind to me in that respect; and, as I spent it freely, I soon became a favourite. But at the same time, as I was quick and paid assiduous attention to my duties, I also earned the approbation of my officers.

Seraphina was as good as her word in writing to me. She seemed to find in doing so a vent for her pent-up feelings; and no one ever received more passionate love-letters during the first few months of my sojourn at Epernay than I did. She was an odd girl. I realised this more now that we were separated. Her peculiar character came partly from her father as well as her mother, for the former was a very serious, taciturn man, in many respects far above his station. He seldom mixed much with those in the village, remaining in his pretty cottage, reading the numerous books he had got; but for all that he was a good steward and looked sharply after the interests of the St Claires, driving a bargain as close for them as he would for himself.

Having little to do, Seraphina spent a great deal of her time in reading romantic love-stories and memoirs. In fact, she did not hesitate to borrow from the latter. 'Adieu, my love, my darling!' she wrote to me in a letter soon after we

had parted. 'What inquietudes do I not suffer from thy absence! I kiss you in my sleep as I dream of you, for I love you, dearest Etienne: I love you as no one ever loved before.' All this ardour naturally filled me with delight, and I thought it very fine writing, for I did not know then that she was simply copying the intercepted *billets-doux* of Pauline Bonaparte. But as time went on my *fiancée's* epistles became cooler.

I had served eighteen months when she told me that a new schoolmaster had arrived in the village, who was young and very handsome, and who, curiously enough, had served in my regiment; and, to my disgust, most of her letters from that time were filled up with the doings and sayings of this fellow. Soon after that I had a letter from my sister Josephine. She told that she was going to be married to Madame St Claire's coachman; and she also informed me that the new schoolmaster, whose name was Felix Barcères, was very often seen with Seraphina. This, coupled with what I could guess from my *fiancée's* epistles, filled me with rage and jealousy, and I wrote at once to Seraphina. She never answered me; but, from all accounts, she seemed to pay little heed to my remonstrances. In the following June I got a short furlough to attend my sister's wedding.

Seraphina received me kindly, but with none of that warmth which, from her promises two years ago, I considered I had a right to expect. I had left her a slight and beautiful girl; she was now a fully developed woman, and looked more than her age. I was intoxicated by her ravishing beauty, and in my heart I almost pardoned the schoolmaster for making love to her, for I did not understand how any one could help it; but for all that I vowed on the first opportunity to have it out with him.

The wedding took place the next day; it was quite a grand affair, and all the village was *en fête*. The St Claires gave Josephine a handsome *dot*, and madame herself with the young ladies actually came down to the breakfast, and partook of the white soup which, in Champagne, is always a great feature at a wedding; and in the afternoon we all danced in the park. I expected to see Barcères; but he prudently kept out of my way. Unfortunately it came on to rain in the evening, so we went back to the cottage. My father and the bridegroom's father found they had both served in Africa, and they took glass after glass of the good wine that Madame St Claire kindly provided, drinking to the health of their old comrades, so that after a while they could not stand. Then the village Musical Society commenced to play; but, as they were all drunk, they made so much noise that Seraphina—who had lately found out that she had a fine voice, and consequently wished to sing—got angry, and I ordered them to cease. This ended in a general *mêlée*, in which some of their instruments were broken, and it was only stopped by the joint efforts of the *cure* and the

doctor. After Seraphina had sung, the bridegroom's cousin, who was in the Zouaves, gave us a song that made the girls blush; and as he would not desist, he and I had a fight in which I nearly killed him; so that the day that had begun so auspiciously ended in an orgy; but for all that the villagers looked on it as one of the happiest in their lives.

The following morning I asked Seraphina why she had not written to me so frequently.

'Well,' she answered, 'you wrote so seldom to me; and—besides—you can't write like'—

'That fool of a schoolmaster,' I replied.

'Yes, you are right there. He can write. Why, he actually had an article in *Le Petit Courier* entitled the "Spring-timo in the Woods," all about'—

'Oh yes, I know,' I exclaimed savagely, 'all about the confounded birds. Bah, *quel blague!* He's as blind as a bat to begin with, and cannot tell a thrush from a linnet.'

'And not only that,' she added, seeming to enjoy my rising anger and paying no attention to what I said, 'he can write poetry too. He has written me a lovely poem, "*Étoile du Nuit*." Now listen to this,' she continued, taking a paper from her breast and seating herself on the corner of the table, swinging her little foot to and fro.

'Let me see it,' I said, trying to take it from her.

'No, no! you keep back and I'll read it to you.'

'*Étoile du Nuit!*'—

'What nonsense!' I interposed.

'Is it? You have not heard it yet. Anyway, I am certain you could not write as good.'

Then she commenced again:

'*Étoile du Nuit! dans les*'—

But I could not stand any more; and, snatching up my shako, I darted off to settle accounts with Barcères.

He was a tall, delicate-looking man with glasses, and had rather long hair and a sallow face. My appearance seemed to give him anything but pleasure.

'What do you want?' he asked nervously, keeping the door ajar.

'I'll tell you when I'm inside,' I replied. 'Now look here,' I continued after he had reluctantly permitted me to enter, 'I was betrothed to Seraphina Marly long before you ever came here.'

'But,' he interposed, 'I suppose a girl is allowed to change her mind if she likes. Ovid says'—

'Who the mischief is Ovid?' I replied, thinking he meant some one in the village, though I have learned since that he was a Latin poet. A smile of contempt crept over his pale countenance, which made me more angry than ever. 'I give you fair warning, you dog,' I continued, bringing my fist down on the table, 'if you get making love to her behind my back, or writing any more of your infernal poetry, I will break every bone in your body.' The smile had left his face now, and he stood trembling, as white as a sheet.

The following day I had to start very early, as I had to walk two leagues to Fismes, which was the nearest station. I resolved to see Seraphina ere I went. Marly's cottage, as I have said, stood by itself a little back from the road at the end of the village, and in the porch was a wicker cage which still contained a blackbird I had given his daughter. Seraphina, I knew, would still be sleeping, so I threw some pebbles against her window; but this had no effect. There was a water-butt just handy; so, clambering on to that, I tapped at the window with my bayonet, and in a moment she appeared.

'What, Etienne!' she exclaimed, 'is it you, and must you really go so early?'

'I must, my love,' I answered; 'I cannot help myself. But I shall be back in a year, and then what a wedding we will have!'

'Kiss me, *mon chéri*,' she cried, leaning out of the window. By my standing on tiptoe she was just able to throw her rounded arms about my neck, her thick black hair falling in clusters on my shoulder as she pressed her warm lips against my own.

Reluctantly I let her go and jumped to the ground.

'Adieu!' she cried. 'Take this;' and, leaning out, she picked a piece of honeysuckle within her reach and threw it to me. I picked it up, kissed it, and hurried off; but I turned once more to gaze upon her, and the picture she presented as she stood at the flower-framed window, with her raven tresses on her shoulders, and the first crimson blush of the early dawn falling upon her, remained in my heart for many a day. I little thought then under what circumstances our next meeting would take place.

THE SAPPHIRE-FIELDS OF CENTRAL QUEENSLAND.



ALMOST every variety of gem-stones has been found in Queensland; but a systematic search for them has, until recently, been restricted to the opal and sapphire. The former gem exists in great profusion throughout the western division, chiefly in the drought-stricken country between the Paroo River and Cooper's Creek; the latter in the more pleasant plains of the central district. The sapphire-digger does not usually receive the same return for his labour as does the opaller; but his field of operations, being well within reach of civilisation and easily accessible, allows of the necessities of life being procured much more cheaply, and the possibility of finding a diamond or two among the conglomeration of stones in his 'jigger' adds an element of chance that has a powerful fascination.

The centre of the sapphire-mining industry is in the Leichardt division, on the headwater creeks of the Mackenzie River and in the gullies of the dividing-range between these waters and the Nogoa, Belyando, and Barcoo Rivers. The district is traversed by the central railway system, and is distant from Rockhampton about two hundred miles. Emerald, a somewhat remarkable township of about eight hundred inhabitants, is only thirty miles in an easterly direction from the fields; but the unique settlement sidings of Anaki and Withersfield are within twelve miles of Retreat Creek, the chief resort of the sapphire-workers. Other encampments are situated on Central, Tomahawk, and Policeman Creeks; and wandering parties of miners may be met on nearly all the head-springs of the Burdekin.

The sapphires are found in the pebbly conglomeration or wash in the beds of the old water-channels, sometimes on the surface or an inch or

so beneath, but usually in a defined stratum about three feet down. In this deposit almost every stone is a gem of some variety; but until recently the miners were not aware that this was the case, and valued only those stones which had the characteristics of the deep-blue sapphire, selling any others to the chance-buyer who cared to offer for them at so much per pound or even hundredweight.

It is evident that the gem-stones do not originate where they are at present found; but as to where they came from, beyond reckoning that 'it must be somewhere away back in the desert divide,' no one knows—or cares. The average digger has a great contempt for knowledge and those who profess to know anything. This is said to have arisen from the fact that some very scientific people, 'with half the alphabet tacked on to their handle,' at one time visited the fields and persisted in looking for the gems where the geological formations indicated that they should be; and of course, as every miner knows, that is exactly where they are not. It will thus be readily understood that the methods of working adopted by the digger are somewhat primitive; and, like his brother 'out west' on the opal-fields, he refuses to have anything to do with any appliance which he is unable to make for himself with the aid of an axe and an empty kerosene-tin.

The sapphire-hunter's stock-in-trade consists of good eyesight, a serviceable pick and shovel, and a strong belief in luck. To these as time goes on are added all the kerosene-tins he can get his hands on and, when fortune favours him, some pieces of wire-mesh. Thus equipped, he wanders up the dry creek-beds with his mate, occasionally picking up a surface pebble and examining it intently. Should the stone be in accordance with his ideas of what surface indication should be, he and his mate at

once sink a hole to see what the 'bottom' is like; and should any promising specimens be found while doing so, a claim is immediately pegged out, and a new camp springs into existence. It seldom happens, however, that there are any surface guides; so the two miners toss up a coin to determine where they will try their luck, and this method usually proves quite satisfactory. When the claim is secured by inserting four posts at the corners of the ground so as to include as much of the supposed original bed of the stream as possible, a perforated inclined plane is erected with the straightened-out sides of the indispensable tins, on which the disintegrated gravel is thrown, and washed down with water. The heavy stones roll down and off the apparatus, and the fine sand is also carried away, but the intermediate pebbles pass through the perforations and are afterwards carefully gathered. In this lot the gems are found. The sapphires are picked out by hand and divided into three classes—every red, blue, green, yellow, or white stone which the two operators are not fully acquainted with being relegated to the third class, and only the best gems being classed among the 'firsts.' Incidentally it may be stated that in a ton of wash there are usually about two hundred gem-stones of various kinds, ranging in size from little spheroids about one-eighth of an inch in diameter to large-sized peas, and frequently a translucent mass of port-wine-tinged material (hyacinth) is found as large as the orthodox marble.

Unfortunately it does not often happen that sufficient water for the necessary puddling or sluicing is within reach of the gem-diggers, and the men are then forced to resort to the use of the 'jigger.' This contrivance is practically a sieve or punched tin sheet mounted either on a springy wooden framework somewhat similar to the Westralian dry-blower or 'shaker,' or suspended from a rude tripod to allow of efficient working. The previously slackened conglomeration is thrown on this sieve by one of the men, and his partner applies the necessary physical force to set it in motion with short jerky strokes. The result is the same as with the wet or inclined plane method, but is not so certain in its action, and the proper manipulation of the sieves requires considerably more exertion. The motion causes the heavy matrix to roll over the 'rifles' across the sieves, the wind blows the fine grit away, and thus the intermediates are left as before. They are afterwards carted to the nearest waterhole and washed, this operation being necessary before the gems can be separated from the common stones, or their identity established.

However, a change is coming over the happy valleys of the gem-diggers, and the unsophisticated sons of the bush are awakening to a knowledge of what lies within their grasp. As the industry will in all probability now develop into another field of outlet for those toilers of our own overcrowded cities who feel the bonds of civilisation too irksome, and as but little is known of the country

and the conditions of life there, even in Australia, perhaps some personal experiences may prove of sufficient interest to set down.

We were cycling in from the opal-fields on the Warrego plains, and on striking the railway line at a point which, according to the inscription on a mile-post, was one hundred and ninety-six miles from Rockhampton, we overtook two men bound for the sapphire-fields. On hearing that we were only a few miles from the famous Anaki workings, my companion and I resolved to accompany them thither. Next day we arrived at and pegged out a joint claim on Central Creek, and soon were puddling gem-clay as if we had never done anything else, in an improvised 'tomb' made from the sides of two kerosene-tins which Mac, my Scotch comrade, appropriated when their lawful owners were absent. There were about twenty men working in the patch on which we had 'staked off,' and each had a sack of mixed gem-stones by him which I thought must be worth a fortune until one old Queenslander offered me his lot for five shillings.

'But you have all sorts of gems there,' I said, picking out a handful. 'I am almost sure that this stone is a spinel ruby, and this an oriental topaz. Why! that looks like a dia'—

'My boy, ye can have them all for nothing, then,' was the reply; 'but if I know the part of the world that your claim is in—an' I reckon I ought to, seeing I prospected the place—ye will have whips of that stuff yourself before the week's out.'

His words proved true, for when we carted the result of our week's work to the Five Mile Waterhole to 'clean up,' we found that we had only three ounces of cobalt-blue sapphires, or 'firsts,' but of other stones in every conceivable shade and colour we had over twelve pounds. Despite the knowledge that only the 'firsts' were considered of value by our two Australian comrades, visions of untold wealth would haunt me when I broke some of the inferior stones to examine their colour and cleavage, &c., and I felt that it was one of the greatest misfortunes of my life that my knowledge of gem-stones was only superficial.

'What do you call this?' I would say to one of our comrades whom we called the Wallaby, holding up a broken semi-transparent stone in which a tinge of gold would sparkle from the depths of green that formed the body of the substance.

'I'm darned if I know; it ain't no good anyhow, unless we salt the parcel with it.'

'And this one? See that blue flash in the heart! What! it's red from this side.'

'Of course,' answered the Wallaby; 'it depends how you look at it or how the light gets at it; but it's only the same stuff as bottles is made of, after all. Oh, that!—that is an Ostralian ruby or garnet. It's worth—well, I is no 'rithmeticker, but I should reckon sixpence would buy twelve.'

Needless, perhaps, to say, my hopes did not long hold out against such statements, and it was with indifferent feelings that some time later I assisted

to make up our parcel of classed stones to send to Sydney for sale. 'I am of opinion that sapphire-digging will not make our fortunes,' I said, surveying our seven and a half ounces of 'firsts.' 'That, supposing we get fifty pounds from M., divided among the four of us, will not be equal to ten pounds a month to each man.'

'Oh, but seven and a half can stand two ounces of salting,' cheerfully responded Warrego Bill, our other comrade, picking out some green and white stones from the 'seconds,' and adding them to the heap of 'firsts.'

'Does the buyer not know a stone when he sees it,' I inquired, 'or does he not look at what he buys?'

'Well, it ain't exactly that,' said Bill. 'You see, the boys started salting last year on chance, an' no one objected, so we kept on adding to the salt every parcel we sent down, an' now we always put in about a quarter of green and whites among the blue stuff. Old M. doesn't seem to mind, anyhow.'

'Maybe he is a phleelanthropist,' suggested my Scotch comrade; 'or maybe he doesn't like to hurt your feelin's by returnin' them.'

'I don't reckon he's troubled that way,' remarked the Wallaby thoughtfully, as he tied up the little sack of gems; and having had previous experience with the buying fraternity on the opal-fields, I agreed with him. Meanwhile I had written down to Brisbane for some books on gems; but the information I obtained from them when they arrived, being mostly in connection with the minerals of America, was not of a nature to be of much service to us. I cut out the appended tables of specific gravities, hardnesses, &c., however; and Mac having improvised a dichroscope and a blowpipe, we too, soon after, started off to prospect the divide on the north, towards the Burdekin headwaters, leaving all our accumulated property with our two Australian comrades.

We were fairly successful so far as finding blue sapphires was concerned, and other stones which we could not classify; and after a five weeks' trip we returned, striking the outlying camps on Retreat Creek one evening at sundown. There was great excitement among the men, some of whom we knew; and, in answer to our questions, they informed us that the head geologist of the Government was on the fields, and that some of the boys had gone down to Anaki station to meet two buyers coming off the Western Mail. I did not then understand how the miners had so suddenly developed such a friendship for the dealers that they sent a deputation to meet them; but I grasped the situation a little later.

'Well, boys, we are glad to hear you have had good luck,' said Ted Winton, the oldest digger on the fields, as we, with others, gathered round his camp-fire after supper. 'Your old mates are still over on Central Creek; but have you seen the diamond?'

'Diamond!' I cried. 'Have you been finding diamonds here?'

'I reckon so. It's over in Mulligan's camp. The Government expert came here yesterday, and he says it's of the first water. Some have been found over in Policeman's Creek as well. But, hullo! here's Irishier himself.'

A stranger now approached, and as he passed within the firelit zone I recognised an old opal-digger I had known in New South Wales. Mac also recognised him, and for a time the common merits of the 'Land of Brown Heath' and of the Emerald Isle monopolised the conversation, to the great interest of the other miners, who could not understand why any sane person had ever left such countries as the two men described.

'But you don't get diamonds there, Scottie,' a Tasmanian interrupted irrelevantly.

'Ye're wraug, ma man,' answered my companion; 'we do; but they're black anes.'

'Well, here's the wan I kicked up on me claim,' said Mulligan the Irishman. 'Sure, the Government ex. says it's A1, and you kin see it is.'

'Why, we sent several of those away in our parcel from Central Creek,' I cried.

'That's what's troubling here too,' cried one of the men ruefully. 'We've been salting all our parcels with that stuff this last month or so.'

'But did the gem-buyers not tell you?' I cried.

'Well, that depends on how you take it,' answered old Winton. 'They kept 10 per cent. off our prices this last time for "inferior stuff," they said. Two of them are coming off the mail to-night at Anaki. They wired that they wished to buy all our "seconds," and would pay double price if we kept them all for them. But I reckon Big Harry and the boys who have gone to meet them know how to get even with the Jews.'

'Do any of you know how much our comrades got for our parcel?' I asked.

'I saw the Wallaby last Monday,' said one, 'and he told me they got thirty-six pounds for the lot.'

'What?' roared Mac, springing to his feet. 'That means only nine pounds for two ounces of sapphires and half-a-dozen diamonds. Let me awa'; I'm goin' doon to Anaki too.'

Mac's disgust was great; but our companions, being Australians, viewed the matter philosophically. 'Tain't nothin', Scottie,' said old Winton comfortingly. 'Lor, what's about some diamonds?' Such sentiments were all very well for them; but we could not see things in the same light, and when next morning I interviewed the Government mineralogist and received undoubted proof that we had actually been salting our sapphires with diamonds of the first water, our feelings may be imagined but not put into words. The two Jews never reached the fields. They got into Emerald two days later, and told a strange tale to the police; but some miners having gone down to that city for

a spell, they left hurriedly for the south before their statements could be verified. It was surmised by the miners on the fields that the Jews, having recognised the gems sent to them, and knowing that the news must soon leak out, had the intention of attempting to buy the claims on which the diamonds were found.

The Government experts made a thorough investigation into the products of the Anaki fields, and sent samples to the laboratory in Brisbane for analysis. Thus it was soon known that diamonds, spinel rubies, topazes, zircons, and many other gems abounded in the sapphire wash, and that gems worth many thousands of pounds had been thrown away or sold to the dealers for a few shillings per gross.

The upper reaches of Tomahawk Creek and the gullies leading into the ranges have not yet been prospected to any extent; but it is supposed that emeralds also exist in those regions. At any rate, we found some green stones there which we took to be a species of turquoise, but which were afterwards sold in Melbourne for prices which warranted the assumption that they were the more favoured gem.

The one difficulty attending systematic development of the gem-district is the scarcity of water on the higher altitudes; but, given the solution of that question, there is no doubt that the fields will yet attract much attention. Gems possibly worth fifty pounds are not now sold in Anaki at five shillings a hundred.

THE PEARL NECKLACE.

By JAMES WORKMAN.

CHAPTER VII.—MISTRESS DOROTHY.



WHEN morning came it took but a little while to discover from the looks and whisperings and curious side-glances of the men that the story of the previous night's doings had been freely circulated, and with no favourable comments regarding my own action in the matter. Even Corporal Flint eyed me askance, and the more so, I think, because I kept my own counsel. Few men had a more exalted idea of their own sagacity than the corporal, and I knew that he would be slow to forgive me if I did not take him into my confidence. Yet how could I do so without telling him that I had seen Mistress Dorothy?—and that I was resolved not to do until I had spoken with her. Therefore, I told him no more than he knew already from the men; and, without heeding his glum face, I bade him guard most vigilantly against a surprise, and set out to have speech with Mistress Dorothy.

I knew that I ran some risk in going alone; but if I was to keep the matter a secret there was no help for it. I had made up my mind that, come of it what would, I would go boldly to Poplar House, and insist upon having a private interview with her. I can truly say that I feared her tongue more than the sword of any Malignant breathing. As for Montague, I would have asked nothing better than to meet him face to face. If he fell upon me with others to back him I must even abide the consequences. It was one of those risks that a soldier must be ever prepared to run.

As it chanced, however, I met with none but the one I had come to meet; for, taking a short cut through the woods to Poplar House, I came suddenly face to face with Mistress Dorothy herself. She was evidently no less surprised at our meeting than I. She flushed, and then turned pale, and glanced

swiftly round as though seeking for some way to avoid me; but, perceiving that it was too late, she made no effort to do so. This meeting was the most opportune thing that could have happened, and yet I stood speechless before her, not knowing how to enter upon the business.

'Mistress Dorothy,' I said at length, 'I will waste no words, but will deal plainly with you. I saw you in the Hall last night, and can guess your errand there—nay, have very sufficient proof of it. I have, therefore, come hither to seek you, in order that I may beseech you to abandon a course of conduct that can lead to nothing but evil to yourself and those you love.'

She tried hard to conceal her agitation; but I saw the flower upon her breast rise and fall, and her lips tremble as she spoke. Yet she had lost none of her desire to wound and humiliate me.

'I doubt not that your motives are most excellent, sir, as, in your own eyes, they ever appear to be,' she rejoined; 'but you can scarce wonder that I regard you as the last person in the world from whom it is fitting that I should take advice in this matter.'

'Oh!' said I impatiently, 'you must, I think, be blind to the dangers to which you expose yourself. For the sake of our past friendship, which you hold in such light esteem, I have hitherto done all that lay in my power to protect you; but if you continue to act as the friend and confidante of this Colonel Montague, and to—'

'In other words, you will cease to protect me unless I help to betray him into your hands,' she interposed bitterly. 'Is that what I am to understand?'

'You are to understand nothing of the sort,' I answered sternly. 'And yet, if you had seen, as I did,

the dying face of the poor youth he slew but yesterday, you would feel no shame, I think, in aiding to bring him to justice.'

'It was a fair fight,' she exclaimed hotly. 'He fought in self-defence, and meant but to disable the young man, and not to slay him.'

I took note of the fact, which she had unwittingly betrayed, that she must recently have had speech with Montague, who was, therefore, still in the neighbourhood.

'What would you have?' she continued indignantly. 'You strive to hunt him down like a wild beast, and call it a crime, though you be ten to one, if he strikes a blow for life and liberty. You know well that, man to man, you dare not face him.'

'If the opportunity should ever present itself, Mistress Dorothy,' I said quietly, 'I hope to prove to you that I, for one, would very willingly face him, with nothing to aid me but my sword.'

'And yet when the opportunity offered,' she replied scornfully, 'you preferred, with your usual prudence, to cross swords with a boy like my brother, Captain Hawthorne.'

The blood rushed to my face, and it was with difficulty that I answered her with some degree of composure.

'I think the day may come when you will own that you have judged me unkindly, Mistress Dorothy,' I said gravely. 'In the meantime, if you will permit me, I will tell you as briefly as possible why I came hither. By attempting to remove the gold from the Hall last night you have proved that you are taking an active part in the conspiracy against His Highness the Lord Protector. This gold, I know well, was brought from France by Montague, and I have strict orders from the Protector to seize it. It may be that the rest of the gold has been removed from the Hall.'

'I may tell you plainly that it has,' said she, 'and you will but waste your time if you search for it.'

'And it was you that removed it?' I asked.

'Ay, was it,' she exclaimed triumphantly. 'I was carrying away the last of it when you surprised me.'

'And do you know where it now is?'

'I do not,' she replied; 'though, God knows, I would not tell you if I did.'

'Then, listen to me,' I said, 'and I pray you do not deal with this matter in a petulant or wilful spirit, for much may depend upon your answer. Will you agree to point out the secret passage by which you entered the Hall, and solemnly pledge your word of honour that you will take no further part in this conspiracy? If so, I will even yet do all that lies in my power to befriend you. Nay, answer not hastily. Think well before you speak; and be wise, I beseech you, before it is too late. Cromwell can be generous—nay, most merciful, within the bounds of reason; but if necessity appear to call for it none can be more ruthless than he. I implore you to

listen to me, Mistress Dorothy. Think of me what you please. I can say with a clear conscience that throughout this unhappy business I have done what I could to be a true friend to you and yours.'

I think for one moment she hesitated, for I saw her glance at me curiously as she stood there pale and silent; but it was for a moment only.

'And if I refuse,' she asked, 'what then?'

'It will be my duty to arrest you, and send you under escort to London,' I answered with an effort.

'That would be another proof of your friendship, I presume,' she exclaimed scornfully. 'Well, then, hear me, Captain Hawthorne, and, for my part, I will deal very plainly with you. Go back to the blood-stained usurper, and tell him that neither the prison cell—nay, nor the axe itself, shall wring such words from my lips; or, if you have the power—for there seems neither law nor justice in this unhappy country to-day—arrest me now and here, and deliver me into the hands of the man of blood who slew his Master the King, and now seeks to wear his crown.'

The sunshine came through the leaves and lit up her brave young face, and I thought—so weak a thing is man—that God had never created a fairer or sweeter maid. 'Twas no time for such thoughts; and I, a man of some years and experience, should have possessed the will and the strength to banish them from my mind. But I could not—I shame to confess it—I could not.

'Well,' she said scornfully, 'do your duty. Arrest me.'

Most clearly it was my duty. What else could I do? I, on my side, should play the traitor, should prove false to the trust placed in me, if I did not. I hardened my heart and set my face as a flint.

'Will you accompany me to the Hall?' I said coldly.

'You arrest me?' she asked.

'Yes.'

'Then I will go with you,' she answered, and we moved along side by side.

As we did so my mind went back to the days when, a happy, laughing, bright-eyed child, she had many a time walked hand-in-hand with me along that very path. I glanced at her pale face and slender figure, and the little feet moving among the withered leaves, and something seemed to rise in my throat and a haze gathered before my eyes. Was it possible that I, of all men, was taking her to prison, and, it might be, to exile—I who had once been her loved friend and playmate? It was bitter as death to me to think it. I seemed to be walking in an evil dream. Surely neither God nor man could ask such a sacrifice from me.

When the Hall came in sight I stopped, and stood gazing moodily at the ground. She had taken a few paces before she also stopped and turned round.

'Well,' she asked, 'what means this?'

Again I glanced at her, and felt a strange emotion come upon me, which I strove vainly to conceal.

'It means,' I said, striving vainly to steady my voice, 'that whether it be my duty or not, I cannot do it. I have shed my blood for the cause, and am ready to lay down my life for it; but this I cannot do, and will not do. Go! You are free. Be prudent, I beg you, and leave the neighbourhood before it is too late, for others may prove less scrupulous than I.'

I left her there, gazing at me with wide-open, wondering eyes, and strode hurriedly to the Hall, sick at heart with shame, and raging at my own weakness. I was betraying the cause and wrecking my career for the sake of a young girl's face that I might never look upon again. I have read in romances of how men throw away life and fame and fortune—ay, even honour—for a smile from one they loved; but I think it is only in romances that such things can be done without a pang. At least it was not so with me. I loathed my folly, despised and hated myself, for never before had a woman wielded such power over me; and I fought and struggled with all my strength against the strange, insidious passion which seemed to be gradually gaining the mastery over me.

Had it come to this, that I, who had abandoned ease and quiet and the study of the books I loved, to draw my sword for conscience' sake on many a bloody battlefield, should become one of those weak, unstable, pitiful creatures, whom I had hitherto held in contempt, who are swayed this way and that by a woman's smile or frown? Oh! the thought was indeed bitter to me, for perchance I had in this matter been over self-righteous, weighing but lightly those temptations with which I had never hitherto been called upon to struggle.

I laughed outright in the very bitterness of my soul, and raising my head as I did so, became aware that Corporal Flint was approaching me. Then I remembered how he had forewarned me of my danger as I sat gazing at the pearls, and the prickings of my conscience made me read on that cold, impassive countenance the reproach, mingled with contempt, with which one so entirely indifferent to the temptation before which I had fallen would be likely to regard me. But there seemed to be no such matter in his mind.

'Sir,' said he bluntly, 'I would have a word with you.'

'Well,' I said testily, 'what ill news do you bring now?'

'Ill news I fear it may prove,' he said dryly; 'but such as it is I thought it well to impart it privily. I may tell you plainly that there hath been much talk of that which took place last night, and the men are whispering among themselves that the gold pieces scattered upon the stairs had the image and superscription of the French king upon them; and if I caught not a glimpse of more than

one passing from hand to hand my eyes deceived me.'

'And how does this concern me?' I asked irritably.

'It concerns you very nearly,' he answered bluntly, 'for your manner, and the silence you have preserved with regard to the person you professed to be in search of, have given birth to strange rumours. Shall I speak plainly, or hold my peace?'

'Speak at once, and briefly,' said I sharply. 'I shall reserve my comments upon the matter until you have made an end of it.'

'In the first place, it hath been noted that you have had previous acquaintance with the Malignants who dwell in the Hall; and, that being so, it is whispered that you are trying to shield them from the just consequences of their treasonable conduct.'

I tried to keep my eyes fixed on his with a cool, contemptuous expression; but I could not, and I felt the blood rising to my cheeks.

'Well?' I asked hastily.

'And some of the men—I speak bluntly—will have it that such treachery seldom goes unrewarded.'

'Now, this passes a jest,' I exclaimed hotly. 'Have a care'—

'Nay,' he interposed coolly, 'let me finish. Others will not allow this to be the truth, but incline rather to the belief that the gold hath been stored in the Hall for the purpose of aiding the conspiracy, and that you, having discovered the place where it is hidden, desire to appropriate it for your own use.'

'It is a most vile and scurrilous lie,' I exclaimed wrathfully. 'Tell me the name of him who uttered it, and I will thrust it down his throat with my sword.'

'But they who assert this,' continued the corporal, utterly unmoved by my anger, 'can by no means understand why you should have summoned the guard. Some say that you tripped and fell on the stairs, and, thinking that you would assuredly be heard and discovered, cried out for help, and pretended to pursue some one, in order to divert suspicion from yourself; and, indeed, I think most are of that opinion.'

At this I was struck dumb, for I saw the quagmire on the brink of which I stood. If I stoutly denied this vile falsehood I should have to give a more circumstantial account of the person who carried the gold, and might in the end say that which would cause the truth to be known. So there I stood speechless, gazing gloomily on the ground, and, I doubt not, with anything but the air of an innocent person.

'For my part,' continued the corporal coldly, 'I think there may be another explanation of this matter.'

'Ay, say you so?' said I. 'And what may that be, if it please you?'

'I think,' said he, and I saw his eye stray along the path by which I had come, 'that the person who bore the gold might perchance have been a woman.'

I am not of those who can preserve a smiling countenance however troubled in spirit they may be, and I know my face told but too plainly that this chance-shot had struck home. Moreover, being unready of speech, I could not hide my confusion or avert his suspicions by some glib subterfuge. I felt that those small, keen eyes of his were reading me through and through, and I raged inwardly at my guilty silence.

'While I do my duty to the satisfaction of my conscience,' I said at length with some appearance of coolness, 'I need pay but little attention to the idle gossip of the guard-room; and let me tell you, master corporal, that it would better befit one of

your years and experience to reprove such vain and unprofitable conversation, rather than partake in it and spread it abroad.'

He stood silent for a while, eying me with a very grim face.

'Well,' said he, 'if that be so, there is no more to be said.'

Whereupon he turned upon his heel with small ceremony, and walked away.

I confess I had half a mind to call him back and tell him the whole truth; but I hesitated until he was beyond earshot, and then it seemed to me that it would be well to think over the matter before taking such a step. Truly I knew not what to do, wavering like a reed in the wind, and seeing no certain course to follow. It was with a heavy heart and gloomy forebodings of coming evil that I followed the corporal to the Hall.

A TELEPHONE NEWSPAPER.

By FREDERICK A. TALBOT.

FEW institutions have passed through so many vicissitudes and metamorphoses, due to the remarkable developments in science, as the modern daily newspaper. Our purveyor of news from all quarters of the world is in form essentially a production of the day; for, although an institution of several centuries' standing, the present daily newspaper no more resembles its prototype of the seventeenth century than the modern thirty thousand horse-power battleship does the ancient galley of the Romans.

The remarkable developments in the newspaper have all been advances with certain specific objects in view, the most important being the publication of events as quickly as possible. Everything is done that man and science can do to lessen the interval between the receipt of information upon the tape-machine and its publication in the paper; but many will contend that there is a finality in this rigorous and strongly contested race against time. A certain period must necessarily elapse between the moment of setting the item of news in type and reeling it off at a rate of thirty thousand copies in an hour upon the gigantic newspaper presses—a speed greater than the eye can follow. It is almost impossible to deny this contention; but will the newspaper always remain in the form now so familiar, and will the news always be printed from type upon paper?

The most convincing reply to this apparently abstruse interrogation is to be found in Budapest. Probably there are few who would be so rash as to aver that the capital of Hungary ranks as one of the most progressive and up-to-date cities in the world; yet this city is setting an important example, inasmuch as one of its intelligencers publishes information of an event while it is actually happening—not as quickly as possible after it has

occurred. Such an assertion appears at a cursory view a mere chimera; but nevertheless the *Telephone Herald* is a concrete reality, and forcibly demonstrates how, in the near future, the news of the day will be disseminated; and its title sufficiently describes how this is achieved—namely, by abandoning the printing-press and its thousand and one accessories, and substituting therefor the simple telephone.

Two or three years ago a Hungarian mechanic named Puska came to Budapest with a small instrument—the result of great labour, perseverance, and ingenuity amid many disappointments. This he exhibited, confidently asserting that it would furnish the newspaper of the future; but the preternaturally sage scoffed at his instrument and declared that his emphatic declaration was only the fantasy of a highly fertile and imaginative brain. But Puska was not to be denied in his confidence in the apparatus, and at last he succeeded in having it submitted to a thorough practical test. Then the *Telephone Herald* was started upon its career, which many predicted would be short and disastrous; but it did not prove a passing, ephemeral toy. The promoters did not attempt too ambitious a scheme at first. A news-service pure and simple was commenced, and soon emphasised its superiority over the existing newspapers in the rapid distribution of news. Its initial subscribers, who were piqued by that curiosity characteristic of anything widely divergent from the orthodox, soon realised its invaluable qualities, so far as celerity and reliability were concerned, and its fame rapidly spread not only throughout the city but in the country districts and provincial towns. Subscribers were enrolled with such rapidity that the company experienced a great difficulty in coping with the work of extending the system and enlarging their

apparatus. The inventor and his appliance were received everywhere immediately on the practicality and efficiency of the invention being assured; and they were the principal topics of conversation in the streets and clubs and of discussion in the newspapers.

So soon as the new venture was firmly established, Puska was besieged with offers to purchase his invention, and many of them were tempting; but the inventor turned a deaf ear to them all. Even to-day the arrangements of the telephone exchange at the office and the methods of its manipulation are jealously guarded from inspection by any person not directly concerned in the operations.

The economical working of such an enterprise as the *Telephone Herald* is obvious. There is no printing and type-setting machinery involving the expenditure of many thousands of pounds; the plant simply comprises a telephone wire and receiver at the subscriber's residence, connected with the exchange. The staff is very similar in composition to that of the conventional newspaper office: the editor and his assistants, and the usual supernumeraries for the collection of news. When there is any special item of information to be distributed, all the subscribers are simultaneously rung up and connected with the editorial sanctum, and the editor or an assistant reads over the news into the transmitter on his desk in a clear voice so that his words may be quite audible even to the most distant listener. The items of news, as they are received in the office, are written and subedited in the usual manner, and condensed as much as possible, so that the subscribers may receive the intelligence in the fewest words compatible with sense and lucidity. Even the leaders and editorial comments are transmitted in the same manner.

As the *Telephone Herald* developed and the number of subscribers increased, a system of organisation for the transmission of the news was carried out. The reports are not transmitted promiscuously as they arrive; for the convenience of the subscribers they are despatched hourly, the first service being at eleven in the morning and the last at three o'clock in the afternoon. In the event of any special news arriving in the intervals, it is immediately communicated to the subscribers. As the service develops, the editions will be elaborated to cope with the exigencies of the subscribers.

The apparatus at the subscriber's residence consists of a telephone-receiver, similar to that of the ordinary telephone, attached to the wall, but yet so small and neat as not to be unnecessarily obtrusive or unsightly. From this depend two long lengths of wire, carrying at their extremities a small disc or trumpet which the subscriber places over his ear. The apparatus is so arranged that the subscriber can lie down or follow some other occupation while he hears the news. Should the information not prove delectable to the auditor, he simply places the trumpet upon the hooks fitted to the receiver.

Notification of the sending of news is transmitted

by an alarm-signal, which arrests the attention of the subscriber to the instrument, since it is obvious that he could not be always at the receiver awaiting information. Then, to draw attention to a special communication of news before, between, or after any of the usual hours of transmission, an alarm-signal has been introduced—a sort of trumpet—which is sufficiently loud to be heard distinctly three rooms away. Another valuable improvement in the apparatus is the transportable station, which dispenses with the necessity of the ear-trumpets being fixed in any particular part of the room. By an ingenious contrivance, it is now practicable to remove the ear-trumpets into any room of the house which is properly equipped with installations, and connect them with the system there.

One of the most important developments of the paper is its close association with the Stock Market, to which there is direct communication, so that subscribers are kept in constant touch—as easily and far more quickly than if the prices were transmitted by the ordinary tape-machine—with the fluctuations of the Stock Exchange and the foreign Exchanges; and speculators are kept as well posted up on the condition and aspects of the money market in Wall Street or London as if they were on the spot. The most salient advantage of this direct connection with the Stock Exchange is that it enables a subscriber to deal in stocks on his own initiative and not depend upon the so-called special information of the speculator. This ramification has grown into a very powerful branch, especially in connection with the cereal markets. News is obtained direct from the agricultural districts of the country, so that a subscriber is put into communication with the man on the spot, and can thus obtain a very comprehensive idea of the corn prospects or any other phase of agriculture on which he may desire information.

The subscribers are also brought into close contact with the politics of the day. The *Telephone Herald* has a special staff of reporters in the galleries of the Austrian and Hungarian Houses of Parliament, who forward their reports half-hourly, so that the subscriber is almost following the transactions. A burning question, an important decision, the result of a petition, or the declaration of a prominent Minister is known to the subscriber within three minutes after it is spoken. Such rapidity is beyond the possibilities of the ordinary daily newspaper.

As with the Stock Exchange and Parliament, so it is with the recreation world. The subscribers are brought into immediate contact with the race-course, the cycling and automobile track, the football-field, the billiard-table, and other departments of sport. In fact, the sporting news service has been brought to a high standard of efficiency and exclusiveness. Such news hitherto has only been dealt with in the newspaper press in the most perfunctory manner, with no attempt at completeness or accuracy.

This unique newspaper not only fulfils all the requirements of the financier, stockbroker, specu-

lator, politician, and athlete, and provides the general news; it supplies recreation as well. The directors of the concern, when it had once firmly established itself as part and parcel of the Hungarian's existence, conceived the idea of providing concerts for the delectation of subscribers. After prolonged experiments it at last became possible to bring distant listeners into direct connection with a talented orchestra or some universally favourite prima-donna. At the head-offices of the paper is provided a special concert-room, where have gathered nearly all the greatest vocal and instrumental musicians. A music-programme is prepared daily, and given every night after supper. By this means a subscriber reclining in his arm-chair, toasting his feet before his own fire, and sipping his claret can listen in absolute comfort and ease to Sousa's band, Patti's masterful rendering of 'Home, Sweet Home,' or a recitation. Thus the influences of music are brought directly into a private residence. Especially convenient is this arrangement to suburban and provincial subscribers who cannot or do not wish to enter the city at night. Even the juvenile members of a family are catered for. Children's concerts are arranged during the afternoons, and the editors and contributors of the various children's papers, whom the little ones 'have always been anxious to see and speak to,' are brought face to face, or rather mouth to ear, with their little readers, with what delight to the latter can be easily divined.

The same connections are carried out between the subscribers and the theatres. When the idea was first started, special critics were despatched to the theatres, and their comments were related over the telephone; but now the subscribers have become their own critics. Hung between the electric lamps illuminating the theatres are small brass funnels (microphones), by means of which every vocal detail of drama or opera, recitation or song, is transmitted to the distant auditor—a system of patronising the theatre far more economical than appearing in

person, and far cheaper than an electrophone or theatrephone. For instance, in Paris the latter instrument—which, by the way, has to be specially connected—costs twelve pounds per annum; but in Budapest a subscriber can obtain the same amusement by means of the *Telephone Herald* for ten years at the same cost.

M. Paska's invention also fulfils a direct educational force—the teaching of languages to those who feel disposed to acquaint themselves with other languages than their own. For half-an-hour on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays lectures are delivered by competent teachers in French and English; and for the same time on the alternate days (Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays) in Italian or some other tongue. Hundreds of people can thus learn simultaneously. As is well known, it is far easier to learn a foreign tongue by sound, since one can thus acquire the peculiar vocalisation indigenous to the respective languages.

When the *Telephone Herald* first entered into serious competition with the daily newspapers, and its rivalry was anticipated by them, the press strongly denounced this unique departure from the orthodox, apprehensive that if it did not ruin them, it would at any rate inflict a great deal of harm; but the reverse is just what has happened. Instead of injuring the daily newspaper, it has rather strengthened its position. People cannot afford to spend the whole of the day with their ear at a telephone-receiver or perusing a newspaper from morning till night. What is the result? The telephone delivers in a terse, incisive manner any special item of news; and, if the subscriber's curiosity be aroused therein, he promptly seeks the next day's newspapers for a full report. The *Telephone Herald* also proves a reliable source of information to provincial papers, which are supplied with news instead of by telegram or incurring the expense of employing reporters in the capital. On the whole, the Hungarian regards the *Telephone Herald* as an indispensable institution.

THE MAGDALENA VALLEY AND ITS LIFE.

By P. D. KENNY.

NO part of Spanish South America is so little known as the valley of the lower Cauca,' said Sir Clements Markham in his Hakluyt edition of *Cienra de Leon*. Though it is nearly thirty years since these words were written, they still remain true of the lower Cauca, especially of the regions above the confluence of that great river with the greater Magdalena. Little or nothing has been written of these regions for nearly a century, unless in Spanish, and not much in that. Accordingly we have the curious spectacle of the upper reaches of a river being very well known and the lower

almost undescribed, thus reversing the accustomed order of geographical method. The puzzle ought to be explained; but I can find no explanation.

First of all, travellers and traders could hardly take the lower Cauca to the interior so long as they had the Magdalena leading practically to the same places. A glance at the map will show the two rivers, in their upper reaches, running almost side by side between ridges of the Cordilleras; and long ago a route farther down was found from one to the other, *vid* Medellin, literally through storehouses of prehistoric treasure, on higher and healthier ground than that of the Cauca. With a route like this to the upper Cauca, who

could prefer the lower Cauca and its lower areas, its deadlier climate, and its greater dangers to navigation, as compared with the Magdalena?

Probably not one English reader in ten has any idea of what the Magdalena is like, though it is the main route by which Manchester and Birmingham merchandise is conveyed to the interior of the vast Republic of Colombia. Mr A. E. Pratt, F.R.G.S., recently returned to England after fifteen active months in those least-known regions, having penetrated the lower Cauca valley from end to end.

Mr Pratt left Southampton in January by the *Para*, and a few weeks later he was crossing that acute angle of Colombia between the lower Magdalena and the Caribbean Sea. He had to go overland here, because only smaller craft could cross the river-bar, though considerable steamers navigated the river higher up for nearly a thousand miles. Steamers also ply on the three hundred miles of navigable water above the rapids which interrupt navigation about six hundred and fifty miles from the mouth.

The route to the river followed by Mr Pratt was the old one, from the sea at Savanilla to the river at Barranquilla, where he took one of the river-steamers. At Calamar, about sixty miles higher up, he found a peculiarly South American state of muddle, which serves to illustrate how things are managed by the Republican remnants of Imperial Spain. A new and competing syndicate, with steamers to the interior, had just opened a line of railway higher up the neck, from the sea at Cartagena to the river at Calamar. The superiority of the new route was obvious, as it considerably shortened the journey to the interior, besides having the fine old harbour of Cartagena for a base as against the solitary, storm-swept pier at Savanilla; but, as in other places and at other times, the general good meant the particular ill, and the people of the other two towns were up, almost in arms, against the new route and everything connected with it. The new syndicate, having recently lost a number of river-steamers, were unable to forward their European imports from their railway terminus at Calamar, where fully ten thousand tons of merchandise, largely from Manchester and Birmingham, had lain 'for many months.' The steamers of the old line passed up as usual, but the owners would not ship an ounce for their rivals; so there was no telling when the belated merchandise would reach its destination up the river, or how much would be destroyed by the delay. On another occasion, in another district, Mr Pratt lost orchids to the value of about six hundred pounds by a precisely similar conflict between rival syndicates.

With the assistance of a little induction, Cartagena tells the tale of tottering Spain for several centuries. Old age and prematurely arrested greatness are in every line of it, as also the proofs of power to achieve and incapacity to sustain—the two great contrasting characteristics of

Spanish civilisation. The old Catholic Cathedral, with its sacred statue in the quaint façade, and with its square-domed tower, looks down on clusters of decaying roofs. The weeds of centuries gather on the battlements of the deserted wall; and with grass and drifting sand beneath their feet, a few solitary wayfarers move before the gate on an area meant for as many hundreds. The fretful stragglers of a restless republic look round in semi-solitude on the degraded foundations of Imperial Spain and the wreck of a noble dream. Only her defeat is seen in the relics of her departed power; and not one of the mockers stops to reflect on the force that must have preceded such magnificent decay.

Perhaps there is no finer relic of Spain's great days than the magnificent marble pulpit in the Cathedral at Cartagena; and probably there are few survivals of that age more characteristic of the Spanish mind of that time than the following legend concerning it:

A gift from the Pope, and sculptured by the best genius of the Italian Renaissance, the pulpit was put on board a Spanish galley for Cartagena. English pirates met the vessel on the way, overpowered the crew, broke open the cases containing the pulpit, threw the various sections of the structure into the sea as not worth stealing, and were about to loot the rest of the cargo, when, to their amazement, they saw the bare marble floating lightly on the waves! In terror at this protest by obviously divine power, the pirates hurriedly set sail; then the crew recovered the sculptures from the ocean, and the Spanish galley resumed her voyage.

Before reaching the port of Cartagena, the Spanish galley was captured by other English pirates, more terrible than the last. Having plundered the vessel of everything valuable, the pirates set it on fire; but out of the smoking wreckage the pulpit rose on the waves a second time; and the ocean winds, guided by the saints, carried it towards Cartagena and deposited it, in all its perfection and splendour, on the beach before the town. There, half-hidden in the sand, it remained unnoticed for many years, until discovered by a party of explorers, who, recognising its artistic value, put it on board their ship, to be sold in Spain as an asset of their enterprises.

Again the heavens protested; a fierce gale disabled the ship in the Caribbean Sea, and drove her back to Cartagena for repairs. Hearing the captain's story, the archbishop told him of the origin and disappearance of the pulpit, and claimed it as the Church's property. The captain, however, insisted on a sale; but as the archbishop would not purchase, the pulpit was shipped for Europe. The vessel, however, had not got well out of the harbour when a gale more terrible than the last sent the ship with all on board to the bottom. Then, in all its supernatural buoyancy, the pulpit came sailing back to the sands of Cartagena, when

the archbishop took possession, and placed it in the Cathedral.

The truth of this narrative is credited and vigorously asserted by the good people of Cartagena to this day, and so the tradition shall remain, without criticism or contradiction, in so far as the present writer is concerned.

Yet all is not wretchedness and decay. In fact, both at Cartagena and Barranquilla there are instances of domestic luxury, and even of domestic refinement, superior to anything in houses of the same class in Europe: there are solid furnishings in the precious metals, *bric-à-brac* of the rarest origin and greatest value, abundant fretwork in pure gold from the clever hands of semi-savages in the interior, precious carpetings from the East, and well-selected treasures of European art, representing every department and nearly every age. All these, however, are in the hands of very few, as may be expected in a country where the incidence of wealth-distribution tends to give everything to him that has and to keep everybody else perennially poor.

Leaving Calamar and its ruinous confusion of 'limited liabilities,' Mr Pratt made his way up those five hundred miles of the Magdalena to Puerto Berrio. Always a strange and dangerous river, its passage was unusually so now, with the water lower than it had been for forty years. A few years ago eight steamers had been lost in as many months; in fact, it is a scene of incessant death and ruin, with steamers sinking to-day where all was safe but yesterday. Great tangled masses of trees, swept down from the forests with every flood, lurk in all sorts of unexpected places; great masses of sand, enclosing huge tree-trunks, are thrown up in beaches and barriers at one place to-day, and shifted elsewhere to-morrow, thus making any fixed system of navigation all but impossible. Though boats have gone up and down the river for centuries, every voyage has still to be undertaken as an effort in pioneering and with charts that cannot be relied on for a day. The Rio Magdalena being the only practicable route to and from vast regions of immense natural wealth, the treasure thus lost would have sufficed to build many such cities as the fairest in Spain; and the brave men who have gone down, to be hacked and swallowed by the alligators, must have been numerous enough to man the best ships remaining in Spain's shattered navy.

There is yet another danger which may prove more fatal to the inexperienced European than shipwreck. The steamer stops before a new-made sandbank. During her stay there the new-comer puts off in a boat to fish or shoot, and, if not warned, goes ashore on the newly accumulated sandbank, which swallows him down just as if he walked over the edge of a precipice hidden by drifting snow. That may be on the way up; and on the way down another inexperienced victim

may be swallowed in that same sandbank a dozen miles from where it had rested before. Even steamers are known to have been wholly submerged out of sight for ever in the eternally drifting sandbanks of the Magdalena.

The river-steamer—three-decked and somewhat square-looking—is peculiar in design and appearance, and is gorgeously painted. It has a draught of only about two feet, and is propelled by stern paddles to diminish the risk of collision. The lower deck is almost level with the water; the upper decks are, therefore, high above that level. The lower deck is mainly occupied by cargo and the timber for fuel; the second deck is reserved for passengers, who sleep in tent-beds, which are carried like stretchers, and are carefully covered with cloth and netting to keep out the mosquitoes and the fever-laden dews of the Colombian midnight, the top deck being for the accommodation of the ship's officers. There is also an arrangement for taking a shower-bath at will. These steamers are built on the river, and repairing apparatus is available at many points; otherwise steam-navigation on the Magdalena would be all but impossible.

For nearly eight hundred miles, and well within sight of the Andes, these flat-bottomed trunk-dodgers ride on the river, surrounded by perpetual peril and unsurpassed beauty at almost every point. Here and there an opening in the dense foliage reveals a panorama of the silvery river curving and glittering for many miles under the tropical sun, with the black, green depths of the forest contrasting on either side. At closer view, the flowering trees rise in magnificent, many-coloured domes, scarlet, purple, and yellow, with birds as bravely gifted and as proud singing love-songs in the perfumed shade. All is beauty, wealth, and danger, balanced and blent like Hades fishing with Paradise as a bait, eternally coaxing mankind to triumph or destruction.

This being the chief route to the great trade centres of the interior, it is not wonderful that Spanish Colombians, even when they happen to be millionaires, live and die without visiting Europe, or even seeing the coast towns of their own country with which they are constantly trading. It requires a very urgent purpose to impel an indolent descendant of the Castilians to go up or down such a river, when the love of the beautiful is only to be indulged at the risk of making a meal for an alligator.

The Republic of Colombia is a vast mine of natural wealth, with the dangers closely balancing the attractions; and civilisation has not yet found a better way to it than by this persistent sacrifice of human life. The man and the mule are still the only means of transit over thousands of miles; and the wealth is lying useless along the way. Accordingly there are great 'mule-farms,' where the 'ship of the forest' is bred in thousands; and, for all practical purposes, there are similar

'man-farms,' great tracts in the interior on which they breed a kind of human mule from the European and the savage, combining the qualities of both in such proportions as to resist the terrors of the climate while conveying something of civilised intelligence and method into fever-laden recesses where wealth and death incessantly stare each other in the face from age to age—places so deadly that none but a half-breed can act as local agent for the merchants, and where even the half-breed agent has to be changed very often to save his life.

In such a country, combining so much that is attractive with so much that is abominable, it is no wonder that life is a long-continued gamble, with no means of existence but at the incessant risk of life. As seen from the methods and necessities of navigation on the Magdalena, life along the river is a sort of speculation at the best; but it is much more so in the interior, where the attractions and the terrors are multiplied side by side in accurately fatal proportion, as if specially planned by Nature to keep up a permanent and tragic conflict between the impulses of acquisition and self-preservation. Life is short, ground down by the conflicts of its awful destiny, each man balancing the rival inducements to become a millionaire or a corpse. There are millionaires, but they are few; the corpses cannot be counted, and are not even considered worth counting.

The country lives on death. The mule, the negro, the Indian, and the half-breed form the industrial foundation; they are the beasts of burden, the sole instruments of production and exchange, with little distinction of lot between the biped and the quadruped; their lives are a ghastly sacrifice to the economic necessities of their existence. Leave the Magdalena almost anywhere, and you pass into this miserable 'civilisation,' proving this fact above all others, that civilisation in any true sense has so far been quite impossible. The only exceptions are the few centres of excessive luxury in the interior; but even these are hideously compensated for by completely savage solitudes, where even a pretence at civilisation cannot be sustained, and where the wealth for which men give their souls lies everywhere around, without a man to 'commercialise' it. Here is the line at which the instinct of self-preservation predominates over that of gain. On one of his trips from the Magdalena, Pratt made his forest-fires of satinwood, with a wide choice of many timbers as valuable. What the investment of capital might do is beyond calculation; but the man who is asked to invest ought in fairness to know the conditions surrounding his venture.

Many are the weird tales of life, or rather of death, on the Magdalena. As an instance of providential or miraculous agency, a story is told of a man who had been known to swim out of the river alive. The providential idea is reasonable

enough. Your steamer goes under suddenly in mid-stream, and you strike out to swim ashore, the distance being by no means too much for a good swimmer; but on nearing the bank, when you should begin to congratulate yourself, you see a row of enormous alligators, some of them over twenty feet long, all lying side by side on the sand as far as you can see, with their enormous mouths open, according to their habit, as if they had seen you start and made up their minds to receive you with the least possible exertion. They will not even come to meet you until the last moment, as if wisely waiting for your utmost exhaustion and their utmost convenience. Should you be a particularly expert swimmer, you may turn back and swim across the river to the other side, only to face another apparently endless row of alligators, with their mouths to the water. All this assumes that you are extremely fortunate; for, as a general rule, long before you can swim across a quarter of the river's breadth a monstrous thing of some kind seizes you by the leg, the arm, or the head, and down you go, leaving but an obituary bubble to mark the spot, while dinner is prepared somewhere underneath in Nature's most Bohemian style. It is one way of 'returning to Nature'; but, on the whole, it is pleasanter to paddle on a British stream.

Such is the Magdalena for more than seven hundred miles.

Along the banks are herds of half-wild cattle, sometimes quietly grazing within a few lengths of the indolent alligators, who occasionally take a calf, as if to assert their rights; but as a rule the alligator looks to the water for his food, regarding man as a new and special viand when he happens to be found there. His favourite item in the Magdalena is a gorgeously coloured fish, marked like the tiger, and shaped like the salmon but several times as big. Having caught one of these, the alligator floats to the surface, flings the fish into the air, then seizes it more securely as it falls, and always across between the enormous jaws; and, with a clumsy, lop-sided motion, he goes off to shallower water to swallow the wriggling victim. These tactics, especially the flinging in the air, are probably due to the formation of the reptile's jaws, which are designed to cover an area rather than to work with rapid precision.

Anchored in the forest at midnight, the traveller hears the deep growl of the jaguar, the sharp squeal of the wild-cat, the howl of the howler-monkey, the long moan of the sloth, and the last scream of the wild-pig, pierced by the claws of some patient but ferocious animal ambushed during the past hour, with many other sounds of life, terror, and conflict that fall strangely on the European ear; and if he waits and watches till the dawn, he may see the alligator dragging his ugly bulk out of the water, crowds of turtles trailing on the sands, the deer and the tapir coming down to drink, thousands of white cranes

poised on the branches nearest to their prey, thousands of gray ones already wading leg-deep, and many more thousands of other birds clouding the dim horizon, all waiting for the light ere they begin their work of life and slaughter. By evening there will be thousands fewer of all kinds, and the fitter and the fatter will remain. Game is to be found in enormous quantities. The months of the tributary streams are sometimes almost covered with several varieties of duck, some weighing as much as ten pounds, and very good to eat. The osprey, so well named 'bone-breaker,' is seen poised above the tree-tops or shooting fiercely at his prey in the water. The little egret, white, timid, and dainty, wades by the edge of the reeds, with its wealth of bridal plumage on the back, breast, and head. Away towards the mountains you will find the condor, capable of rising from the ground with a fair-sized calf.

Such is the wealth of wild life in the Magdalena valley, not to mention its minor divisions and more detailed interests. With the alligators in shoals at the bottom of the river, and with the millions of birds above its surface, one wonders how any fish can be left; yet the river is always literally teeming with fish, as though conscious of the demands it has to meet.

The passengers on board almost any of the river-steamers make a strange mixture of nations, races, languages, and purposes. There is the German commercial traveller, using many tongues, and educated more like a British ambassador; he is on his way to find markets for the manufacturers of Elberfeld. There is the Russian emissary, with his mission more obscure, but with his fitness no less elaborate. There is the French settler, a partner in a commercial house, on his way from a holiday in Europe. There is the gentleman from Royal Spain, going to visit his Republican uncle on a coffee-plantation in Antioquia. There is the Colombian politician, with a trace of Indian blood in him, most probably on his way to hatch a revolution against the State to which he has sworn his fealty. There is the obvious half-breed, with European blood in Indian veins, going to take charge of a commercial station where no white man could survive a month. Finally, there is the Englishman, with a good rifle near his bunk, an orchid-book in his hand, and a dream of undiscovered flora in his brain. He is probably the one man among them all with a bit of real romance in his soul, in spite of the stolidity that has been mistaken for his real character during so many ages.

Here and there in the saloon may be seen a pretty lady, with Spanish eyes and the bearing of civilisation at its very best. You wonder what has brought her there; but that is because you do not know Colombia, which is in reality a system of isolated civilisations, each in many ways intensely advanced and equally luxurious, but all divided from one another by great dis-

tances and savage areas. On a terrace of the Andes, nearly five thousand feet above sea-level, you find a beautiful, well-built town, lighted by electricity, cooled by streams running down the middle of the streets from the perpetual snow, and embowered in perpetual flowers unmatched outside the tropics. The pretty lady is coming here. From her richly carpeted drawing-room she can look down over vast distances of trackless forest and up at vaster distances of more trackless snow, with eternal summer at her touch and eternal winter in her sight. Across the ground-floor of her mansion runs a snow-fed stream from the mountains, cooling and sweetening everything. She takes her morning bath in it, and then, as if made happy by her touch, it goes leaping in crystal shafts through the morning sunlight over the rugged terraces to the bosom of the forest. Great rich flowers smile at her from every bough, and come kissing the cheeks of her large open windows, while delicious fruits are blushing in every bower around her magnificent and luxurious home.

Such is the perfect but excessively narrow climax of Colombian civilisation—supported by the permanent degradation of a hundred other places within that social economy of violent contrasts, with the aboriginal brown savage still roaming in many places as wild as in the days of Columbus, but far less happy.

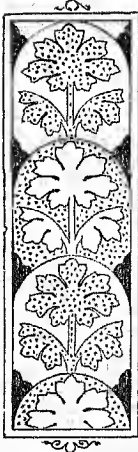
BLUEBELLS.

HERE, on this scanty strip of soil
Unworthy of the farmer's toil,
The shore of yonder sea of heather,
The happy bluebells dance together.
No moment still: they cannot rest,
So much are they with joy possessed.
The summer day, the summer night,
Are tremulous with deep delight.
And if a dash of sudden rain
Should seek to mar their mirth, 'tis vain;
They shake the idle drops away,
And still they glory, and are gay.

Who hears the music they must know
To keep them still rejoicing so?
Blithe little careless bells of blue,
Fain were my heart to dance with you.
Once, in a dream or in a trance,
I heard the strain that bids you dance;
That mystic, magic minstrel blew
For me—for me—a note or two:
Music scarce meet for mortal ear,
Yet, oh, so strange and sweet to hear!
Thenceforward must my heart complain
To hear that uncompleted strain.

That cannot be on earth; it may
In some serene, immortal day.
Oh, human heart insatiate!
Heaven holds the music. Learn to wait.

A. S. FALCONER.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

ON COOKING—AND COOKS.

By KATHARINE BURRILL.

THERE is a well-known tale of a publisher who cruelly rejected a volume of poems as useless and unsalable, but strongly advised the youthful poet to 'go home and write a cookery-book.' Are all writers of cookery-books really poets at heart? Are they merely writing out recipes for soufflés and sweets because a morally sordid and food-loving public prefers pastry to poetry, and will have none of their sonnets? We cannot tell. One thing we do know: had Miss Annie M. Booth written a volume of poems instead of her cookery-book the loss would have been great. The world is full of good poetry which nobody reads, and badly cooked food which everybody eats. We do not know whether after a meal cooked from the recipes in *Simple Cookery* (Grant Richards) we would feel so pleasant, so at peace with all men, so 'digestible' that we would read poetry. But we might.

The old monk at the 'Tre Fontana,' near Rome, tells the tourist that a draught of 'eucalyptine liqueur' will make him 'feel like a poet.' We thought the liqueur merely nasty and tasting of cedar-wood pencils, and we did not feel at all like poets: more like smugglers, for we sat on two bottles of it as we drove past the Dogana. But there may occasionally come to the little gray-green oasis in the Campagna, where the encalyptus-trees wave their sad-coloured plummage, an embryo poet, who *does* feel he has drank of the nectar of the gods, feels poetically inspired, and—likes the taste of pencils. There are very few people who really read poetry, though they will not own it; still fewer who are not interested in their food, though they would not own to that either; and the moral is, a good cookery-book is better than inferior verses.

Miss Booth's book is masterly in its clearness, its simplicity, and its instructiveness. If any one who has this volume to guide them cannot cook—well, they had better give it up, for they will never, never cook; they will only, like Lady Jane Crawley, make 'an abominable pie.' We know poor Sir

Pitt never forgot it. How little Becky's 'salmon of pheasant' shone by contrast; and how important it is that every wife should be able to cook well before experimenting on her unfortunate husband with a pie or anything else! Lady Jane's pie has caused us to digress from Miss Booth and her book. In it she cooks for every taste: if you are a vegetarian and prefer to browse on green-stuffs and shredded wheat, 'here's a small trifle' of dishes, all sorts of ways of disguising vegetables into cutlets and quenelles. Why, one dish is even called 'roast baron'! It sounds positively medieval, not to say cannibal; and yet the 'baron' is made up of the harmless, necessary lentil, the homely onion, and various other innocuous compounds. Personally, we are not vegetarians; and we hate lentils; but to those who really think they are healthier and happier—the latter is generally the result of the former—when graminivorously feeding we would recommend 'roast baron.'

Though not vegetarians, neither are we gourmets, and we do not feel drawn towards Colonel Newnham Davies's *Food Guide*. It is like a nightmare to think of chasing over Europe looking for things to eat. Alexander the Great was pretty miserable when he found there were no more worlds to conquer; but imagine the feelings of the gourmet who can find nothing new to eat, when he has eaten the best dinner every celebrated *chef* can give him! Would reaction set in, and would he take to oatmeal-porridge and plain joints as a relief? Or would he be so thoroughly wretched that he would turn his face to the wall and die? We do not care; for he could not be much loss, except to the restaurateurs.

Why are people so fond of dining in public places? Is it to see and be seen, or is it because the home-cooking is so bad? Probably the latter. But it has no right to be, and it would not be if every household possessed *Simple Cookery* and studied it, from the 'plain dishes' to the 'nongat baskets.' In a recent book occurs the following passage which we all might well take to heart: 'Little girls should be

taught cooking and baking more assiduously than they are taught to read.' And they should be. Teaching a child to cook would be an easy task, for every little girl wants to cook. Why, children cook all the time, if it is only making liquorice-sticks and hot-water into soup, or breaking biscuits into milk and calling it pudding. To be actually allowed to cook, to be invited into the kitchen instead of chased out of it—why, it would be a perfect delight, a holiday-treat instead of a lesson. Just imagine it: to wear a nice white apron like cook's; to be personally conducted to the kitchen as an honoured guest instead of forbidden to go there! The heavenly, grown-up feeling of being given a baking-board and a rolling-pin all to your own self! And then to be taught how to make a cake out of currants and flour and all sorts of delicious things—we mean really taught, not just playing at it. Children are so much in earnest over everything that they are not half so fond of 'fooling at things' as we think. Then, when the cake is ready for the oven, to be shown how to put it in, and to be allowed to peep into the black, vault-like abyss in which the poor little cake looks lost; and the joy when the cake is really baked and ready to be eaten at the nursery tea; the small, rather flushed, but eminently important baker cutting the cake for the little brothers and saying, 'I made it all my own self.' Why, it is the loveliest play in the world, and the most useful. Every woman ought to be able to cook. If 'a king is fit to be a king because he can black his own boots,' a woman is fit to be a queen because she can cook. You are not necessarily devoid of all literary attainments because you know how to grill a chop without burning it to a cinder. Did Emily Brontë, that most marvellous and titanic genius, despise cooking? No; she made puddings with a German book propped against the bowl.

There never was a time when people talked so much about food or so much about health. Every one has some particular fad to ventilate. One person tells you that Plasmon Cocoa has absolutely saved his life; another that Grape Nuts have made a new man of him; still another comes along who is a believer in Force, and will have nothing to say in favour of any other food but the one that lifts 'Sunny Jim' 'high o'er the fence.' We suppose, really, that all these things do good; but are also rather inclined to believe that a plate of porridge is quite as good a breakfast-dish as any other farinaceous product. In our early childhood we were sternly told that almonds and nuts were extremely indigestible and bad for us; of course we did not believe it, and, surreptitiously even ate a vile and oily nut called a Brazil nut, that had two great attractions: first, it was cheap; secondly, as well as being for juvenile consumption, it could be made to burn a blue flame! Now we find we were entirely misled; we might have devoured the Brazil, the green and unripe hazel-nut, and the pennyworth of almonds before our parents' and teachers' eyes with perfect impunity. Almonds and nuts are no longer

indigestible. If you wish to be thoroughly healthy and prolong your existence you must eat nuts in handfuls; only you must drop such injurious things as chops and steaks. A recent charming work tells us that almonds, and plenty of them, are the most wholesome and nutritious form of diet. Indeed, it is almonds, almonds all the way; and, like the elephant who wanted 'mair scones,' we must clamour for 'more almonds.'

If 'one man's meat is another man's poison,' all badly cooked food is every man's poison. Good meat is ruined by being fried; it should, of course, be grilled; but the inferior cook persistently clings to the frying-pan—it is her sheet-anchor. Everything she can get hold of she pops into that wretched pan. The breakfast-bacon that should be toasted, the fillet-steak and the loin of mutton chop that should be grilled—over they go, all into the frying-pan. Is it ignorance, or is it stupidity? Probably both; with a good large piece of laziness thrown in. Let the mistress of the house see that the frying-pan is occasionally allowed a peaceful rest hanging in the scullery, and let her ultimatum be 'grill or go.' People divide cooks into any number of classes, from the 'cook-general' to the *chef* who, like Monsieur Mirobolant, composes his menus to the strains of his own grand piano. We divide them into two: those who can cook and those who cannot, for the following reasons: if a cook can roast with intelligence, boil to the minute, and do her plain dishes correctly and carefully, she can follow an elaborate recipe and send up a really first-rate dinner. A grand cook in a small establishment is more trouble than she is worth; she turns up her nose at inexpensive dishes, she is much too superior to make the servants' meals (an important item) comfortable, and she runs you into any amount of extravagance and large weekly books. She is about as much an annoyance to an economical housewife as the Baker was to the Bellman in *The Hunting of the Snark*:

He came as a Baker, but owned when too late—

And it drove the poor Bellman half mad—

He could only bake bridecake, for which, I may state,
No materials were to be had.

We have suffered from the grand and rejoiced over the unpretentious. The latter could send up good soup, a thing the very grand are rather apt to think is waste of time. Napoleon said 'soup makes the soldier,' and Sir John Sinclair maintained that 'the great heroes of antiquity lived on broth.' We wish people would remember these two testimonials in favour of soup, and give it us good: neither coloured water nor brownish sediment. Soup is not expensive, and it is not so very much trouble, as, once the stock is carefully made, it will last for several days. There are such numbers of delightful soups, and yet the most popular seem to be three: a white, tasting of artichokes and called 'Palestine'; a brown soup that you may call anything you like according to your fancy; and clear soup which stands out pre-eminent as a party-soup.

Clear soup, to be really good, is very expensive, and if not good it tastes of hot water; in fact, it is rather like a well-known comedian's opinion of ping-pong: 'a very nice game, but too much nothing about it.' If you are going to have clear soup, make sure that there is not about it a preponderance of 'nothing.' Buy plenty of hough of beef, make the soup carefully, season it carefully, and have some pretty garnishing: asparagus-heads, neatly cut and coloured little squares of custard, or tiny little puffs of French pastry; but, 'an you love us,' not strips of the common carrot.

Andrew Lang once said in an essay, 'There are people who, with a front of brass, tell you they cannot read Dickens.' There are many—alas! too many—women who, with equal or still worse brazen-facedness, tell you they cannot cook, and, what is more, do not want to. Unabashed and unashamed, they smile sweetly at you across their flower-bedecked dinner-tables, seemingly oblivious to your well-bred efforts to eat their abominable dinners. In the drawing-room they tell you what a very bad cook they have—a truly unnecessary statement; but for which fact they expect your sympathy. It never seems to dawn on them that they might have done a great deal themselves to improve the repast. To begin with, the lady of the house—if she cannot afford to give her cook extra help, or if, from motives of economy, she keeps a young and cheap one—could easily make many cold dishes that look pretty and taste good. She can spend a little time on making a prettily decorated sweet, and she can see that the ice is really cold and not tepid. The small boys who act as touts for the rival ice-cream shops in Calcutta tell you that their master is the only purveyor of ice-cream which is really cold. They pursue you, pointing at other shops with a lean, little brown hand, shouting, 'No go there, sahib; he no sell good ice-cream; he sell *hot* ice-cream, sahib—*hot* ice-cream.' We have never been in India; but we have met 'hot ice-cream' at many dinner-parties. It is absolutely inexcusable. Another abomination is the sweet or ice that comes from a shop. It always looks it. It is always too much dressed—in fact, overdressed. But if you do want to buy in your ice, have a very plain, simple one; it is much more likely to cheat your guests into thinking it was made at home. People always seem to think ices are difficult to make; they are just the reverse. Whip your cream till it is very stiff, colour it and flavour it, fill your mould, bury it in an ordinary tin pail filled with crushed ice and salt, leave it for four or five hours, and there you are. Now, could anything be more simple?

Englishwomen will not buy ice; they always look

upon it as extravagance. They prefer to have oily butter, thunderstorm milk, and a general tepidness to expending one silver shilling on ice. In the summer months knock off some of the joints and spend the money on ice and fruit and fresh green vegetables. We have a friend who went to lunch with some people on a grilling day in July—a day when the ground was red-hot and the sky like a molten furnace—and the luncheon consisted of a boiled round of beef, with 'the usual trimmings,' the dumpty dumplings, the turnips and the carrots; and do you know why? Because it was Thursday, and all the year round a boiled round of beef is their Thursday luncheon. Only one day in the week should be sacred to a particular dish, and that is Sunday. The Sunday sirloin of beef is, like the *Times*, a bulwark of the British Constitution. Some day we hope to be able to afford the threepence for the *Times*, and feel true British citizens; meanwhile we can only buy the *Daily Mail*; but we do have our Sunday roast. Monotonous it may be; but it gives us a feeling of well-being and security; and it can be hot in winter and cold in summer. Sometimes we have wanted to break away from it; and have something different. But on Saturday morning, when the butcher fixes us with a stern eye, and says, 'The usual roast, ma'am, for Sunday, I suppose?' we quail before him, and say, 'Yes.' Once we said, 'Not this week,' emphasising 'this' to show it was an unusual occurrence; but we felt nervous, and hastily explained we had had poultry sent us from the country. We may feel cosmopolitan all the week, but we like to feel British on Sunday; we like to remember that our language contains the word 'Home.' Perhaps the Sunday dinner is not romantic; but it was the same sort of dinner we ate when we were children, when we walked back from the country church with our hands firmly held by hands whose loving touch we long for now. It is not a bad thing to be reminded of your childhood even by such a mundane thing as a roast of beef. Perhaps, after all, nothing really is mundane, and 'beauty is in the eye of the beholder.' We know, to quote Kipling, that 'romance brings up the 9—15;' and even cooking and hot joints and cold savouries become beautiful if looked at in the right way. All labour is beautiful and worth doing well, if you are writing a poem or writing a cookery-book; which brings us back to the beginning, that poetry and cooking both are equally worthy. If the Goblin left the Poet to live with the Huckster 'because of the jam,' we cannot all live on fine thoughts and high-flown sentiments, and we have no doubt that in his own line he was a very good Huckster—unquestionably he was generous with his jam.



THE PEARL NECKLACE.

CHAPTER VIII.—A WARNING.

WHEN I was alone in my chamber I sat pondering deeply on what course I should take. It was very clear to me that, whatever plausible excuses I might offer for my conduct, I was playing the part of a traitor. I should most assuredly have arrested Mistress Dorothy, having been expressly ordered by the Protector to arrest the members of Sir John's family if I discovered proof that they were concerned in the plot. Yet, though I had overwhelming proofs that she was most actively engaged in the conspiracy, I had deliberately disobeyed his orders, and allowed her to go free. And what was I now to do if I did not wish to plunge deeper and deeper into a quagmire of shame and dishonour?

Hitherto I had accomplished little or nothing of the task set before me. From the first I had been fooled and outwitted. This man Montague had got the better of me in every way: he had slipped through my fingers like an eel, had secured the gold from under my very hands (as it were), and had no doubt contrived to carry off all treasonable papers relating to the conspiracy. And the one person—a mere child, a maid of eighteen—by whose aid he had contrived to trick and delude me I had allowed to go free. Truly it seemed to me that I cut a very sorry figure in the business; and I longed passionately to continue the struggle in order to see whether this should indeed be the end of it, or whether—baffled and beaten at the outset—I could not bring the matter to a very different conclusion.

Yet it seemed to me—and I think that those of any nice sense of honour will be disposed to agree with me—that if my friendship for Sir John Woodville and his family prevented me from doing that which was clearly my duty, I had no choice but to withdraw from the business, even though by doing so I might incur the grievous displeasure of His Highness the Lord Protector. So clearly did this appear to be my duty that again and again I sat down to write a letter to His Highness beseeching him to send another officer to take my place. But the words would not come, and I threw away the pen and paced restlessly to and fro.

Loath indeed was I to make so poor a figure in the eyes of the great man at whose side I had fought so long, and whom I so loved and honoured; and I was most sorely tempted to retain my post until I had laid hands on Colonel Montague or lost all hope of doing so. I should doubtless atone for many shortcomings if I could secure the person of the chief conspirator. With regard to him at least I had no scruples; and, could I have come within pistol-shot or sword-thrust of him, it would have been through no want of zeal on my

part if he had again escaped. But how was it possible for me to discover his whereabouts? He might be within a mile of me, or far on his way to France or Holland. In either case I had little hope of seizing him. If he fled I could not follow him, for I was bound to keep possession of the Hall, and be ready to suppress any attempt at a rising; and if he remained in the neighbourhood, he had so many friends and hiding-places that it was scarce likely that he could be taken. There was still a chance that he might be reckless enough to put himself at the head of those who were prepared to rise in open rebellion; but if he was too wary to do so, I had no choice but to wait until I could obtain further information concerning his movements from Jacob Watkins. But no word had come from Jacob since Montague had so unhappily escaped us, and his silence troubled me greatly. It might prove that he had not yet discovered anything worth the telling, or that some evil had befallen him, or even that he was a double traitor, and had gone over to the other side. Still, rage as I might at my own helplessness, there was nothing for it but to wait, and I determined that I would take no decisive step in the business until I had received his report.

Some hours had gone by when the trampling of a horse's hoofs drew me to the window; and, to my astonishment, I beheld my sister Patience riding up the avenue. I hurried to meet her, fearing that she might bring ill news of my mother. I thought she looked pale and thin, and her eyes were sad, though she smiled faintly when I appeared. She pressed my hand as I assisted her to dismount.

'Thank God you are safe, John!' she faltered.

Now, there is something in a man's nature that makes him resent the anxiety of the women-folk for his safety. 'Tis a graceless trait, born, I fear, of vanity; but we are as we are, and not, I venture to think, as He who made us would have us to be. My greeting, I remember, was not over kindly.

'Why, what do you here, Patience?' I asked. 'Is all not well at home?'

'Yes, yes, all is well,' she answered. Then she added in a lower voice, 'May I speak with you in private?'

So I led her to my chamber and shut the door, and stood opposite to her, as she sat with her eyes lowered, playing nervously with her riding-whip.

'Mother was very anxious about you,' she said, 'and nothing would content her but that some one should inquire after you. So I thought it better to come myself than to send one of the men.'

I could not help smiling grimly to think that I, who had been at the storming of Tredah, and fought hand-to-hand with Rupert's Cavaliers, with stubborn Scot and reckless Irishman, should now have my mother inquiring after my health when I was

engaged in so small a business as the one I had in hand.

'Ah, well,' said I, 'you can tell mother that I have caught no cold through sleeping in damp sheets, and will be careful of the night air, of wetting my feet, and so forth.'

'You are not displeased with me for coming, John?' she asked, and her lip quivered.

At that my ill-humour instantly vanished.

'Nay, nay, dear sister,' I answered; 'right glad I am to see you, and 'twas kind of you and mother to think of me. But what harm did you suppose had befallen me?'

'But yestereve we were well-nigh heart-broken,' said she. 'A man came running to say that you had been taken in an ambush, and you and all the troopers with you slain or mortally wounded. Then it was reported that you alone were slain, and I thought mother would have died of grief. At last we learnt the truth that it was a trooper who was killed, and your horse and not you that was shot by Colonel Montague. And oh, John! when I thought you were dead I remembered I had been harsh and cold to you, and—and I'—

'Hush, hush, child! Speak not of it,' I interposed. 'You have ever been the best and kindest of sisters. Come, come, dry your tears, and let me see you smile as you were wont to do.'

'I—I think I shall never smile again,' she said.

'Tut, tut!' said I, 'a little childish petulance is not a thing to grieve for in this way. I would I had as little cause to reproach myself as you. You look pale and weary. Are you not well?'

'Yes, yes,' she answered, rising hurriedly to her feet. 'But I must be returning; indeed I must.'

Then she suddenly laid her hand upon my arm, and looked up at me with wistful, pleading eyes.

'John,' she said earnestly, 'will you not give up this business ere it be too late, ere things be said and done that can never be undone, never be forgiven?'

How often had I asked myself that question! And I think it was the knowledge of my own weakness that made me answer her somewhat sternly.

'Child, child,' said I, 'would you have me prove false to the trust placed in me, and become a backslider and a traitor to the cause?'

She looked at me piteously for a moment, and I saw her lips twitch and her eyes fill with tears.

'I scarce know what I would have,' she faltered; 'but I—I suppose that women are weaker than men. God knows, I would not have my brother do aught that would seem dishonourable in his own eyes or in the eyes of others; but there are times, John, when you—you seem harsh and stern, and'—

She stopped as though fearful of offending me; and I, knowing how far I had already strayed from the path of duty through the weakness of the flesh, smiled sadly upon her.

'Ah, Patience,' said I, 'if you but knew all, you would not speak thus. Fear not, child. If it lies

within my power to save those who have been our friends from the consequences of their folly, doubt not it shall be done. I fear I have already left undone much that my conscience bade me do, and shall have cause to repent most grievously my weakness hereafter.'

'Nay,' she replied, her face brightening, 'you will never repent having dealt tenderly with friends in adversity, John. Farewell, and God be with you, dear brother!'

She moved towards the door; but it was with a hesitating step, as though she wished to add something, and yet was loath to do so. But at length she turned and came back.

'John,' she whispered, with a fearful glance at the door, 'I would not trust too much to those about you. I can say no more. Farewell!'

But I interposed.

'Nay,' said I, 'you must tell me more than that, Patience. These are strange words. What mean you?'

'Tis said that there are certain Anabaptists and others who are ill-disposed towards His Highness the Protector, since there has been talk of him taking the crown.'

'It is true,' said I; 'but how does this concern me?'

'I—I fear there are some of that persuasion with you,' she answered reluctantly.

'And what hath made you believe so?' I asked, remembering, with more anxiety than I cared to show, the black looks and sullen manner of Nicholas Rowe and others.

Again she hesitated.

'Come, child,' said I impatiently, 'if you have aught to tell me of the matter, speak out, I pray you, for it may import me much to know.'

'Last night Sam Wilkins, our stable-lad, was passing through the wood in the moonlight, and beheld Colonel Montague in close conference with one of the troopers.'

At that I smiled.

'Nay, you must have better proof than that of so incredible a thing,' said I; 'for you know well—none better—that Sam Wilkins tells the truth but by chance when he is sober, and when he hath been at the "Ring o' Bells" could not do it if he tried.'

'He was sober enough,' she replied, 'and had the air of one scared out of his wits; for our people, since your encounter with Colonel Montague, live in deadly terror of him.'

'Even so,' I answered. 'Terror hath made him see Montague and one of the troopers where you and I would have seen but a couple of village gossips.'

'Nay, but he also saw'—She stopped and glanced up at me with a frightened look.

'Saw whom?' I asked.

'Frank Woodville,' she answered in a low voice.

Then I perceived why she had been so reluctant to speak of the matter, and was not over-pleased that she should apparently think as much or more

of Master Frank's safety than of mine. But seeing her so distressed, I tried to make light of it; though, indeed, I was more disturbed than I cared to own.

'Ah, well,' said I, 'the only marvel is that he did not see a round dozen, let alone three, when there were but two, or more likely none at all. Trouble yourself no more about the matter, Patience. I will keep a strict watch, I promise you, on those within as well as without. It may comfort you to know that, for my part, I believe that Montagne is already on his way to the nearest port; and, as no rising hath taken place, doubt not that the Protector is likely to deal leniently with those who have been drawn, it may be by false pretences, into the conspiracy. Come, it grows late, and mother will be troubled about you. I think you will do well to be going. Keep a brave heart, and hope for the best.'

So I kissed her, and she tripped away with a lighter step and a happier countenance than before. I smiled and waved my hand to her as she rode off; but I returned to my chamber in a most uneasy and anxious frame of mind, for indeed her words had greatly disturbed me. I knew well that there were among those who had fought most loyally for the cause not a few who cherished the most bitter and hostile feelings against His Highness, and were even

ready—incredible as it may seem—to join with the Malignants in overthrowing him and placing the young man Charles Stuart upon the throne. It might be that some of those about me were disaffected and in league with the Royalists; and assuredly the bearing of several, especially of Nicholas Rowe, had savoured of insolence and insubordination.

Yet when I came to think over the matter more carefully, and remembered that the story rested upon the evidence of so sorry a creature as Sam Wilkins, sottish and untruthful from his earliest years, I was inclined to think less and less seriously of it. Moreover, I had little doubt that by this time Montagne had fled. I had been slow to believe it; but the more I thought over the matter the more incredible it seemed that he would have the audacity to remain. As for the troopers, I put down their sullen bearing to the fact that they suspected, and not without some show of justice, that I was myself trifling with my duty, if not actually assisting the conspirators. So thinking, I dismissed the story from my mind as the invention of a half-drunken rustie who had been scared by the wild and exaggerated rumours that had got about concerning Colonel Montagne.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

NATIONAL WASTE.

THE battlefield is not the only place that supplies an object-lesson in regard to waste of life and treasure. That there is an appalling waste of money and life in connection with the drink-traffic, for which there is no adequate return, will be allowed by those who hold no extreme views on the subject. Our national drink-bill last year was close upon one hundred and eighty millions sterling, or over four pounds per head. Behind this spending, especially in the case of the poor, the thriftless, and the improvident, there is not only waste of life, but much positive crime and misery. We get no comfort by looking abroad, for France has been spending about one hundred and sixty millions sterling a year on alcoholic drink; Germany, one hundred and fifty millions; the United States, two hundred and thirty-four millions; Canada, a sum equivalent to 90 per cent. of the entire federal revenue. Scotland was spending about seventeen millions. Mr Arthur Sherwell, joint-author with Mr Rowntree of *The Temperance Problem and Social Reform*, has published (Oliphant, Anderson, & Ferrier) a lecture entitled *The Drink Peril in Scotland*, in which he deals in a practical way with what he calls a great physiological and economic question. The lack of unity and combination amongst temperance reformers is, he

says, answerable for the fact that, although public sentiment is more advanced, little or no progress has been made in Scotland on the subject during the last half-century. The gravity of the evil is as great in Scotland as it was two generations ago. Of the one hundred and eighty thousand persons charged with criminal offences in 1900, about 63½ per cent. were for offences directly caused by drinking. Dr Clouston, of Morningside Asylum, says a larger consumption of alcohol leads to a larger number of cases of insanity. Mr Sherwell advocates what he calls a 'national time notice' for the extinction of the overplus of licensed houses. Eliminate, also, he says, private profit from retail sale of liquor, and give wholesome counter-attractions: libraries, reading-rooms, and cheerful tea and coffee rooms. The surplus profits from the Public-House Company might be available for such counter-attractions. The *Spectator*, in a recent issue, put the argument for reduction in succinct form. 'The point of legislation,' it stated, 'is that, pending the removal of the deeper causes which result in drink, it is essential that men should not be tempted at every turn; that the publican and the grocer should not entice all and several to come in to a feast which, in innumerable cases, has proved the feast of death. If the continual temptations to excessive drinking are removed, the problems that produce the desire for drink will be simplified, and the class of the very poor will not receive continual recruits, in the shape of ruined drunkards' families, from all the

other classes.' The housing problem also has much to do with the question: in Glasgow, 48 per cent. of the total population live more than two persons in a single room; in Edinburgh, 33 per cent.; in Dundee, 47 per cent. No wonder so many find refuge in the public-house. In elevating the moral sentiment of the people, and especially in influencing the rising generation, rests the main hope of the reformer.

AUTOMATIC SIGNALLING ON THE NORTH-EASTERN RAILWAY.

Few subjects demand more urgent consideration than the adoption of efficient signals for the safe running of railway trains. On the introduction of the railway system the necessity for two all-important safeguards was at once apparent: first, a proper system of signals for warning the engine-driver of danger ahead; second, apparatus to enable the engine-driver to stop his train in the shortest possible distance. The latter, it may safely be presumed, has now reached a point where further improvement will be unimportant so long as the friction on wheels and rails is the limit of retardation. In Great Britain, where the block-system of signalling was first developed and its use enforced by the Government, it has been found that where traffic is at all heavy the signal-cabins, to afford absolute safety, must be located so close together that the cost of their maintenance is a serious item of expenditure; but for some years it has been evident that, by the substitution of electrical power for the somewhat archaic and complicated mechanical apparatus now used, a complete revolution in the mode of working the signals and points could be effected. Automatic signalling has been in operation over long distances on many of the principal railroad systems of the United States, the Boston and Maine, in 1871 we believe, being the first to adopt it. Despite its undoubted popularity amongst American railway managers, the system of 'electrical automatic' signalling was until lately quite unknown in British railway practice. Some time ago the North-Eastern Railway Company decided to equip a section of their main line, ten miles in length, between York and Thirsk, with these automatic signals, and in August last obtained the provisional sanction of the Board of Trade for the new system. Some three or four months ago, on the occasion of the visit to the United States of a number of the leading officers of the North-Eastern Railway Company, a contract was completed with the Hall Signal Company, of New York, for the fixing of their system on the North-Eastern Company's main line. The Hall system—which, it may be briefly explained, is designed to enable the services of signalmen, except at points of junction, to be dispensed with—is purely automatic, being operated by means of connections set up by the trains. Until quite recently, under this system of signalling, the semaphore signal was worked by an electric motor; but now carbonic acid gas has been adopted as the motive-power, and it is this form of

signal which will be used on the North-Eastern Railway. The gas is contained in a cylinder at a pressure of six hundred pounds to the square inch (reduced to fifty pounds working pressure), and the valves for admitting the air to the operating cylinder are controlled electrically. There will be eighty-four signal-arms; all the signal-posts will have two arms, the upper arm being a 'stop' signal, and the lower the 'distant' signal—applicable to the next 'stop' signal. Each of the sections will be one thousand two hundred yards in length. For the automatic signalling, it is claimed that it presents the 'block' system in perfection, by superseding human intelligence by exact mechanism; whilst, in addition to increasing the carrying capacity of a railway by enabling the block sections to be shortened, it materially reduces the wages-bill, by the abolition of a number of intermediate boxes now so absolutely necessary with the mechanical system of locking. For example, on the section of line of the North-Eastern Railway where the automatic signals are to be installed there are now six signal-boxes, including three junctions. One of these boxes will be entirely dispensed with, two will be closed except when shunting operations have to be performed at the stations, and the three junction-boxes will be closed when traffic on the branch lines ceases. The signals at all five places will be automatic at all times, whether the boxes are open or not. There are six distant signals on this stretch of line, which are now worked by mechanical means, and these are to be worked by electricity. The reliability of the automatic signals was illustrated in 1892 on the Illinois Central Railroad. In anticipation of a heavy traffic in connection with the World's Fair, the line from Kensington to Van Buren Street, a distance of thirteen miles, was fitted with the Hall automatic signals. During the progress of the World's Columbian Exposition the traffic occasionally averaged from six hundred to nine hundred trains per day; no less than nineteen million passengers being carried to the Fair, and not a single accident happened that could be ascribed to failure of signals. It was also demonstrated that no fewer than ninety trains could be worked over one set of lines in the course of an hour.

TRANSEPLANTING TREES.

A correspondent writes: As the *Journal* for April (page 269) contained a paragraph on this subject, it will be interesting to know of a successful experiment. On 28th and 29th May 1902, with the aid of Mr James Reid, gardener to Captain Malcolm Drummond of Megginch, I lifted two hollies, one golden and one silvern. These shrubs are about eighty years of age, and the method adopted was as follows: A ball of roots five feet in diameter was carefully cut round each plant, and the earth removed from below the ball, which, on being measured, was two feet six inches in thickness. Bags were then wrapped round the stem to prevent the bark from

being ruffled. The earth having been lowered more on one side than the other, the plant was cautiously canted over; next a strong frame specially made for the purpose was placed underneath, and the shrub again set perpendicular. Four shear-poles were now erected, and block and tackle fixed and made fast to ropes tied to the four corners of the frame, the poles being of sufficient height to enable the cone-shaped bush to project between two of the ropes to prevent its symmetry from being destroyed. The holly was then hoisted out of the ground and lowered on to doors laid on rollers. A mixture of sand and leaf-mould was thrown into the bottom of the new hole, and well watered. The plant was then rolled along to the edge of the hole, raised sufficiently, and lowered as before; but it was canted to allow of the frame being drawn out. Sand and leaf-mould were beaten in round the roots, and the earth was shovelled in and then drawn up so as to form a trench, which was filled with water once every four days for a month. Both bushes were transplanted in the same way; and they have never gone back, and are now sending out new shoots. The hollies stand about eleven feet above ground, and both, the golden especially, show a good appearance of blossom.

LOCAL WEIGHTS AND MEASURES IN FRANCE.

Most people will be surprised to learn that in 1903 the grain-trade in France is suffering great embarrassment from the various local systems of weights and measures that obtain in the provincial corn-markets. France, the home and headquarters of the metric system, is still hampered by local conservatism in this regard; and in a great work on flour-milling, published this year (*Le Froment et sa Mouture*), the authors, MM. Girard and Lindet, deplore the inconveniences that arise from Troyes adhering to a unit of one hundred and twenty-one kilos, while Charente has one of eighty kilos; and many other corn-markets still behave as if the metric quintal had not been invented.

HARNESSING THE VICTORIA FALLS OF THE ZAMBESI.

There is a proposal to utilise the waters of the Victoria Falls of the Zambesi to generate electric energy in the same way as those of Niagara, for its transmission far and wide. The Cape to Cairo Railway has already reached a point beyond Bulawayo, and is expected to reach the Zambesi by December. A great steel bridge, constructed of one span of six hundred and fifty feet in length, will carry the railway across the river half a mile below the Victoria Falls at a height of three hundred and sixty feet above the water. The main span is a steel arch of five hundred feet, and there will be a double line of rails. Dr Livingstone and Mr W. C. Oswell were the first European travellers to gaze upon the Victoria Falls in November 1855. On a tree in an island in the middle of the Falls Livingstone carved his name, with the date of his visit. He described the Falls in his

Missionary Travels as caused by a crack in a hard basaltic rock, from the right to the left bank of the Zambesi, and then continued from the left bank through thirty or forty miles of hills. The Victoria Falls are about one mile wide, and their height is four hundred to four hundred and twenty feet; the height of Niagara is from one hundred and fifty-eight to one hundred and sixty-seven feet, with an average of seven million horse-power running to waste. It has been calculated that at Victoria Falls there are thirty-five million horse-power running to waste, which the engineer hopes to utilise. In time a town may arise on the south side of the Falls. The necessary power-house and turbines will be laid below the cascade, and will furnish power for the Rhodesian mines of the future. The British Association is to hold one of its future meetings in Rhodesia, and those of the members who take this long journey to South Africa will visit the Falls.

AN IDEAL AMERICAN FACTORY.

Amongst the factories visited by the British Industrial Commission when in America lately was that of the National Cash Register Company at Dayton, Ohio, of which John Henry Patterson is president. Born on a farm near Dayton, Ohio, in 1844, Patterson engaged in farm-work as a boy, and assisted in his father's saw and grist mill. He acted as collector of tolls on the Miami Canal (1867-70), was in the retail coal business, and interested himself in mining. The work of his life, however, has been in the invention and perfecting of the cash register, the company for the manufacture of which was organised in 1885. It is remarkable as being under a kind of paternal government. Over three thousand persons are employed, the minimum wages for girls being a pound a week, and the men earn sixteen to eighteen shillings a day. Over two hundred and fifty pounds are distributed yearly in money prizes as rewards for suggestions in improving the efficiency of any department. There is a box in the factory for receiving such suggestions. Workmen have also been sent to New York and other places on tours of inquiry, with a view to enlarging their minds and adding to their knowledge of labour methods and conditions. The National Cash Register Factory at Dayton is set amidst green grass and foliage, and everything is done for the amenity of the workers in the way of lighting and ventilation. The women come to work an hour later than the men, and leave ten minutes earlier. There is a special service of train-cars for the use of the workmen. The women have one day's holiday every month, besides the Saturday half-holiday. Twenty minutes are allowed every week for the encouragement of personal cleanliness in the shape of a warm bath. The cash register is made up of two thousand separate parts, requiring three thousand two hundred and thirty-six small tools. The industrial delegates saw tools performing automatically on one piece of metal

eight operations simultaneously, the girls merely standing by to report when a drill or other instrument required replacing. The senior director at Dayton, after the actual partners, is a young man of twenty-nine, who nine years ago was an office-boy employed in washing the windows.

EARLY AFFORESTATION OF THIS COUNTRY.

A paper by Marcel Hardy in a recent number of the *Scottish Geographical Magazine* conveys some interesting information as to early afforestation in this country. The writer says that according to Dion Cassius and Herodian, the Roman legions and the auxiliary troops were employed by the Emperor Severus in the year 207 of our era in cutting down the forests, and that fifty thousand men perished in the work. The ancient Caledonian forest, which had originally an area of twenty miles, is now represented by a few small forests, such as that of Coille-More, or Great Wood, and that of Mar in Aberdeenshire. According to old maps, forests surrounded Stirling, Elgin, Banff, Aberdeen, Kintore, and Paisley. The great wood of Drumselch partly covered the neighbourhood of Edinburgh. Selkirkshire, formerly called Ettrick Forest, must have been very well wooded. Vast stretches of heather, peat-bogs, and marshes have replaced these old forests. Amongst the causes of destruction peculiar to Scotland is mentioned the attempt of the Government to take away from the Highlanders the refuge which they found in the depths of the forests. John of Lancaster employed two thousand four hundred workmen to cut down the forests of Scotland. Robert Bruce destroyed a great number of them in his expedition to Inveraray against Comyn. In the northern part of the kingdom, also, the Danes burned extensive wooded areas. An order by General Monk, dated 1654, commanding the destruction of the woods of Aberfoyle, still exists. From these and other facts the writer concludes that there were formerly forest areas in Scotland which have been destroyed by man within historic times, that there is in that country a combination of all the physical conditions favourable to forest vegetation, and that the actual circumstances render essential the reconstitution of a wooded area as large as possible. The same arguments apply with as much force to Ireland.

READING LISTS.

One is inclined to wonder if any reader ever persevered with what to him were the hundred best books without breaking down or diverging into some interesting bypath suggested by such reading. The newspaper and periodical literature often consume more than their legitimate share of leisure time, and in this hurrying age one would need some years on a desert island to pursue, without distraction, a settled course of reading. The great art is in beginning well, and this fact is recognised in the latest report of the

American Commissioner of Education, in which Mr Sherman Williams has a suggestive paper on 'reading lists' in school. For the teacher he recommends the plan of keeping a record of the reading of the children in note-books, one being allotted to each pupil, and in this should be entered the names of periodicals and books read. The note-books should be passed out once a month for entries; and when the pupil rose to a higher class these records of reading would acquaint the new teacher with the scholar's stage of intellectual progress, and would be an index to the kind of books read. The importance of libraries in rural schools is also emphasised. Some years ago a determined teacher in a poor neighbourhood induced each pupil to give her one or two eggs each week. These she sold, and purchased the beginnings of a library with the proceeds. As helps there are mentioned a *Class List of a Library Recommended for Schools* (issued by the University of New York), *List of Books for Girls and Women and their Clubs* (Literary Bureau, 1895), *Selected List of Books for School Libraries* (Chicago: McClurg), and *Library List of Books for Public and School Libraries* (New York: The Baker & Taylor Co.), and the *Catalogue of a Model Library of Five Hundred Volumes* (New York: Scribners).

MOSQUITOES AND COLOUR.

Although it is possible to reduce the numbers, or possibly to exterminate mosquitoes in populated places, it would be ridiculous to suppose that any measures would be effectual against them in the open country or forest; but happily it would seem, from a series of experiments carried out last year, that human beings can, in a measure, protect themselves from the assaults of the insect by care in the selection of the colour of their clothing. The experiments took place at Cambridge, under the auspices of Dr Nuttall and Mr A. E. Shipley. These gentlemen employed a muslin tent in a spacious photographic glass room, and in this tent the mosquitoes were provided with breeding-pans, suitable food, and a series of seventeen open boxes or nests, each nest being lined with a differently coloured cloth. The positions of these boxes were changed every day, so as to eliminate any preference due to place. During the seventeen days covered by the experiments the greatest number of insects was found in the navy-blue box—namely, one hundred and eight; the dark-red box came second with ninety; forty-nine were found in the black box; and then there is a sharp drop to thirty-one and twenty-four mosquitoes which found refuge in the slate-gray and the olive-green box. The numbers gradually diminish until the orange box is reached with one single mosquito, and the pale-yellow khaki colour with none at all. It is not the first time that the partiality of mosquitoes for certain colours has been noted; but this is the first occasion, we believe, on which

the preference has been subjected to careful experiment. We understand that the United States army authorities have quickly acted on the report of these experiments, and have withdrawn the regulation army shirt of navy-blue in favour of one of lighter tint for all troops in malarious districts.

OLD BRIDGES.

There is not a more picturesque feature in a landscape than a well-designed bridge, and throughout Britain there are plenty of examples of these, many of them being of beautiful form and adorned with those pleasant tints which age alone can confer upon stonework. In communion with all things, however, these monuments of the past are liable to decay, a process which has of late years been hastened, unfortunately, by the passage of traction-engines and other loads which the structures were never intended to bear. The matter is reported upon, the local authorities condemn the bridge, and too often replace it by a hideous construction of iron girders, which has nothing but sheer strength to recommend it. One of the fairest reaches of the upper Thames has recently been doomed to this kind of exchange—an exchange which, in spite of the old proverb, is a robbery of very grave kind, for the neighbourhood is despoiled of a distinctive and interesting feature, and all the inhabitants are losers, except perhaps the owners of traction-engines. We do not know whether the Society for the Protection of Ancient Monuments consider that bridges come within their province; but if not, some steps should be taken to prevent the destruction of such structures, or if that be impossible, to replace them by bridges of the same type.

AN OLD GARDEN.

Comparatively few persons know that there is such a place as the Chelsea Physic Garden, although it is more than two hundred years old. In the year 1673 the Apothecaries' Society secured the lease of this piece of ground, which is valued at the present day at no less than fifty thousand pounds, and devoted it to the culture of such herbs and simples as entered into the curious *materia medica* of the time. Forty years later the freehold changed hands, Lord Cheyne having sold the manor of Chelsea to Dr Hans Sloane—the names of both vender and purchaser are kept alive in Cheyne Walk and Sloane Street—and eventually fell into the hands of the Charities Trustees. This body has now generously provided an annual sum for the maintenance of the garden, which, aided by a contribution from the State, will be sufficient to give the old place a new lease of life as a centre

for the study of botany. New laboratories have been erected, and the Physic Garden will presently be thrown open to students.

RATS AND PLAGUE.

It is now well known that rats have been the medium of spreading plague, and in infested districts the dead bodies of these vermin have been found in great numbers. According to a correspondent of the *Morning Post*, the Japanese officials at Kobe have ordered all rats to be destroyed, and have distributed packages of poison in order that the edict may be carried out. These packages bear instructions printed in Japanese, German, and English. The wording of the latter is rather peculiar: 'Eat not the contents, for it is forbidden. If anybody, by carelessness, eats of them, let him report at once to the nearest policeman, and if none is to be found, then report to the coroner. If any arsenic is left over by the rats, notify the police, who will remove it. Give notice to the rats that they must not die in their holes, as the latter is forbidden under the heaviest penalties.'

A MOTOR-CAR USED FOR FARMING.

A correspondent writes: 'Permit me to say how interested and amused I felt at your remarks *re* "A Motor-Plough." Some four years ago, when I was staying in Cheshire for the benefit of my health, I designed various attachments to an ordinary motor-car for use in farming. The first would make three furrows, the second would supply manure to these, the third would enable seed-potatoes to be sown, and the fourth would enable these to be covered; and if soil, manure, weather, and surroundings were suitable, all these operations could be performed in the course of one journey down the field. I ought to mention that two men, in addition to the driver of the car, would require to be employed.'

PUMICE-STONE BRICKS.

The large deposits of volcanic sand and pumice which are found in Germany between Coblenz and Andernach are now being utilised for brick-making, and an extensive industry has been formed there. The pumice is broken up and screened to a suitable size, after which it is mixed with the sand and a certain proportion of lime and water. This mixture is poured into iron moulds with removable wooden bottoms, upon which the bricks, when the material has set, can be dried. After exposure to the air for a short time the bricks are ready for shipment. No modern machinery is employed, the work being done by hand; a good workman turning out about fifteen hundred bricks per day.



SERAPHINA.

CHAPTER II.



ALL the world knows now how a dispute between France and Prussia arose in June 1870. We soldiers knew little about the merits of the case, and cared less; but the chance of seeing some service filled us with pleasure. Fully a week before war was actually declared the reserves began to pour in. Going across the barrack-square, to my surprise, I saw Barcères. I had forgotten that he belonged to the *chasseurs à pied*. His appearance gave me unbounded delight, and I went off at once to Hubert St Claire.

'My lieutenant,' I said, 'I have a favour to ask of you.'

'What is it?' he replied.

'That reservist Barcères may be appointed to my squad;' for I had recently been made a corporal.

Hubert St Claire knew all about my love-affair, and a smile crossed his face as he guessed the reason.

'All right,' he answered. 'I will speak to my uncle the colonel;' and it ended in the school-master being placed under my orders.

It is possible for an unscrupulous *sous-officier* to make the life of any private a perfect burden to him on a very small pretext. He can get a soldier sent to the *consigne*; but though I had, of course, no intention of behaving unfairly to the man whom fortune had placed in my power, I resolved that if it came to any fighting, he should have as good a chance of being hit as I had myself. When Barcères found out how he was situated his dreamy eyes had a frightened, startled look in them that highly amused me. It enabled me to judge his character pretty accurately, and I reckoned he would have given all he had to be back at Marigny once more.

In the highest spirits we left Epernay at the end of July for Châlons. We thought that when we got there we should go on to Metz; but we were informed that Strasburg was our destination. When we arrived at Naney, so great was the confusion and lack of organisation that, as the whole line was blocked, we were detained, and started to march to the frontier. This confusion soon became worse. We no sooner received an order to march to one place than we received a fresh one to go somewhere else. But on the 1st of August we found ourselves at Niederbronn, on the road to Bitché, where De Failly had his headquarters.

In spite of the hard work this marching and countermarching entailed, we were all, from the colonel downwards, full of hope. I can truly say that at that time the idea of defeat never once entered our heads; and we reckoned that when we got into Germany we should be amply compensated

for all our trials. The country-people welcomed us warmly. At first we had plenty to eat, and it was only as we got nearer the frontier that provisions began to become scarce. This arose from other regiments having gone before us and taken the bulk of them. I enjoyed the life. Round the camp-fire of a night Sergeant Bondy, who wore on his breast the Cross of the Legion of Honour and many medals, told us stories of his campaigns, and we had no doubt about the result of the coming one.

We had started for Bitché on the morning of the 3rd of August, when we were suddenly ordered to go to Weissenburg, where General Abel Douay was in command. Not far from Weissenburg we came to the house of a man who, we soon found, was mad. He had some most beautiful white chickens. We had had really nothing to eat all day, and we quickly wrung their necks; but the worst of it was that there were only a score of them, and that did not go far among a half-famished battalion. However, I and two comrades got an old rooster between us, and that was the last good meal I had for a long time. I laugh now when I think of the unfortunate owner, who told us these chickens were 'sacred' birds, and were given to him by the Emperor of China; and he prophesied that all manner of evil would fall on us for our sacrilegious proceedings. Leaving the poor man tearing his hair, we continued our march to Weissenburg. We arrived late in the evening, and found that we belonged to the First Brigade, which was led by General Pelletier de Montmarie of the 2nd Infantry Division, under General Abel Douay of the First Corps, which was commanded by MacMahon.

The château of Geisburg, which overlooks Weissenburg, was occupied by one battalion of the 74th, and as the little town was crammed full of troops, comprising the other battalion of the 74th, with Zouaves and Turcos, we had to make the best of our little *tents d'abri*. In the ordinary way this would not have mattered; but the weather, which had been very close and sultry all day, broke up, and in the night a torrential shower of rain fell, which, though it cleared the air, drenched us all to the skin.

The following morning, after we had had our *café*—but, alas! nothing to eat—we waited to be inspected by General Montmarie, who complimented our colonel highly on the state of the regiment. As soon as the inspection was over, my company was sent down to the station to bring up provisions and, if possible, some cattle for the battalion. Our cavalry had reconnoitred the previous day, and reported that the enemy were in no great strength.

We French little dreamt—and we had not altogether more than eight thousand men—that within almost a league we had opposed to us fully forty

thousand Germans, composed of two corps of Bavarians under Von de Tann and Von Hartmann, Kirchmarch with the 5th Corps of Poseners, and the Hessians of the 11th under Von Bose—in fact, nearly the whole of the Third Army Corps under the Crown-Prince. In happy ignorance of what was in store for us, we went gaily along, only too pleased to think that at last we were going to get something to put in our stomachs. We had reached the bottom of the hill, and were near the bridge that crosses the little river Lauter, which runs through the valley, when we heard the stirring rattle of the side-drums, and the next moment we saw the 1st Regiment of Turcos advancing at the double towards us, so we stood aside to allow them to pass. I had never seen these men before. The whites of their eyes were more apparent from their ebony skins; and, with their thick lips and dare-devil bearing, I thought I would rather have them for friends than foes. They might have been going to a review, as they laughed together in guttural tones. Suddenly we saw aides-de-camp tearing about. There was evidently something going to take place; but we had not the slightest glimmering of what it could be. Some said the Prussians were on our flank, and others that they were just in front, and we were going to attack them; but we laughed at this and pressed on to get the stores we needed so much.

As soon as the Turcos had gone past we fell in behind them. We had just reached the station when a battery of artillery came tearing along. ‘*Houp-là!*’ shouted the drivers as they pulled up, nearly bringing their horses on their haunches, and at once they began to mulliber the guns on some rising ground a little to our rear. Just then the shells from the German batteries at Schweigen came whistling through the air. It was the first time I had ever heard a live shell, and I confess I did not much like the sharp whistle of them. The tocsin sounded in the town, sending its lugubrious tones down the vale. The station, we found, was held by one battalion of the Turcos, the others having taken up positions farther on among the hops. Our artillery at once opened fire on our foes in the Bienenwald, which is a continuation of the chain of wooded hills leading to the Black Forest.

We could find no cattle; but the sub-lieutenant, who had only just joined our regiment from St Cyr, ordered us to commence at once unloading some rice from the trucks. The shells now began to fall faster and faster around us; and after a while the bullets from our hidden foes commenced to pitter-patter on the wall of the goods-shed, causing us young soldiers involuntarily to duck our heads. We had filled one cart, and the Turcos had just opened fire, when an officer on the staff of General Pellé tore up.

‘What on earth are you doing?’ he shouted to our lieutenant; and he ordered us at once to desist from our work and to take our place beside our dusky friends.

‘Now, *mes enfants*,’ said Sergeant Bondy gaily, ‘*le bal commence*. You will see how we shall set these beer-swilling Prussians the tune they are to dance to. *Parbleu!* they will remember it.’

None of us doubted the veteran’s assertion for a moment; but I have often thought of his words since, and when I do I hardly know whether to smile or swear.

With alacrity we commenced to carry out the order of the officer. For my part, it was just what I wanted, as I did not care for being shot at without replying; so I, with some others, clambered on to a coal-truck and commenced to fire at our foes—whom we could now see distinctly in sky-blue uniforms and crested helmets, and who, we learnt, were Bavarians—issuing from the woods to attack us under cover of the fire of their terrible artillery. So thick did the shells fall around us that our own gunners were, after losing their commander, compelled to retreat and take up a position more to the rear.* The worst of it was, that from that point—their guns being merely four-pounders—they could not reply at all to the German artillery; still, from their new position they sent shell after shell into the advancing infantry. My spirits rose as the fighting progressed; and, carried away by the excitement, I forgot all sense of danger.

The Turcos fought splendidly; they needed no encouragement. It was more a case of their officers holding them in, or they would have rushed forward to meet their foes. In the midst of the battle a train with reinforcements from our 8th Corps at Strasburg actually came steaming slowly into the station, the men jumping from the carriages and joining eagerly in the fray. The Bavarians were not three hundred metres from us when a shell, which happily did not explode, struck the wheel of the truck I was in and threw me and some others down in a heap. It was indeed lucky it did not burst, for at the same moment another shell struck a telegraph-post and burst almost over where we were standing. Springing up, I got into another truck and commenced firing again. Our foes had got within two hundred metres of us now; but our fire, especially from some of the Turcos among the hops, which took them on the flank, was so deadly that they fell back, in spite of the endeavours of their officers. But it was only for a moment, for they soon received heavy reinforcements. A wagon full of forage, next to the one I was standing in, caught fire, and the heat obliged us to evacuate it. At that moment I caught sight of Barcères cowering under the very wagon that was alight.

‘Come out, you infernal coward!’ I cried; and I compelled him to take up a position with me behind some casks, where, kneeling down, we were able to fire with a certain amount of safety. But no mortal men

* Thus verifying the maxim of Napoleon that ‘it is impossible to make artillery fire on masses of infantry if they themselves are attacked by artillery. They will either turn their fire on the opposing batteries, or, if outranged, they will retreat.’

could stand the fire to which we were submitted. To give an idea of what that fire was like, I may state that no less than thirty guns, posted on the heights of Schweigen, concentrated their efforts on that little station, and consequently the shells fell right into the very midst of us. Under cover of this the Bavarians attacked us once more, and fought their way into the station itself. Some of them rushed at our little group. I shot one, and as another sprang on the casks to get at us I ran my bayonet through his chest. Good heavens! it makes me shudder now as I remember his face as he fell back. The goods-shed behind us was in ruins, and the stationmaster's house was in a blaze.

'Come on,' cried Sergeant Bondy; 'it's all up.'

The sergeant may be alive now for all I know; but these were the last words I ever heard him speak, for at that moment he sprang into the air and fell behind some cases. A regular panic seized us. Fear is very contagious. Every man ran right and left, many throwing away their rifles to run faster. Seeing the lieutenant making off towards Altenstadt, I and what few of us remained followed him. Nor did we stop till we got there, and then, to our joy, we heard some of our own men, who were posted in a pretty little cottage covered with roses, with a garden in front, facing a road, shout to us to make haste. At the window of the cottage I saw Hubert St Claire. When I regained my breath I took up my position behind a wall with my comrades.

DARNICK TOWER.

IT is difficult to analyse or explain the glamour and charm which woo strangers from far and near towards the Border country, and especially to the district in and around Melrose, which has come to be termed 'the Scott country,' although Scott spread the wings of his imagination over and was associated with many other regions. Yet from early years he had associations with Tweedside; his happiest home at Ashiestiel overlooked a charming bend of the river, and lower down he reared that romance of stone and lime called Abbotsford, while the Tweed sweeps past the promontory where beautiful Dryburgh holds his dust. Dr George Wilson, author of the *Five Gateways of Knowledge*, when resident at Melrose, thought Abbotsford the least romantic house he had ever seen; 'but the country is wonderful, wonderful—such a country as even Adam and Eve, when the fiery-sworded angel drove them forth, might have wandered into with delight.' Many feel all this, although they never express it, nor their first disappointment, as Dora Wordsworth certainly expressed it, with Melrose Abbey, in finding it huddled round with common buildings. It is only when Melrose Abbey is closely studied in detail that its charm and richness of architecture are revealed, and it is found that Scott in his descriptions in the *Lay of the Last Minstrel* does not exaggerate but only describes.

As the battle-ground between England and Scotland, the Scottish Border country is dotted here and there with peel-towers mostly in decay, the only exception being that of Darnick, a mile west of Melrose, which is still inhabited. It is crammed with curios and mementoes of both the past and present, and is quite as well worth a visit as Abbotsford, three miles away. Nothing save the tenacity of a member of the Heiton family, to whom the tower belonged, and in whose family it had remained for centuries, prevented Darnick Tower from becoming an appanage of Abbotsford. It was said that

Scott wished to transform it into an armoury: it is an armoury of a sort, as we shall see, vitall of a very miscellaneous order. Scott was familiarly known to the villagers here as the 'Duke of Darnick,' and on one of his visits to Mr Heiton left his silver-headed malacca cane, with the initials 'W. S.' in the tower, where it has remained ever since. On 24th October 1817 he told his friend Daniel Terry how he had just enlarged his domains by a farmhouse then let to Adam Ferguson and his sister. This was Huntly Burn, where Thomas the Rhymer was reputed to have met the Queen of the Fairies. A modern Queen of Poesy, Mrs Hemans, on being introduced to this glen and burn by Sir Walter, returned gloriously happy, although wet above the ankles, her gown torn by wild roses, her gloves stained by wild strawberries, and her face scratched by a rowan-branch. A story told to her here by Scott suggested her spirited poem, 'Rhine Song of the German Soldiers,' and that was a pretty compliment he paid to her when he said, 'I should say you had too many gifts, Mrs Hemans, were they not all made to give pleasure to those around you.' 'There is a beautiful brook,' Scott wrote, 'with remnants of natural wood, which would make Toffield rival Abbotsford but for the majestic Tweed. I am in treaty for a field or two more; one of which contains the only specimen of a peel-house or defensive residence of a small proprietor which remains in the neighbourhood. It is an orchard, in the hamlet of Darnick, to which it gives a most picturesque effect. Blore the architect admires it very much.' And so does every one who has seen it, and enjoyed the charming view of the Eildons and Tweed valley from its battlements. Three years later the negotiations between Scott and Heiton were no farther forward. Lockhart tells us that in 1820 Scott's possessions almost encircled the picturesque and thriving hamlet of Darnick; there were few things on which he had more strongly fixed his fancy than the acquiring of Darnick Tower, which he accurately

described, as he did also Melrose and the scenery of the vale of Tweed and of Ellwand, in the novel he was then writing, the *Monastery*. The Heiton of that date replied after his own fashion, when he saw the interest Scott was taking in his tower, by having it fitted up for his own residence. It is still in the family, Mr Andrew Granger Heiton, architect, Perth, being the present proprietor.

The visitor to Melrose, Abbotsford, and Dryburgh for the most part leaves Darnick Tower unvisited, not being aware of the wealth of interest which may be awakened in his mind by a visit to that hoary building, which is not, however, open to the public, unless by a permit from the proprietor. Scott said he could point out forty-three places famous in war and verse from the top of the Eildons. Close to the tower, on the site of Melrose Hydropathic, known as Skirmish Hill, the struggle took place between the Scotts of Buccleuch and the Earl of Angus and his brother George Douglas for possession of the person of James V. in 1526. The Heiton of that day is said to have been in the fray; his sword, made by a Spanish armourer named Sahagun, being preserved in the tower.

Darnick Tower is said to be the chief of three peels that once stood here, and was founded about 1425; it was destroyed in Hertford's invasion of 1545, but again restored in 1569, the date above the entrance-door. It is a massive square tower, battlemented and corbie-gabled, with side stair-turret. The description of such towers by Scott in his *Border Antiquities* is exact. 'The smaller gentlemen, whether heads of branches or clans, or of distinct families, inhabited dwellings upon a smaller scale, called peels or battle-houses. They were surrounded by an enclosure or bannikin, the walls whereof, according to statute, were a yard thick, surrounding a space of at least sixty feet square. Within this outer work the laird built his tower, with its projecting battlements, and usually secured the entrance by two doors, the outer of grated iron, the innermost of oak, clenched with nails. The apartments were placed directly over each other, accessible only by a narrow turnpike stair, easily blocked up or defended.'

Whether seen by the Heiton of that day from the tower, or as an active participant in the fray, the last Border clan-battle, between the Douglasses and the Scotts of Buccleuch, was fought out here under its shadow. The Earl of Angus is reputed to have said to the King, 'Sir, yon is Buccleuch and thieves of Annandale with him, to molest your Grace from the gate. I swear to God they shall either fight or flee, and ye shall tarry here on this knowe, and my brother George with you, with any other company you please, and I shall pass and put yon thieves off the ground, and rid the gate unto your Grace, or else die for it.' Angus won, but lost heavily. Some of the swords used in that last clan-battle of the Borders are preserved here in the tower.

As described by Scott in the *Monastery*, there was a bridge over the Tweed at Bridgend, a little to the west of Darnick Tower, consisting of four stone

piers upon which lay planks of wood. Near the central pillars was a gateway, and over this a room for the toll-keeper. Scott makes Father Philip cross the Tweed with the White Lady of Avenel behind him in less comfortable fashion than by the bridge. The Ellwand or Allan Water, known also as the Fairy Glen, has the three towers of Langshaw, Colmslie, and Hillslap, which furnished Scott with suggestions for the Glendearg of the *Monastery*. The valley is a charming one, and is famous for what the local people called fairy stones of petrified clay. Gattonside, lower down the Tweed, lies nicely to the sun, and in the season is one vast orchard, glorious with blossom or fruit. The bridge which spans the Tweed from this lovely village towards Melrose dates from 1826, and needs to be renewed by a traffic bridge. Newstead, one mile east of Melrose, was a Roman station; at Old Melrose, lower down the Tweed, there was a Columban monastery before King David founded Melrose in 1136. The thriving manufacturing towns of Galashiels and Selkirk are within easy reach. Viewing the fair woods of Abbotsford and the glittering Tweed from a height behind Gattonside, one could have wished that Scott had not vexed his soul for a few territorial acres and only to build a museum trodden by the feet of pilgrims from the ends of the earth.

There is a tradition that the Heitons of Darnick Tower came from Normandy about 1425. This is unlikely; they are believed to be English, of the family of Heton, or Heaton, of Ellingham Barony, Northumberland. In the twelfth century this barony was owned by the De Gangy family, a member of which enfeoffed Gilbert de Heton with the twelfth part of a knight's fee. In the twelfth century there was a cleric in Perthshire of the name of John de Heton; between 1214 and 1221 Richard de Heton witnessed Robert de Vere's (the Earl of Oxford) charter to Melrose Abbey. Robert de Heiton, a cross-bowman, was one of the garrison of Edinburgh Castle in November 1299 for Edward I. The name is evidently derived from High-town. As shown on the lintel of the existing south doorway, the tower was rebuilt in 1569 by Andrew Heiton and Kate Fisher, and completed by John Heiton, their son. The iron stanchions for protecting the doorway are still in evidence, as also the 'risp' used instead of a knocker. A sun-dial dated 1669 bears the initials of a John Heiton. In 1715 Andrew Heiton paid feu-duty to the Earl of Haddington, who had stepped into the shoes of the monks of Melrose after the Reformation. The Duke of Buccleuch is now the superior. There was an Andrew Heiton in 1780, succeeded by a John, who sold the little land there was to Sir Walter, but clung to the tower and a meadow or two. John Heiton was succeeded by his son, the author of a gossip volume, *The Castles of Edinburgh*, who mainly collected the antiquarian treasures in the tower. Then came Andrew, his cousin, who was succeeded by Andrew Granger Heiton, the present proprietor. There is an old oak board

carved with the initials 'J. H., May 19, 1735; J. H., Nov. 3, 1823, sixth generation.'

It is curious in how many out-of-the-way places one finds relics of Queen Mary and Prince Charles Edward. Here in the dining-room of the tower are two portraits of Queen Mary, one by Francis Clonet (1558), the other an earlier portrait by Jeanette. There is still another in the parlour, in which the beautiful Queen is quite youthful. There is a couch embroidered by her hands, in good preservation; and a bed, with drawers below, from Linlithgow Palace, also associated with the Queen. Then there is a Templar sword, once the property of Prince Charles Edward, and with which he knighted Lochiel. Here also is his dirk, with knife and fork, and a powder-horn with the initials 'C. E. S.' A tablecover in the dining-room, of one thousand five hundred pieces, diamond-pattern, yellow, red, and blue, was made by an old lady of ninety from coats of soldiers who fell on the field of Waterloo. Much of the window glass is from German monasteries, with illuminations of Jonah being ejected from the whale, Elijah under the juniper-tree, and the bears and the children. There is a chair with the initials 'A. H., 1623,' and there are ten in the armoury at the top of the tower, some of which bear date 1597, 1641, 1672, and 1720. One chair which belonged to Sir William Bruce is dated 1608. There are carved oak doorways from a house in the Lawnmarket, Edinburgh, one showing the Scotch thistle, bluebells, corn, a rose, and grapes; a cabinet four hundred years old, old snuff-mulls, and a pot that belonged to an ancestor of Sir Walter Scott. A clock (carved in the shape of a mermaid) that goes for sixteen days, and old dirks, pistols, and powder-horns are also to be seen in the dining-room. Over the fireplace is this fine motto, 'You're welcome here, quha the Lord do fear.'

In the parlour adjoining is a chair reputed to be that of Archbishop Sharpe, an inlaid table, Sir Walter Scott's stall, and a bed of carved oak which folds up. There are portraits of some of the Heitons here, one of Van Dyck by himself, a Rembrandt on ivory, medallions of Napoleon and Josephine, and a youthful portrait of Queen Mary.

In the armoury, which is reached by a winding and narrow turret-stair, may be seen many full suits of German, English, and Italian armour; a suit of chain-mail made by Hal o' the Wynd, Perth; a spiked and dinted targe; dinted breast-plates; brass head-piece of the 2nd Dragoon Guards, worn at Waterloo; cross-bows; a battle-axe taken at the siege of Acre; a French hunting-knife found at Philiphaugh; a dirk from the battlefield of Culloden; several ancient swords used at the last clan-battle on the Borders, at Skirmish Hill close by; a Tyrolese rifle; and guns of the old Edinburgh City Guard. In the watch-tower above there is a concealed bed, a double mirror, and an old candlestick made on the model of one which is reputed to have belonged to Robert the Bruce; in another bedroom is a portrait of Annibale Caracci by himself, James V. as a 'gaberlunzie-man,' and a black oak cabinet from Chillingham Castle; the best bedroom has a reputed Queen Mary bed from Linlithgow Palace, double mirrors at the window, a grate dated 1596, and portraits of Lady Jane Grey, Anne Boleyn, and Michelangelo. Other curiosities are a 'knapscap,' a leathern cap covered with thin crossed straps of steel, worn by the Borderers under the blue bonnets; the arms of the Hays, Earls of Kinnoull, carved in oak, of date about 1600; the arms of James Drummond of Innerpeffray and Margaret Stewart of the Royal House, in oak, with carved panels of figures and flowers on each side; and the arms of the city of Edinburgh in oak.

Mr J. W. Small, in his *Scottish Woodwork of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries*, presents a few examples from Darnick Tower. Of a curious couch here he says that it is the only example of an old couch of this period that he has seen. It is of oak of a warm brown colour, and stands on six legs turned and carved, like the seat-rail, on the sides and top. An oaken bed and door are also both illustrated and described.

Such are a few of the curiosities garnered into this interesting old tower, which looks out on the twentieth century from the sixteenth, a landmark, a record, and a museum.

R. C.

THE KNIGHT OF THE KNIFE.

By MARTIN KELLY.

IN the northern part of the County of Cork, about seven miles to the south of the prosperous little town of Charleville, is situated the mansion of Highfort. It is an ancient, roomy structure, built on an elevated site in a wooded country, and commands extensive views of the 'Golden Vein' of Limerick and Tipperary on the north, and of the beautiful valley of the Blackwater on the south. In this neighbourhood were enacted some of the most stirring scenes in the wars

of Queen Elizabeth; and not far off is Kilcolman Castle, where Edmund Spenser for many years resided, and wrote his *Faerie Queene*. Highfort had been built by the Purcell family, and was occupied by them for centuries prior to the following incidents.

In the year 1811 the occupant of the mansion and estates was Mr John Purcell, a gentleman upwards of seventy years of age, but strong, active, and hale. The country was very disturbed, particularly in the south and west, as it was not till long

afterwards that the Royal Irish Constabulary was established by Sir Robert Peel. The only preservers of the peace at that time were detachments of soldiers stationed in the small towns.

Mr Purcell, who acted as his own land-agent, had collected rents amounting to a considerable sum, and decided to employ the evening of the 11th of March 1811 in writing up his books. The money remained in the house, as there was not time to lodge it in bank, the nearest one then being at Cork, some thirty miles distant; and this must have become known to some of the lawless banditti who infested the remoter parts of Ireland. The other members of the family were away from home; and as Mr Purcell foresaw that he would be employed until a late hour, he ordered supper to be laid in a large bedroom off the parlour, with which it was connected by two doors. After telling the servant not to wait up, and that the table need not be disturbed till the morning, he partook of supper, finished his accounts, and then retired to bed.

According to his own calculation, he had been about two hours asleep when he was awakened by an unusual noise. After a short interval the windows of the parlour were beaten in, and several men—twelve or thirteen, he reckoned—sprang into the house in rapid succession. The solitary but brave old gentleman had only a moment to deliberate; and, seizing a carving-knife which providentially lay on the supper-table, he resolved to resist to the last and sell his life as dearly as possible.

He was not certain by which of the two doors the robbers would attempt to enter; but his doubts were soon solved by hearing the gang remove a *garde-du-vin* from before one of the doors, which was then smashed in. Putting his back against the wall next to the doorway, Mr Purcell, though outnumbered, had one advantage over his assailants: he was completely in the dark, and they stood revealed by the light of the moon pouring through the broken window. The leader of the gang, in a loud voice, demanded his money or his life; and two men approached the door abreast. He afterwards stated that 'at this moment I only hesitated to decide whether a back-hand or a right-forward blow would be the most powerful;' and, deciding on the former, he plunged his knife into the breast of the nearest man, who immediately fell back with a horrible scream and expired. The leader now gave orders to fire into the room, and a musket presented at Mr Purcell actually rested against his stomach. Observing, however, from its oblique position, that when fired it could not injure him, he actually pressed against the barrel in order to induce a belief that the charge would mortally wound him. The musket was fired; and Mr Purcell, who was unharmed, instantly dealt a terrible wound to the ruffian who fired it. That man retreated; but another took his place, and he also was wounded.

The ruffians now appeared cowed by the unexpected prowess of their intended victim, and were about to retreat, when the strongest man of the party

forced his way into the bedroom and proclaimed his success in a loud and triumphant tone. A terrific struggle now ensued between the gallant old man and his new assailant. Mr Purcell was almost exhausted by his previous exertions; but though his opponent was young, fresh, and vigorous, the latter received blow after blow from the terrible knife, and could not close with its wielder. The robber again and again reiterated demands for Mr Purcell's money, to which he received only a knife-thrust as response; but, as these thrusts were apparently taking no effect, Mr Purcell, on hurriedly examining his weapon, found to his horror that its point had been turned and blunted, and thus rendered useless. However, in the encounter he had discovered that his opponent possessed a sword, and this he now strove to gain; but when the wretched man expired in his grasp during the struggle, Mr Purcell found that the knife had not failed until it effected his deliverance.

The surviving robbers now hurriedly departed, carrying off the wounded men, and leaving two dead bodies in pools of blood. A man named Joy, who was a native of Kerry, died soon afterwards at the neighbouring town of Newcastle, County Limerick, his wounds not permitting him to escape farther.

It seems almost incredible that Mr Purcell was over seventy years of age when he made such a gallant struggle against terrible odds. The news of the outrage at Highfort and its successful repulse created a great sensation, and had far-reaching effects in inspiring both the authorities and the resident gentry to make greater efforts to put an end to lawlessness and disturbance.

In recognition of his unexampled bravery and resolution, the Crown a few months afterwards conferred on Mr Purcell the honour of knighthood; and he continued to reside at Highfort until his death in 1822, his wife, three sons, and two daughters surviving him. Some of his descendants still reside in the neighbourhood; but Highfort long since passed out of their hands. The memory of Sir John Purcell, 'The Knight of the Knife,' is still preserved in the local tradition and story of the north of County Cork and Limerick.

DAYBREAK IN AUSTRALIA.

ONE star still lingers in the vault of blue

As if 'twere loath to let its faint light fail;
Shines for a moment on the fallen dew,
Then quickly fades and vanishes from view.

A gentle wind that, wafted from the west,
Is sweet with fragrance of the wattle-wood,
Pauses a while as if to die to rest,
Then hurries on as though to meet a guest.

A mist rests on the river and the rill,
And moves, and sways, and then expectant waits;
As upward leaps the sun behind the hill,
And wakes the world to life that was so still.

SPES.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

TO RECLAIM THE ZUYDERZEE.

By ARTHUR HENRY.

MANY schemes for draining and reclaiming the Zuyderzee, wholly or partially, have emanated from the brains of inventive Dutchmen. The inhabitants of Holland have always been driven, by the pressure of increasing population within a restricted area, to wrest from the sea all such additions to their tiny country as they might ever hope to make. Through the centuries their story has been that of a ceaseless conflict with the ocean, and the fertile Netherland itself has been the fruit of victory; so that the morasses and swamps of the old Rhine-delta now swarm with the millions of a prosperous race, and yield the plentiful tribute of a rich soil. This age-long conflict has produced its effect on the Dutch character, in the obduracy and pertinacity which are such strongly marked national characteristics. It is not surprising, then, that after each fresh victory over the sea and reclamation of fertile acres, Dutchmen with a touch of imagination should cast envious eyes upon the shallow northern sea that once was dry land, and should dream of schemes for bringing back into cultivation the great expanse that the sea, in one great catastrophe, claimed for its own, and has retained these many centuries.

Many modern works of reclamation have been successfully accomplished in bygone years; but the Zuyderzee! This, if it should ever be carried through, will be the most ambitious of them all. Perhaps the very vastness of the undertaking has had an attraction for those who have from time to time formulated plans for its attainment. During the latter half of the nineteenth century at least five plans, more or less practicable, have received serious consideration. The first of these was broached by Van Diggelen, engineer of the 'Waterstaat,' and therefore familiar with the problems involved. Van Diggelen's scheme was published in a pamphlet in the year 1849. It was a great proposal, involving the enclosing of the whole area of the Zuyderzee within the chain of islands that separates it from the North Sea. His object seems to have been

almost entirely the improvement of the water-system—the network of canals and rivers; and the reclamation of land was regarded by him as of secondary importance. Next in order, in 1866, came the plans of Beijerinck, an inspector of the 'Waterstaat,' which were of a much more restricted character. The great obstacle in the way of Van Diggelen's plans was the difficulty due to the Yssel River, which drains into the Zuyderzee, carrying with it one-ninth in volume of the waters of the Rhine. Beijerinck proposed to avoid this by making enclosure only of the southern portion of the Zee, leaving the mouth of the Yssel outside the enclosing dike which was to be carried from Enkhuizen by the island of Urk to the Ketelmond. His main object seems to have been the reclamation of the land enclosed rather than the improvement of the water-system. This plan, modified by the engineer Stieltjes, formed the basis of the next suggestion; and in 1870 a concession was applied for that the work might be undertaken. The State commission appointed to examine into this application reported favourably of the scheme in 1873; but the Government ultimately decided that the work was one to be undertaken by the State, if at all. In 1877, then, a Bill was brought forward for enclosing and reclaiming the southern portion. Being modelled on the Beijerinck-Stieltjes scheme, here again the main object in view was the gain of land to be effected. Indeed, the provisions of the Bill were such that no adequate arrangements were made for the improvement of the water-system, to which due regard should be paid in any practicable scheme; and the Bill was ultimately withdrawn without discussion.

Some years later the matter was revived by M. A. Buma, a member of the Second Chamber. His plan followed that of Van Diggelen. Though he did not succeed in eliciting the practical support of the Government, his proposals led to the establishment of the Zuyderzee Association, which now instituted the most exhaustive inquiry into the whole matter. The results of the inquiry were embodied in a series of publications ranging from

1887 to 1898. Largely owing to the excellent work of this association, a State commission was appointed in 1892 to examine into their proposals and to report if the work ought to be undertaken. The report of the Commission, published in 1894, was in the affirmative; but it was seven years later before their suggestions were embodied in a Bill introduced to the Second Chamber of the States-General. The plans thus presented may be taken as representing the latest and most practicable method of effecting the great undertaking.

The twofold object of first enclosing and afterwards gradually reclaiming was carefully kept in view, and it was expected that the realisation of reclaimed land would ultimately pay the cost of the undertaking, heavy as it was likely to be. The plan provided for the enclosure of the Yssel River, heroically facing all difficulties, which were to be solved by the creation of a huge fresh-water lake within the enclosing dike, of a permanent level considerably lower than the average of the present variable level of the Zuyderzee. The enclosing dike was to run from the North Holland coast by Wieringen to Piaam, a distance of forty kilometres only. After the work of enclosing had been accomplished, it was proposed to reclaim by degrees four separate polders, two on the west and two on the east. These would represent, when finished, an addition to the fertile area of Holland of no less than seven hundred and fifty square miles, while within the polders and the boundary dike would be contained the fresh-water lake—some five hundred and sixty square miles in extent. The total estimated cost of the whole undertaking is one hundred and ninety million florins. The time allowed for the work was to be thirty-three years, and it was estimated that the boundary dike could be completed in nine years, and that the first polder could be ready for cultivation in fourteen years, the second in twenty-four years, the third in twenty-eight years, and the fourth by the thirty-third year from

the commencement of operations. As an alternative plan, in case of hesitancy in attacking such an immense work, it was suggested that the first two polders only should at first be formed, providing about one hundred and eighty square miles of land at a cost of ninety-five millions of florins.

Naturally, an enormous number of considerations have to be taken into account, and many important interests carefully weighed; but the arguments in favour of the scheme seem to have been quite sufficiently convincing to the practical men of the Commission. Among the improvements to be effected were a more satisfactory renewal of water and a consequent beneficial effect upon health, a better drainage of the many rivers and canals, a more certain and less expensive method of keeping out the sea in time of storm-floods, a reduced coast-line and a consequent saving in defensive preparations, an improvement in navigation by the substitution of permanent harbours for tidal harbours, and an immense improvement in land communication. Both by road and by rail, Friesland would be brought much closer to Amsterdam and, indeed, to England, for within the great dike would be provided the track of a new railway to Friesland and Groningen. Against these advantages perhaps the most noticeable drawbacks would be the destruction of a great salt-water fishery and an increased difficulty in flushing the Amsterdam canals. Both of these obstacles, however, are provided against in the proposals. The entrances from the deep sea to the inner lake provided for navigators would be a ship-canal from Harlingen behind the sea-walls already existing to a point within the Yssel Lake, and locks at Wieringen for ordinary vessels and for fishing-smacks. Altogether, it would appear that in this last of many schemes almost all possible objections have been met, and that the enclosure and reclamation of the Zuyderzee must be no longer counted as an impracticable vision, but as one of the certain accomplishments of the near future.

THE PEARL NECKLACE.

CHAPTER IX.—THE MUTINY.

THE sun was setting as I sat by the open casement, watching, as I have ever loved to do, the wondrous spectacle that comes with the passing of the day. 'Twas a most calm and beautiful evening, the western clouds, rose-flushed and golden, moving gently across the sweet blue sky. I remember well that, as I gazed at them in the stillness of the eventide, there came upon me a great craving for peace and quietness. When our lives, at the longest, are so brief, so full of trouble and sorrow and unrest, what folly it seemed to spend our years in strife and bitterness when we might live at peace with all men, and enjoy the good gifts which God in

His infinite pity and tenderness hath seen fit to bestow upon us! To abide in a quiet home, surrounded by kind faces and loving hearts, seemed to me, weary of war and bloodshed, the greatest boon that any man could desire. Thereupon—I can own it now without shame—I fell to thinking that the lot of him who, in some pleasant country-house, far away from the strife of parties or the clash of arms, could live with Mistress Dorothy as his mate would indeed be a gracious one. It could never be mine: that I knew well. Yet I sat as in a happy dream, gazing at the blue sky and the fleecy clouds—white and rose, like her fair young face, thought I—gazing and dreaming, with a half-smile upon my lips.

My dreams were suddenly disturbed by the sound

of a light, quick footstep approaching the house. My heart beat swiftly, cherishing I know not what foolish hopes, and I glanced out of the window, only to sink back into my seat with an exclamation of disappointment. It was the maid Barbara, not her young mistress, as I had for an instant imagined.

'Halt!' cried the sentry at the door, and I recognised his voice as that of Nicholas Rowe. 'Where are you tripping to so nimbly, my pretty maid?'

'I have come to fetch some apparel for my mistress,' answered the maid in the meek and quiet voice which I already knew from experience to be no sign of a humble and chastened spirit.

'Tut, tut!' answered Rowe; and I perceived from the fellow's manner that, in spite of my strict orders to the contrary, he had been making free with the wine in Sir John's cellars. 'I thought you had come to see me, my dear.'

I would have interfered there and then, but I had no doubt that Barbara was well able to take care of herself; and, truth to tell, being glad of any distraction, I promised myself some little entertainment from their conversation. I therefore drew back, hearing every word, unseen by either.

'Indeed, sir,' she replied, 'I think any maid in these parts would willingly come many miles to see you.'

'By my faith, pretty one!' he chuckled, 'there have been maids in other parts who came as willingly.'

'It may be so, sir,' she continued meekly; 'all I know is that here we seldom see such as you. The men in these parts are all so—so—'

'So what, sweetheart?' he inquired; and, peering forth, I saw him regarding her with a foolish grin.

'So well-favoured, sir,' she said, and dropped him a curtsy.

I saw him turn red, and heard the loud, hoarse laugh of a comrade who was standing by. Indeed, I was near laughing myself.

'You little shrew!' he exclaimed angrily, 'I will make you pay for that gibe.'

He advanced towards her as he spoke, and she shrank away from him.

'What would you have?' she cried. 'Stand back, if it please you.'

'But it does not please me, my pretty one,' he answered, with a leer. 'If those rosy lips speak so unkindly of me, I have no choice but to stop them with a kiss.'

'You shall not,' she cried. 'Stand back! stand back, I say!'

Then, as he made an effort to catch her in his arms, she raised her hand and gave him a sounding smack across the cheek. With a cry of anger he caught both her slender wrists in the fingers of one hand, and threw the other about her waist. She screamed and struggled, and I called out to him, ordering him to let her go instantly. If he heard me he heeded not, and I was, therefore, about to rush from the room to put a stop to the unseemly business when a new actor appeared upon the scene.

Down the steps with amazing agility flew the long, ungainly figure of Corporal Flint, and I caught a swift glimpse of his blazing eyes and his lean face quivering with passion. In three strides he was beside the struggling girl. His sinewy hands pounced like an eagle's talons on the collar of the furious and bewildered trooper, shook him as a terrier shakes a rat till his teeth chattered in his head, and then flung him with a crash full-length upon the gravel.

'Twas a thing to smile at, perchance, to see Corporal Flint flying like a knight-errant to the rescue of a distressed damsel; but, on my word, St George himself could scarce have accomplished the task more effectually. It was marvellous to behold the strength and activity displayed by that long, spare, angular body; and yet the scene was without so comical that I could not refrain from laughing outright.

But the business was to prove no laughing matter in the end. For a moment Nicholas Rowe lay motionless, dazed and half-stunned; but presently he raised himself slowly on his arm, and then hurriedly scrambled to his feet. His face was black with rage; a murderous light glittered in his eyes; his lip curled upward so that his white teeth gleamed like a wolf's.

'You snuffling, canting, psalm-singing hound!' he snarled, 'will you lay your filthy claws on me? I'll let daylight through your skinny carcass for this, you whining hypocrite!'

His sword flashed out as he spoke; but the corporal was as quick as he, and when he lunged there was a loud clash of steel and the swift thrust was neatly parried. For an instant or two I lost sight of them; for, sword in hand, I darted from the room, along the passage, and through the open door. They were fighting desperately, thrusting, striking, parrying, with such ceaseless fury that the air rang with the grinding and clattering of their blades. Yet before I could reach them the fight was at an end. By a skilful trick of fence Rowe's sword was wrenched from his grasp, and as he leapt back from the corporal's point his foot slipped, and he lay flat on the gravel once more. Had he been cool and sober he would have had little chance against the corporal; half-drunk and blind with rage, he was hopelessly outmatched by the wary veteran. But though the bright steel glimmered at his throat his fury was not abated, and in his frenzy he actually spat at the corporal, crying out for aid at the pitch of his voice:

'Help! help! Dick! Robin! Hal! Help!'

Then, indeed, I perceived that the warning Patience had brought me was no idle one. Those of the troopers who had already shown signs of being disaffected came running to Rowe's assistance, and one huge country-lad from the north thrust the muzzle of a musket in the corporal's face.

'Stand back, Master Corporal!' said he, his simple, honest, round face grown suddenly grim and threatening; 'put up thy sword and stand

back, or I'll blow th' brains out o' thee, if thou wert Old Noll himself.'

The corporal instantly clutched the barrel of the musket and made a lunge at the lad that would have ended his business then and there if another of the troopers had not deftly turned it aside. By that time I had drawn a pistol and was among them. I pushed in between and thrust them apart.

'Back,' I cried; 'stand back, both of you. As God lives, he who strikes a blow or pulls a trigger shall swing from the nearest tree! As for you, Nicholas Rowe, lie still, or you will have a bullet through you before you can lift a hand.'

The corporal, though livid with anger, stepped promptly back, and the rest followed his example, but slowly and reluctantly, with sullen, dark faces and threatening eyes. They were like a lot of snarling dogs, beaten from a bone, ready at a word or a look to fly at my throat. I scarce knew yet whether I had to deal with rebels and traitors conspiring against His Highness, or whether the outbreak was caused by naught but ill-feeling towards the corporal and myself. In the meanwhile I spoke to the men as though I believed they were but interfering to protect their comrade.

'Why, what means this, my lads?' said I. 'Will you put your necks in a noose for the sake of such an insolent, foul-mouthed braggart as that?'

I pointed at Nicholas Rowe, who lay scowling at me, but prudently moving neither hand nor foot. They made no answer, but stood muttering sullenly among themselves. Feeling assured that I had not yet got to the root of the matter, I turned to one of the foremost, a fanatical Anabaptist named Ezekiel Formby, who was the last man in the world, I thought, to risk his neck for the sake of Nicholas Rowe.

'Ezekiel Formby,' said I, 'you were at my side, if I mistake not, when we stormed the breaches at Tredah. Will you now turn against His Highness the sword that hath struck so many a good blow for the cause?'

Formby eyed me coldly.

'I did not fight to take the crown from one head in order that it might be placed on another,' said he gloomily. 'I shed my blood to strike down a king, not to set one up.'

'Pshaw!' said I, 'you speak like a child. See you not that if you turn your sword against the Protector you do what lies in your power to place the crown on the head of Charles Stuart, the son of the late king?'

'Even so,' said he doggedly; 'but it is better that Charles Stuart should wear it than he who hath betrayed us.'

'He hath not betrayed you,' replied I angrily. 'I have the honour to be on terms of friendship with His Highness, and with some of those nearest his person, and I pledge you my word that, though for reasons of State he may appear to take the matter into consideration, Oliver Cromwell will never wear the crown.'

I was altogether convinced of the truth of what I said, and therefore spoke with a confidence that made, as I could perceive, some impression upon him.

'Do you not see that you are fooled and tricked for their own vile ends by such creatures as this?' said I, pointing to Rowe. 'How will you be served, think you, when their purposes are accomplished? Will you not be thrown aside without scruple, as such tools and accomplices ever are?'

He glanced at Rowe's furious, flushed face with ill-concealed contempt.

'I am no man's tool,' he growled. 'He who seeks to use me as one will find so to his cost.'

'Then sheathe your sword and return to your duty,' said I, 'and prove yourself, as you have hitherto done, a true friend to the cause and to him who hath led us from victory to victory, so that we have never known defeat. Say what you will, you know right well that without him there would be no freedom or liberty of conscience in England this day.'

I think he was more than half-disposed to obey me, being, as I knew, a man of integrity though of a sour and obstinate disposition; but a certain glib, impudent fellow, one of Nicholas Rowe's intimates, struck in.

'Well, to my way of thinking,' he said, 'it seems a hard thing, your honour, that Nicholas should be so mishandled when he did naught but offer to kiss a pretty young maid, more especially that in showing kindness to the women-folk of the Hall he was only following the example of his betters.'

'What mean you, fellow?' I asked angrily.

'Why,' said he, with an insolent grin, 'I have heard it said that what the master does to the mistress the man may do to the maid, though he get no gold by it; but doubtless your honour knows best.'

I had well-nigh struck him across his leering, impudent face; but to do so would have been to play the fellow's own game, for he was clearly striving to goad me into attacking him. He knew as well as I that one blow at that moment would lead to a desperate and bloody struggle, the very thing it was plainly my interest to avoid. In the meantime, however, some of the better-disposed of the troopers had come hastily forth, and now stood, sword in hand, beside the corporal. They were stout, trusty fellows, veterans to a man; and, though still outnumbered, I knew we could give a good account of ourselves if it came to a fight. By putting on a bold face I thought I might perchance win the game and yet avoid bloodshed.

'Silence, fool,' said I sternly; 'and let me have no more of your insolence, or I will give you good cause to repent it before I have done with you. My patience is well-nigh at an end, and I have but this to say to all of you: Put up your swords, and go back to your posts, and, save Nicholas Rowe, you shall hear no more of the matter. Refuse, and you stand confessed as rebels in arms against His Highness the Lord Protector, and shall be dealt

with accordingly. Come: is it yea or nay? I cannot stand here prating all night.'

For a while they stood hesitating, and then Ezekiel Formby and two or three others of the same persuasion, whether shamed or daunted, I knew not which, sheathed their swords and walked sullenly away. The others, being now in a minority, eyed us for a moment uneasily, and then, after whispering among themselves, swaggered off, muttering and casting evil glances behind them.

I had yet to deal with Nicholas Rowe, who was, I had no doubt, the ringleader among them. He was now somewhat cowed and humbled, and silently obeyed me when I bade him rise to his feet. I then turned to two of the troopers who had come to our assistance.

'Take this fellow and place him in a chamber apart from the rest, and see that you keep strict watch over him,' I said. 'I will see to it that you and your comrades who have stood by us in this business shall lose nothing by your loyalty.'

Thereupon they marched off with him, and I turned to the maid Barbara, who still looked somewhat pale and frightened, and was eying the corporal with a very curious expression.

'No one will molest you further,' said I. 'You are free to perform your errand; but one of my men must accompany you to see that you take no money or papers away with you.'

She curtsied in reply, and then, to my astonishment, moved towards the corporal.

'I thank you for your timely aid, Master Corporal,' said she timidly, 'and I trust that if at our last meeting I said aught to affront you, you will pardon my unruly tongue.'

'I fear 'twas that unruly tongue of yours, child, that hath made all the trouble,' said the corporal sourly; 'that hath brought forth strife which might have led, but for the grace of God, to the shedding of blood.'

'Come, come, corporal,' said I, half-laughing, 'answer not the maid so ungraciously. 'Twas a pretty speech prettily spoken, and deserves a kindlier welcome.'

'I have seldom known a woman who could not speak such pretty speeches trippingly enough if she had a mind to, or aught to gain by it,' replied the corporal grimly.

The maid flushed, her eyes sparkled, and her lips

opened as though she were about to make some hasty answer; but, instead of doing so, she turned away with a toss of the head, and walked briskly towards the Hall, accompanied by one of the men, whom I had motioned to follow her.

'Well, corporal,' said I as she disappeared, 'it was hot work while it lasted; but I think we have come well through the business.'

'Well enough,' said he, with a shake of the head; 'but, for my part, I fear this is but the beginning and not the end of it.'

I was much inclined to agree with him, and began to suspect that for once Sam Wilkins had spoken the truth when he affirmed that he had seen one of the troopers conversing with Colonel Montague. That even the worst of the men were prepared to join the conspiracy against Cromwell I still hesitated to believe; but, knowing the character of Nicholas Rowe and others, it would have surprised me but little to discover that they were accepting bribes from Montague to show as little zeal in the business as possible, and to supply him with information of my movements. But I have never in all my life found that aught was to be gained by troubling one's mind about those perils of the future which cannot be positively foreseen or dealt with until they arise. When they come, if come they do, they must be encountered with such courage and resource as we may possess, and the end will be as God wills. So, though my heart was far from light, I tried to wear a brave face.

'Well, well,' said I, 'we have proved more than a match for them this time; and, if the worst comes to the worst, I doubt not we shall do so again. I need not warn you to be discreet and vigilant, corporal. Is there no news of Jacob Watkins yet?'

'Nay, sir. I fear that some evil hath befallen him.'

'We must hope for the best,' said I. 'Fail not to come to me instantly if he arrives, or if you have aught of importance to communicate to me.'

Thereupon I withdrew, and as I moved through a group of men in the hall I noted with satisfaction that their bearing was more respectful than it had been for some time past.

I slept that night with sword and pistol at my side, ready to leap up armed at a moment's warning; but happily there was no further disturbance.

THE BLUE GROTTA OF CAPRI.



H, bravo! bravo! You deserve *molto maccheroni* (Capri idiom for a good tip). This eulogy was bestowed by an Italian on our boatman on account of the dexterous way in which he had brought his boat out from the narrow entrance to the Blue Grotto of Capri into the open sea. Indeed, the operations

both of entrance and exit require careful manipulation, for so low is the arch and so narrow the passage that sitting upright and rowing are alike impracticable. Each passenger is requested to lie down flat in the boat, while the boatman fends with his hands along the rocky sides of the entrance; but this performance is only the work of a few seconds, and had it to be prolonged would be well worth

enduring for the sake of the marvellous beauty which the interior of the Blue Grotto ordinarily affords. It was exquisite on the occasion referred to—blue of different shades everywhere: pale on the roof of the cavern, darker on its sides, intense in the remoter parts of the water, and a flood of turquoise tint where the light approached it.

As, however, the intensity of the blue shades is affected by the amount of rays of light attaining to them, accounts must to an extent vary, as do those concerning the hues of the chamæleon. Many have tried to depict in words the charm and wonder of this Blue Grotto; but they are such as to defy adequate description. Hans Andersen, however, has portrayed them more vividly than most writers. It has fittingly been stated by another that it might be taken for the dwelling of one of the genii of the *Arabian Nights*; and an Italian writer, P. Bresciani, expresses himself to the following effect: 'Whoever enters there to look around in wonder has before him a splendour of Paradise, and he remains spell-bound in ecstasy, gazing on a thing that inspires with the Divine presence, that ravishes him with the beauty of its celestial ray, blended with the shadowing of a mystic profundity which pervades the sapphire light.'

The sun's rays do not directly penetrate the Blue Grotto, but their red and yellow radiance is absorbed as the water passes into it through a submarine aperture lying several fathoms below the available boat-entrance. Although the latter is so low that when the sea is otherwise than calm the water at times completely covers it, and consequently precludes visitors from entering—a disappointment to which excursionists to Capri are frequently subjected—there is a sense of ample space when once it is passed through, for the length of the grotto exceeds fifty yards, its width is more than half that measurement, and its height is between forty and fifty feet.

The Capriote boatmen, who as a body are far less extortionate and much pleasanter to deal with than the Neapolitans, have been wise enough to effect an arrangement which is calculated to obviate a deal of quarrelling and certainly conduces to the comfort of travellers. They have formed an association, and, in conformity with its regulations, take visitors to the Blue Grotto in turns, which fall on different days in the week, as the association numbers fifty or more. A fixed tariff is arranged, and the proceeds of this are periodically and systematically divided amongst them; but any money that the visitors may give them over and above it they are entitled to keep for themselves; and this they call *maccheroni*.

A few years ago it was the regular custom for the morning steamer plying between Naples and Capri to proceed to the Blue Grotto, when wind and weather permitted of its being visited, and to lie outside while those who wished to see it were taken off in boats. This waiting period often proved excessively disagreeable to bad sailors, who remained on the steamer awaiting the bringing back of the

others, and longing to be taken on to the harbour, which is about a mile from the Blue Grotto. Fortunately for sufferers from *mal de mer*, arrangements have been altered since a German steamship company entered into competition with the Italian one which hitherto had the monopoly, and now the steamers of both the rival companies go first to the harbour, land those who are so disposed, and then repair to the grotto, where the boatmen duly await them. The latter are habitually accompanied by one or more lads who earn money by plunging into the blue water, in which their bodies look dazzlingly white by contrast, and their splashes make showers of silvery drops which are beautiful in the extreme. One of these, a plucky little fellow called Antonio, had an adventure of which the writer learned particulars first from the lad's parents and then from himself, the two accounts tallying perfectly. One day, after he had been swimming about in the Blue Grotto for the benefit of the visitors, he went to a rock at its far end to put his clothes on. Then the boatmen overlooked him, and, each one thinking that the boy was in some one else's boat, rowed back unconcernedly to the harbour; so in a few minutes this youngster—he was not much over ten—was left alone in this great grotto. Italians are highly superstitious, and many of the Capriote children have been taught to believe that spirits inhabit some of the caverns; but the nerves of this lad were well strung. He was tired with his exertions; and, expecting every moment that he would be missed, and that some one would bring a boat in and fetch him, he calmly lay down and went off to sleep. More than an hour passed; then his mother, finding that the boy did not come in to the midday meal, made inquiries of the boatmen, who had all returned to the harbour; whereupon it was discovered that he had been left behind. One of the men immediately set off rowing back to the Blue Grotto, leaving the boy's family in great perturbation. They pictured his fright at having been left alone, and were fearful lest he should have attempted to swim out of the grotto to try to attract the attention of a passing boat, and so awaited the return of the man who had gone back for him in a state of feverish anxiety; but how much more was this enhanced when the fisherman returned alone, saying that he had explored the whole interior of the grotto, and that there was no trace of the boy! Fortunately, however, the terrible suspense was soon put an end to, for while the parents were mingling their sobs in their cottage the door opened and in walked Antonio!

Any one who goes round Capri in a boat can scarcely fail to note how inaccessible its cliffs appear. Great stone walls of rock defy the climber, and it is only here and there that he has a chance of scaling them. To this inaccessibility has been attributed the choice of Capri as a secure retreat for the later years of his life by the Emperor Tiberius, whose traces on the island are still indicated by the massive ruins of some of the numerous palaces

which he caused to be erected there. It was these natural features of the island which prevented Antonio from putting in an appearance earlier; for the brave boy, after awaking from his nap and finding himself alone, did not hesitate, but straightway stripped, placed his clothes in small compass on his head—Capriotes, male and female alike, are given to carrying things on the head in preference to the shoulders—glided into the sixty-feet deep water, and swam boldly out into the open. Then he began skirting the coast, and eventually effected a landing. He had to clamber up a steep pathway and breast a hill nearly a thousand feet above sea-level before he could take a downward track to the fishermen's quarters near the main harbour, where his home was situated. The incident did not deter this plucky youngster from going over and over again to the Blue Grotto and figuring as diving-boy. He was doing so when the writer recently heard of him.

The octopus is tolerably plentiful in the vicinity of the Blue Grotto; but it appears to possess none of the formidable qualities with which Victor Hugo has endowed the devil-fish in his tragic romance of *Les Travaillleurs de la Mer*. Portions of it constantly figure at the Capri hotel *tables-d'hôte*; for, although it can scarcely be considered a delicacy, the *calamajo*, as it is termed, is commonly eaten on the island, the ordinary process being to cut it into shreds and fry them.


Capri is a great resort for Germans, and they stoutly maintain that the rediscovery of the Blue Grotto was effected by German enterprise in 1826,

when the poet August Kopisch entered it with some fishermen. A French savant, however, has claimed to have found proof that a native of Capri, one Andrea Ferrara, visited it some four years earlier. One visitor to Capri early in the nineteenth century has thus expressed himself: 'Here I have seen the ruins of a palace formerly inhabited by the most execrable of men, and the most beautiful phenomenon that light can afford—namely, the palace of Tiberius and the Blue Grotto.' Although physical science can readily account for all that is to be seen in the latter, I, who always prefer the metaphysics of the mythology, like to think that this grotto is only accounted blue because of Glaucus; and I maintain that it was there that the unfortunate fisherman came to hide himself after his metamorphosis; and that the gods, moved by his disgrace but unable to interfere with the decree of destiny, which forbade that Glaucus should become man again, took away his form of a fish, and only left of him in the water his blue scales to immortalise his memory and his misfortunes.

Something of the glamour of the blue shades which pervade the water and rock is dispelled by visiting the Blue Grotto in the company of several excursionists; and, furthermore, the time allowed for a sight of its marvels is limited when one is taken there by steamer. It is, therefore, recommended that all who can possibly do so should take a boat from the harbour and visit the spot at an hour when it can be seen in quiet, so that contemplations shall not be broken in upon by ejaculations, and inspection may be made leisurely and uninterruptedly.

SERAPHINA.

CHAPTER III.

LL this time the battle was raging fiercely, the Prussians attacking the Château of Gniesberg with the King's Grenadiers, under cover of their batteries at St Paul's. But we had enough to occupy our attention. The Bavarians, having driven us out of the station, began to follow up their advantage, and opened fire on the village we held. They drove us from some houses to the left, and then their infernal shells began to fall among us once more. Two, one after another, fell right on the house, and set it on fire. At that moment the adjutant, who was close to me, was hit; but I caught him up and carried him behind the cottage. I had just done this when our men came rushing from the burning building; and among them, to my surprise, I saw a tall, fair-haired, very beautiful girl. Her blue eyes were wild with terror. I chanced to be the nearest to her.

'Oh, save my father!' she cried, clutching hold of my arm. 'He's ill, and can't help himself.' I could not resist her imploring glance, and, dropping my gun, I rushed upstairs. Through the blinding

smoke I saw a figure on the bed, and in another moment, though I was half-suffocated by the smoke and my eyes were full of water, I brought him safely to his daughter. I was amply compensated by the look of gratitude she gave me. When I had placed him in a summer-house she caught hold of my hands and kissed them. I would have liked to remain, but I dared not. I had hardly taken my place again behind the wall when a dense column of light-blue figures was seen coming up the road opposite. We poured a withering fire into them, and I think we could have driven them back; but a cry arose that we were taken in the rear, and a regular *sauve-qui-peut* followed. Hubert St Clare and I were about the last to leave. At that moment I caught sight of some beehives. Our foes had just reached the low wall, when, catching up a huge stone, I threw it at the hives and knocked one of them over.

'Bravo!' shouted my lieutenant; 'that will stop the devils. *Sacré bleu!* you deserve a commission for that.'

A mitrailleuse could hardly have been more

effective. The oncoming Germans went right into the midst of the infuriated little creatures. These Bavarians did not fear bullets; but they did not bargain for bees, and retired so hastily that Hubert and I and some others easily made good our retreat.

There was a field at the back of the houses. Our men were running across it as fast as they could to get refuge among some hops, when suddenly some cavalry—the famous Black Brunswickers—appeared on our left, and commenced cutting down the fugitives, and scattering them right and left. Luckily there was a wood to our right, and Hubert St Claire at once made for it, and I followed. Just in front of us I saw Felix Barcères; he was not really very strong, and we soon passed him and reached the wood in safety. We had hardly done so, when, just as I was putting a cartridge in my gun, I saw a horseman make for the wretched school-master, and, leaning over the saddle, give him a slash on the shoulder that sent him to the ground; but he scrambled up again. His opponent wheeled round with the intention of despatching him; but a bullet from my chassepot caused the former to fall forward over his horse, and in another moment Barcères, breathless and pallid with fright, had joined us.

'You owe your life to Meynard,' said Hubert St Claire.

Barcères made no answer. I was piqued at his ingratitude, and I had it on my lips to tell him he might inform Seraphina of what had taken place; but the poor man was such an abject coward, and seemed so dazed, that I held my tongue. A good many reached the wood; and, under cover of this shelter, we poured such a fire into the Black Hussars that they were only too glad to make off with some prisoners. All this time the fighting continued. Now, it was a very long time since we had got a good meal, and most of us had had enough fighting; but suddenly we heard the 'assembly' ring out behind us; and, making our way through the wood, we found ourselves among the Zouaves. At that moment an aide-de-camp arrived, and he ordered us all to advance through some hops in the direction of the Geisberg.

'Who goes there?' suddenly shouted one of our *tirailleurs*. The reply was a volley from some unseen foes, and the next moment they were on us. I can give little description of what followed. I remember the cracking of hop-poles, the stabbing and the fighting in the confined space, the shouting of the officers, and the swearing of the men; but at the very beginning I received one blow on my right shoulder and another on the head that sent me senseless to the ground.

When I regained consciousness I found myself in bed in a small room. The sun was setting, tinting the ceiling with crimson. I must have been roused from my torpor by the clank of a bucket-handle. Two of our medicine-majors in canvas night-shirts, with a chemist-assistant, were close to me. On a wash-stand was a leg they had just taken off.

'Pitch that blood out of the window, and look sharp about it,' said the senior surgeon to the assistant. I was seized with a horrible fear. I thought my turn was coming; but I had my fright for nothing, as they were going to turn their attention to a man who, from his large beard, must have been a sapper.

'Oh, let me die in peace!' murmured the poor wretch.

But the elder surgeon paid no attention to his request, and told the assistant to get the tourniquet and the lint. 'It will be something to boast of if we succeed,' he said.

'But there is no chance of that,' whispered his junior, who was standing by the window counting the drops of chloroform as they fell on a sponge.

Probably it was the fumes of the drug that sent me to sleep again, for I remember nothing more. How long I remained in that state I cannot tell; but I gradually became conscious of a beautiful girl standing beside me.

'Seraphina!' I murmured, 'is that you?'

'No,' replied a gentle voice, 'it's not Seraphina. Don't you remember me? You saved my father the other day from the fire. But you must take this now; it will do you good.'

My right arm was strapped to my side, my head enveloped in bandages, and I was perfectly helpless. I looked at the girl, and then I recognised her. Stooping over me, she poured some *bouillon* and brandy down my throat, which made me feel better at once.

'You are kind,' I said, taking her hand. 'Tell me where I am, and how I came here.'

'I saw you in a cart with some other wounded men, and I told my father, who sent me out for you, and I had you brought here. Our own doctor in the town is attending you. You must not talk any more now. I will come again soon.'

In the same room there were three others who were wounded. There had been four; but one, the poor sapper whose voice I had heard, was lying dead in his bed, with a sheet over his face.

My benefactor's name was Dietzmann, and his daughter's name was Marie. Under the latter's kind nursing I soon began to recover. As I was a prisoner, and found myself in such good quarters, I was in no hurry to get up; and I did not do so till nearly three weeks had gone by, and then I went and sat with my host.

The house we were in belonged to him. The tenants had fled; and, his own being burnt, he had taken refuge in it. Nothing could exceed Monsieur Dietzmann's kindness to me nor the attention of his beautiful daughter. I told them my history, and they told me theirs.

'It is strange you should be a blacksmith,' he remarked. 'I also was a smith; but I gradually worked my way up, and now my son manages my ironworks in Strasburg.'

It was evident that Monsieur Dietzmann was fairly well-to-do; but he had no pride, nor did he

boast of his commercial success. He was a martyr to gout, and one of these attacks had, unfortunately for him, just come on a few days before the battle of Weissenburg. For the time being he was perfectly helpless. The doctors could do little to assuage the pain. He used to say, with a laugh, that swearing gave him as much relief as anything. Now, however, he had nearly recovered. His son's fate in Strasburg was his chief anxiety. I never knew any one more entertaining, and he had, moreover, a keen sense of humour. As he sat up smoking in bed, and playing cards with his daughter and me, one might have thought that he had had no troubles. Much to my regret, the time came at last for my departure.

'Good-bye, my dear fellow,' said my kind host, wringing my hand. 'You must come and see us when you return; and if ever you want help, let me know.'

Marie came downstairs to see me off. 'I can never,' I said, 'thank you enough, ma'n'selle.'

'Don't call me ma'n'selle,' she said; 'call me Marie.'

'Well, Marie, I shall always remember you. When I carried your father out from the fire you kissed my hand; may I now kiss your lips?'

'Oh yes,' she said frankly, with a rosy blush; and I kissed her again and again. The tears came to my eyes, and hers too were moist, as I turned away to conceal my emotion.

It was a horrible journey to Frankfort; but the Dietzmanns had filled my pockets with provisions and tobacco, so I was better off than many. From Frankfort I was sent on to Magdeburg, where I remained till I was liberated. My family sent me a little money; but the dreary weeks passed only too slowly in spite of the small comforts I was able to buy. I wrote a letter to my kind friends at Weissenburg, and Marie sent me a long one in return, telling me that her father was now able to get about, and her brother was safe in Strasburg, though the ironworks had been a little damaged by the bombardment. I wrote, of course, to Seraphina as often as I could. To my chagrin, I received no reply; but as I thought she never received my letters it did not trouble me much at first.

It was towards the middle of October that I received a letter from my sister Josephine. Hubert St Claire had escaped from Weissenburg; but he had been so badly wounded at the battle of Beaumont that he was incapable of serving any more, and had returned to the château. This was bad news; but it was nothing to what followed. Barcères, too, had escaped, and returned to the village with his arm in a sling. According to his own account, he had performed prodigies of valour, and it was only his wound that prevented his enlisting again. Seraphina believed all this, and she showed her commiseration for Barcères by allowing him to make love to her in the most open way.

This intelligence threw me into a paroxysm of rage and jealousy. I felt like a wild beast in a cage.

Some comrades had succeeded in escaping, and my first impulse was to try and do the same. But I had no knowledge of the language and little money, and I knew that in case of failure I should be shot. It was not that I feared that risk so much, but I wanted to live. Wherever Barcères might be, I would find him. I wished to live, if it was only to thrash him within an inch of his life. For many days I brooded over my wrongs. I had no doubt that Seraphina and her lover would get far away ere my return; nor did I see how I could prevent them. Then suddenly I thought of Hubert St Claire, and I wrote to him imploring him to use his influence to make Barcères continue his service. I was successful. The lieutenant saw the Mayor of the district, and within a fortnight after the despatch of my letter my cowardly rival was on his way to Dijon, though his departure was a good deal hastened by Gambetta's agent, who had hit on a very happy plan of compelling numerous young men to fight for their country who wanted to escape doing so. Under the heading of '*Poltrons*,' a list was stuck on the church door of those who would not serve. Barcères, knowing what Seraphina would think of him if his name appeared on the dreaded list, accordingly thought it best to join again, and in November he set off with some others for Dijon.

It was only in dribblets that the Germans allowed their prisoners to return. I considered myself fortunate that I was able to do so in the following May. It was raining hard when I arrived one evening at Fismes, determined to see Seraphina. Through the soaking rain and the gathering darkness I hurried on to Marigny, and at length the spire of the old church came in sight, and soon afterwards the steward's cottage. Anxious to know my fate, with a trembling hand I knocked at the door. It was nearly nine; but the light inside showed that the inmates had not yet gone to bed.

'What, Etienne! Is it really you?' exclaimed Jacques Marly as he cautiously opened the door.

'Yes,' I answered, bursting into the room. 'Seraphina, my love, my darling'—

But the look on the girl's face as she rose from the supper-table made me pause.

'Why do you come here?' she said fiercely, and her splendid eyes flashed with anger. 'Did you not get my letter?'

'What letter?' I replied, my heart sinking within me.

'The letter in which I told you that I loved Felix Barcères, and would marry no one else.'

'*Mon Dieu!*' I exclaimed, 'to think that you should care for such an arrant coward'—

'It's a lie,' she broke in. 'Even if it were true, he is dead now;' and I saw the tears come to her eyes.

'Dead?' I cried.

'Yes, dead; and you and that Hubert St Claire killed him.' She was gradually working herself up, and cared nothing for what she said. 'Don't try to deny it; you got the captain to send him off. It was he who hounded him out of the village

to join Bourbaki. It was owing to you two that he died like a dog in the snow.' She was so carried away by her passion that for a moment she stood perfectly speechless, holding on to a chair with a heaving bosom and flashing eyes.

'Listen,' I replied.

'But I won't listen. Stand off,' she cried as I approached.

'But you shall!' I returned, fast losing control of myself as my anger rose.

'Shall I?' she exclaimed; 'then take that.' And at the moment, in the twinkling of an eye, she had snatched a knife from the table and plunged it into my breast. I reeled under the force of the blow, but the fragile blade broke at the handle as it struck on the thick leather case I wore over my heart, which actually contained her own treasured love-letters. Overcome by her emotion, the infuriated girl would have fallen but for her father, who caught her in his arms.

'*Mon Dieu!*' he cried, wringing his hands as he half-led, half-carried her to a sofa. '*Mon Dieu, elle est folle! elle est folle!*' I quickly regained my composure, and assisted him by pouring cold water on the pallid face of his unconscious daughter. But with all our care it was some time before we could bring her to, and then she remained in a half-dazed state and quite oblivious to what was going on around her.

'*O ciel!*' cried the old steward in an agonised tone, 'that it should ever have come to this! I always felt uncertain about her. I always told her to govern her temper. I am ruined. I am ruined,' and the tears trickled fast down the old man's cheeks.

'Have no fear for me,' I said. 'I love her even now. For her sake, for your sake, we must let no one know of this.'

'You are kind,' he said; 'but she shall go into a convent. It is best for her; it is best for all.'

I saw I could do no good; and, hardly knowing what I was about, I left him.

As I stood in the pelting rain it all seemed like a horrible dream. There was a brook on the other side, now turned into a swollen stream, and as I listened to the wild rush of the waters I felt half-inclined to throw myself into it; but the sound of the church clock striking ten brought me to myself, and I hurried up the deserted street to my own home.

'Etienne!' exclaimed my father; and in a moment my mother and all came hurrying down to welcome me, for they had gone to bed long before.

'You are pale,' said my mother; 'those Prussian brutes have not given you enough to eat.'

'Oh yes,' I answered, 'they treated us fairly well.'

'You have seen Seraphina?' she replied, with the intuitive quickness of a woman.

'Yes,' I replied; 'we are no longer betrothed.'

'A good thing, too,' said my father.

'Yes, a very good thing,' repeated my mother angrily. 'A nice life that *diable aux jupes* would have led you. I never liked her, only you would have your own way.'

I feared they would notice the rent in my coat where the blade had torn it a little; so, pleading fatigue, I went upstairs.

I did not see Seraphina about the next day; but I met her father. He was still full of the idea of placing his daughter in a convent. I knew what the threat of such a horrible fate would be to a girl like Seraphina, and for my part I was not the least surprised when I heard the next day that she was missing. Even her father had no knowledge of her whereabouts.

MOON-SIGNALS.

IT was while *locum tenens* at the rectory of Gladstone, Queensland, that I became aware of the discovery that moon-signals could be used in the same way as those of the sun. It was my duty to go to Bustard Head

Lighthouse every few months to hold service and visit the Sunday-school and people of the station. I usually went by land, and rode thirty miles to Turkey Station; and as soon as I arrived Miss Mand Worthington, the daughter of the station-owner, would at once heliograph the news of my arrival at Bustard Head, and inquire by use of an eight-inch looking-glass at what time a horse could be sent to meet me on the other side of the swampy ground, over which it was wiser to walk. I rode, with one of the family for a guide, to the creek, then took off my shoes and socks and waded over the soft ground to the higher

land, where I was met by Mr Rookesby and his wife, who piloted me through the woods to the lighthouse-station.

Mr Rookesby is a well-known inventor in the colony. Brought up as a seaman, this 'grand old man' educated himself by reading such works as the *Scientific American*; and he has perfected several scientific instruments, such as a new sun and star dial, besides erecting on his own plan new shield-lights that have been very useful in preventing shipwrecks. He also erected the heliograph between Turkey Station and the lighthouse, but failed to make communication with Gladstone, thirty-four miles off, either because an eight-inch mirror was too small, or because of other conditions peculiar to the lie of the country. He then experimented with signalling by moonlight, and discovered that—notwithstanding the feeble light of the moon as compared with sunlight—owing to the darkness of the

night, the moon's reflections were quite powerful enough to carry the intervening ten miles between the two stations.

But what, it may be asked, is the value of the discovery? Why, for example, on a moonlight night it might save six or eight hours, by enabling a soldier to moon-signal at once instead of waiting for the rise of the next day's sun, and the issue of a battle might depend on certain information being at once communicated to the general in command.

Gladstone has a splendid harbour, almost equal to that of Sydney; and, owing to its new railroad connection with Rockhampton and the discovery of coal and copper, it is likely in the near future to come into much more prominent notice. It is one of the oldest places on the coast, having been settled in 1846 at the instance of Mr W. E. Gladstone. It was once the capital of Queensland, and Governor

Sir Maurice O'Connell lived there. The harbour, which is spacious, deep, and well sheltered by Faeing and Curtis Islands, abounds in fish, and the rocks are covered with oysters of fine flavour. Captain Cook mentioned in his log the presence of the pearl-oyster; but all the specimens I saw were small. There is still a good deal of gold found in the neighbourhood, and the back-country supports large herds of cattle, but is not suited to sheep. Turkey Station has been fortunate in the recent sad drought, and did not lose a single head of cattle. Not long since three hundred beasts were sold for seven pounds each, and sixteen pounds each could now be got for a like number, as there are large meat-works near Gladstone.

The locality will ever be famous as the place where moonlight-signalling was first practised—a system which will certainly be more widely known in the future.

ALFRED JENKINS AND THE DIDI.



ALFRED JENKINS they called him on the Victoria Regina, though the name suited his personality about as well as a pair of plaid trousers and a billycock hat would have suited his red-skinned young person, which bore no clothing save a calico 'lap' or apron. He belonged to one of the sparse native tribes of British Guiana, being an Ackawoise Indian from the borders of that debatable land, west of the Cuyuni River, which some years ago seemed likely to make trouble between Britain and Venezuela.

When I came across him he was down at the coast on the Victoria Regina sugar plantation, and had been steadily working there for four consecutive years. As the passionate attachment of the Guiana Indian to his native forests rarely allows him to stay at the coast for any serviceable length of time, Alfred Jenkins's long spell of plantation-work was something quite phenomenal. My friend Byngnam, the manager of the Victoria Regina, suggested as a possible explanation that the Ackawoise had probably killed some Indian back in his own country, and hoped by working down at the coast to escape the blood atonement which the relatives of the dead man would be certain to exact; but, at the same time, Byngnam stultified his own suggestion by saying that he didn't believe Alfred Jenkins could harm a fly.

Certainly the dusky face that looked out of its frame of long black hair was a strong support to Byngnam's belief. Its prevailing expression was a somewhat melancholic but altogether amiable reserve; though that was not the expression his face chanced to wear the first time I saw him. He was standing listlessly by the *mayass-logé* (the refuse canes from which the juice has been expressed), staring into space with a look of such tragically

intense longing and despair on his face that it caught and held my attention until he, becoming aware of my presence, turned sharply round and began gathering up a heap of *mayass* to take to the furnace for fuel. That curiously pathetic look which I had surprised on the Indian's face somehow made me take an interest in him; and having, as the guest of a bachelor planter, more time on my hands than I knew what to do with, I gave some of it to cultivating the acquaintance of Alfred Jenkins with fair words and gifts of tobacco.

Alfred Jenkins could talk English—negro English—remarkably well for an Indian; but for some time he responded to my conversational advances with a discouraging though courteous reticence. Then one day, as I talked to him of the great forests of the interior, I suddenly knew, though he spoke no word, that his heart, for the first time, had turned to me as a man and a brother. I myself had hunted among the great tree-columns in the green-domed, dimly lighted vastnesses of these forests, and had eaten *labba* flesh and drank bush-water; and these facts put that into my speech which reached his heart. Afterwards he readily communicated his simple impressions of the world as he had known it.

One afternoon I took it into my head to go a-fishing with hook and line in the sea, and Alfred Jenkins rowed me out a mile or so beyond the *courida*-lined shore in a boat that Byngnam kept inside the *koker* of the Victoria Regina trench. As we waited patiently for the fish to bite, I suddenly bethought myself to ask Alfred Jenkins what had been amiss with him that day I first saw him standing by the *mayass-logé*.

'You looked, indeed, as if you wanted something very badly that you had no chance of getting,' I said.

'Oah, sah, me felt bery much bad dat time,' he said simply. 'Carry *magass* to furnace no good. Work in cane-fields no good. What dey give eat da heah no good. Notting no good da heah. Only forest him good all ober. Me sick—sick for de smell ob de much big forest! But me neber see him no moah. Neber make de *labba* jump out ob his hole an' see him take de water! Neber go watch for de *abonyahs* under de *saouari* tree! Neber, neber no moah!'

His 'neber, neber no moah' sounded almost as mournful as the tones of a passing bell.

'But what keeps you from going back to your own place if you want to?' I asked bluntly.

A look of ghastly fear passed like a spasm over his face. My words had evidently conjured up before his eyes some vision of no ordinary dread. This made me curious to know what possible terror the forest could hold for him strong enough to overcome his passionate craving for the life that is the only life worth living to the Guiana Indian. So, after a little coaxing, I prevailed on him to tell me his story. I give it here, pretty nearly in his own words, but done into readable English.

'It began in the beginning with my brother. He had not gone hunting for some days, for a little son had just been born to him, and he could not leave his *benab* (Indian hut) till the child's spirit grew strong enough to take no harm as it went with him, unseen, through the forest. There was only cassava to eat, and he was glad when the time came for him to go hunting again; but all that day he could kill nothing. He started no *labbas* when he poked a stick into their burrows among the tangled tree-woods; he went on the tracks of the tapir and the deer, but he did not see either tapir or deer; he watched the feeding-grounds of the peccaries and the cavies, but none came to feed. He came home and was very sad, for he saw that his luck in the chase was gone.

'Then, that he might bring his luck back again, he rubbed into his blood the juice of two different *beenas* (plants with acrid juices with which the Indians inoculate themselves to get luck in the chase)—the *beena* that makes a man good at killing peccaries, and the *beena* that makes him good at killing *labbas*. But he could not have rubbed in enough juice, for when he went hunting next day it was the same as the day before: he killed no peccary, and no *labba*, and no beast of any kind; and he went to the creek, but the fish would not let him catch them. His heart was very sore, and he remembered that his wife could only give him cassava-cakes for supper.

'As he turned to leave the creek he saw something move on the ground behind some leaves and tangled lianas. Sure that it would be something good to eat, he shot an arrow amongst the leaves quick as a flash of lightning. A very strange cry came from behind the leaves, like the cry of a *piccaninny*; just one cry, but it told my brother

that his arrow had not missed. He was glad, because he thought his luck was coming back to him; and he put in his hand among the leaves and pulled out the thing he had shot. He looked, and thought it was a baby-monkey. He looked again, and saw it was not a baby-monkey. He looked again, and wondered much, for it looked like his own little *piccaninny*, which he had last seen asleep in the little hammock slung round his wife's neck as she set out for the cassava-ground that morning; but the skin of the little thing he held in his hands was covered with a thin red down which felt soft and silky, like the stuff that fills the pod of the silk cotton-tree. Then a very great fear was my brother's, for it came into his mind that the creature he held in his hands was a little Didi *piccaninny*.

'Not many Indians have seen Didi; but all fear them. They are less than human, and they are more than human: the hairy wild-men of the forest. It is not good for the Indian to meet the Didi, for the Didi are very strong and fierce and cunning, and they do not love the Indian. It is well there are not many Didi, and that they do not let themselves be seen very often nowadays.

'When my brother saw that the dead thing in his hands was a baby Didi he threw it away from him, and turned to flee, in much fear. As he turned, a full-grown she-Didi, panting with making much haste, rushed forward and picked up the dead little one from the ground, with a great cry which made my brother run very fast. Another cry—this time not sorrowful but angry—made him look back, and he saw the Didi coming after him, with her *piccaninny* clasped tight in her long, hairy arms. He ran very fast, and he got to the clearing where his *benab* stood before the Didi could reach him. She did not follow him beyond the edge of the clearing. She stayed there, and in the darkness of the night she wailed with loud, strange, sad cries for her *piccaninny* that was dead; and sometimes she screamed fierce words. No man knows the Didi tongue; but my brother *felt* the meaning of the words she screamed, and he trembled, and his wife trembled, so that their hammocks swung against each other.

'When the morning came my brother was not any more afraid. The cries had stopped, and he was glad, thinking the Didi had forgotten her dead little one, and had gone away back to her mate. He went hunting again, for he wanted meat sorely. This day his luck came back to him, and at sunset he returned home glad, carrying a fat *labba* and two *accouries*. He thought how good his wife would make that *labba* taste for supper, and how much better *labba* was than the cassava-cakes which she would perhaps have already baked for supper.

'There were no hot cassava-cakes waiting for him in his *benab*, and no wife, and no quiet little baby. He wondered why she stayed so late at his little cassava-clearing, and he went to fetch her home.

Before he reached the cassava-ground he found her. She was lying across the path leading to the *benab*, and she was very much dead, for fierce and strong hands had twisted off her head, as a man twists off the head of a fowl. Her baby was clasped tight to her breast, but its head lay with its mother's a little way apart. My brother's eyes saw everything, and he knew that the Didi had not forgotten her dead little one. He sat down on the ground beside the bodies of his wife and child. He would not have cared just then had the Didi come back and twisted off his head too. After a little time he rose and gathered up the bodies and heads, and carried them back to the *benab*, and laid them in his wife's hammock. He himself sat on the ground beneath the hammock, and the night was very long to him.

'Next day I came back from where I had been on a big hunt up the river for many days with others of my tribe. I went to my brother's *benab* to greet him and his wife. He still sat on the ground beneath his wife's hammock. He did not greet me. He pointed in silence to the hammock above. I looked, and saw what the hammock held. Then my heart was very sore for my brother. There were only we two left of our family, for my wife had been dead many moons, and I had not yet taken another. My brother then told me all that had happened in the matter of the Didi and the killing of his wife and child.

'I said, "The Didi has killed more of yours than you have killed of hers. Let us go and find her, and exact the blood-atonement. There are two of us."

"The Didi is very cunning and very strong," he said, "and we are but men. Yet, if we find her I will kill her."

'For many days we hunted for the Didi—we two alone, for the others of our tribe were afraid, and said, "Why seek death?" We never found her. She was cunning and kept out of the way, knowing that men who have blood to avenge can sometimes be as strong as Didi. We hunted for the Didi all the time it takes a moon to grow big in the sky and to grow small again. Then we tired because we could not find her, and we hunted for her no more; we went only on the tracks of the deer and the peccary and the other animals of the forest.

'One day, towards sunset, my brother and I were returning through the forest from our hunting. He carried across his shoulders a *wiribiserie* (a small forest-deer) that he had shot. I had had no luck with my bow and arrow that day, and carried nothing; therefore I walked lightly and drew far ahead of him. From behind me, suddenly, there reached my ears a cry—a cry very bad to hear—the cry of a man who dies in much pain. It was my brother's voice. I turned and ran swiftly back along the forest path. There lay my brother on the ground, and over him stooped a strange hairy creature that worked with its hands about his throat. I knew it was the Didi;

and it came into my mind then that she, unseen, had been watching us mockingly from tree-tops and from behind dense undergrowth all the days we had hunted for her, and that she had been waiting for her chance. It had come when my brother, off his guard and burdened with the dead *wiribiserie*, had passed along the path far behind me.

'All this came into my mind, and, still running forward, I fixed an arrow in my bow and sent it flying on before me. It struck the Didi on the forearm, and, snarling like a dog disturbed at his food, she raised her head and saw me. Instantly she took away her hands from where they had been, and straightening herself up, made the motion of throwing. Something came rushing through the air and struck me on the chest, knocking all the wind out of me. Then it fell on the ground. I looked. It was my brother's head, and it was his blood that was running down my body and staining my "lap" red.

'My running stopped short, as if my ankles had been firmly seized hold of from behind. I looked at my brother's head and I looked at the Didi. She opened her mouth very wide, showing great tusks like a peccary's, and she laughed in my face. Loud, harsh, yelping laughter it was, human-like yet not human, for no man or woman ever laughed a laugh like hers, with the howl of a beast running through it. It turned the blood in my heart to water, and made my knees weak. I no longer burned to rush forward and avenge my brother. Her laugh had made me a coward. I wanted to get away and hide; but I was afraid to turn my back to her. I was afraid to look away from her. She did not look away from me. Steadily eying me all the while, she plucked my arrow out of her forearm, in which I saw it had stuck but lightly by reason of the thickness of her pelt. Then she raised the hairy arm to her lips and began to suck the shallow wound, thus showing herself crafty as an Indian in her knowledge of the *woralli* poison with which we smear our arrow-heads.

'Still sucking at her arm, she came forward till she stood within two paces of me. My eyes were fastened on her. She stood on her flat-soled feet no higher than a woman, but she was very broad and very strongly made. She was covered all over with a thick coat of coarse red hair, save where the hair of her head, long, tangled, and black, hung around her face. Her face was as the face of one of the human race, save that it also was covered with hair smooth and close and short as the hair of a terrier dog. Her arms were twice as big as a man's. Her hands, with great talons at the hairy finger-ends, looked fit for what they had done to my brother and his wife and child. Just now blood was dripping from the Didi's hands, but it was not her blood. My arrow had not drawn blood from her.

'With thick, slobbering lips still on the wound, she

stood before me, and looked at me over her great arm. Her wild, cruel, red eyes mocked me as they looked into mine from out of their deep sockets. They mocked me with the mocking of an evil spirit. Nevertheless, they told me seriously many things, and as plainly as if the Didi had spoken to me in my own speech. They told me that she knew I feared her with a fear passing the fear of death, and that her heart was glad to know this. They told me that she would kill me as she had killed my brother and his wife and child, because I was the brother of him who had killed her little one; also, because I had struck her with my arrow. They told, moreover, that it was her humour not to kill me then, but that, sooner or later, by her hands my death would come. Her eyes told me all this and much besides. Then she took the great bow from my slack hand, and she bent the hard redwood between her thumb and forefinger, and broke it as if it had been a reed; and as she did that she opened her wide, slobbering mouth, and again she laughed the laugh that had made me a coward. Then she slowly stepped aside, and the forest swallowed her up.

'I stood there on the path alone, and my brother's head was at my feet. I left the head where it was, and my brother's body, and the dead *wiriebiserie* he had been carrying. I left them to the jaguars and the pumas, and, fearful as a woman, ran fast away from the place. I ran to the nearest village of the people of my tribe, and I told all that had happened. They were all much afraid, and said, "It is an ill thing to quarrel with the hairy wild-people of the forest."

'That evening I took my woodskin, and I put in it a *cartowerie* (an Indian basket made of canework), in which I had packed my hammock and some cassava bread, and barbecued fish, and plenty arrow-heads; and I took with me another bow in place of the one the Didi had broken between her thumb and finger. All night I paddled down the great Cuyuni River. In the morning I came to the village of a tribe friendly to mine, and there I stayed. This I did thinking to outwit the Didi, who would not know where to find me. But that same evening, as I stood alone beneath a clump of papaw-trees close to the village of my new friends, I heard behind me the laugh of the Didi. I turned, and she was there; and again she mocked me with her wild red eyes and slobbering lips, and then was gone.

'Next morning I departed from the village of the friendly tribe, and again went away in my woodskin. This time I paddled two days' journey down the river, and I came to people strangers to my tribe, but good Indians; and they made me welcome at their village; and there I stayed three days, and went on the hunt with them.

'On the third day it happened that I went to the creek alone to see if there were any fish in the snares I had set. As I came back the Didi stood in my path. She put her great heavy arms on my

shoulders, so that the sharp claws went deep into my flesh, and you may see the scars there to this day. She looked into my face and laughed the laugh that made me too weak to fight, too weak to flee, and then she was gone again. It came into my mind that the Didi was playing with me, as a jaguar might play with an *accourie* before it killed him. Wherever I should go, there, by her own hidden ways of travel, would she follow until her humour tired, when she would kill me as she had killed my brother.

'Nevertheless, when a party of Indians, in a big woodskin, with hammocks, and arrowroot to trade at the coast, stopped at the village next day, and told us they were going down the river to the coast where live the *parangheries* (sea-people: an Indian name for white people who come from the sea), my heart leapt in my breast, and I asked to go with them. For I had heard tales of the *parangheries*, and I knew that they were a big, wonderful people, with a magic greater than all the magic of all the Indian *peimans* that ever lived; and I said in my mind, "Surely the Didi will fear to seek me among the *parangheries*."

'I went many days' journey with the Indians, in the big woodskin, down the great river, which, mingling with another, grew ever greater as we went, until, when we reached the coast, we could not tell where the river ended and the sea began. I found the *parangheries* wonderful and great—though not as wonderful and great as the tales said—and they have been good to me.

'On this plantation have I lived ever since I came to the coast, and never have I seen the Didi since that time she put her hands on my shoulders and made the scars you see there; for the forest is the home of the Didi, even more than it is the home of the Indian, and they will not come out of the forest even to seek revenge. While I live here the Didi, my enemy, cannot harm me; but if I go back to the forest she will kill me as she killed my brother. And the fear is in my heart that some day I shall go back to the forest. Ah, you do not know how the forest draws the Indian home to it again! At first, to live here did not make me feel bad, and I was glad that the Didi came no longer before me, save in my dreams; but afterwards, every day more and more has the forest tugged at the strings of my heart. There will come a time when I shall die if I do not go back to the forest. It is in my mind that, when that time draws near, my fear of the Didi will grow small, and I will go back to the forest, and breathe the breath and drink the water of my own place again before my enemy kills me as she killed my brother. The mind of the Didi knows that the forest will draw the Indian home again, and she laughs and waits.

'This is all the tale I have to tell. To only one man, since I left the forest, have I spoken of the Didi who is my enemy. You are that man. You know why I stay here as yet, though my heart is sick, sick for the forest.'

The foregoing, told in his own mongrel English, was Alfred Jenkins's story. The five tiny, smooth scars which he showed me on each of his shoulders near the base of the neck certainly suggested, in their arrangement and conformation, the imprint of the nails of an exceedingly large human hand; but, of course, I could not accept them as evidence of the existence of the monstrous semi-human creature of his story in the face of my common-sense, which assured me that such a creature could not exist. The man, however, was so evidently sane, simple, and sincere that I was very much puzzled to make out what could have been the actual phenomena which had assumed such strange and revoltingly tragic shapes in his brain.

I did not repay the confidence he had given me by attempting the impossible task of reasoning him out of his belief in Didi in general, and in his own particular Didi; but I tried to reassure him with the suggestion that his dreaded Didi had likely forgotten all about him by this time, or that she might even be dead. He only shook his head, however, and said that she had not forgotten him, and that she would not die before he did.

The fish began to bite just then, and they kept us too busy for further talk until dusk suddenly fell on the sea, and we turned our boat's-head landward with a fair catch of fish.

Next day my brief stay with Byngham came to an end, and I went back to Georgetown, leaving Alfred Jenkins happy for the nonce with a specially large parting gift of tobacco.

Now for the queer sequel to Alfred Jenkins's story.

Shortly after this, business connected with my office took me to Barbadoes, and kept me there some time, so it was over a year before I saw Byngham again. He looked me up at my quarters in Georgetown after my return; and as we chatted about things on the Victoria Regina, I remembered to ask after my Indian friend Alfred Jenkins.

'Oh, we've lost Alfred Jenkins,' said Byngham. 'I'm sorry, for the overseers all declare that he worked as well as any negro or coolie in the whole lot. But the Indian's longing for the forest overmastered him at last, even after all those years of plantation-life, and about eight months ago he cut back to his own people.'

'He told me he was bound to go sooner or later,' I said, taking a couple of thoughtful pulls at my pipe.

'Well, as it happened, it would have been better for the poor chap had he remained on the Victoria,' went on Byngham in his languid West Indian drawl. 'About a fortnight ago I came across a half-caste who had just come down from somewhere away back, near the headwaters of the Cuyuni River, where Alfred Jenkins's people live, and he told me that poor Alfred Jenkins was killed the week after his return. The odd thing is nobody

seemed to know who killed him. He was found lying across an Indian path close to his village, with his head completely severed from his body; not cut off, mind you, so the man said, but *wrenched* off.'

A smothered exclamation escaped my lips.

'Yes, of course, it *is* a little too strong—the statement about its being wrenched off,' went on Byngham, mistaking the cause of my exclamation; 'more especially as the half-caste laid much stress on the fact that it couldn't have been the work of wild beasts, as both head and body were found intact. The fellow talked a lot of rubbish, to which I paid little heed, about the tribe believing that Alfred Jenkins had met his death at the hands of some supernaturally strong and cunning creature, half-brute, half-human, which is supposed to haunt the bush. I suppose, however, that we may take it for a certainty that his death was the outcome of some Indian feud. I often used to say—don't you remember?—that it was fear of the Indian law of blood-atonement which kept Alfred Jenkins so long away from his beloved forest.'

I was genuinely sorry to hear of the poor Ackawoise's death, and very much disquieted, I confess, to learn the manner of it. That he should have been killed in exactly the fashion he had predicted seemed to place all the particulars of his strange and gruesome story on the impressive footing of actual facts—at least it seemed to me for the moment to do so. I was conscious of a queer, disagreeable sensation, such as a man may be excused for feeling when he finds himself confronted with apparent evidences of the existence of certain things in nature which lie uncomfortably outside the teaching of his traditions and experiences.

I had never told Alfred Jenkins's story to any one; but, under the pressure of this queer sensation, I now told it to Byngham. By the time I had finished he was looking rather nonplussed.

'But it's all rubbish, you know,' he protested after a pause—'utter rubbish! His death and the way of it is just one of those odd coincidences that are always happening. Didi or their like, of course, don't exist outside the superstitious brain of an Indian.'

I gave but a dubious assent to this confident declaration. I was not prepared to say what, at that particular moment, I believed or did not believe concerning Didi and their like.

'Poor old Alfred Jenkins!' commented Byngham, leisurely sipping his brandy-and-soda, 'he was not a bad sort; but who would ever have credited the beggar with an imagination equal to spinning a yarn like that? For, of course, it was imagination. His story was all either lies or delusions,' he concluded positively.

'It wasn't lies,' I said just as positively; but that was really all I could say positively about the matter.

THE SHAN STATES.



N an article on 'The Shan States' in this *Journal* (1898, p. 310) we referred to the desirability of joining the landlocked southern Shan States with the Burma railway system.

We are glad to see from the Administration Report just published that a survey has been made, and a practicable and not very expensive line arranged for. The railway staff are now in Rangoon preparing plans and estimates.

Mr Hildebrand, C.I.E., who had administered the southern Shan States since the British occupation in 1887, has recently retired. His place has been taken by Sir G. Scott, who attributes the progress made to Mr Hildebrand's wise and beneficent administration. These states, formerly in a chronic condition of anarchy and desolation, are now reckoned amongst the most prosperous portions of the territory rescued from Thebaw's misgovernment in 1885; and the loyalty of the various chiefs, whose positions we have upheld and strengthened, is undoubted. The material prosperity of the people also has been improved, and the cultivation of wheat and potatoes, introduced by Mr Hildebrand, promises them wealth when they have the means of exporting their produce to Burma by rail. The people now only grow enough for their own consumption and to supply the single native regiment and the few police which are found sufficient to uphold law and order over a tract of country several times larger than England.

Kengtung, one of the Shan States on the border, abuts on French territory on the Mekong. It is satisfactory to learn that excellent relations exist between the French officers and our own. A fortnightly mail service is carried on between Kengtung and Mong Hsing, the headquarters of the French Commissaire; and trade amounting to some seventeen lacs of rupees is carried on by pack-animals between Kengtung, the French states, Siam, and China. Before the advent of the British, the Shans distrusted Siam so much that there was hardly any trade between the two. This feeling is said to have resulted from Siamese attacks on Kengtung about the time of the second Burmese war. A new generation, however, has arisen since then, and the old distrust has vanished. One of the keenest traders is a half-sister of the Kengtung chief, who has travelled in Siam and traded extensively with both Siamese and French subjects in salt, silk, and coco-nuts, which she barter for cloth; and her energy and enterprise has stimulated others to follow her example. The lady deserves well of her country.

A fine school building has been opened for the sons of the Shan chiefs at Sir G. Scott's headquarters at Taunggyi. Some twenty names of scholars have been received; but an unfortunate accident to one bright little boy, who arrived in stormy weather, and was struck on the head by a swing-door, will perhaps hinder anxious Shan mothers from availing themselves of the opportunity of giving their sons

an English education at a place, in some instances, so far from home. Everything, however, must have a beginning; and Mr Gordon, who took over the charge of the school in July 1902, hopes eventually, by the kind care he bestows on the scholars, to overcome all maternal fears.

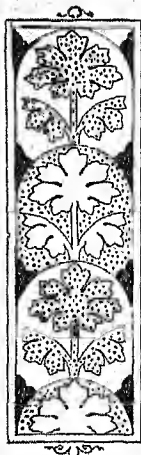
Many of the Shan chiefs are good administrators and energetic men. They have seen the advantages derived from the opening out of roads and building up markets in Burma, and are pushing on communications between their states, building bridges, and planting and caring for roadside trees in a way which is highly creditable to them as Asiatics. Their revenues now steadily increase with good communications; and the contented population—money-making traders who can pay taxes—are people who view disturbances or rebellions with horror and disgust. So the chiefs were wise in their generation in making roads and bridges. These improvements, however, cost money, and many Asiatic potentates in similar positions would rest satisfied with things as they find them, and spend their surplus revenues in a less satisfactory way. All honour, then, to these Shan chiefs who have taken to heart the advice of the late administrator, Mr Hildebrand, and are working energetically to open up the country to trade and cultivation.

It is too early yet to say what progress will follow the opening of the railway. However, there are many hills in the states with a climate very like that of England, where pony and mule breeding might be carried on by Europeans; and a very profitable industry it would be, as ponies in Burma have trebled in price in the last thirty years. The railway will also open up some of the finest scenery in Burma. Probably a winter in the Shan States will be attractive to tourists, who now only go to Mandalay and Bhamo on some of the finest river-steamers in the world; but whether tourists come or not, the railway will be very advantageous. It is to be regretted that Mr Hildebrand retired before its advent, for no one had the prosperity of the southern Shan States more at heart; and his name is still spoken of with reverence and affection by both the chiefs and their subjects.

HOPE.

No wintry silence—be it e'er so long—
But spring-time wakes it with the birds' sweet song.
No day so drear but after frost and snow,
E'en in far north, the sweetest roses blow.
No night so long but daylight comes at last,
And the pink dawn forgets the darkness past.
No work so toilsome but the task begun
On earth is finished with the Morning Sun.
No way so rugged but the wanderer's feet
Shall walk unweary in the golden street.
No parting ever but the God of Love
Shall join the parted—in the land above.

J. S. REDMAYNE.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

CRIMES I HAVE COMPOUNDED.

By A. BRITISH MATRON.



STRICT sense of what is due to myself constrains me to open this article by stating that from none of the trifling felonies to which I have been an unwilling accessory have I reaped the remotest benefit, monetary or otherwise. Indeed, the collective increment gained by the actual perpetrators forms a ludicrously paltry sum, and one pitifully little worth sinning to obtain.

The first petty knavery at which I assisted took me so completely by surprise that the deed was done and the transgressor had fled before I believed the evidence of my own eyes. On some trifling errand I had chanced to enter a respectable grocer's shop in a large provincial town. It was the dinner-hour apparently, for the business had been left in charge of a raw assistant. Seated by the counter, I was patiently waiting the while he ponderously parcelled up the various commodities demanded by other customers, when a man, whose shabby evening-suit and up-all-night aspect proclaimed him a waiter from a hotel near, hurried in and asked for change, throwing a sovereign on the counter. Momentarily relinquishing his sugar-scoop, the shopman took from a little row of similar packets, placed ready on a shelf behind him, a paper containing a pound in silver, and, handing it to the waiter, said curtly, 'See if that's all right.' Then he went on weighing out the sugar. Tearing off the paper covering, the waiter with a swift turn of the hand spread the money out on the counter. He stood close to me, and for lack of better occupation I idly watched his movements. To my amazement, the same motion of his fingers—long, slender, predatory fingers they were—that levelled the little heap of coins served also to detach from the lot three shillings, which a swift upward turn of his wrist slipped into a waistcoat-pocket. 'Three shillings short,' affirmed the waiter, lying glibly. Almost before I realised the meaning of what I had seen, the fatuous shopman paid him the money, and the waiter vanished. Moral cowardice alone

it must have been that kept me from promptly denouncing a thief who had performed his little trick with a skill engendered by long practice; though I afterwards argued to my conscience that, being in such close proximity to the delinquent, the fear that my protest might have elicited a blow restrained me. Had the shopman shown even ordinary intelligence, I might have warned him against a possible recurrence; but he seemed so stolid, so doltish, as to give me the idea that any suggestion of his remissness in not counting the change himself would have injured his opinion of his own astuteness and so annoyed him. As he was only a man, not a master, the loss could not hurt him through his pocket; while the discovery that he had been so easily tricked would have seriously wounded his vanity.

The other occurrences all took place in London; and, curiously enough, all the pettifoggery everyday frauds to which I have been a party have been perpetrated by men. Whether it is because women are more honest than men, or that they are afraid to defraud their own sex, or because they have fewer opportunities for petty pilfering, I do not pretend to guess.

I was returning from the south coast to London, accompanied by my little son, a babe of four years, who so far had done his railway travelling free of cost. When we reached the station where tickets were taken, a uniformed collector, large, blonde, plump, and self-complacent, swung himself on to the carriage-step, and, taking my ticket, requested one for the child. 'He has never had a ticket yet; he is quite a baby. Does he really require one?' I demurred. 'Is he under three, madam?' the ticket-collector made bland inquiry. Veracity compelled me to admit that he had just turned four. 'Must have a half-ticket, then. Let's see: half second from — That'll be five-and-ninepence, please,' he said, producing a table of fares. 'Thank you.' And just as the train moved slowly on he swung himself on to the platform, carrying with him my coins, and leaving me a growing conviction

that it was the plump ticket-collector and not the railway company who would benefit by the excess fare—a conviction strengthened by the discovery that he had omitted to give me any receipt for the money received.

Something—I think it was the smug superiority of the man's manner—irritated me whenever the incident crossed my thoughts; and, after a day or two of indecision, I wrote to the railway company stating that I had travelled from a specified coast-town to London on a certain day, and, having paid so much excess fare, had not received a corresponding receipt. That the note reached the proper quarter was speedily attested. About ten o'clock on the morning of the day succeeding that whereon the head-office received my letter, I was told that a railway man wished to see me; and, going into the hall, I discovered, trembling on the door-mat, my friend the ticket-collector! I recognised him at once, though in some inexcusable manner he seemed to have shrunk. His self-complacency had gone, his blonde hair was dark with moisture, and though it was a chilly autumn morning, he kept wiping the perspiration from his face with an already moist pocket-handkerchief. His attitude of superiority had departed. The tables had been turned. He and not I it was who stood accused of transgressing the law. Begging to see me alone, he poured forth a torrent of cringing supplication. His story was that, my complaint having reached the proper quarter, and inquiry proving that no excess fare had been reported by the train specified, an inspector had been instructed to investigate and report on the matter. Judging by his method of procedure, the inspector's sole qualification for his post would appear to have been imbecility. Taking my communication in his hand, he interviewed the ticket-collectors, showing them the note and asking each if it referred to him. While joining with the others in acclaiming his innocence, my villain was astute enough to take a mental memorandum of the address printed on my note-paper; then, using some subterfuge to obtain a half-holiday, he had made a pilgrimage to St John's Wood with the intention of throwing himself upon my mercy.

How is it that any suppliant who invades his accuser's dwelling, and there boldly importunes for clemency, gains a better hearing than he would otherwise obtain? I do not know. Certain it was that the sight of the abject misery of a being who had evidently risen in his own station, and who bore in his sleek, well-fed personality outward token of prosperity, affected me more than might that of one who revealed signs of having already forfeited the respect of his fellow-men. My villain's excuses were the time-tried ones that have done duty so often that they are worn threadbare. The marvel is that so resourceful a scamp could not have invented something less hackneyed. He had an invalid wife and many children—nine, if I remember correctly. There had been sickness in

his household—oddly enough, though such sinners are always ready to plead illness in extenuation of crime, some superstitious feeling seems to restrain them from specifying death—and things had been going against him. In embezzling the railway company's money he had yielded to a sudden and instantly regretted temptation. It was the very first time he had ever stolen a penny, and he was ready to pledge his solemn word of honour that he would never trespass again. 'But what can I do?' I asked. 'The railway company has taken up my complaint; their inquiry must go on. I am powerless now to stop it.' But for a first offender my villain was wonderfully well versed in the procedure of like cases. 'Oh no, madam, not at all,' he hastened to explain. 'It's like this, you see: the first thing they'll do will be to ask you to identify the ticket-collector who got the money—pick him out among the lot, that is. And if you were to point me out it would mean my ruin, and my poor wife's death, and the ruin of all my poor little children. That it would, madam.' Only the most indomitable can see a fellow-creature at bay and remain firm. Relentlessness has never been my strong point, and the idea of being the moral murderess of an entire household was too appalling a picture to contemplate. Needless to say, the wily suppliant departed bearing with him the assurance that I would take no further steps to injure him.

A few days later a formal missive reached me from the railway company. It stated that their inspector's investigations had failed to discover the culprit, and asked if I would be willing to identify the man. Feeling very mean and sneaky, I replied mendaciously that, some time having now elapsed since the occurrence, I feared I might be unable to recognise the offender. There the matter ended, though sometimes I regretted having allowed the sleek penitent to persuade me, against my conscience, into giving a promise. For, the complaint once made, my action, while shielding the real aggressor, left the railway company with the knowledge that they had a thief in their service, and cast suspicion upon the integrity of their other employees.

Several petty peculations occur to me. One is that of a polite salesman in a Regent Street shop who took so much trouble to find me exactly what I wanted in the way of a veil, and then helped me to tie it on with such courteous anxiety to please me, that when I saw him falsifying my bill to the extent of a few pence I had not the ingratitude to call his attention to the fact.

Another case is that of a lad who had reached that trying age—especially trying to a youth placed among the temptations of a great city—when his narrow income appears hopelessly disproportionate to cope with his craving for betting, amusements, and feminine society. His mission was to call and solicit orders for a large firm of poultry-dealers, receiving payment when he brought the goods. One morning cook brought me a bill on which the

original price had been altered in pencil. 'But surely the brace of pheasants was to have been seven-and-sixpence, not eight-and-sixpence?' I remarked, noticing the erasure. 'Yes, 'm,' agreed cook, 'so I told the young man; but he said they was such fine birds they ought to be more, and that they was cheap at the money.' 'Tell him I ordered the pheasants from the week's price-list at seven-and-sixpence a brace.' A minute later the cook appeared again. 'The young man says it's quite all right, 'm. It's just his mistake. If you give him the bill he'll make it all right.' But distrust of the plausible young man possessed me; and, anxious to see the servant who had power to alter his master's bills, I descended the kitchen-stairs to interview him. I found a ruddy-faced lad of eighteen or nineteen. 'It's all my mistake, ma'am,' he made haste to assure me, speaking in a strong Norfolk accent. 'As I said to cook, I'll make it all right.' 'But what have you to do with the bill? How can you alter it? Surely the accounts are made out at the shop? I won't pay you now. I'll go in to the shop and inquire about it.' At my words abject fear fell upon him. Gray patches streaked his ruddy complexion; his breath came in little gasps. Had he but guessed it, it was his youth and a certain atmosphere of green pastures that still clung to him that interceded with me on his behalf, not his reiterated assurances that it was only his mistake; that he had thought the game too fine to be charged so moderately; that if I'd only overlook it I'd never have to complain again. So I let him go, knowing that in the future nothing would induce him to tamper with my bills. Poor callow youth! Probably the same evil influence led him to tamper with those of other customers, for a few weeks later he disappeared, and his place was afterwards filled by a mature being, who, outwardly at least, appeared to be the epitome of rectitude.

My latest condonation was of perhaps the most flagrant and facile petty felony possible. It occurred on a raw, unpleasant November afternoon. A drizzling rain was falling, and even the pleasant residential neighbourhoods were foul with slimy London mud. It was the type of spiteful, malevolent weather that rouses a belligerent spirit in those forced to brave it—which may account for my making the feeble stand I did against knavery.

On the way to pay a call I entered a bus in a district where ticket-inspectors are scarce. There were only two other passengers; and, taking a seat next the door, I handed the conductor a penny. Taking the top ticket from the bundle he held, he inserted it in the punch, then gave it to me. It was not until he had gone upstairs that I remembered I had not heard the sharp *ting* of the punch, and examining the ticket, I saw that the under side was mud-stained, as though it had been used and thrown away. The personality of the conductor when he resumed his place on the step thoroughly aroused my awakening suspicion. He had a sallow, un-

wholesome colour and furtive eyes set closely together. 'Give me another ticket,' I hazarded, speaking in a quiet, perfectly expressionless voice. 'W'y! Wotever's the matter wif the ticket you've got, lydy?' the conductor replied, with affected jocularity, eying me uneasily. 'It's dirty. I won't have it.' 'Dirty? It's only dirty wif me 'ands!' he exclaimed, trying to snatch the ticket from me, but only succeeding in tearing off a corner. 'Give me a ticket,' I repeated impassively. 'I won't have this one.' 'E 'asn't given me a ticket at all. Au' I paid 'im afore you got in,' interjected a woman with a basket. Thus doubly convicted, the conductor surreptitiously slipped the two top tickets from his bundle and dropped them out into the street; then, finding escape impossible, convicted himself of attempted fraud by giving us each a fresh, properly punched ticket. The entrance of two lady-passengers caused a diversion, and the matter would have dropped had I not noticed the conductor making stealthy attempts to turn the face of his badge so that the number might be hidden. Finding his efforts useless, he secretly unfastened the buckle of his shoulder-strap, and, slipping off the badge, dropped it into the locker under the stair. Something in the secretive nature of his movements, and in the crafty precautions he was taking, served to arouse an animosity far beyond the deserts of his injury to me; so, catching his eye when he thought he had safely circumvented any possible detection, I produced a pencil and note-book and said in a low tone, 'Tell me your number.' 'Now, lydy—yer don't want to do me no 'arm, lydy? Yer don't want to lose me my plyce? Do yer now, lydy?' he whispered persuasively, thrusting his sallow face unpleasantly close to mine. 'Give me your number,' I repeated, with what must have been maddening persistency. 'I would never have thought of taking it if I had not seen you try to conceal it.' Our conversation was carried on so quietly as to be inaudible, over the rattle of the bus, to the other passengers. 'Just gi' me a chance, lydy. I can explain. Yer wouldn't do a pore man any 'arm, lydy—would yer? I've a sick wife an' young children. Yer wouldn't 'ave me lose my plyce, lydy, an' them turned out into the street? Now, would yer?' The distasteful personality of the man, his grovelling profession of humility, the suspicious look in his close-set eyes, his fluent protestations that he had never done such a thing before, and would never do it again, merely hardened my heart against him. 'Give me your number,' I repeated, parrot-like. 'I don't leave this 'bus till I get it.' We were nearing the terminus; and, urged thereto by the assurance of danger ahead, the conductor reluctantly opened the box and produced the badge. 'Yer won't do me any 'arm, lydy? I apologise. Won't yer forgive me?' he insisted, speaking in the confidential whisper in which his part of the conversation had been carried on. Finding me maintain an immovable silence, now that my point had been gained,

he followed me when I quitted the bus, and clutching at my shrinking arm, repeated his wail: 'I apologise. Won't yer forgive me, lydy?' It is hard to witness the veriest human worm in a mental funk and remain unmoved. I fear I am very weak; for, though I detested the man, my resolution was inwardly wavering. I was on the verge of a rash promise, when an angry shout from the driver of the waiting bus and the opportune appearance of a policeman released me. But, despite the resolute bearing I maintained, and my inclination towards strict rectitude, I must confess I have taken no steps towards the conviction of this self-acknow-

ledged appropriator of his employer's funds. As I write, the disputed tickets lie on my desk: the soiled, spurious one with a corner torn off, and the crisp, clean, legitimate one. The defaulting conductor's number is written large in my note-book. No further evidence is wanting to convict him. Yet, for aught I have done to prevent it, the fraudulent bus-conductor may be gleaning his little perquisites as merrily as of yore, and his wife and bairns waxing fat thereon.

After all, the character of unofficial moral-police-man to one's fellow-creatures is a thankless part to play; and who amongst us cares to play it?

THE PEARL NECKLACE.

CHAPTER X.—THE HIDDEN PAPERS.



IN the morning the corporal came to me ere I left my chamber.

'Well, what of the men?' I asked somewhat anxiously. 'Are they disposed to give us any further trouble?'

'Not at the present, I think,' said he. 'They are quiet and peaceable enough to all outward seeming, and even Nicholas Rowe hath expressed some penitence for his conduct last night.'

'That is well,' said I. 'Hath Jacob Watkins come yet, or sent a message?'

'Nay, sir,' he answered; and as he spoke I noticed that he was glancing curiously about the room. 'Is not this the chamber which was occupied by Colonel Montague when he resided in the Hall?' he asked presently.

'So I was told by one of the serving-women,' I replied. 'Why do you ask?'

'Mark Rothwell, the man you ordered to accompany the maid Barbara last night, reports that she came here, and used every device in her power to induce him to leave her alone in the chamber. But, having your orders to the contrary, he would not budge; and, moreover, it seemed passing strange to him that she should seek for a woman's wearing apparel in a chamber like this. Finding her tricks of no avail, she departed in a very ill-humour; and, though she took some garments away with her, he shrewdly suspects that she did not succeed in performing all that she came to do.'

'What do you think she wanted here?' I asked uneasily.

'Nay, I know not, unless she was striving to carry away the papers we have been searching for.'

It was the very idea that had flashed through my own mind, and it was clear to me that Rothwell had bungled the business. If that were indeed the maid's errand, he should have allowed her to get the papers, and then have forced her to give them up. It was now too late to repair the blunder; but I immediately determined to search the chamber once more as soon as I could get rid

of the corporal. I desired to be the first to peruse the papers, for reasons that may be easily imagined; and, fearing he might offer to assist me, I affected to attach but little importance to his suggestion.

'Well, for my part, I see not where they could have been hidden,' said I, 'for there is not a possible hiding-place that we have not already examined most thoroughly. Such women are very subtle, and it may be she pretended to search here while really desirous of searching elsewhere.'

'Ay, truly, it may be so,' said the corporal indifferently; and presently, to my great relief, he withdrew.

No sooner had the door closed behind him than I commenced a most rigorous but unavailing search until I was wearied out and was thoroughly convinced that there were no papers hidden in the chamber, and that Barbara must have had other reasons for wishing to enter it.

And now I come to a portion of my story that I would fain pass over in silence. So keenly did I suffer that to this day I cannot recall the misery I endured without a pang of self-pity. The hours dragged wearily on, and still there came no message from Jacob Watkins. My spirits sank lower and lower as the time went by. Sick at heart I paced to and fro about the chamber, brooding—God forgive me!—not upon the best means of accomplishing the task set before me, but upon every look and word and gesture of Mistress Dorothy. To such a pass had I come—and I could no longer blind myself to it—that the duty I owed to the cause and to His Highness the Protector, my kind and honoured friend and master, had become of little account to me compared with the favour of a young girl, whose smiles, I knew well, I could not win without being false to the trust reposed in me. I will confess everything, for why should I write of this matter at all if I tell not the plain truth? My heart ached for a sight of her. I longed—God knows with what a sick craving—to be with her, to hear her speak, to look into her eyes—nay, but to hear her footstep or the rustle of her dress.

Truly I could scarce recognise myself. This child—incredible as it would have seemed so short a time before—had become all in all to me, and I felt that without her companionship life would be unendurable.

I tried vainly to persuade myself of the folly of this infatuation. She was fair to look upon, I told myself; as sweet and brave a maid as one could desire to see, yet, it might be, vain and light-minded, altogether given over to the vanities of this world, and no meet helpmate for one who desired to prove faithful to the cause which had hitherto been dearer to him than aught else on earth. If this should be, as the corporal had warned me, but a temptation of the Evil One to lure me from the path of duty, then was I indeed in a sorry case, and must do what in me lay to struggle against it.

Ah! but it was not so; I was sure of it. That fair and gracious form was the fit tabernacle for a beautiful spirit, and such a spirit I was sure had come to abide in it. She was loyal to the king. Ay, truly; and why not? How could it be otherwise? Seeing she was one of a family of the stannest Royalists in all England, it would have been strange indeed if those who took up arms against the king had not appeared to her to be rebels and traitors. Would I have thought more of her had she been disloyal to those she loved and to the faith in which she had been brought up? I could not believe it. That she should sympathise with her friends in their efforts to restore the king's son to the throne—nay, even strive to do all in her power to aid them—was little to be wondered at. Indeed, I felt that it would have been unworthy of her had she failed to do so. The clear, sweet, truthful eyes told their own story. Royalist she was by birth and conviction, but sincere and brave and good and true; a noble maid that any man might indeed be proud to gain as a wife.

Now, while these thoughts passed through my mind, I was, as I have said, pacing to and fro about the room, and I noticed that one of the boards on which I trod appeared somewhat loose, and gave forth a more hollow sound than the rest. Stooping carelessly down, I contrived with some little difficulty to raise it. As I did so I uttered an exclamation of joy and astonishment, for I had no doubt that I had at length discovered the hiding-place I had hitherto searched for in vain. In the space beneath the board lay a wooden box, which I hastily drew forth, and found to be securely locked. I replaced the board, bolted the chamber door, so that I should not be interrupted, and then with the aid of my dagger forced open the lid of the box. Then, indeed, I felt my cheeks flush with triumph, for inside it lay a number of papers, and a glance told me they were the very ones I had given up all hope of discovering. No wonder Mistress Barbara had been so anxious to be left alone in the chamber!

Taking the papers from the box, I sat down

and began to peruse them. As I did so my heart turned sick within me. The first of the papers I read was that most odious proclamation, unworthy of a Christian and a gentleman, issued by Charles Stuart, the son of the late king:

'Whereas a certain mechanic fellow, by name Oliver Cromwell, hath by most wicked and accursed ways and means, against all laws both human and divine, most tyrannically and traitorously usurped the Supreme Power over Our Kingdoms: these are, in Our name, to give pardon and liberty to any man, whomsoever, within any of Our Three Kingdoms, by pistol, sword, or poison, or by any other ways or means whatsoever, to destroy the life of the said Oliver Cromwell, wherein they will do an act acceptable to God and good men.'

And as I threw it aside with loathing and disgust, and glanced at the other papers, what think you I discovered was the main object of the very conspiracy in which Sir John and his family were engaged? Why, naught else but the murder of His Highness the Protector; and those who committed the foul deed were to be rewarded with the gold that had come from France. The originator of the conspiracy was Colonel Montague; but among the names of the conspirators, of which there was a list, I found, besides those of her father and brother, the name of Mistress Dorothy Woodville.

I think it was the bitterest moment of my life during which I sat there gazing blankly at the fatal documents, and wishing I had long ago been slain that I might never have suffered the anguish I then endured. Oh, there is nothing so cruel in life as to find base and unworthy those we have hitherto loved and trusted! Do they die? They have but gone before us. Presently, please God, we shall see them again, and renew the dear friendships of the past. But do they prove unworthy of our love and trust, there shall be no meeting again with untroubled eyes and hand clasped in hand. Then indeed are they dead to us, for that which we loved in them is no more—nay, never was. God grant that, whatever evils I may be called upon to bear in the future, this at least may be spared me.

Well, it is past long ago, and I need not dwell upon it; nay, in truth, though so long past I can scarce endure to dwell upon it, so keen was the pang I felt. For then I saw that the desire of my heart must be for ever thrust aside; and, cost what it would, I must go forth to perform my duty. With that I would palter no longer. I would go about it with zeal and energy, with a resolution that no weak emotion should enfeeble. Steps must be taken to arrest all those whose names appeared in the list of conspirators. I must think out some plan by which, with the utmost despatch and secrecy, the business might be accomplished. Otherwise who could say what might not be done. The plans of these assassins might for the moment be disconcerted; yet while they were at large Cromwell stood, as it were, on the brink of the grave. There was no time to be lost. I must act, and act

at once. I would summon Corporal Flint, lay the whole truth before him, and take such steps as seemed expedient.

But as I rose hastily to my feet there came the clattering of a horse's hoofs, the challenge of the sentry, and a heavy step in the passage. I thrust the papers hurriedly into my pouch, and unbolted the door, which a moment later was opened by Corporal Flint.

'A letter from His Highness,' said he, holding it out.

'Very well,' I replied, taking it from him; 'you need not wait.'

As he went out I tore open the letter and read it.

'To Captain Hawthorne at Oakwood Hall: These. Haste, haste.'

'SIR,—I am informed that the man Montague hath escaped and carried off the gold which I instructed you to seize. Moreover, it is reported to me that you have been slack in this business in order that you might gain favour in the eyes of those who, having harboured this wretch, have very plainly proved themselves to be enemies to the Commonwealth. I shall myself come to inquire into the matter; and let those who have taken part in this conspiracy, which I have reason to believe is aimed at the life of one who desires naught but the well-being of this unfortunate country, so torn and distracted by strife and faction—let them, I say, look to it, for, as God lives, they shall, verily, man or woman, receive the punishment due to their offence. As for yourself, take heed. I fear much that you have been weighed in the balances and found wanting. When I arrive, which may well be within a few hours of the messenger entrusted with this, let me have proof that you have been misjudged, or expect to meet with but little consideration at my hands.

OLIVER, P.'

Truly I trembled as I read this letter. Evidently some spy—possibly one of the troopers—had reported all that had taken place to Cromwell; and what excuses, that could be of any avail, could I offer for my conduct? I had indeed, as I thought despairingly, been weighed in the balances and found wanting. Yet some hours still remained to me, and in that time I might accomplish much. If Montague had escaped, the rest might be taken; and, so thinking, I strode hastily to the door. My hand was raised to open it, when—how shall I tell it?—I stood stock-still as if turned into stone. It came upon me with a sudden sick qualm of terror that I might be condemning to the scaffold the being I loved more than all the world beside. Yes—I grew hot with shame at the thought—in spite of all that I had discovered I could not banish from my mind her face, or the sound of her voice, or the picture of her as she walked beside me through the wood. In my folly and blindness I had supposed that, having discovered that she was in league with assassins, and a party to this foul conspiracy against the life of the Protector, I could

shake off with ease the shackles that bound me. But it was not so.

This was to me a thing that verily appalled me. Reason and the clearest evidence proclaimed her false and treacherous; yet was I powerless to overcome the longing that suddenly took possession of me to save her, if it might be possible, from the consequences of her crime. Cromwell was coming, and coming in his most ruthless mood. I should be forced to show him the papers, and what punishment he might think fit for those who were leagued with hired assassins to take his life with poison, steel, or bullet I shuddered to contemplate. And yet I own that I hesitated. There might still be time to warn Dorothy to escape; but if I did so I must myself be prepared to face the just wrath of the Protector, and I knew well that he would show but little mercy to one he had trusted, and who had, however unwillingly, betrayed that trust.

For several moments I stood there in an agony of indecision; and then, with a stifled groan, moved as it were by a power without myself, I seized my hat and sword and hurried forth.

'A word with you, corporal,' I said as I passed through the hall, and he followed me outside. 'Hath Jacob Watkins returned?' I asked.

'Nay, sir.'

'Well, mark me! His Highness comes here this day. If he arrives before I return make my excuses, and tell him I shall be back speedily.'

'Ay, sir,' said he; 'yet would it not be well if you were here to receive him?'

'Corporal'—I began angrily; but he interposed.

'Nay, sir,' said he, 'I crave your pardon if I seem to be presumptuous; but God knows 'tis but of your own welfare I think, and naught else. I can keep a still tongue between my teeth, thank Heaven; but you must know that there are those among us who will give no friendly report of your proceedings to His Highness.'

To my astonishment, his voice well-nigh trembled with emotion; a thing I could scarce have believed possible, so hard and cold had he seemed hitherto.

'I thank you, corporal,' I replied; 'but, come of it what will, I must go. I have counted the cost, and will do this thing let the end be what it may. I shall myself report my proceedings most fully to His Highness, and the consequences must be as God pleases.'

He shook his head, and eyed me sadly.

'Well, well,' said he, 'I will say no more. But 'tis dangerous to venture forth alone. Will you not take some of the troopers with you?'

'Nay,' said I, 'no one shall ignorantly take part in that which I am about to do.'

'Ay,' said he bitterly, 'when I saw you gazing at the pearls I knew how 'twould be; God have pity on you! I knew well how 'twould be.'

And so, with another melancholy shake of the head, he turned and left me.

(To be continued.)

THE RETROGRESSION OF THE LEVANT.

IN an article on 'Turkey' in the issue of this *Journal* for March, an anonymous writer gives an interesting account of the bankrupt condition of the country. I do not know what part of the Turkish Empire the writer is specially acquainted with; but in Syria, where I was resident for some years, the evidences of impending bankruptcy were neither few nor far to seek. For this state of affairs the writer blames the free-trade policy forced on Turkey by treaties with the Western Powers, and sees in a limited amount of protection the remedy. I agree with him only as to the condition of Turkey, not as to the cause and the cure.

Since the Crimean war there has been a great increase in intercourse with Western Europe, especially with France, and this has promoted political discontent; further, it has promoted luxury. The young Turk who has been to Paris returns to the Levant with expensive tastes, and these cannot be easily gratified from hereditary sources of income. He cannot trade, so he becomes a Government official. Every official, from the Sultan downwards, has desires that require for their gratification a larger expenditure than his income permits; so each preys on those immediately beneath him. The predatory instinct is reinforced by the fact that their salaries are miserably small and very irregularly paid. Sometimes, after their salaries have fallen three quarters in arrears, the officials are informed that it will be regarded as a proof of loyalty if they will be content with two quarters. Is it wonderful if, in these circumstances, they reimburse themselves at the expense of the Sultan's subjects, or—when they have the chance—at the expense of the Sultan's exchequer?

Let us suppose that a protective duty is imposed on cotton goods, and that some European firm, attracted by the prospect of the profit to accrue from protection, determine to erect a cotton-mill near some port on the Syrian coast. The first difficulty they will encounter is in regard to the site. Every proprietor whose land abuts in the smallest degree on the plot chosen has the right of pre-emption, and will have to be placated. Perhaps, before a spade is put in the ground, operations will be forbidden: a suspicion is alleged that it is *gun-cotton* that is to be manufactured—a suspicion that can only be allayed by a liberal backsheesh. Structural defects, it is asserted, are to be found in the plan, and again 'palm-oil' will be in requisition. Meantime the *geima-gam* (local governor) is changed; they are changed every twelve or fourteen months, sometimes oftener. The new governor, eager to show his zeal for the Sultan and also to secure some of the distributed lubricant, discovers that in old days a fort stood on the ground where it is intended to build—hence the ground belongs to the Sultan; or

it is suggested that the mill might be fortified and command the harbour. Should the firm demur, a threat to refer the matter to Constantinople leads to additional backsheesh.

At length the ground is excavated for the foundations, and the partners think they have seen the end of their troubles. However, a draft is required for the Sultan's army, and all the builders are taken for the *redif*. Probably all the men have years before paid to be exempt; but that does not matter. The men are in despair, and backsheesh is required to set them free. By this time the second *geima-gam* is removed, and his successor must find some way to plunder the Frangi unbelievers. Bones are found in digging the foundations. The bones may not be human, or they may have been conveyed there under cover of night; but at once it is remembered that a Moslem saint was buried there. Nothing but liberal backsheesh can remove the taint of desecration. While the building is proceeding new pretexts are invented for delaying operations in order to extract more 'palm-oil,' and possibly years will have elapsed before the mill is actually opened.

After our supposed firm have opened their mill incessant attempts will be made to levy ever new and increasing taxation. To yield to these will be to invite fresh exactions; to resist will be to commence a course of vexatious litigation and a perpetual exaction of 'palm-oil.' The building of a wall, the erection of a coal-cellar, the renewal of a roof, will be the occasion of fresh demands. Then the firm, in all probability wearied out by continual worry and loss, will in a couple of years or so be compelled to close their doors.

I remember it took a German friend of mine three years to get a house built, and then he succeeded only through the intervention of the German ambassador. My friend had special advantages: he was a native of the same province as the Empress, and he had been able to confer some special favours on the Empress's Chamberlain when the latter visited the Levant. Moreover, the Emperor was the sole friend the Sultan had in Europe at the time. After he had been badgered and hindered almost beyond endurance, he wrote an account of the treatment he had received to the Empress's Chamberlain. The statement was submitted to the Empress, and she in return laid it before the Emperor, who notified his ambassador at Constantinople. The result of this was that not only was my friend allowed to build his house, but the local authorities disgorged to him twenty napoleons of the backsheesh he had paid them. I told him that the feat he had performed in getting Turkish officials to repay backsheesh deserved to be engraved on his tombstone.

All this time the exchequer at Constantinople also suffers. I had under my notice a case which

exhibited this very clearly. I had to arrange for the registration of a house which a friend of mine had purchased. The registrar came to me and offered to put the building on the register at a fifth of the price that had been paid for it if I gave him twenty napoleons. When I hesitated, he proceeded to expound the benefit that would accrue by this low registration. A large portion of the revenue of the Turkish Empire is drawn from a property-tax. Each property has to pay one-half per cent. annually on the price at which it last changed hands. It was obvious that a considerable saving would be effected if the house in question were registered at a fifth of its value. As I still demurred, he told me it was quite an understood thing. He said, 'Drive to the Ras-Beirut, and look at the houses. You will see many that could not have been erected under four or five thousand napoleons, yet not one of them is taxed for more than five hundred.' As I looked disappointed—I was new to the country then—it began to dawn upon him that I judged his conduct more harshly than he did himself, so he proceeded to explain his position. 'I paid,' he said, 'to be appointed registrar here one hundred napoleons. I will have to pay at least as much more to get another place. I must save up for this. All I have got in registration-fecs during the past year is twelve napoleons.' Here, then, was an educated man expected to live on sixteen shillings a month, keep a family, and save, in a couple of years at most, enough to pay handsome backsheesh to his superior. No one could blame him accepting bribes to cheat the Government.

This unfaithfulness extends to all branches of the public service. A bookselling firm were plagued with the causeless objections of the local censor. He, being a confirmed gambler, needed a vastly larger income than he got from any ordinary source, legitimate or the reverse, so he tried to force this firm to increase his backsheesh. The managing partner proceeded to Constantinople to interview the head of the censorship. When he was closeted with this august *effendi*, the latter at once came to business. 'What backsheesh do you pay the local censor?' The sum was named. 'Give me that amount, and I will keep him quiet. I shall show you how we can manage. Whenever you get a consignment of books send me a list of them, and mark any you do not particularly mind being stopped, and I will forbid them being introduced into the country. However, every now and then you must complain—indeed, protest vigorously—about my absurd strictness. Then I shall get more favour at headquarters, and so be more able to help you. By-the-by, when you do make a complaint of that kind you might privately indicate to me some passage that could be construed to be an attack on our religion or on the Government of the Sultan.' I said to the manager who was my informant, 'Did you agree to this nefarious scheme?' Perhaps I put emphasis on the word 'nefarious'; at all events the answer I received was a shrug of the shoulders, the head put

a little to one side, the hands spread out *more Gallico*, and a meaning wink.

Another thing that militates against the progress of Turkey is the stupidity of her officials. While this is true of all, those with whom the travelling public come most in contact are the officials of the Custom-House. I well remember when I first entered the dominions of the Sultan what I experienced at their hands. Unfortunately I was not under the guidance of Messrs Cook: they have an agreement with the Custom-House at each port they use, and this generally secures entrance without molestation. However, I was an un-Cooked traveller; hence the officials set themselves to enjoy a leisurely inspection of my boxes. The *mudir* seated himself cross-legged on one of them. He held in his hand a string of large pebble beads like a girl's necklace, and twiddled it between finger and thumb, passing bead after bead along the string with a leisurely solemnity that was highly aggravating. His subordinates busied themselves bringing samples of my goods for his decision. Keating's insect-powder was regarded with suspicion, and a tin of it was solemnly opened, smelt, and tasted! Coleman's mustard and somebody's carbolic disinfectant were subjected to the same process. Even after he had tasted the mustard and the carbolic, the *mudir's* face retained its stolid solemnity. A box which contained charges for a gasogene excited grave suspicion; the word 'charges' was on the outside of the box, and the word 'powder' on each of the packets. After looking at the box and its contents, the *mudir* solemnly dismounted from his perch, jingling his beads; and, holding a packet at arm's-length before him, he marched from the shed where my boxes were to his private office. There he remained for half-an-hour. During his absence a number of my boxes were passed unexamined by means of backsheesh. He reappeared without the packet; and what process it had undergone I know not.

The action of the Turkish Custom-House in regard to books is a yet more striking revelation of the inherent stupidity of the Turk. I had a very considerable number of books among my luggage. I got the use of the official list of prohibited books to compare with the list I had of my books. It is a matter of regret to me that I did not copy that long list. The poems of Byron, Whittier, and George (*sic*) Milton were equally prohibited. Hauff's *Die Caravane* and F. Marion Crawford's *Paul Patoff* shared the same condemnation. All encyclopædias are forbidden, at least so far as articles on 'Mohammed,' 'Islam,' and 'Turkey' are concerned. I had the *Encyclopædia Britannica* and Herzog's *Realencyklopædie*. From the first of these I had got the obnoxious articles removed by a bookbinder before I left home, and the latter, from its subject, had no articles that were taboo. It took these wise officials two months to discover the latter fact and allow me to use my Herzog. It required seven months and the sending of the volumes that had

originally contained the dreaded articles to Constantinople to impress the former fact upon them. Meantime, while they were discussing the possibility of admitting the *Encyclopædia Britannica* I had received by post the articles which had been removed. When, after the payment of a couple of napoleons by way of backsheesh, I got my *Britannica*, I sent the defective volumes to the bookbinder to sew in the articles that caused the Sultan such trepidation.

If the Sultan would restrict his personal expendi-

ture to a reasonable figure, and if he would pay all his civil officials adequate salaries, then there might be some hope of a change for the better in the financial condition of Turkey. If he did this he could, with justice, punish severely all peculation, oppression, and bribery. He might then have money to make good roads, which are much needed, and he might also encourage industry. Such a change is more than can be hoped for. Let all well-wishers of Turkey pray that Germany for choice may get possession of Anatolia and Syria.

SERAPHINA.

CHAPTER IV.

THE months passed very wearily for me. I helped my father in his work; but I took no interest in anything, not even when the merry vintage-time came round. My mother urged me to marry, which I would have done if I could; but, as it happened, all the girls in our village were very plain, and it is an awful thing to marry an ugly woman—though beauty, of course, is not everything. I had found that out, to my cost, with Seraphina. The fact of it was, I had burnt my fingers so severely—*mon affaire du cœur* had been such a failure—that I looked upon all women with suspicion. But there was one exception, and this was Marie Dietzmann. I could not help often recalling her kind and beautiful face. It came before me at the most unexpected times. I could not make myself believe that there could be anything false in that comely and gentle girl.

Hubert St Claire had now quite recovered from his wound, rejoined his regiment, and become a captain. It was resolved by the colonel and officers of my old regiment to erect a memorial at Weissenburg to all those who had fallen in that battle. Hubert St Claire was one of the officers who were deputed to see about this. The Germans had no objection, any more than we had to their putting up memorials in our country.

It was one of those bright, frosty days in January 1872 when I received a note from Captain St Claire that he wanted to see me up at the château.

'Etienne,' he said, 'I have just returned from Alsace, and have something to tell you. I have a letter for you from Monsieur Dietzmann, and no end of pretty messages to give you from his daughter. Now, if I were you,' he added, 'I should go and see them. I should not brood over Seraphina any more. There are plenty of other birds in the wood, my boy. Old Dietzmann is very nice; and as for his daughter—well, I was half-inclined to make love to her myself, only I did not want to poach on your preserves. *Ma foi!* she is one of the prettiest and nicest girls I ever met.'

'I know she is,' I replied; 'but she is too high

up in the world for me. She would hardly like to take a fellow in my position.'

'Well, all I say is,' returned my friend, slapping me on the shoulder, 'you go and see for yourself. It is regular folly remaining here. You are naturally energetic; it is foolish for you to waste your life in this place. Why, rather than do that, you had better rejoin the regiment again, and wait for a commission.'

In the letter which the captain had given me from Monsieur Dietzmann, the latter asked me to come and see him; and in a postscript he assured me his daughter had not forgotten me and would be equally pleased. This postscript decided me. I pictured the beautiful girl as I had last seen her, with the tears welling into her soft blue eyes as she wished me good-bye; and the following day I started for Weissenburg. Youth and hope once more seemed to have returned; life once more seemed worth living, though now and then, I admit, I had a qualm of distrust; but, for all that, I had not felt in such spirits for many a month. So I determined, come what might, I would carry out the adventure to the end.

When at last I arrived at the house, I found M. Dietzmann at home; but his daughter was out. He greeted me very warmly, and upbraided me for not coming to see him before. 'I have learnt all about you,' he said, 'from Captain St Claire. You know, we Alsatians have the option of remaining here and becoming Germans, or of leaving. I am determined to go. You remember I told you about my iron-works in Strasburg, which I manage with the help of my son. Of course I have lost severely by the war; but the same cause that has half-ruined me has injured others. Carl is an energetic, clever lad, and he has just heard of a business at Chartres. It appears that both the partners were killed in the war, and we can buy it very cheap. It is in the middle of a great agricultural district, and they require a number of agricultural implements. My son has gone there now, and will be back in a day or two. If he thinks well of the affair we shall conclude matters at once. My health is fairly good now, thank Heaven! and I thought that if you

liked to join us, as you have all the required practical knowledge, it would be a good thing for you.'

'It would indeed. I should like to do so,' I answered eagerly; 'but where is the money to come from?'

'Your friend the captain is going to make that all right,' replied the old man.

I could hardly believe my ears. Hubert had never even hinted at the kindness his family intended to do me. My good fortune seemed too great. I was quite overcome with gratitude.

'Well, you did him a service once,' said my host. 'You rescued him from the water, just as you rescued me from the fire; so we are both indebted to you.'

'And how is Ma'm'selle Dietzmann?' I asked.

'Oh, she is well enough. She has had two offers of marriage since you saw her; but she refused them. I fancy,' he continued, with a smile, 'she likes somebody else better.'

The way he said this made my heart beat a thousand to the minute.

'Do you mean,' I asked anxiously, rising from my seat—'do you fancy that it is I who have had the good fortune to please her?'

'Hark!' he said, 'I think I hear her. You will soon be able to judge for yourself.'

The next moment the beautiful girl was standing in the doorway.

'Ah! and so, M. Meynard, you have really come to see us, have you?' she said, her soft blue eyes brightening with pleasure. 'I know you are a plucky fellow,' she continued in a quizzing manner; 'but as for your memory'—with a pout—'well, *il n'y existe pas*; and as for your heart—but I won't be cruel, as you have really come.'

I always thought her pretty, but now as she stood there, with the warm flush on her dimpled cheeks that her walk in the snow had given her, she looked perfectly lovely.

'I admit, ma'n'selle,' I answered, 'I deserve all the hard things you say; but you must forgive me. We will be friends now; and I will try to make up for all my past forgetfulness.' And I think in this I very soon succeeded.

The weather was too severe for Monsieur Dietzmann to go about very much; but Marie and I were able to take long walks together. It would have been difficult to find two girls more different in character than Marie and Seraphina. I had seen the former under very trying circumstances. She was anxious and thoughtful then; now I found that she was naturally a very merry girl, and gifted with that rare quality in woman: a keen sense of humour. Moreover, she prided herself on her knowledge of domestic affairs. On the other hand, I rarely remembered Seraphina, except as a child, ever laughing; and I knew that she considered all household matters as beneath her notice. Old Marly would often scold her for reading novels and letting things shift for themselves.

Carl Dietzmann arrived two days after my arrival.

He and I were friends at once. He was, as his father had said, a quick, energetic young fellow; and as he gave a very glowing account of the business at Chartres, Monsieur Dietzmann determined to take it and remove there the following March.

As one who had taken part in the battle of Weissenburg, it was highly interesting for me to explore the surrounding country, more especially in the company of Marie.

'You have not been up the Giesburg yet?' she said one frosty morning.

'No; let us go. I want to see the effect of the Prussian shells on the château.'

The view from the top was splendid. Beneath us we saw the little town, with the Lauter running through it, and the Bienwald on the other side of the valley. The blackened walls of many of the houses still remained; the church was a mass of ruins, but the reparation of the station was just being begun.

'It was a fearful time,' said my companion thoughtfully as she gazed over the distant hills, covered with their mantle of snow.

'Yes,' I answered; 'but it brought me luck at any rate.'

'In what way?' she asked, looking at me in surprise. 'Was it lucky to be so badly wounded?'

We were standing side by side looking over a low wall.

'Yes,' I replied. 'But for that I should never have known you. I would run the same risk to-morrow; because, Marie'—and as I spoke I took her little hand in mine—'I love you.'

She blushed deeply, but did not move. 'Do you really love me?' she said softly.

'Yes, I swear it,' I exclaimed, still holding her hand. Her soft eyes gave her answer, and her lips returned the warm kisses that I showered upon her.

'Well, let us go down and see father,' she said.

So, on that ground soaked with the blood of the heroic 74th, we plighted our troth.

'Now, you go in,' said Marie as we neared the house. 'You go and ask father.'

'No; but you come too,' I replied, for I felt somehow uncommonly nervous.

'Well, I'll follow.'

Her good father was seated at the fire reading the paper, which he put down as I entered.

'Yes, my friend,' replied the old gentleman when I asked his consent to our marriage. 'I give it readily. You are a lucky fellow, though'—

'I know that,' I interposed.

'Because Marie has been a good daughter; and,' he added sententiously, as though it were quite a new and original idea of his own, 'a good daughter makes a good wife.'

Our wedding took place a month afterwards, and Hubert St Claire, to whom I owed so much already, conferred another favour upon me by coming to it.

The business at Chartres, from the very commencement, was a success. My father-in-law,

though he was mostly in the bureau, kept his eye on everything. I was always in the foundry. I worked hard; for, now that I was married, I had something to live for. The indefatigable Carl, who had true German energy, travelled incessantly for fresh business. In this he thoroughly succeeded. His merry disposition, jovial face, and kind heart soon made him a favourite throughout the whole country-side. Though no people are harder at driving a bargain or more averse to parting with their money than our farmers and peasants, they are patriotic; and the fact that Carl and his father had emigrated to France rather than remain in Alsace under the hated Prussian rule appealed to the patriotism of the very meanest of them, and undoubtedly helped Carl to obtain many orders, apart from the quality of the goods, which his father and I took very good care should do us credit.

It was about four years after my marriage, and I had just paid off the last of the loan which the kindly St Claires had advanced for me to put into the business, when I received a *Figaro* addressed in Hubert's handwriting. I read it all through without seeing anything that interested me in particular, and I wondered why he had sent it.

'Let me look, Etienne,' said Marie, placing our youngest child on the ground. 'I understand now,' she continued. 'Listen! "Opera Comique. *Trovatore*. Grand debut de Ma'm'selle Seraphini Marlini."

Glancing over her shoulder, I eagerly read of the success of my old *fiancée*, who seemed to have taken the city by storm. To me it did seem extraordinary to read the eulogies showered on her, for I only thought of her as a peasant girl.

The next post brought a letter from my foster-brother, who had been at the opera on that occasion, and who had at once set to work to find out all about the *debutante*, whose identity he had guessed at once. And this is what he learnt: After leaving our village so mysteriously, Seraphina had made her way to Italy, where her mother's relatives resided. An uncle, a good musician, had at once

gauged her capabilities, and after two years' study she came out at Florence, and finally at La Scala, Milan. Soon after that, on the Riviera, she had made the acquaintance of and married an enormously rich Russian prince; but the excitement of the foot-lights, the love of applause, and the unbounded flattery that her voice and looks entitled her to were far too strong to make her give up her operatic engagements, so she continued to sing, and eventually made her way to Paris.

Now, Marie had never had a holiday since we were married. As for me, I was far too happy and contented with my lot to want one; but Marie became very excited when she heard of the startling success of my late *fiancée*.

'Etienne,' she exclaimed, 'I cannot control my curiosity. I must see her, I must hear her; besides, I have never been to Paris, so do let us go.'

As I could have no greater pleasure than to please my young and pretty wife, I consented.

The evening we saw Seraphina she appeared in Meyerbeer's *L'Etoile du Nord*. To tell the truth, once I found myself inside the house I think I became quite as excited as Marie herself; and when Seraphina came on to the stage, smothered in diamonds, such was her beauty and so fine was the quality of her voice that I joined as eagerly as any one in the rapturous applause that greeted her. In the aria with the two flutes she simply brought down the house and carried all before her. It was, indeed, a veritable triumph. But for all that, as I gazed at the beautiful woman, I did not envy the Russian prince, for I knew the diabolical temper that dwelt in that breast beneath all those glittering stones.

'And only to think, Etienne,' said Marie as we were leaving, with the applause still ringing in our ears, 'that you might have married her. I never saw any one so lovely. I never heard such a voice.'

'Yes, she has a fine voice, *ma chérie*,' I answered; but I added, with a kiss, 'I know one who is as pretty, and I know a voice that is sweeter.'

I thought so then, and I think so now.

SURGICAL OPERATIONS PERFORMED ON ANIMALS.



WHEN a veterinary surgeon is called upon to prescribe for, and in some cases to operate upon, such patients as the lion, the elephant, the rhinoceros, or other wild animal, it will be readily understood that he has to exercise considerable caution in the administration of his cure. The difficulty, however, of treating a lioness that appeared to be suffering from inflammation of the lungs was easily overcome by an ingenious surgeon residing in a certain provincial town at which a large menagerie made a stay.

With the aid of a long brush the surgeon was successful in applying a very effective mustard-plaster, and administered pills to the beast by hiding them in tempting pieces of meat. Ultimately he fed his patient with beef-tea by means of a syringe, and a few hours afterwards he had the satisfaction of knowing that the lioness was on a fair road to recovery.

Dr J. McCall, of the Royal Veterinary College, took part, some four years ago, in an exciting episode at the Glasgow Zoo, the outcome of an attempt to perform a delicate operation on a lion.

The animal had its tail severely elawed in the course of a fight with another lion, and Dr McCall was called in to stitch up the wound. After large doses of ehloroform had been administered, the animal was overcome, securely bound, and laid upon the operating-table. Suddenly, however, just as the operation was about to commence, the lion came to its senses, and made a great effort to get free from its bonds. Fortunately the attendants were able to hold the beast down while it was treated to another dose of the anæsthetic, after which the operation was performed with great success.

A surgical feat which is probably unique was successfully carried out in 1899 at Perugia, where Professor Gustavo Pisente, an eminent surgeon, operated successfully for cataract upon a young lioness. The animal was first of all treated to large doses of ehloroform, and, after being rendered helpless, was placed on an operating-table in a dimly lighted cage. A similar experience, however, to that of Dr McCall befell Professor Pisente, for the lioness partially recovered from the effects of the ehloroform before the operation was carried out, and gave a roar which made the majority of the spectators beat a hasty retreat; but the drug overcame her again, and the operation was successfully performed. Recently an operation of the same kind was performed on a wolf by Professor Rollet of Lyons. The animal, which belonged to a travelling menagerie, had become exceedingly ferocious with the progressing blindness, and not even the menagerie-men dared to approach it. The operation, therefore, required some daring as well as skill. After a struggle the wolf was firmly secured by ropes, and Professor Rollet gave it an hypodermic injection of morphia. The animal was then ehloroformed and the cataracts extracted, the eyelids being sewn together as a precaution against damage to the eyes during healing.

At Vienna, in 1902, a female rhinoceros belonging to the Schönbrunn Menagerie was successfully cured of a bad attack of influenza. The animal first showed signs of illness by refusing all food, and an examination, which was carried out under great difficulty by a well-known veterinary surgeon of Vienna, showed that she was suffering from influenza. He thereupon ordered the animal from five to six quarts of camomile-tea and several quarts of red wine daily; and, strange to say, she swallowed this peculiar mixture with great willingness, with the result that a few days afterwards she was completely cured.

A very delicate operation was performed on a valuable rhinoceros at the London Zoo. As the snout-horn of the animal grew so peculiarly that it threatened to destroy one of its eyes, it was resolved to saw off part of the horn. Needless to say, the task of securing so gigantic an animal was attended by some danger; but at last this was accomplished, and the growth successfully removed. Still more remarkable was the operation performed on an

elephant in the city of Mexico in 1901. The animal had for some time suffered very acutely from tooth-ache; but as the offending molar was somewhere about twelve inches long and four inches in diameter at the root, and firmly embedded in the elephant's massive jaw, it was very difficult to remove. At last, after the pain had been deadened by the aid of large quantities of cocaine, a hole was bored through the tooth, into which an iron bar was inserted. A rope was then twisted round the bar and four horses attached; and after the elephant had been firmly secured, the horses were made to pull. This unique way of extracting a tooth was a complete success, although the bellow of pain on the part of the animal was terrible to hear.

An extraordinary feat of animal dentistry was performed recently on a horse belonging to Mrs Jefferson Seligman, a well-known society woman of New York. This horse, which Mrs Seligman valued at nearly a thousand pounds, can boast of possessing a full set of artificial teeth. It has, in fact, been treated just like a human being with regard to its molars, the nerves being first of all deadened with cocaine, while gold was used to fill the teeth that showed, and silver for the others. Before the operation the horse could not eat, but it afterwards tackled oats with relish.

To operate on a poisonous snake is a feat which very few medical men would care to undertake. Dr Miller, however, who is considered to be the greatest of living snake-doctors, will treat a deadly cobra, for instance, suffering from a sore throat or any other complaint, with as much *sang-froid* as the ordinary medical man would treat a human being. He once performed a very delicate operation on a king-cobra which was suffering from a dangerous abscess on the side of the head. It was expected that the abscess would disappear when the snake shed its skin; but as the cobra evinced no desire to do so, it became necessary to lance the swelling. Considerable ingenuity, however, had to be exercised in securing the snake's head. A small whip-snake was first of all introduced into the cage of the cobra, who at once seized it. While the cobra was engaged in swallowing its prey one of Dr Miller's assistants caught hold of the tail of the whip-snake, which protruded from the reptile's mouth, and pulled the cobra towards the back of the cage, where the operator was waiting. A syringe filled with water was then quickly squirted over the head of the snake in order to soften the abscess, and at a favourable opportunity the operator made a quick clip in the side of the head, and helped matters with a pair of tweezers. The wound was then sprayed with a preparation in order to prevent further infection, after which the snake was released. Altogether, the operation only lasted two minutes.

There have been numerous instances of skin-grafting performed on human beings; but it is safe to say that the feat of successfully grafting a square yard of skin on an injured elephant is the most unique surgical achievement on record. This opera-

tion was performed in 1902 at Boston on a circus female elephant whose shoulder was severely lacerated owing to the animal being thrown down while getting out of a railway train. Inflammation and fever set in, and the elephant, which was the more valuable because she had a calf, was in grave danger of losing her life. It was decided by specialists that a wholesale operation in skin-grafting was the only thing that would do any good; and, strangely enough, the first elephant selected to supply new pieces of skin was the injured animal's own calf. The skin was taken from the young elephant in places where it appeared to have a great deal more than it needed, cocaine being liberally applied where the cuts were to be made. The skin was taken off in strips about six inches long and one inch wide, and these were pressed down upon the elephant's wounded shoulder, and held there by

great bands of plaster. Altogether, skin was taken from fifteen different elephants before sufficient was obtained to cover the whole of the wound, and the operation was completed.

The following instance scarcely comes under the heading of surgical feats; but it is worthy of record as showing the extraordinary vitality of an elephant. At Buffalo, in November 1902, it was decided to kill an elephant named Jumbo by electricity, as it had developed very vicious propensities. Jumbo was chained to a platform, and the electrodes, which were large sponges, were applied behind his ears and at the end of his spinal column. A shock of no less than two thousand two hundred volts was given, which he did not appear to feel in any way. This was repeated six times, but without bringing about the desired result, and the operation ultimately had to be abandoned.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE SENSES OF SAVAGES.

THERE is a widespread notion, chiefly due perhaps to the pages of romance, that man in a primitive state is possessed of far finer senses than his more civilised brother. His practised eye will detect a moving object on the distant prairie which would be quite invisible to a European, and his ear would at the same time give him warning which would be quite inaudible to his educated brother. The superiority of savage man in these respects was put to the test during the Cambridge Anthropological Expedition to Torres Strait in 1899, the second volume of the reports of which has recently been published. This is the first time that any attempt has been made to test the senses of savages by skilled observers and modern instruments. Most of the observations referred to were carried out by Dr Rivers and Messrs Myers and M'Dougall on Murray Island; and the natives seem to have heartily co-operated with the experimenters when they learnt that the trials were designed to show how superior they were to white men in seeing and hearing. The result of four months' careful tests was the deduction that the visual acuteness of the natives was only slightly superior to that of the average European. The tests for hearing did not give any definite results; but generally the powers of the natives were inferior to those of Europeans. It should be mentioned, however, that many of the men tested had injured their ears by pearl-diving. With regard to the sense of smell, the Murray Islander is slightly superior to the European, but far behind the Malay or Japanese. The Murray Islander has a wonderful delicacy of touch, coupled with a curious want of susceptibility to pain produced by pressure on the skin.

THE SALMON-FISHERIES.

Much disappointment is expressed among those interested in the salmon-fisheries of England and Wales that no legislation has followed the report of the Royal Commission appointed in 1900, which was issued in July last year. Mr Henry Ffennell, one of the first authorities on salmon, has described this report as being, in his opinion, 'an unbiassed exposition of the state of our salmon-fisheries, embracing, moreover, well-considered, far-reaching, and practical suggestions for the better regulation of the industry.' He further writes: 'The authorities, I think, have now ready at hand a well-thought-out and comparatively simple scheme, which, with some drastic pruning on one point, would, I believe, eventually lead to the greater development and regeneration of failing salmon-fisheries.' Those who read the parliamentary reports, and have noted how much time is often wasted in discussion on very trivial topics, will agree with Mr Ffennell in deploring the fact that such an important matter as this report on the salmon-fisheries should be shelved. It is yet to be hoped that the Government will reconsider their determination to take no present action with regard to it.

THE MOSQUITO-PLANT.

Most poisons have their antidote, and it seems that nature has provided a remedy against the attack of the malaria-spreading mosquito. Captain Larymore has recently brought from Northern Nigeria a living specimen of the mosquito-plant (*Ocimum viride*), which he has presented to Kew Gardens. He tells us in a letter to the *Times* that by placing two or three growing plants of this species in each room, and along the windward veranda, a house can be kept practically free from mosquitoes. He had tried the experiment of

wrapping an insect in one of its leaves, and it became insensible in a few seconds. In mosquito-infested districts the natives use an infusion of the leaves in preference to our quinine, and declare that it is more efficacious. These observations are corroborated by Mr George Birdwood, who asserts that a decoction of the leaves and stalks of the plant is the universal remedy for malarial fever in India, where the plant is known as 'holy basil.' At the time when the Victoria Gardens and Albert Museum were established at Bombay, the workmen were pestered with mosquitoes and malarial fever, and at the suggestion of the Hindu manager the whole boundary of the gardens was planted with basil, when both insects and disease disappeared from among the gardeners and temporary resident masons. Mr Birdwood also speaks of the efficacy of myrrh in keeping away mosquitoes, and says that natives of India who use much cinnamon or cloves in their daily diet are quite free from malaria and cholera.

SCHOOLS OF ADVERTISING.

A recent report from the British Consul at Chicago calls attention to the establishment in the United States of schools where the art of advertising forms the subject of education. Vast sums of money are now spent by large wholesale, manufacturing, and retail establishments, as well as by railway and other companies, upon advertising, and it has long been known that a study of the best way in bringing things to the notice of the public is a most important part of a business organisation. In these schools the students are taught not only how to word an advertisement, but how to instruct artists in producing posters and other forms of illustration, how to check the circulation of newspapers in which advertisements appear, how to lay out money to the best advantage, and how to calculate the results from each form of advertisement adopted. In some cases, it is stated, the returns from a business have been doubled by the employment of a clever and energetic advertisement-manager. In our own country examples are not unknown of the adoption of some single word, a motto, or a jingling rhyme which may almost be said to have made a fortune. It is to be hoped that the schools will consider the question of obtrusive or vulgar advertisements, the display of which in unsuitable places has recently given rise to so much adverse comment. A clever advertiser will seek to attract all men and disgust none.

A SPECIFIC AGAINST RHEUMATISM.

Dr Pere, of Marburg, has lately delivered an address before his colleagues in which he advocated a cure for those rheumatic and neuralgic pains which are among the most distressing ills to which human flesh is heir. He pointed out that from time immemorial the ignorant classes, who have little faith in medical science, have resorted to the stinging of the bee as an antidote to rheumatism, and it would seem from his successful experiments that

this old wife's nostrum is a most effective remedy. Most of us know by experience what a bee-sting is, and how the inoculation of the poison produces a little pimple of a very irritating kind. But it seems that frequent stinging makes a person immune from any further effect, and, according to Dr Pere, he becomes at the same time immune from the pains of rheumatism. The Doctor's method is to cause his patient to be stung by bees near to the muscle or joint affected, the number of bees being increased at each sitting. He asserts that he has cured in this manner no fewer than five hundred patients, and therefore he has good reason to look upon bee-stinging as a specific against rheumatism. The busy bee is thus made to 'improve the shining hour' and the unhappy sufferer from rheumatic pains at the same time.

CITY TREES.

A well-known ballad by the poet Wordsworth describes how a country girl in service in London has a bright vision of her former rural life when she notes a tree 'at the corner of Wood Street' in Cheapside. From this we may gather that trees were scarce in the Metropolis as Wordsworth knew it. That particular tree still flourishes, although it is closely surrounded by bricks and mortar. But there are other trees now; many have been planted along the Thames Embankment, and we are glad to see that the County Council have decided to plant the new thoroughfares with the plane, the acacia, and the ailanto, so that in time the grand new streets, Aldwych and Kingsway, will have much the same aspect as the beautiful Parisian boulevards. The Strand is also to be bordered with plane-trees, which seem to thrive under conditions which would be fatal to most woodland products. We need hardly point out that the planting of trees is valuable not only from an aesthetic point of view, but also because they absorb carbonic acid and give out oxygen in return. They therefore act as purifiers of the air, and in a crowded city such purification spells health.

BULLETS IN SAVAGE WARFARE.

War is always accompanied by unnumbered horrors; but, owing chiefly to a more generally humane feeling among civilised nations, it is happily not quite so terrible as it used to be. When, however, civilisation comes to a contest with savagery the old cruelties reappear, and war resumes its most hideous form. The savage tries to kill, and if he can at the same time torture his victim so much the better is he pleased. His civilised brother, on the other hand, is content to disable, and is thankful to know that the modern rifle-bullet, although far-reaching, does not make half such an ugly wound as did the clumsy ball used at Waterloo. But there is another side to this question. In Somaliland recently a small force of our men was surrounded and all but annihilated; and there is no doubt that this would

not have happened if our troops had been furnished with a more deadly bullet. The hardy Somalis, although pierced with two or three Lee-Metford bullets, pressed on to the British square, and were able to use their spears with deadly effect. A writer in the *Times* pertinently asks, 'Are the Mullah's men restricted to small-bore bullets, or their spears limited to a third of an inch? Under these circumstances, is it fair that our soldiers, fighting against twenty times their number of fierce tribesmen, should be provided with ammunition which is selected because it is less likely to prove fatal to the enemy.'

PHOSPHORUS IN MATCHES.

Much was heard a few years ago on the subject of the employment of yellow phosphorus in the manufacture of matches, because of its terrible effect on the workpeople in inducing necrosis, vulgarly known as 'phossy-jaw.' The excitement died down, and the various efforts to produce a match which would strike on any surface, and at the same time be free from the objectionable form of phosphorus, seem to have come to nought. But it is not so in Germany. The Reichstag has now passed a Bill forbidding the use of yellow phosphorus in match-making after 1st January 1908. Speaking in favour of the measure, the Secretary of the Interior asserted that phosphorus not only caused necrosis three or four years after a workman had left a match-factory, but that the disease thus contracted became hereditary, so that whole families were affected. He further said that the bones became so brittle under the malign influence of the disease that they often fractured without the victim being aware of it at the time. It is stated that the German Government have reported favourably upon a new process which has been introduced for making a safe and harmless lucifer-match.

LITERATURE IN TREES.

The *Scientific American* makes an interesting and curious calculation as to the value of trees in the matter of books, and it will be seen that the subject has a bearing upon the much-discussed question of reforestation. Books are made of paper, and although it is commonly supposed that paper comes from rags, as a matter of fact most of the paper used for books is made from wood-pulp, and this, of course, is made from trees. The article referred to gives the total sale of nine popular novels as one million six hundred thousand volumes; and, taking the average weight of each as being twenty ounces, we arrive at a total of two million pounds of paper. An average spruce-tree, from which the pulp is made, provides about half-a-cord of wood, which represents five hundred pounds of paper, so that the nine works of fiction were responsible for using up no fewer than four thousand trees. We have thus thrown upon the forests of the world an enormous strain which cannot be met unless replanting on a great scale is proceeded with as the mature trees are

cut down. Could Shakespeare have foreseen this new development in paper manufacture he would possibly have written for 'tongues in trees,' 'books in trees.'

LONDON'S DRINK-BILL.

Dr Hamer's report to the London County Council is a very interesting document, for it furnishes statistics as to the quantity of different kinds of liquids consumed by each individual every day. Beer heads the list with an estimate of sixteen ounces; of aerated waters the Londoner consumes five ounces; of wines and spirits, a little over two ounces; of milk, five ounces; of hot drinks, in the shape of tea, soup, &c., twenty-three ounces; and of cold water, fifteen ounces. He also computes the amount imbibed by youths, women, and men respectively. By questioning those who are inmates of common lodging-houses, he is able to state that these members of society consume each on the average as much as four pints of beer per day, as well as spirits and a considerable quantity of tea. They seem to consume little solid food, spending all that is left after paying for this and their bed upon beer. ('O monstrous! But one halfpennyworth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack.') He speaks of one individual whom he questioned, a fish-porter, who owned to expending five shillings and a penny each day upon beer! This man's earnings amount to five shillings and eightpence, from which he deducted sixpence for bed and one penny for food. Dr Hamer sees in the increased consumption of aerated waters a good omen for general health, provided that sanitary conditions are rigidly safeguarded.

TRAIN SERVICE ON THE SIBERIAN RAILWAY.

Mr H. B. Miller, American Consul at Newchwang, reports that the Siberian Railway began direct through service on 18th February from Moscow to Dalny on the Pacific. The run is set down as taking thirteen and a half days. At Dalny two steamers of modern construction meet the train and sail immediately, one direct to Nagasaki, Japan, and the other to Shanghai, the time being thirty-six and forty-eight hours respectively, thus making the time from Moscow to Japan fifteen days, and to Shanghai fifteen and a half days. At first the trains were to run once a week; but the service is to be increased to twice a week. Both railway and steamship lines are practically operated by the Russian Government.

A GAS-PRODUCER.

The gas-engine has usurped the place of steam in so many industries that everything relating to improvements in its employment is of interest. It may generally be supposed that the use of this type of motor is confined to places where gasworks are to be found; but this is not the case, for apparatus is now to be obtained for making gas on the spot where the engine is at work. One of the best of these is known as the Taylor gas-producer; and

although it is impossible to give an adequate description of it without diagrams, we may say that it consists mainly of a generator containing incandescent anthracite coal, through which is passed a mixture of steam and air, which is decomposed and forms a gas of excellent quality for the purpose designed. Any existing gas or oil engine can be fitted with the apparatus; the engine can be started working a quarter of an hour after lighting the fuel; and the makers guarantee to run any good modern gas-engine with it at a maximum cost of one farthing per brake-horse-power per hour, and there are no extra fire-risks to meet. Such are some of the advantages claimed for the Taylor gas-producer the agents for which, in this country, are Messrs Horne, of 5 Torrens Street, City Road, London, E.C.

HOUSE-DRAINAGE.

In a lecture recently delivered by Mr G. A. T. Middleton, a well-known London architect, much valuable information was given. He stated that the modern system of house-drainage was practically unknown fifteen years ago, and utterly unknown twenty years ago, the pioneer work having been really done during the past decade. After pointing out the importance of straight drains when necessity placed them under a house, and the reason why they should be efficiently trapped and ventilated, the lecturer expressed a preference for thick iron pipes instead of the earthenware tubes generally employed. He quoted a case in which the ordinary drain-pipes, laid by one of the best-known sanitary engineers, began to leak in less than twelve months, and at the end of five years had to be entirely relaid. Iron, unless the pipes were very thick, would rust; but it was better to lay a drain which one knew would go wrong in forty or fifty years than one which would go in five years. Such pipes should not be less than six inches in diameter. Although some of the house-drainage in London left much to be desired, the Continent was quite fifty years behind it in the matter of sanitation.

'OUT-OF-THE-WAY ENGLISH GRAVES.'

Mr. Thomas Adkins, J.P., late H.M. Consul at Newchwang, now of Long Hyde, Evesham, writes: 'I have read with much interest the paper on "Out-of-the-way English Graves" in *Chambers's Journal* for May (Part lxx.), more particularly that portion of it which refers to China. There is now before me a cutting from the *Times* newspaper of 10th January 1890; it is a notice from the Colonial Secretary of Hong-kong of the removal of the remains and monuments in the old colonial cemetery to the existing cemetery in the Happy Valley. The monuments—there were about fifty of them—were repaired and grouped round a plain memorial stone on which was stated from what part of the colony they were removed. Among the monuments was one to Major Eldred Pottinger, of whom Mr Talboys-Wheeler wrote: "One British officer appears to have kept his head among all these bewildering

disasters. This was Captain Eldred Pottinger, a man who knew how to lead Asiatics and how to control them. He was inside Herat throughout the siege, and by sheer pluck and fertility of resources kept the enemy at bay until the siege was raised. He was one of the hostages made over to Akbar Khan, and was sent with the others to a fortress in the northern mountains. There he bribed the Afghan commandant with a written promise of a future ransom. He hoisted the British flag over the fortress, took possession of the surrounding country, collected the revenue, called in supplies, and kept up the spirits of ladies and children amidst the general depression and humiliation. Eventually the prisoners were delivered from their enemies and restored to their families and friends; but Eldred Pottinger died and was forgotten." At the time of his death (1843) he was apparently on a visit to his uncle, Sir Henry Pottinger, who negotiated the Treaty of Nankin. There are English graves also at the adjacent Portuguese settlement of Macao, the most notable being that of Sir Fleming Senhouse (1841). Hong-kong had not then been ceded to Great Britain, and I have heard it said that that distinguished naval officer made special request that he might not be buried there, but in Christian territory. We know what happened at the hands of the Boxers to the cemetery at Peking, where were laid the remains of our countrymen, victims of the treacheries of 1860, and of others since deceased—many of them personal friends of the writer.'

THE PARTING OF THE WAYS.

THE gentle breeze bears sorrow in its sighing,
Low-voiced with sadness is the distant sea;
Even in summer's prime all life seems dying,
Because I drift apart from life with thee.

Our ways divide. The coming of the morrow
Shall see the song-birds and the sunshine flown.
I, in the Eden of our love, in sorrow,
Shall stand among the withered flowers—alone.

How can I bear each day the well-known faces?
Thy face will absent be; all life grows sore.
How can I seek the old familiar places,
Knowing thy feet will tread the paths no more?

The summer sun can bring to me no gladness,
Dark clouds are gathering o'er the golden days;
My heart feels but the coming night of sadness,
For we have reached the parting of the ways.

MARY H. POYNTER.

* * TO CONTRIBUTORS.

- 1st. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'
- 2nd. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.
- 3rd. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them IN FULL.
- 4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

THE RED HEAVIES.

By CHARLES EDWARDES.

IN FIVE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

THEY were nicknamed the Red Heavies because of their jackets and red busbies. The jackets were frogged with yellow; otherwise sealing-wax wasn't in it with them from the waist upwards, as a coarse critic once said of them. Some one else (a lady) declared that the name was no nickname at all, but a concise (coloured) description of the quality of their brains. She referred only to the officers of the regiment. But that was before little Popper joined—little Popper with the pale-blue eyes, and flaxen moustache with its ends ironed upwards strenuously, and an eyeglass.

This was a revolution, at least. To Major Grandison Lee, the heaviest in weight of all the Red Heavies, it seemed to bode anarchy and ultimate dissolution. This, too, quite apart from Peter Popper's defiance of the regimental tradition in not shaving clean. From the Colonel downwards, hitherto, for tens of years, not an officer of the Red Heavies, while in the regiment, had worn a hair to his face below the nose. Even when wounded, it was a sacred law that he should be shaved as regularly as his dresser came to him with the bandages.

The Major was distressed and angry. 'Why, the lad's a marionette,' he said to Captain Galway one evening, some little time after Popper's introduction to his comrades. Popper himself was chaffing the Colonel by the fireplace, with one foot on a chair and his elbow resting on his knee; and the Colonel (a six-footer) was smiling down at him while he screened him completely from the fire. 'A little German doll, sir! I tell you what, Galway, if this is the stuff they're forced to send us, the service is at the lower end of Queer Street, and no mistake. Any one would think we were a *nation* of pigmies, if he's a sample. What's the Colonel thinking about, Galway? That's the riddle I want solved.'

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AUGUST 1, 1903.

The Major drew in a breath that seemed immeasurable.

'He has a heap of shekels,' said Captain Galway dryly.

'Ah!' The Major let out a little breath as he sighed, and shrugged. He had few shekels and several younger brothers and sisters whose paths in life were not yet plain.

'And he's got his head screwed on all right, if you ask me, Lee. Why—but you're not a speculating chap!'

'Head screwed on? I dare say. The question is, was it worth his father's and mother's while to screw it on at all? However, it's no use my talking. If we're doomed to become a second-rate Power, words won't alter it. But—what do you mean by saying I'm not a speculating chap?'

Captain Galway seemed to regret something. He made a noise with his tongue as if to hint that he had forgotten a matter that demanded attention. 'I must have a look at that new nag of mine,' he said, moving.

But the other's grasp was on his arm.

'Wait a bit,' said the Major earnestly. 'I'm in the dark. I *have* had the glimmering of an idea that things were happening about which I was an outsider. You said "speculating." Do you mean that that young jackanapes is poisoning your minds with infernal passions of that kind?'

Captain Galway shrugged. 'That's piling it on, old man,' he said.

'Then it's so?'

'Well, seeing that a rose by any other name would still smell sweet, we won't quarrel over an adjective. It is a fact that Popper's folks are very wide awake about City matters, and—there's no harm in telling you that I for one made a cool couple of hundred on Thursday. One of the little chap's tips—Stock Exchange, you know! But, Jove! Lee, what's up with you?'

The Major's eyes wore their battle-look, and the mighty hand that now hung by his side clenched its fingers. 'And the Colonel?' he whispered, tawny-red with excitement, perhaps even with shame.

'Don't be such an idiotic Puritan,' muttered Captain Galway testily. 'Where's the objection? He'd have been only too happy to do you the good turn as well if we'd supposed for a moment you— Oh, you know what I'm driving at. It's the dence of a pity that you should be always so short, and then your—high moral tone—and all that. The Colonel did pretty well too: rather better than fifteen hundred, I believe. But excuse me now, my dear fellow; and—don't be hard on us.'

The Captain smiled. There was a dash of depreciation and a dash of something else in the smile that moved the Major even more effectually: the pity of comparative opulence for poverty. Having administered this salve, the Captain flicked some cigar-ash from his right spur and went off singing.

Then the Major sat down to challenge his emotions. The words 'idiotic Puritan' were still ringing in his ears.

Was he that? Perhaps. Yes. No. By heaven! No; a thousand times No, in this matter. That glib talk of Galway's about winning hundreds of pounds in a day as simply as signing one's name had *not* aroused his envy. With but one extra hundred pounds he could see his way clear to getting Lawrie coached for that F.O. exam.—coached right away into the first half-dozen or so on the list, and given a career for life. Yet he would not take it at the price which the Colonel, Galway, Fanshaw, Bissell—and the others also, apparently—did not shrink from paying. He would not, indeed.

The Colonel's hand on his shoulder aroused him.

'Anything wrong, Lee?'

'Wrong?' The Major met the Colonel's twinkling dark eyes and—suppressed himself. The odds against him were too great at present. 'Some fancies!' he added. 'I was thinking about the boy Lawrence. You know I've told you he's working up for the Foreign Office.'

The Colonel nodded cheerfully. 'That's all right,' he said. 'I'll back him to pull through. You are such a chap to worry, Lee. Always thinking of some one else instead of yourself—*nearly* always, that is.'

The pressure he gave to the Major's shoulder and the twitch of his lips at the corners referred to one of these exceptional times. It was that memorable occasion—recorded in the archives of the regiment—when Grandison Lee had tackled three hillmen of the East with his own sword, and polished them off before Major Reed, as he then was, could stagger to his assistance. The Major had a bullet in the elbow. 'I'll manage them. Stay where you are!' Grandison Lee said imperatively. It was like his confounded, high-principled cheek. But he *did* manage them, in less than a dozen strokes of cut-and-thrust; and the present Colonel Reed never

forgot it, and often laughingly said that he would never forgive him either.

The Major and subaltern Popper were alone in the room, the latter with his back to the former, straightening one end of his monstache, and whistling over the agreeable pastime. The sight was too much for Grandison Lee. His earlier prejudice against the new-comer returned fivefold as he looked at Popper's thin, yellowish scalp with its broad parting—almost as much parting as hair. To think of it? Such an object as that to thrust itself like an evil spirit, certainly as an element of decadence, into the mess that had so far done nothing to tarnish the good name of the famous Red Heavies!

'Popper!'

The Major bridled his indignation very fairly. He was bound to give the little image its chance, anyway.

'Hullo, Major! You there still?' The 'marionette' turned round sharply, with an air of perfect good humour and confidence. 'By Jove! what a conceited ass you'll think me! Fact is, if these few sunbeams of mine once get away from each other, I look such a guy I'd be sorry to be about on a Fifth of November. Union's strength, they tell us. *In re* my monstache, it's the only saving clause: I'd be an ugly little beggar if I didn't keep 'em packed together. Expect I'll have to fall into line with you other fellows and shave yet. Must let myself down gently, though, a bristle at a time, or so. Reminds me, there's a certain girl'—

The Major coughed hoarsely and raised his hand. That shut up Peter Popper.

'Yes, sir?' he said, straightening himself.

'Er—this is between ourselves, Popper,' said the Major tensely. 'I may be somewhat old-fashioned, but I can't help believing that money-making and fighting are two separate and even antagonistic occupations. I'm afraid'—

'One moment, Major,' interposed the youngster briskly. 'If you knew how vexed I was to leave you out in the cold in that Delaroo corner last week! The other chaps kept me off. They said you wouldn't touch anything of that kind with a pair of tongs, wouldn't think it the correct thing, and so on; and so I didn't like—dare, I mean, you know. I was *frightfully* sorry. But I tell you what, old man, if you'll let me, the next whisper I get from my people, you shall run for the profits and I'll risk the losses. *A propos*, I don't know if you've noticed a grig of a girl about the place since last Tuesday, casting intellectual sheep's-eyes at'—

'By Gad, sir, hold your tongue!' cried Grandison Lee, starting to his feet.

'Major!'

The subaltern stood away a pace or two. He seemed acutely astonished. 'What have I done?' he continued, like a doubtful schoolboy, staring at the Major in his wrath.

The answer came in deep tones:

'There is such a thing as the *honour* of the regiment. I am sorry to say it, but you are a cad, sir; and if my influence can do it, you shall not be one of us long. You are a contamination, sir. And now I'll thank you to relieve me of your company. I've more important things to think about.'

'A cad!'

The youngster jumped as if a bayonet had been run into him behind. He stared and stared. 'Honour of the regiment!' he murmured, frowning as if he were trying to digest the phrase. He seemed to succeed, too. 'Oh!' he gasped, with quite a different quality in the stare which he still fixed upon his insulter.

'I repeat, I am sorry to feel obliged to speak my mind. What I meant was that nothing but a degrading, caddish impulse could have led you to presume—yes, presume, sir—to address me as if for one moment I—— But there! I've had enough of it. You've sickened me. Pray go—unless you particularly wish to be indoors here just now.'

Popper brightened considerably.

'All right, I'll go,' he said cheerfully. 'I begin to catch on too. Perhaps soon I'll see all there is to be seen. But—"cad!" And yet—— Well, anyway, Major Lee, you're a gentleman, and so there can't be a duel between us about it.'

He left the room, nodding to himself. The Major had an instant attack of remorse. He wanted to call him back and apologise, but something restrained him. He believed that he had said and done no more than his duty demanded. Nevertheless, he was not properly satisfied with himself. It was as if he had put his foot on a butterfly merely because the poor little flutterer a moment or two before had dared to spread its wings between his eyes and the sun.

For the rest of that day the Major felt uneasy. A nervous dread seized him lest Popper should tell the others what he had said to him. The honour of the regiment, forsooth! Who was he, when all was estimated, that he should set himself up as high priest of the cult of this same honour? He knew just how his comrades would feel in the matter. They would laugh and chuckle and say, 'Poor old Lee! Just like him!' and so on; and in their hearts they would designate him a cou-founded old prig. They would try, perhaps, to maintain the familiar friendly footing, for old times' sake; but they would also realise that he had overstepped the mark, and had done for himself as one of themselves in spirit and in truth.

He worried himself desperately with these and kindred fancies; and, as salt on the wounds of his

worries, that longing to give Lawrie every possible chance of a billet for life grew and grew. A mere hundred pounds; and the Colonel had gained fifteen times as much by a stroke of the pen and the lack of all high-falutin notions about human nature!

Yet the day passed much like other days at Baddenham, and it ended with threepenny whist at the Union Club; and no one except young Popper seemed any different with him.

At half-past eleven the Major was helped into his coat by some one in the hall of the club. It was rather a clumsy some one, too, so that he turned with a smile as well as thanks to see which of the members was playing the amiable for the first time or so in his life. But it was neither the town-clerk nor Chesling the rich provision-factor; no, nor a new servant either. It was Sub-Lieutenant Popper, with confusion in his eyes.

'Sorry, sir. You are such a dashed height!' murmured little Popper as he snatched at his cane.

Then the Major knew what Fate exacted of him. He waited for little Popper, and they walked back to quarters together; and on the way he recanted those earlier words of his almost to the very last of them.

'I'm downright ashamed of myself, Popper, and that's the truth,' he said finally. 'One never knows, I suppose, what outrage one is capable of until the precise—er—sort of temptation necessary—faces one. I'd like the assurance of your forgiveness, if you don't mind.'

Little Popper had made a variety of spasmodic noises and exclamations designed to check the Major in his outpouring. Now, however, when he had his opportunity, he seemed at a loss. All he could get out was this: 'I say, Major, don't talk like that.'

'But I disgraced myself, Popper. I called you a cad.'

'And I called you a gentleman, Major; and I may have meant it for irony, and that's beastly bad form at any time,' urged little Popper.

'We were both wrong, then,' said the Major.

'You weren't, sir. But—it's awfully good of you. It's what any fellow would expect of you, I expect. I've been reading up the article on "honour" in the club's *Encyclopaedia*, and it squares with what you said—that is, if you read between the lines. I only wish—— But it's never much good wishing. I do know, though, that I'll sleep better for what you've just said.'

The Major lowered his hand to get at the sub's arm; and in silence, thus looped, they walked the remaining distance to barracks. If the lamp-posts thought the spectacle a mirthful one, they kept their thoughts to themselves.



MORMON BRIDES.

By MARY STUART BOYD, Author of *Our Stolen Summer*, *Clipped Wings*, &c.



REUMAGING through a drawer filled with the uncataloguable flotsam and jetsam of travel, among a medley of guide-books, passenger-lists, time-tables, and menus of meals eaten on board many ships, I came upon a modest chocolate-covered booklet that acted the part of Aladdin's carpet, and conveyed me in the twinkling of an eye back to where Salt Lake City shelters at the base of the great snowy mountains. With vivid transition of memory, I stood again by the counter of the book-store whereinto, one April noon four years ago, an icy, dust-laden wind had blown me, buying this souvenir of the dauntless pioneers of the desert city.

A Collection of Pictures and Biographies of Brigham Young and his Wives, the pamphlet purports to be; and it promises a 'True and Correct Statement of the Birth, Life, and Death of Brigham Young, Second President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, and Brief Biographies of his Twenty-six Wives, and Names and Number of Children born to Them.' In token of its authenticity the book is signed by Brigham, eldest extant son of the late Prophet, and by eight of his step-mothers.

The short life-sketches, though they read oddly to alien minds, are simply and sincerely written; and amongst the portraits, most of them crude photographs taken in the early days of the art, are many earnest, comely faces. Though not more than half-a-dozen out of the quarter of a hundred wives boast any claim to beauty, all appear honest and steadfast women, who, having once adopted a creed, however erroneous, would cling to its tenets even through hardship and peril.

To the uninformed, Mormonism suggests polygamy and little else; yet when at the age of twenty-three Brigham Young, moved thereto by sincere conviction, left the Methodist Church and joined the Latter-Day Saints, and for eleven years after, the doctrine of plural—or, as the Saints preferred to term it, celestial—marriage had no part in the tenets of the body.

When Brigham Young threw in his lot with the followers of Joseph Smith he was an industrious young tradesman, who supported his wife and two little daughters by working as carpenter, joiner, painter, or glazier, as occasion demanded. The picture of his wife, Miriam Works, shows her as a bright, attractive creature, looking upon the world through clean, honest eyes; and one wonders whether, had she lived, the dogma of plural marriage would have found favour in her husband's sight. Certain it is that after Miriam—his first and probably his only love—died of consumption, Brigham Young remained alone for eighteen months,

and when he invited Mary Ann Angell to fill the empty place he chose a mature spouse whose attraction probably lay in merit rather than in feminine charm. In her portrait Mary Ann has a sensible face, and wears a matronly cap. She was not much over thirty; but people aged earlier in those days. The pleasantest line in her bald little history tells that she proved herself kind and loving to Miriam's two little motherless daughters.

For eight years Mary Ann reigned alone in Brigham Young's household. Near the close of this period Prophet Joseph Smith, the founder of the Saints—finding that the freedom of his life was calling forth adverse comment—had a convenient revelation which expressly approved and established polygamy. Brigham Young, as a staunch upholder of the sect, accepted the new command, and Sister Mary Ann, we read, 'gave her husband other wives, because she knew the principle was true.'

At this date Brigham Young had turned forty, and the notion of wedding a young wife upon compulsion seems not to have been repugnant, for in June 1842 he married Lucy Decker, a girl of twenty, whom her biography describes as being of fair complexion, medium height, and 'quite nice-looking.'

Apparently this bigamous union proved a success, for the following November Brigham added yet another bride to his household in the person of Harriet Elizabeth Cook Campbell, a maiden who was yet in her teens. 'Sister Harriet,' my booklet tells, 'is a tall, fine-looking woman of fair complexion, and is an educated and intelligent lady, having studied from books and nature a great deal during her life. She can converse intelligently on the aims and duties of mankind.' An intellectual companion, doubtless; but one wonders with what degree of patience the less erudite Mary Ann and Lucy—who, though Latter-day Saints, were only present-day human beings—listened to Sister Harriet's discourses on the duties of mankind!

It is a little confusing to learn from the succeeding paragraph that on the very day whereon Brigham led Sister Harriet to the altar he espoused also a lady named Augusta Adams! Augusta's chronicle, without attempting to conceal the fact that she had reached the ripe age of forty, declares her to have been 'high-toned in sentiment.'

At this comparatively embryonic stage of his marital career the Prophet must have had some difficulty in apportioning his attentions between his brace of blushing brides. General knowledge of mankind constrains the opinion that Brigham would honeymoon with the nineteen-year-old Harriet, leaving the damsel of forty summers to air those high-toned sentiments for which she was justly

noted in the company of the sympathetic Lucy and Mary Ann.

In comparison with the years to come, 1843 had been a matrimonially idle period with Brigham Young, though more conventional men would account the accession of three fresh wives no light matter. The succeeding year was fated to rank among his busiest, for during its course he united himself in the nuptial bond with no less than five estimable ladies.

His marriage with Clara Decker, a child of sixteen—she was sister to the Lucy Decker with whom the Prophet had allied himself two years earlier—which took place in May, might be considered a union of inclination. A month later the murder of Joseph Smith by the mob that broke into the jail at Carthage, where he was imprisoned, left widowed a number of ardent female Saints, and these Brigham's big heart could not suffer to pine in loneliness. During the next few years he married six of Prophet Smith's widows, who bore a distinction from his own wives in being sealed to Young for time only, not for eternity. In a better world they were to revert to their first husband.

Brigham was a man of action, and the times were troublous and brooked of no delay. On the 27th of June the mob, by firing the shots that killed Smith, helped to perpetuate the Mormon creed by encircling with the halo of martyrdom the unworthy head of its founder. Before the close of September Young had married a girl named Clara Ross in addition to two of Smith's widows. The younger of these, Emily Smith, had had a painfully romantic history. Her parents, who were staunch supporters of the cause, had died leaving herself and a sister, both mere children, helpless and penniless. Joseph Smith and his wife offered them a home and treated them well. It was during the residence of the orphan girls under his roof that Smith experienced the revelation commanding celestial marriage; and, acting under its light, he wedded both sisters.

Throughout October Brigham Young was, as the actresses say, 'resting'; but on the 2nd of November he married Susan Snively, an active, industrious woman, whose services—for she had no children of her own—must have been an acquisition in a household already teeming with babes. A few months later, in February 1845, Young annexed Olive, another widow of Smith's. She died soon after, of pneumonia.

The Prophet's next matrimonial venture was Emmeline Free, a young maiden over whose beauty even my literal booklet feels constrained to gush. The photograph reveals her as a handsome matron, from whose good looks the care of ten children has scarcely detracted.

A little later, Brigham—after that benevolent fashion which was fast becoming a habit with him—undertook the guardianship of Margaret Pierce, the young widow of a lately deceased Saint, Morris Whitesides. 'Sister Margaret,' says the narrator, 'has been an earnest and faithful worker in cooking

and carving for her husband's workmen and others, with the assistance of others of his family. She was also actively engaged for about two years in raising silk from the worms.'

The opening month of 1846 was probably the briskest in all Brigham Young's energetic life, for within its passing he took unto himself five extra wives. On the 21st of January he married Martha Bowker; on the 26th he sealed for time the young widow of Brother Twiss, to whom the Prophet had himself united her in the previous summer. The exact dates of his marriages to the three other ladies are not given; but they all happened in January. One bride was Eliza Rockwood, a girl of seventeen; the others were more mature, Maria Lawrence being another relict of Joseph Smith, and Zina Dianthor Huntington yet another.

From January till the following October other gods than Cupid would appear to have claimed the Prophet's attention; but on the 14th he mated with Margaret M. Alley, who was both young and devoted. In the following March, just before starting out with a company of men to seek a location where the Saints could settle in peace, he married Lucy Bigelow, a child of the age he most favoured—sixteen.

The following year proved a time of vast import to the Mormons, for it saw them established in Utah. Brigham Young, with his fellow-pioneers, having surveyed the great desolate tract of land lying at the foot of the Rocky Mountains, and having pronounced it good, the long migration of the brethren across the vast arid desert began. In May 1848 Young, who had returned to bring his family, started afresh with his wives and their already numerous progeny on the five months' weary journey that separated them from the chosen site of what was destined to become Salt Lake City. It was the fifth time the persecution of the sect had forced them to abandon home and property, and to begin the world afresh.

Throughout the whole of 1848 public matters seem to have engrossed the Prophet. Remaining content with the twenty helpmates he already possessed, he devoted his undoubted genius to laying the foundation of the future welfare of the community. With their Indian neighbours he preserved a conciliatory policy, wisely deeming it not only cheaper but more humane to feed than to fight them.

When Hymen's torch again lit his path it was probably mental not physical gifts that attracted him; for, in discoursing on the intellectual capacity of this, the twenty-second, bride, the usually restrained chronicler becomes positively enthusiastic. To confess the truth, Eliza Roxey Snow impresses as being completely out of her proper element among the assorted mistresses of the Prophet's *ménage*. She came of unmixed Puritan stock, all the lines of her ancestry running back through pure streams of New England blood. 'She was well skilled in household accomplishments,' says the biographer; 'but she also possessed a

literary talent which was destined to eclipse all commonplace acquirements.' In early life Miss Eliza Snow began to write poetry for various publications. When she was over thirty she removed to Kirtland, Ohio, then the Mormon headquarters, where she taught a select seminary for young ladies, and—oh, amazing contrast!—boarded with the family of Prophet Smith! Cognisance of Mr Smith's *infelix* reputation prepares us for the announcement so quaintly stated by the decorous scribe that 'her intimate association with Joseph the Seer ripened into a holy consummation.'

Having thrown in her lot with the Saints, Eliza adhered to them whole-heartedly, generously expending her patrimony on the completion of the Mormon Temple at Kirtland, and sharing in the rigours of their expulsion and subsequent exodus to Utah. It is difficult to imagine the refined and precise poetess cooking over a camp-fire on that dreary five months' journey, or driving, as she did, an ox-team from Mount Pisgah to the Missouri River.

Once she was settled in Salt Lake City, her scholastic training enabled her to take a leading part among the female Saints, few of whom had enjoyed her opportunities of education.

The description of Sister Eliza's physical charms is delightful, especially when taken in conjunction with the portrait, which reveals her seated rigidly upright beside a little table whereon rests a ponderous open tome. Viewed thus, she recalls vividly a prim and punctilious instructress of one's childhood. In accord with her, Eliza's chief feature was an 'unusually high and expansive forehead.' Like her also, 'in speech and action she was thoughtful; her every word being distinctly articulated, while her sentences were admirably constructed.' No amount of word-painting could convey a more effective picture of the gracefully pedantic deportment of the whilom schoolmistress. How Mary Ann and Susan Snively and others of the purely utilitarian wives must have waxed secretly insurgent against that deliberate conversation and those admirably constructed sentences when half-a-hundred bairns were clamouring for attention! She had no children of her own. Motherhood is not required of the Eliza Snows of life.

As a wooer, Young's ardour had already slackened. It was in June 1849 that he laid his somewhat tardy claim to the hand of the poetess. At the date of her widowhood Eliza had reached the wrong side of forty; and Brigham—who was never in such a hurry as when the brides-elect were still in their teens—ungallantly left her to pine in her weeds for five years before sealing her to himself. Not till October 1850 did he again lead a maiden to the hymeneal altar. Regarding this wife, one of those still alive when the booklet was penned, little detail is given. All that we know is that she came

to Salt Lake City in 1849, when Eliza Snow had consented to make Brigham happy, and that a year later she too shared the hospitality of the all-absorbing Lion House.

The Prophet's twenty-third spouse had previously wedded unworthily, and the width of his affections is again exemplified, for in marrying her he adopted the three children of her former union.

Brigham Young was over sixty when he married Amelia Folsom, a handsome girl of twenty-five, who was afterwards distinguished as his favourite wife. It was for her reception that the President built the Amelia Palace (or Gardo House, as it is now called), which is situated exactly across the road from the Lion House, the barracks-like tenement under whose roof all the other ladies had 'apartments.' To irreverent eyes the Amelia Palace resembles nothing finer than a slightly ornate suburban villa; but forty years ago in the desert city, when all was for use, nothing for show, it probably ranked as a dwelling of marvellous ostentation. It is easy to picture the score of older wives jealously watching the process of its erection from their windows in the many-gabled Lion House, and to fancy the caustic remarks they would exchange respecting their new rival; excepting always Sister Eliza Snow, for even the boldest of visionaries would find it impossible to conceive her doing anything that savoured of the unlady-like.

Two years later, in 1865, Mary Van Cott was added to the inmates of the Lion House; and in 1868 the President made his last, and what was probably his only untoward, marriage. This lady, who was fated to prove the apple of discord in his Garden of Eden, was good-looking and self-assertive. She was forty-three years younger than her husband, and had already weighed another spouse in the matrimonial balance and found him wanting. After seven years passed in wedlock, she sought a divorce from the President. When the case was settled the Church solemnly excommunicated her, whereupon Mrs Ann Eliza Webb promptly retaliated by touring the country lecturing against the Mormons.

Brigham Young had proved his wisdom in many ways, but never more clearly than when, having been released from an uncongenial wife, he determined to wed no more, and to the last kept his resolution.

From the pages of my booklet the sincere eyes of the pioneer Mormon wives look calmly on a world that flouted a faith for which they sacrificed all. A few of them survive still. Most were dust long ago. On the enclosed green slope under the tall trees, within sight of their old home, their humble graves are grouped together near that of him who, to them, was both husband and god. Their little part in life's tragedy, if infelicitous, was heroic. More than any other it exacted endurance and self-abnegation. Let them rest in peace!

THE PEARL NECKLACE.

By JAMES WORKMAN.

CHAPTER XI.—THE SPY.



As a soldier who hath fought in many a battle, siege, and skirmish, I doubt not that I have passed through as strange adventures as well-nigh any man; yet there are no passages in my life that so haunt my memory, and even my dreams, as those of the few hours after I left Oakwood Hall. Pen in hand, I write down calmly and deliberately that which took place; but at the time it seemed as though the minutes flew by with the speed of lightning, and one scene followed another in that tragic drama with scarce a moment's breathing-space.

I soon gained the wood, and was hurrying along the path which led to Poplar House when I suddenly caught sight of the boy who had brought me the message from Jacob Watkins running in front of me, cap in hand, chasing a white butterfly. So eager was he in the pursuit that though I called out to him he did not hear me; and as the insect swerved from the path to elude him, he darted after it with a merry shout, and disappeared in a clump of bushes. The next moment I heard a shriek of terror, and the boy came flying back, with a white face and staring eyes, screaming as he ran. I tried to stop him; but at sight of me he leaped to one side, as though crazed with fear, and vanished in the thickest part of the wood.

Wondering what could have so startled and terrified him, I left the path and stepped towards the bushes. They were scattered about a small open space; and as I thrust my way through them I suddenly started back with a cry of horror, the blood running cold in my veins. On the ground before me lay the prostrate figure of a man. My heart beat furiously and the cold sweat stood on my brow. It was the dead body of Jacob Watkins. There he lay with his livid face gazing up to the sky, his fingers clutching at the grass, a round blue spot on his forehead showing how he came by his death.

I knew by instinct who had done this foul deed, and I ground my teeth with rage at the thought. This was another of the infamous crimes for which, if it pleased God, I would call that man of blood, Colonel Montague, to account. Sure we but act as the instrument of God's justice in ridding the world of men so vile and inhuman. Had it lain in my power at that moment I could have crushed the life out of him with as little scruple or remorse as though he had been a poisonous snake. Again I bitterly repented that I had not forced him to fight when I had him face to face with me, and so perchance have prevented all the evil he had wrought.

But there was no time to waste in futile regrets.

There was one thing yet to do before I undertook to execute justice on Colonel Montague and his accomplices. So I turned away from the silent and motionless figure, and hurried on to have speech with Mistress Dorothy, though I was beside myself with rage and shame to think that she should be the associate of those capable of such foul and loathsome crimes. I was in a tumult, in a frenzy of haste to warn her to fly instantly from them, and, if it were still possible, to save her from the fate which should—if I could bring it about—most assuredly be theirs. I longed passionately to deliver my message and be done with it, so that I might be free to do my duty, and bring these vile criminals to the gallows they so richly merited.

I was so intent upon my errand that the thought of the danger I ran scarce crossed my mind. Yet was I, as I should otherwise have perceived, in imminent peril of my life. I had not to do with honourable foes, but with assassins who might be lurking behind any tree or bush, ready to use steel or bullet without scruple or warning. At any moment I might have shared the fate of Jacob Watkins; but I ran on breathlessly, with never a thought of it. Nay, I think that in the mood I was then in no dangers, visible or invisible, would have appalled me or turned me back, and naught have stopped me but death itself.

The path I was following did not lead to the main gate that fronted the highway, but to a door in the wall that surrounded the house. Finding this door unlocked, I thrust it open, and passed through into the garden. I had not gone a score of yards when I came suddenly upon the maid Barbara, who was stooping over a bed of flowers. She dropped the flowers she had been gathering and confronted me with a stifled scream.

'Why, what—what do you here, sir?' she exclaimed breathlessly.

'I must have speech with your mistress,' I said hurriedly—'instant speech with her. Go and beseech her to meet me in some private spot without a moment's delay.'

Her look of alarm changed into one of sullen defiance.

'What would you have with her?' said she. 'Why should you desire to have speech with her? You have spoken with her more than enough, I think.'

In my wrath and despair I seized her by the arm and almost shook her.

'Listen to me, woman,' I exclaimed. 'I would not hurt a hair of your mistress's head for all the gold that was ever coined or to save my neck from the scaffold. I wish to see her on a matter which concerns her most nearly, concerns her honour, her

safety—nay, her very life itself. You fool, do you not understand me? Do as I bid you; and remember if you breathe a word to others of my presence here your mistress's life may be the price of your folly.'

Plainly she was moved by my excited speech and gestures, and yet she still hesitated.

'If you do not go at once,' I said impatiently, 'it may soon be too late. There is not, I tell you, a moment to lose. If spies have dogged my steps that which I have to tell her may prove useless. Go, go, I say. You may accompany her if you remain out of hearing of what passes between us.'

At that she gave way.

'Well, I will deliver your message,' said she, 'and Mistress Dorothy shall herself decide whether she will see you. In the meantime you will do well to keep out of sight, for there are those in the house, let me tell you, from whom you are like to receive no friendly welcome. Seat yourself in there, and I will go to her instantly.'

As she spoke she pointed to a rustic summer-house almost screened from view by the trees and bushes that surround it. Then she hurried away, and I entered and sat down in the summer-house, quivering with impatience that I might deliver my warning and be gone.

Presently I heard the sound of approaching footsteps, and peered cautiously forth. It was with a sense of infinite relief that I beheld Dorothy and her maid coming hastily towards me. The maid stopped, and Mistress Dorothy came forward and stood at the threshold. She was very white, and her eyes fell before mine; but she still preserved towards me the unfriendly attitude she had assumed since my duel with Frank.

'Well, sir,' she asked, 'for what purpose have you summoned me?'

'Be good enough to enter and be seated,' said I coldly; 'for I have that to tell you that must reach no ears but your own.'

She hesitated for a moment, and then reluctantly stepped within and seated herself on the side farthest from me. Never had she seemed to me so fair to look upon, and I half-turned away that my eyes might not rest upon her lest once more I should be lured into weakness and folly. This, I told myself, was the last time we should ever speak together.

'Well,' she said, beating impatiently on the floor with her foot, 'I thought your business was urgent.'

'That it is,' I answered, 'and the gist of it is this: you must leave here with all speed, and'—

Then I stopped abruptly, for, strange as it may seem, it suddenly flashed upon me for the first time that I could not warn her without warning the rest of the conspirators, and that seemed a thing most dishonourable for a man in my position.

'If that be your message,' said she, 'you may spare your breath. I will not leave here at the

dictation of you or any man breathing. My father'—

'Nay, one moment,' I interposed. 'Give me your promise that you will not repeat to a living soul what I tell you, and I will give you such reasons for your instant departure as I doubt not will satisfy you.'

She rose to her feet and faced me.

'Sir,' she said indignantly, 'by what right do you demand such promises from me?'

The words sprang to my lips in spite of myself. They were the last I would in my sober senses have dreamed of uttering.

'The right of one who loves you,' said I.

'You!' she exclaimed, leaning back, white and trembling, against the wall.

'Ay,' I answered bitterly, 'I think it has been always so since you were a child, though I knew it not. Oh, you need not shrink from me. It is against my will, let me tell you; and after this day, please God, I will never look upon your face again.'

She regarded me with a very singular expression.

'Why—why do you speak thus?' she asked in a faltering voice.

'Why?' I cried. 'Because I find you leagued with'—

Again I stopped, and then suddenly, with an utter disregard of consequences, said that which I had determined should not pass my lips without a promise of silence on her part.

'Listen!' said I. 'Promise or no promise, I will tell you, and have done with it. I have discovered the object of the conspiracy in which you are engaged, and a full list of the names of the conspirators, including your own; and yet, God forgive me, in spite of reason, conscience, and duty, I come here to tell you that which it is a shame and a sin for my lips to utter. Cromwell is at hand, may be here at any moment, and, I fear, will spare no one, man or woman, who hath had any share in the business. Go, I entreat you, ere it be too late, separate yourself from these vile men, and try to be that which, sure, God, who gave you so fair a face, intended you to be. I will strike out your name, and Frank's, and your father's from the list; but you will nevertheless be suspected, and if you remain here will most certainly be arrested.'

She drew herself up haughtily.

'I do not understand your words,' she exclaimed. 'That I have joined with those who desire to place the king upon his father's throne I do not deny; but to my thinking there is nothing in my life of which I have more cause to be proud.'

'Proud!' I cried. 'Proud of being leagued with assassins, of being entrusted with the gold that is to be the reward of murder?'

'Murder!' she exclaimed. 'How dare you speak thus? It is false! false! false! You are mad to speak thus.'

'I am so sane,' said I, 'that there is not a word I have uttered of which I could not give you the

most certain proof. Oh Dorothy!' I cried passionately, 'if you have indeed been deceived, if you have been entangled in this vile plot without your knowledge or against your will, I pray and beseech you to trust yourself with me, to come with me to Cromwell, and'—

'Leave me,' she cried angrily, 'and never presume to speak to me again. There is not, I believe, one word of truth in that which you have said. You wish to terrify me into playing the part of a spy and traitor, and— Oh, go, go! I cannot breathe in your presence. I loathe the sight of you.'

'I will not go,' said I. 'I will not stir one foot until I have convinced you of the truth of every word I have uttered.'

I drew the papers from my pouch, and held them out to her.

'See,' I exclaimed, 'here are papers I discovered in a hiding-place in the Hall. Here is the odious proclamation of Charles Stuart, giving authority for the assassination of Cromwell. Here are letters that have passed between Colonel Montague and his accomplices. Here is a plan of the scheme to set upon and stab the Protector on his way to Whitehall, and here is stated the amount of the reward that shall be given to him whose bullet or dagger pierces that noble heart. Here is the list of the conspirators, and among them the names of your father, your brother, and yourself. Do you still doubt what manner of men you have to deal with? Then, go to the wood there, and you shall find the dead body of Jacob Watkins, foully murdered by this man of blood, Colonel Montague, and his fellow-assassins.'

She glanced at the papers as I held them out, and then shrank back, shuddering and hiding her quivering face in her hands.

'Oh no! no!' she cried; 'it cannot be; surely it cannot be.'

'Then you knew nothing of this?' I asked joyfully.

She glanced up at me as though amazed.

'Knew of it!' she exclaimed. 'Is it possible you can believe that I or mine would knowingly league ourselves with assassins? I would rather die than have aught to do with such a plot. Never have I heard so much as a whisper of it till this moment.'

'Thank God!' said I fervently; 'thank God! Forgive me, Mistress Dorothy, if for one moment I ever doubted you. Truly, it appeared incredible to me that you should know aught of the designs of these men; but the times are evil, and the proofs seemed so clear, that I—I knew not what to think. And now, if you will not trust in the justice of the Protector, I beseech you to seek out your brother, and be gone from here without an instant's delay. For me, I have a task to perform, and I must speedily set about it. As God lives, I will call this man, Colonel Montague, to account for all the blood he has spilt and the evil he has wrought; ay, if I follow him to the end of the world I will do it.'

The words had scarce passed my lips when a figure appeared in the doorway.

'It will be quite unnecessary to take so long a journey, my worthy Master Hawthorne,' said a cool, quiet voice. 'I am, I think, the person you desire to meet with, and I assure you that an immediate interview cannot possibly be a source of greater pleasure to you than to me.'

Before me, calm and smiling, with the same air of insolent condescension, the same malicious expression in his bold, dark eyes, as when we had met before, stood Colonel Montague.

L A T I N - A M E R I C A N T R A D E .

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.



SOUTH-EAST from the United States are seventeen republics, some of which have fewer inhabitants than has any one of half a score of cities of the Greater Republic; but the total population of the so-called Latin-American republics is fifty-two millions. Few of their people are of pure European descent; a larger, but indefinite, number are of mixed American and aboriginal race; and probably a greater percentage is of unmixed blood.

Some of these people toil in mines; many more gather rubber or cut timber; most of them labour in agriculture. As a rule the methods they use to-day are much like those which were followed in Egypt before the dawn of history. Naturally, the wage-earning power of people of such simple habits is small, and their purchasing-power is compara-

tively little. All their manufactures together do not equal in value those of a single city of England, of Germany, or of the United States. Little work is required in tropic America to provide all necessary food, and wants are few and simple in those lands. A suit of cotton is enough, in all except the higher and colder regions; and four-fifths at least of Latin-America is warm. When working in forest or in field, men put off all clothing except a single garment, or mayhap wear only a strip of beaten bark or of cloth about the loins. Usually those who labour in the fields lay aside blouse, shirt, and trousers, then roll the legs of their cotton drawers as high as they can before they venture among the thorny growths of field or of forest. They say that the bare skin gives quick warning of touch of thorn or of insect, and so saves from many a scratch and bite. Millions of women there are content to go

about their work with no more clothing than a chemise and a simple skirt; and, when no stranger is present, many even dispense with the chemise. I have seen many a woman who was evidently of opinion that the skirt itself was an extravagant and cumbersome garment; for her whole costume was a *cuala*, a bit of cotton print three-quarters of a yard wide and perhaps two yards or less in length, which was wrapped around her hips and held up by tucking in the corners. When no outsider was in the village, old women have often gone about their tasks with not even a *cuala* to conceal their bronze beauties. They were more than content with a mere strip of bark of the *tuno*, from which all woody and useless matter had been pounded and washed, leaving only the soft brown lace woven by nature; but these were Indians in their native wilds.

Many a time, on a Sunday, one sees women tramping along the sunny, dusty highways towards town and church and neighbourly gossip. Most of them bear on their heads shallow, broad baskets containing fruit, vegetables, or grain; and in their hands chickens dangle, gasping for breath, with wings drooping to the ground. A few carry young children astride their hips, some perhaps going to their baptism. In the basket are the woman's shoes, and perhaps a bundle of skirt, silken mantilla with fringe a foot long, and fancy hose. At the edge of the town the burdens will be put down in the shade of some convenient tree, the dust may be washed from tired feet, and stockings and shoes drawn on. These will be taken off as soon as the wearers shall have reached the country again. It is easy to see why those millions buy few shoes and very little dress goods.

One article nearly every man, and most women, outside of the towns has, and must have, is a machete. With it wood is cut in forest and in field, ground is dug, meat is carved—and so is one's foe. Few wish for any other knife. Those who camp in forest or on plain in other lands may well learn from the millions in the southern republics who have—in daily hunting and fishing, farming and lumbering—through the centuries found no instrument superior to this sword-like blade. An axe or a hatchet is clumsy and dangerous in comparison.

Requiring but scanty clothing and no foreign food, the Latin-American in wilderness or on farm needs little from other lands; yet he buys some things of foreign make. He will now and then buy a cheap shot-gun, or—if he can manage to save it from conscription—perhaps a repeating rifle. Indians want the shot-gun to provide food or to rid their neighbourhood of beasts which take too heavy toll from hen-roost or herd; and every planter strolls now and then into the forest near his country-house to pot a deer, a turkey, an iguana, or other game. Sometimes planters gathered at a neighbour's may tell tales about hunting until enthusiasm becomes so aroused that the party will

go on a hunt. More often the story-telling will end with a siesta in cool hammocks.

While the native is delighted by spectacular displays and music, and will spend money freely for such diversions, he cares little for athletic sports. He is likely to content himself with cock-fighting and games of cards, dice, or other forms of gambling requiring little physical exertion. Much of his cash goes to lotteries. In fact, few active sports are seen in tropical America. A game of cricket is played now and then at Carúacas, in Venezuela; and an American youth there brought together a number of college students in a baseball club; but a few strokes of the bat sent the baseballs flying in puffs of shoddy, and broke up that club. It seems scarcely necessary to say that the cricketers were Englishmen.

Golf was something of a fad last year at San José, in Costa Rica, many of the Americans there having a bout at it in the early mornings. Bicycles had a run four or five years ago in Nicaragua; but a Government eager to squeeze the ultimate centavo from its people levied a tax heavy enough to promptly hang up nearly every wheel. It may be said that apathy as to active sports exists in nearly every city south of the United States: perhaps we may say south of the northernmost states of the Union. It is manifest that little demand for sporting goods will come from countries of which the foregoing is true.

Strange to say, in these countries, where nearly everybody can ride, and ride well, few often do so for pleasure. Races are almost unknown even in the higher regions, where the cool, pure air should put life and animation into man and beast. With great forests at hand, in which the puma, the jaguar, the tapir, the peccary, the deer, and a vast number of smaller animals are found, few hunt for the sport. Rubber-gatherers and Indians in the wilderness kill enough to feed their families; and that is about all the hunting done. Yet the peccary is game enough, and the jaguar and the puma are not too tame. Wild turkeys, pigeons, ducks, pheasants, quails, and other birds can be got any day in numbers sufficient to make a creditable bag.

Ever-present fear of revolution prohibits the importation of rifles and revolvers, except under special permits. The shot-guns usually sold are of the simplest types, such as may be made for a few shillings each; but as these sell for two to four pounds each, and as the average cash income of the native may not be more than double that amount in a year, the total number of sales is necessarily small. Duties on ammunition are excessively high; consequently the revenue from powder and shot is inconsiderable. These facts do not lessen the profits of *contrabandistas*.

He who would share the profits that await persistent effort in Latin-America has curious obstacles to meet. Among them are those which come of a conservatism that makes people there more willing to use the things they know than to venture on trying

anything new, however it may excel the familiar article. Yet these folk are far indeed from being dull of wit, nor are they unduly suspicious of the strange; but it is much easier to follow a habit than to break with it. Often a Spanish-American may reject a new implement because the shape is unusual, and it may not fit the hand as does the old one; or its use would require a change in the method of work, and this might demand some study and experimenting. The *patron* knows that there will be difficulty about making his labourers use the new tool or follow the new method, so he declines to buy an improved instrument or machine. Experience of generations in the forests of Canada and the United States taught hundreds of thousands of the best woodmen the world has seen that a curved helve or handle is better than any other for the axe; but such helves meet with scant favour among woodcutters in the tropics. They cling obstinately to the long straight helve, with which no strong blow can be struck; and persist in using axes which a northern lumberman would not allow to be seen in his camp lest he should be shamed in the eyes of visitors. To the mahogany-cutter it is nothing that the straight helve is clumsy, and wasteful of energy and of time. The curved helve would feel unusual and unhandy for a few hours; therefore it would be better to stick to old friends.

A real and an important obstacle to rapid extension of trade between English-speaking people and those of Spanish-America is the fact that the literature common in the republics of the South is Spanish, Portuguese, or French. Periodicals, novels, scientific works, poetry, and correspondence are largely if not wholly in one or other of the languages directly derived from Latin. Naturally the writers offer such views as southern Europe holds, and are often swayed by racial and local prejudices in their presentation of subjects. It would be unreasonable to expect such authors to fairly represent British—they certainly cannot justly present American—character, conduct, or designs; for they do not, and probably never will, comprehend such character or such purposes.

Sons and daughters of Latin-American families have been educated on the Continent. Such prejudices as they may have imbibed at home are strengthened by that education. On their return, what more natural than that they should extend and intensify already existing prejudices? Inevitably, such influences injure trade, for the people of Latin-America are more sympathetic, more easily moved by sentiment, than are people of northern blood, and this strongly affects their business relations. To their honour it may be said truly that there is among them honest friendship in business. He who can deserve and win such friendship, who can inspire confidence in his integrity, may safely count on continued orders from his friends. Old-fashioned ideas of honour are still more binding on these people, as a whole, than are written contracts among many business men in other lands.

It is as interesting as it is true that, while nearly every republic south of the United States has each year a day of rejoicing and of celebration of its success in throwing off the galling fetters of Spain, while nearly every native family in these lands tells to its children traditions of atrocities inflicted on it ancestors by Spanish masters, and notwithstanding that the mother of many a child scares it into good behaviour by threatening to 'call the Spaniards,' the success of the United States in freeing Cuba and Porto Rico from the grasp of Spain has created resentment in many, if not in all, Spanish-Americans. Yet few of them have much Spanish blood in their veins. The doctrine that 'blood is thicker than water' seems farther from the truth than the assertion that ties of language are stronger than appeals of reason. The fact that the religion of Rome is that of all Latin-America, and that people there believe that all who speak English or other northern tongue are heretics, and therefore to be suspected, if not hated, doubtless has much to do with the innate hostility often met.

This might warrant one in urging that efforts should be made to extend the influence of the English language and of English literature in these countries. This would in time give us a fair hearing, which we have never had there. It would help to correct wrong beliefs, in many cases diligently instilled in order to lessen or to destroy our influence. Possibly success might follow efforts to induce the wealthier of the families there to send all their children to English or to American schools rather than to those of the Latin countries of the Continent. Much could also be done to hasten the spread of the English tongue by simplifying the spelling, which now affords little or no clue to the pronunciation of our words, and is therefore the most serious of stumbling-blocks to the student.

Fears that the Greater Republic will wrest from them control of their own countries is an over-present and powerful influence against the American. More was done by the Spanish-American war to strengthen that feeling than by all that had gone before. That squall convinced Latin-America that the United States was actually brave enough to declare war, and strong enough to punish even Spain herself. Amazement was natural, for had not all Spanish-America to struggle desperately for many years before it could break the shackles that bound it beneath the banner of blood and gold? Before that skirmish which freed Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines, probably nine-tenths of even the more intelligent of Spanish-Americans believed that the deliberate inquiry by the United States into each case, before demanding reparation for alleged wrong to Americans, must be caused by timidity alone. It is said that even the best-informed classes there find it difficult to believe that any nation will take time to be just if it dares to be dictatorial. Doubtless much time and patience will be required to convince people of these republics

that their sister republic of the north will be just and friendly to them; that it is so rich and powerful that it cannot feel any desire to take advantage of opportunities which might tempt a poorer and

weaker nation to try to profit at the cost of a neighbour, as a penniless and hungry man might be sorely tempted to steal a loaf which would excite aversion if stomach and purse were full.

A SOLDIER'S LETTER ABOUT WATERLOO.



HERE are few family histories that cannot furnish material for the novelist and biographer, and in the most unexpected corners there sometimes lurk undiscovered and valuable records of episodes in life-histories.

This is quite the case with the family of a Clydesdale laird to whom, and to his son, Basil Steuart, bookseller and publisher, London, various letters written in the early years of the last century are addressed in the course of a family correspondence. Several sons of Robert Steuart of Brownlee were soldiers, and it is the letter of Captain Robert Steuart descriptive of the part he played at Waterloo which is here given.

One might have wished that there had been some record of the career of his brother Basil Steuart, as that might have proved of more than ordinary interest. Born 28th March 1794, he died in 1886 at the great age of ninety-two, having seen much of the literary activity of Edinburgh and London in the earlier half of last century. In personal appearance he was strikingly handsome, and was six and a half feet in height. A relative of William Blackwood, he had his early training in the publisher's first shop, in South Bridge Street, Edinburgh; and thence he moved to London, entering John Murray's publishing house, Albemarle Street, of which he became manager. In this capacity he had rare opportunities of seeing and conversing with men who were eminent in every walk in life, and of corresponding with not a few of them. He came in contact often with the Duke of Wellington and Canning. He knew old Isaac D'Israeli intimately, and frequently took tea with him on Saturdays. Benjamin was quite a boy then, and got little notice. He also knew Thackeray long before he came to fame; and—tell it not in Gath!—it is more than a tradition that Basil Steuart assisted the poet Campbell with the selection of his *Specimens of the British Poets* (1819). A most interesting bit of work fell to his share also in the arrangement of Lord Byron's library at Newstead, which occupied him for a fortnight. While engaged in this duty his lordship came in and had a long chat with him every day. This must have had weight with the young bookseller, as in the latter days at Larark no one might run Byron down in his presence. He was present in Murray's drawing-room at an important meeting between Scott and Byron. He received *Blackwood's Magazine* from headquarters all his life, as one of the 'original contributors.' Basil Steuart seems to have preserved the letters from his father

and his soldier brothers, addressed first to the care of Blackwood in Edinburgh, then to Murray's in London, and later, when he began business, to Steuart & Panton, 139 Cheapside. The family do not seem to have kept his own letters. When he found a young family dying around him in London he retired to Clydeside, full of recollections, which have passed with him. Letters from Gifford and other notabilities were destroyed before he left London.

The father of Basil Steuart, and of a notable family of soldiers, was Robert Steuart, laird of one hundred acres at Brownlee, on Clydeside, besides a moorland shooting called Middlehope. The laird was a famous shot, and on the moors always had a pinch of snuff between his fingers. When the birds rose he took snuff, first with one nostril then the other. By that time the birds were well out. Then right and left, and certain death to two. The Napoleonic wars bore heavily on these Clydesdale lairds, and many went down under the increased burden of taxation. Those who survived had to work like galley-slaves at their acres. Four sons of Robert Steuart went forth to fight their country's battles. One named William was killed at the age of eighteen under Wellington in Spain. Robert Steuart rose to be captain, and commanded the Grenadiers at Waterloo. It is a copy of the letter he sent six weeks after the battle to his father, which was again sent on to his brother Basil, care of Mr Murray, Albemarle Street, London, which is here printed. It is a soldier's letter all through: Robert Southey or Dr Fitchett would have made the narrative more picturesque. The Duke of Wellington, on being applied to by Sir Walter Scott for facts about Waterloo, recommended him 'to leave the battle of Waterloo as it is.' This is exactly what Robert Steuart has done. He gives his own simple, unadorned narrative without one word of rhetoric, just the part he played and no more. And yet what a world of meaning lies behind his simple sentences, that 'near the left-centre, where the greatest carnage took place, stood the 73rd, and was nearly annihilated. Of five hundred fine fellows that remained after the battle of the preceding day only sixty-nine remained.' Steuart commanded the Grenadiers all the day; and when Colonel Harris was wounded in the heat of the action, the command of the regiment devolved on him. Robert Steuart, who played such a heroic part, seems to have been neglected after Waterloo. Previously he had seen much service in Germany under General Bülow, and was in several engagements.

Afterwards he was on service in Ceylon. The reason of the neglect after Waterloo seems to have arisen from the fact that some despatches were lost in a wreck. Before they were made good an officer who had played a less heroic part at Waterloo was in command, and it was nearly ten years afterwards, when the affair became known at headquarters, that he had his captaincy. It must have been the subject of a question in Parliament, for Joseph Hume said this was some piece of Tory jobbery. But a Minister rose and related the matter as it occurred. Advancement was then slow without friends at court or money in the purse.

'CAMP BEFORE PARIS, *July 5th, 1815.*

'MY DEAR FATHER,—I would have written immediately after the battle of Waterloo to assure you of escape on those days which saw laid low in death such numbers of my companions-in-arms; but, owing to the very hurried manner in which we afterwards followed the French towards Paris, I had it not in my power. I therefore embrace this as the first opportunity I have had of writing you now.

'It was on the 15th June that the regiment left the village of Champs notre Dame, came and joined the division at Soignies. The French having crossed the frontier on this day, we marched early next morning to meet them. After a long march we came up with them at Quatre Bras. Part of our corps (the Prince of Orange's) were up and engaged with them a little before us. The Prussians were engaged at the same time a little to our left. After hard fighting to nearly eleven o'clock we succeeded in driving them from the field of battle. Both sides suffered a very considerable loss. Unfortunately none of our cavalry were able to come up in time excepting two Belgian regiments. The cavalry and part of Lord Hill's regiment arrived during the night. Next morning we expected a renewal of the action; both armies lay in view of each other all the morning until after midday. The light troops continued firing at each other all the morning, and the main body of the army had just been put in motion for making an attack when word arrived that the Prussians had been defeated, in consequence of which they were obliged to retire. A retrograde movement thus became necessary on our part to keep up the communication with them. After retiring until sunset, we arrived on the plains of Waterloo, where we took up a position. The enemy followed us closely on the retreat with their cavalry and light troops, but without doing us much harm. We had a tremendous thunderstorm in the afternoon; the rain fell in torrents, which it continued to do during the night, with intervals, rendering our situation very uncomfortable, as it was impossible to lie down without being buried in mud. The rain began to subside about daylight, and towards . . . we had a beautiful morning. Ranged along some opposite heights, the French army was discovered in great force (Bonaparte having collected all his force during the night excepting one division

left to observe the Prussians). The videttes of both were advanced on the intervening plains to within pistol-shot of each other. Thus on the morning of the memorable 18th of June lay in full view of one another the rival armies of France and Britain.

'Alas! how many of either were [never] destined to see another rising sun! The battle began about ten by the enemy making an attack upon our position, and lasted until six o'clock doubtful. Although pressed by dreadful odds, our troops continued steadfastly to maintain their ground until the . . . was in front by the discharge of three hundred pieces of cannon. The slaughter on both sides was very great. About the above-mentioned hour the enemy, having heard of the advance of part of the Prussian army to our assistance, made a tremendous attack upon our left centre, which appeared to be the most assailable point of our position, throwing forward immense columns of horse and foot intermingled with one another. At one time it appeared as if all were lost. All the guns and part of the troops were ordered to retire but those that remained to defend this point (with orders to stand to the last man). After having stood the shock of these bodies of horse and foot, which were at least five to one, of their opponents for two hours, they succeeded at length in repulsing them. Lord Wellington—who was ever in the hottest of the action—observing that the enemy retired from their attack with a considerable degree of confusion, ordered those that were retiring to return again, and the whole line to advance to the charge. The enemy were instantly routed in every direction, and fled in a complete mass of confusion, abandoning on the field of battle nearly two hundred of their guns. The Prussians arrived just in time to render the victory most complete. Already had there commenced a hot fire on the right of the enemy before the last and furious attack was repulsed. Near the left centre, where the greatest carnage took place, stood the 73rd, and was nearly annihilated. Of five hundred fine fellows that remained after the battle of the preceding day, only sixty-nine remained.

'I commanded the Grenadiers all the day, and when Colonel Harris was wounded in the heat of the action the command of the regiment devolved on me.

'When out in the front skirmishing with the camps in the morning I received a very slight hurt in the arm; but I have not returned myself wounded.'

The following is a letter from Mr A. Steuart, Brownlee, Lanark, enclosing a copy of the above, to Mr Basil Stenart, 'at Mr Murray's, bookseller, Albemarle Street, London:'

'27th August 1815.

'DEAR BROTHER,—The above is the principal part of a letter we have just received from Robert, in case you have heard nothing of him, I take the earliest opportunity of sending you. After the above he describes the march to Paris. The

weather being very bad, he caught a cold in his throat, which gathered and broke twice; but he was recovered and quite well again. He lost a horse in the retreat of the 17th.

To his brother Basil, Captain Steuart also wrote a letter from Bois-de-Boulogne on 14th August, describing the battle of Waterloo, and couched in much the same terms.

A NEW GUIDE-BOOK FROM AN OLD LIBRARY.



WE were rummaging the other day in an old library full of ancient books and musty pamphlets, and came across an old guide-book. Its nearest neighbour was an old Latin copy of Calvin's *Institutes*; above it were some fierce

Jacobite pamphlets; around were certain ponderous old Bibles, a copy in black-letter of Laud's famous Prayer-Book of 1637, numerous controversial works of politics and theology, and many other volumes of like sobriety and seriousness. Amid so reverend a company our book preserved a grave front. To the eye, as it wandered along the shelves, it bore the appearance, like so many of its fellows, of a theological treatise. Externally, indeed, it out-Calvined Calvin in strict respectability, for there was in this particular Calvin a somewhat rakish air: one of his covers was half torn away; he had lost a corner; he was dusty and dog-eared; and as I drew him forth with his neighbour he almost fell to pieces in my hand and raised a subtle flavour of mustiness in the mouth which it took long to dissipate. He was perhaps three hundred years old, and bore his name quite plainly on the faded leather of his back. His neighbour, in a sober coat of brown paper, did not proclaim himself so clearly; his title was hidden, and though a friendly hand had inscribed something upon him, there was nothing to excite the faintest suspicion that he was of a different character and complexion from the rest of the company which crowded the shelves. Like the excellent old lady who, on receipt of a letter, turns it over and over in her hand, and spends no little time in making a variety of conjectures as to the personality of her correspondent before breaking the seal, we lingered before turning back the cover, and indulged in a similar futile exercise of imagination: What was within that cover? We rather inclined to an expectation that this sober, grave, staid, apparently venerable worthy would have something to say about election or predestination, or would perhaps vindicate Presbytery against Episcopacy, or stoutly champion the divine right of kings to govern wrong, or, at least, echo some of the watchwords or battle-cries of his day. We found nothing so warlike or so ancient; on turning the cover we found the title-page to bear the following legend: *A Description of the Scenery of Dunkeld and Blair*. London. 1823.

By what powers of insinuation this callow youth had come into so august a company of elders, had jostled Calvin, had looked down upon Laud, had shouldered out at least a dozen pamphleteers, we dare not speculate. We have seen adversity making

strange bedfellows in Holywell Street; but, if it is allowed to compare small things with great, we should as soon have expected to find a 'yellow-back' in the Bodleian or a book of quackery on the shelves of the Royal College of Physicians as this frivolous intruder in so ancient and honourable a prescence.

The modern guide-book is of a severely practical character. Its whole and sole object is to give information, which it compresses into as small and neat a compass as is compatible with clearness. We read it as we run. We arrive at a certain point of our tour; we turn up our carefully indexed book at the proper place. We find out what there is to be seen or what is worth seeing; the distances are all carefully recorded, the hotels at which we are to stay plainly noted; there may be a few obvious historical observations, an occasional quotation more or less apt from a local poet, a brief notice of some local celebrity, but they do not trouble us much. What we look for is information, and the shorter and pithier it is the better we are pleased. Modern guide-books do not indulge in fine language; they never attack any one; they never sneer; they never flatter; we should feel that we were being unfairly treated if we were forced to read there what we can always read elsewhere. We are on our travels; we want to see as much as we can and as expeditiously as possible; we are at peace, and we wish to be in sympathy with our environment as long as we can. But our friend of 1823, dragged forth from this respectable hiding-place, has quite a different method. He begins at the beginning; his introduction is overpowering in its wealth of language and its choice of elegant epithets, and is written very much in the style of those decorous ceremonial addresses to the 'gentle' or 'candid' reader with which a former generation used to launch its literary ventures upon the world. He proceeds as he has begun. His business is to describe the surroundings of Dunkeld and Blair for the benefit and guidance of the traveller. He does it with a will. Vivacity dances through his pages; he sparkles with wit; he scintillates with smartness; he has a pretty turn for sarcasm, tempered, it is only fair to say, by good nature and a rush of good spirits; and his admiration, not without a tinge of awe, for the reigning Duke—John, fifth Duke of Atholl (1778–1846)—breaks out sometimes into language which we should in this age account superfluous, but which was by the men of that age considered the due and proper tribute to a great nobleman.

Here are a few examples of his style: "That one

nobleman should be the possessor of two seats which, united, no proprietor in Britain can rival, and with which, even separately, few indeed can enter into competition, might excite envy were it possible that such a feeling could enter the mind of any one to whom the liberality of the noble owner is known. To the public at large they are free without restraint or limitation; while it is one of his chief enjoyments that he can thus diffuse among multitudes a pleasure probably as great as that which their beauties excite in himself. The friend and stranger alike are received at a house ever open and ever full, and at a table where the warm welcome of ancient Highland hospitality is united to all the munificence and minute attentions of refinement.'

He describes the famous view from the Bridge of Dunkeld thus: 'The picture is as perfect as could be desired. The Cathedral is here displayed in a very picturesque and favourable point of view, foreshortened and relieved by the dark-green of the trees around it, and taking off the attention from that part of the town immediately under the eye, which is rather too conspicuously displayed. The grounds of Dunkeld park rise behind, overtopped by Craig-y-Barns, in a manner the most vivid and rich that can be imagined; while the extreme distance is constituted by the long woody ridge of Craig Vincan. Perhaps, however, the chief beauty of the scene consists in the river, which, grand and highly ornamented as it everywhere is, scarcely offers any point of view superior, if equal, to this. As it retires from the eye in a prolonged and varied perspective, silent, smooth, dark, its source seems lost in the deep woods and rocky recesses of the lofty hills by which it is overshadowed, while on each hand trees of endless variety in colour, shape, and disposition skirt its margin, often feathering down into its dark water and blending with their own reflections, so as to conceal its boundaries.'

'Capability' Brown undergoes trenchant criticism: 'If we had not known that this reformer of nature had been a planter of cabbages and flower-borders, we should have concluded that he was a cook or a confectioner. It is difficult to comprehend how any imagination could have flattered itself that it was rivalling or imitating nature in this most wretched and meagre system, destitute of all variety and resource, by which all grounds at one period were made by a receipt as uniform as if the patterns had all been sent out from a tailor's shop.'

These extracts may serve to illustrate the three separate and distinct styles found in the book: the adulatory, the descriptive, the sarcastic. The author is perhaps a little too fond of the first and last of these; but he nevertheless gives us some interesting and useful descriptive information, though the monotonous repetition of a string of facts is plainly not much to his taste, which inclines rather to the picturesque than to the practical, and is always remarkable for an acute artistic and poetic sense. The love for and appreciation of the natural beauties

of the country were just beginning to find expression and to resume the place they once held in the minds of both Englishmen and Scotsmen. We had at our doors, both in England and Scotland, some of the most beautiful country in the world, practically neglected or unknown. The Lakes of Cumberland and Westmorland were scarcely suspected as being objects of attraction when Gray wrote his letters; and it was not until the rise of the Lake School of poets that they began to receive any very general measure of notice or appreciation. Their existence outside their own district was scarcely known. Guthrie, the author of a well-known grammar at the end of the eighteenth century, mentions Whittlesea Mere as the only English lake of note, adding as an afterthought that there were some in Cumberland, named 'Derwent Waters.' Wyndham did for Wales what Gray effected for Cumberland, and we suspect that this book and possibly others like it were instrumental in transforming the partial and imperfect knowledge of the Highlands of Scotland into a fuller and deeper familiarity with their unique loveliness. In 1798, in a map of Scotland published in Edinburgh, Loch Katrine was not even mentioned, and doubtless similar ignorance prevailed with regard to other parts of the country. Twenty-five years later, when this book was written, the Highlands were becoming fashionable; people began to make annual tours to the neighbourhood of Dunkeld and Blair, and the want of a guide-book began to be felt. Dunkeld and its immediate neighbourhood were beautiful then amid the surrounding hills, with the noblest of rivers winding its way between; but the natural beauty of both has been much increased by the extensive planting operations undertaken during the last eighty years. The traveller of 1823 arriving from Perth and entering the pass of Birnam must have been tempted to repeat Mr Pennant's witticism that Birnam Wood had never recovered the march which its ancestors made to Dunsinane. It was a wild and bare spot, the hills on either side displaying barren and broken faces of gray rock. Birnam Hill, which is now covered with most luxuriant vegetation, was then a desolate height, and was planted by a former baronet of Murthly within comparatively recent times. The present picturesque village of Birnam, nestling under its shadow, was not in existence. Dunkeld itself was buried among the dark shade of luxuriant trees; but the hills to the north and east and west were but scantily covered. The whole appearance of the district has been entirely changed by tree-planting on a gigantic scale, extending from Dunkeld to Blair, a distance of twenty miles. It is calculated that in a few years thirty million trees were planted, those of Dunkeld alone covering eleven thousand acres. Scotch fir was at first largely employed in these operations; but the discovery of the superior advantages of the larch opened up a new era for planters, proprietors, and rural economists. The first specimens of this tree were introduced by

Mr. Menzies of Culdares in 1738, and were at first treated as hothouse plants. Later their hardiness and capacity of rapid growth in the soil of the district were discovered, and this led to their widespread use. The tree is at once ornamental and useful; it is a graceful object at all times, more especially in the early spring, when it rivals the birch in the gracefulness of its outline and the tender green of its young leaves. It is capable of growing at elevations approaching a thousand feet, and amid rocks covered by a scanty soil, and far exceeds in the value of its produce the wood of the Scotch fir. Where planted in the roughest ground, previously covered with useless plants and heath, it excludes them and destroys them all in a few years, inducing a green covering of herbage, applicable to the pasturing of cattle, and not less than twenty times the value of the original surface.

These plantations have not only substituted beauty for deformity, but have raised the value of barren territory in a degree which is nearly incalculable. To-day when the visitor walks northwards to Loch Ordie and Dowally and St Colme's farm, eastward to the Hattons and the Glack Mill, he is moving amidst the matured specimens of those infant and flourishing plantations which the author of this book saw as he visited these places more than eighty years ago.

It has already been pointed out that the larch grows at an elevation of one thousand feet, and many have been puzzled to know how trees which we see growing to-day in inaccessible niches of the rocks came to be there. The story goes that one day a distinguished artillery officer who was being entertained at Dunkeld House was asked his opinion as to the best means of planting the higher and less accessible parts of the hills. The gallant officer conceived a brilliant idea. He advised that a number of field-guns should be stationed at various convenient points under the hills, and charged in the ordinary way, with the addition of a quantity of the seed required to be sown. The guns were then to be discharged, scattering the seed far and wide and high up to places where no human being could for an instant maintain a foothold. It is further related that the ingenuity of this gentleman in due time bore fruit, and resulted in the covering of these inaccessible places with a flourishing growth of young plants. We give the story for what it is worth. We ourselves are of opinion that it is an ingenious attempt to explain a puzzle, and are credibly informed that a far more prosaic and practical method of planting such places was employed. Large sacks full of earth mingled with seed were let down from the hill-tops into the required places, and their contents emptied by an ingenious arrangement of ropes. Our informant was a serious man, and his eye displayed an unmistakable twinkle when the exploit of the gallant gunner was related to him. The latter was evidently a convenient *deus ex machina*, invented to rescue the local gossip from a confession of igno-

rance, to which wholesome liberation of soul no self-respecting Highlander has ever been known, willingly, to submit.

We leave the book with much regret. There is so much in it that is altogether admirable that we can afford to laugh good-naturedly at the author's foibles. We find so genuine a love of nature, so high a sense of the beautiful and artistic, so wholesome an indignation at all that was false and debased in the taste of the day, so keen a sense of the humorous and the ludicrous, that we lay it aside with reluctance. What the author did he did with all his might. He was no mere casual traveller, who takes in at a glance the general aspect of a place and records his impression in a series of hasty notes, and departs, having discovered nothing of that inner loveliness which they only can realise who, like him, investigate the nooks and crannies which abound on all sides, stroll leisurely along the loveliest by-paths in the world, and in climbing the heights almost at each step are rewarded with some new vista or rejoice in some fresh impression of a scene they have viewed before. Each season of the year has its special beauties. There are the incomparable glories of the spring, with its wealth of fresh green clothing the hills; there is the pageant of summer, the marvellous effect of summer sun and shadow; the 'fiery finger' of autumn with a magic touch converting the whole country-side into a glowing mass of golds and browns; the rosy gleam of the snow in winter, as the westerling sun strikes upon the eastern hills—all these fill the year with an endless series of delights.

We replace our friend once more upon his shelf for another long slumber. Who knows? One day, perhaps, we may wake one of his companions for a brief space; but we have firmly resolved and hereby solemnly promise that it shall not be his neighbour.

LIFE THE INTERPRETER.

We look towards the dark, perplexing Past,
And search—with hopeless, unrevealing eyes—
The keyless, enigmatic riddle vast
That, untranslatable, behind us lies.

Mute, by our side Life stands, close-veiled, aloof,
Her silence mocking, as it seems, our doubt
That there is any meaning in the whole,
Or any chart for feet along the route.

Rings in our ears the echo of a song—
A song that mocked the breaking of a heart;
Across the oriel, wayward Past is flung
A mirthless laugh, in which joy held no part—

Nought but despair. When swift she lifts her veil,
And in a moment all is rendered clear,
The Past redeemed, the harshness washed away
Through the enlightening magic of a tear.

Yet once again the shrouding veil is raised,
A gleam of brightness in a weary while,
And all the hopeless, enigmatic Past
Is lightened by the magic of a smile.

AUTHOR OF 'MISS MOLLY.'



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

MY EARLY ADVENTURES IN THE PACIFIC.

By LOUIS BECKE.

CROSSING from Holyhead to Ireland one night, I found, during an hour's talk with the captain of the steamer on the bridge, that we had both sailed in an Australian coasting-steamer more than twenty years before; he as chief officer and I as a passenger; and her shipwreck one Christmas Eve long afterwards, which was attended by an appalling loss of life, led us to talk of 'pig-headed' skippers generally. His experiences were extensive; and some of his stories were terrible, others grotesquely humorous. The memory of that particularly pleasant passage across a sea as smooth as a mill-pond has impelled me to retell some of the incidents I related to him of my own adventures with obstinate, self-willed, or incapable captains.

My first experience was with a gentleman of the 'incapable' variety, and befell me when I was quite a lad. I had taken my passage in a very smart little Sydney (New South Wales) barque bound for Samoa, *via* the Friendly Islands. She was commanded by a Captain Rosser, who had sailed her for nearly twenty years in the South Sea trade, and who was justly regarded as the prince of island skippers.

In those days quite a fleet of vessels were engaged in the South Sea trade, and most of them were owned in and sailed from Sydney; and I could have secured a passage in any one of three other vessels, but preferred the *Rimitara*—so I will call her—merely because the agent had told me that no other passengers were going by her. Captain Rosser frankly told me that he did not like passengers; but when he learned that I had been to sea before, and intended settling in Samoa as a trader, his grim visage relaxed, and he growled something about my finding the accommodation ample enough, as I was to be the only passenger.

The *Rimitara* was lying off Garden Island; and, as she was to sail at eleven in the morning, I went on board with the captain at ten o'clock.

Just ahead of the barque was a very handsome brigantine, also bound for the Friendly Islands. She had been launched only a few weeks before, and had been built for His Majesty King George of Tonga at a cost of four thousand pounds, as a combined cargo and despatch vessel. As Rosser and I stepped on the barque's poop, the captain of the brigantine—whose decks were crowded with visitors—hailed the former and challenged him to a race.

'Oh, race with yourself, sir,' was Rosser's abrupt reply, as he bade his chief mate heave-up; and then, seeing that a number of ladies were standing beside the captain of the brigantine, he raised his hat, and added more good-humouredly that although the *Rimitara* was not a yacht like the *Tuitoga*, he would bet her captain ten pounds that the barque would be at anchor in Nukualofa Harbour forty-eight hours before him.

'Make it fifty,' cried the master of the new ship, amid the cheers of his guests.

Rosser shook his head, and replied with apparent unconcern, though he was really angry, that ten pounds was enough for any one to lose. 'But,' he added, 'don't think I'm going to race you. I'm just going to dodder along as usual.' He kept his word most thoroughly.

We got under way first, and were just passing out between Sydney Heads under easy sail when the brigantine overtook us, and passed like a race-horse galloping past a trotting donkey. She presented a beautiful sight as she swept by with yards braced up sharp to a good south-east breeze, and every stitch of her brand-new canvas drawing. One of the officers had the bad manners to take up a coil of small line and make a pretence of heaving it to us for a tow-rope. Rosser looked on with an unmoved face, though our own mate made some strong remarks.

'Guess it's that champagne he's drunk,' was all that Rosser said as he turned away. In an hour the *Tuitoga* was a long way ahead.

Rosser said to us at dinner, 'That brigantine

will come to grief. She's overmasted, and the fellow who has her ought not to be trusted with her. He's going to make a mess of things.' Then, in his slow, drawling manner, he told us that the command of the *Tuitoga* had been given to an ex-lieutenant of the Royal Navy, whose knowledge of sailing-vessels was confined to his youthful experiences on one of the service training-brigs.

By sundown the brigantine was hull down ahead of us, though the barque was a very smart vessel, and we were then making eleven knots. At midnight I heard the mate give orders to take in royals and topgallant sails; and, going on deck, found the wind had almost died away. Rosser was on deck, and told me that we were 'going to get it hot from the north-east before long;' and by four in the morning we were under topsails and lower courses only, the ship flying before a most unpleasant sea. I turned in again, and slept till daylight, when the second mate gave me a call: 'Come on deck and see something pretty.'

The 'something pretty' was the brigantine, which was in sight about a mile away on our lee bow. She was in a terrible mess. Her fore and main royal-masts, topgallant-masts, and jibboom had apparently all carried away together, and she was almost lying on her beam-ends. We ran down to her, and saw that her crew were busy in cutting away the spars and sails alongside. All her boats were gone, and her for'ard deck-house had started and was working to and fro with every sea.

In less than half-an-hour the mate and six hands from the barque were on board, assisting the crew in cutting away the wire rigging and trimming the cargo, the shifting of which had nearly sent her to the bottom. I went with the boat to lend a hand, and the second mate of the brigantine told me that the young captain had refused to listen to the mate's suggestion to shorten sail when the officer told him that the wind would certainly come away suddenly from the north-east. The consequence was that the furious squall took her aback; and had not the jibboom and then the upper spars carried away under the terrific strain, she would have gone to the bottom. The worst part of the business was that two poor seamen had been lost overboard.

After rendering all possible assistance to the brigantine, we left her about midday, and had been lying at anchor for two weeks in Nukualofa Harbour before she put in an appearance outside the reef. A native pilot went out in a canoe; but the captain haughtily declined his services, and would not even let him come on board: he wanted to show people that although he had never seen Nukualofa Harbour before, he could bring his ship in without a pilot. In less than half-an-hour a swirling eddy caught the vessel, and carried her broadside on to the reef, where she would have

been battered to pieces had not our two boats gone to her assistance, and with great difficulty got her off again. Captain Raye several times countermanded orders given by his chief officer—an experienced seaman—and bullied and 'jawed' his crew in the most pompous and irritating manner; then, finally, when we succeeded in getting the vessel off the reef, with the loss of her false keel and rudder, and were towing her into smooth water inside the reef, he came for'ard, and abruptly desired our chief mate to cease towing, as he meant to anchor.

'Anchor, and be hanged to you!' replied our officer, with angry contempt. 'The kind of ship you ought to command is one that is towed by a horse along a path in the old country.'

We cast off and left him to his own conceit and devices. He let go in less than five fathoms, paid out too much cable, and went stern first into a coral patch, where he stuck for a couple of days, much to our delight. Within six months this gentleman succeeded in getting the brigantine ashore on four occasions, and she had to return to Sydney to be repaired at a cost of seventeen hundred pounds.

My next two experiences were with the pig-headed type. I had made an agreement with the master of a Fiji-owned vessel, also a brigantine, to convey myself and my stock of trade-goods from an island in the Tokelau or Union Group (South Pacific) to Yap in the Caroline Islands in the north-west, where I intended starting a trading business. This captain was as good a seaman as ever trod a deck, and had had a very long experience of the island trade; but a mule could not surpass him in obstinacy, as I was soon to learn, to my sorrow.

A week after leaving the Tokelans, we dropped anchor on the ledge of the reef of one of the Gilbert Group to land supplies for a trader living there. The coast was badly exposed to all but an easterly wind, and neither the mate nor myself liked the idea of anchoring at all. The skipper, however, brought his vessel close in to the roaring breakers on the reef, let go his anchor in six fathoms, and then neatly backed astern into blue water sixty fathoms deep. Here we lay apparently safe enough for the time, the wind being easterly and steady. By sunset we had finished landing stores and shipping cargo, and when the captain came off in the last boat we naturally expected him to heave up and get out of such a dangerous place; but, to our surprise, he remarked carelessly that as the men were very tired he would hold on until daylight.

'I wouldn't risk it if I were you,' said the trader, who had come aboard in his own boat to 'square up.' 'You can't depend on this easterly breeze holding all night, and it may come on squally from the west or south-west in a few hours and take you unawares.'

'Bosh!' was the reply. 'Hoist the boats up, Mr Laird, and tell the men to get supper.'

'Very well, sir,' replied the mate, none too cheerfully.

Naturally enough I was anxious. I had on board trade-goods which had cost eleven hundred pounds, and of course had not one penny of insurance on them.

After supper the captain turned in, while the mate and I, both feeling very uneasy, paced the deck till about nine o'clock, at which hour the wind had become perceptibly lighter, and the captain was called. He came on deck, trotted up and down in his pyjamas for a few minutes, sat on the rail like a monkey on a fence, and then asked the mate snappishly what he was 'scared about.'

The mate made no reply; and the captain was just going below again when two fishing-canoes, with four natives in each, came quite near us, both heading for the shore, and the skipper asked me to hail them and see if they had any fish to sell. I did so.

'No,' was the reply; 'we are going back again, because much rain and wind is coming from the westward, and we want to get over the reef before the surf becomes too great.' Then one of them stood up and added, 'Why does not the ship go away quickly? This is a very bad place here when the wind and the sea come from the west. Your ship will be broken to pieces.'

'What do they say?' inquired the little man.

I translated what they had said.

'Bosh! I say again,' was the reply. 'The glass has been as steady as a rock for the past three days.' Then, to my intense anger, he added an insinuation that my fears had led me to deliberately misinterpret what the natives had said. The retort I made was of so practical a nature that the mate had to assist the skipper to his feet.

A quarter of an hour later, as the mate and I still walked the deck discussing the captain's shortcomings, the wind died away suddenly, and then several of our native crew came aft and said that a squall was coming up from the westward. The mate, though neither he nor myself could then see any sign of it, went below and again called the captain. He came on deck, with one hand covering his injured left optic, told me he would settle with me in the morning, and then took a long look astern. There, certain enough, was a long streak of black rising over the horizon. The mate stood by, waiting his orders.

'It's not coming near us,' said the little man more snappishly than ever as he marched up and down the poop.

'I say it is,' said Laird bluntly; 'and I consider this ship will be ashore if we don't slip and tow out a bit before it is too late.'

The mate's manner had some effect on the

obstinate little animal. 'Oh, well, if there's such a lot of old women on board, I'll give in. Call the hands, and we'll heave up.'

'Heave up!' echoed the mate in angry astonishment. 'What's the use of trying to heave up now? That squall will be on us in ten minutes, and if we had an hour to spare it would be none too long. Why, man, it's a dead calm, and the swell will send us into the surf on the reef quick enough without our dragging the ship into it. Reckon the best and only thing we can do is down boats and slip right away. We might get a show then to lay along the reef, and get clear.'

'I'm not going to lose a new cable and anchor to please any one,' was the captain's stupid reply. He could very easily have recovered both anchor and cable with the assistance of the natives on the following day, or indeed months after. Then he sang out to the men to man the windlass.

The hands, realising the danger, turned to with a will; but within five minutes the first breath of the squall caught us and sent us ahead, as was evident by the way the slackened cable came in through the hawse-pipe. We had out fifty-five fathoms of chain, and before twenty-five were in the squall was upon us properly, the brigantine went gracefully ahead, overran her anchor, plunged into the roaring breakers on the reef, and struck bows on. In another moment or two a heavy sea caught her on the starboard quarter, canted her round, and dashed her broadside on to the reef with terrific violence. Then, fortunately for our lives, two or three rollers sent her crashing along till she brought up against some coral boulders whose tops were revealed every now and then by the backwash. In less than twenty minutes she was hopelessly bilged, and her decks swept by every sea.

We carried three boats, and our native sailors showed their pluck and skill by actually getting all three safely into the water, two on the lee side and one on the other. The captain, now conscious of his folly, became very modest, and gave his orders quietly. The crew, however, took no notice of him, and looked to the mate.

When the captain ordered me into the first boat, in which were the ship's papers, charts, chronometer, &c., I refused, and said I preferred getting on shore in my own way. I had seen that two native 'boys,' passengers, had run out on to the bowsprit, and, watching their chance, had dropped over into a curling roller, and were carried safely ashore.

I had with me on board about nine hundred silver Mexican and Chili dollars—some in a cash-box, the rest in a bag. Calling my native servant, Lévi, I asked him if he thought all the boats would get ashore safely. He shook his head, saying that it was doubtful, and that it would be better for me to throw the bag and the cash-box over the lee side, where they were

pretty sure to be recovered in the morning at low-tide. 'All the boats will capsize or get stove in going over the reef, or else will be smashed to bits on the shore,' he added, 'and the natives will steal everything they can lay their hands on, especially if the white men are drowned. So it is better to throw the money overboard.'

I took his advice; and, going on deck, we dropped both box and bag overboard just where Lévi pointed out a big boulder, against which the brigantine was crushing and pounding her quarter.

Again refusing to enter any of the boats, I watched my chance, and ran for'ard, followed by Lévi; and as soon as a big roller came along we dropped, and were carried ashore beautifully. Some hundreds of natives and the white trader were on the lookout, and ran in and caught us before the backwash carried us out again.

The mate's boat had already reached the shore without accident, owing to the splendid manner in which he and his native crew had handled her; but both the captain and second mate came to grief, their boats broaching to and capsizing just as they were within a few fathoms of the shore. However, no lives were lost. Although next morning the brigantine's decks had worked out of her, and came ashore, the hull held together for some weeks, and we saved a lot of stores. I recovered my money two or three days later, though it had been carried more than a hundred yards away from the spot where it had been dropped overboard.

So ended my second experience, and the only satisfactory thing about it to me—after losing goods worth more than a thousand pounds through the captain's obstinacy—was that he managed to lose his right forefinger. This loss he much bewailed, never thinking of the fact that the boatswain had all but lost an eye, and had never even murmured at his hard luck.

My third experience of a 'pig-headed' master-mariner followed very quickly—so quickly that I began to think some evil star attended me.

After living on the island for three months subsequent to the loss of the brigantine, two vessels arrived on the same day—one a schooner belonging to San Francisco, and bound to that port; the other the *George Noble*, a fine, handsome barquentine, bound to Sydney. Now, it would have suited me very well to go to California in the schooner; but, finding that the skipper of the wrecked brigantine had arranged for passages for himself, officers, and crew in her, I decided to go to Sydney in the *George Noble*, purely because the little man with the missing finger had become so objectionable to me—brooding over my losses, and wondering how I could pay my debts—that I felt I could not possibly remain at close quarters with him in a small

schooner without taking a thousand pounds' worth of damage out of him during the voyage. So I bade good-bye to good mate Laird, to the boatswain with the injured eye, and to the native crew who had acted so gallantly; and then, feeling very despondent—for I had but nine hundred Mexican and Chili dollars to meet a debt of eleven hundred pounds, and had out of this to keep myself and my servant Lévi for perhaps six months until I got another start as a trader—I went on board the *George Noble* and bargained with her captain for a passage to Sydney, at which port I knew I could at once get an engagement.

The captain of the *George Noble* was a very decent, good-natured German named Evers. He agreed to take me and my henchman to Sydney for one hundred and twenty-five dollars; I to live aft, the 'boy' to go for'ard with the sailors and lend a hand in working the ship if called upon in an emergency.

I had not been long on board the *George Noble* when I discovered that Evers, who was a fine sailor-man and a good navigator as well, was one of the 'pig-headed' kind. His mate, second mate, and carpenter were Britons, as were nearly all the crew; but they and the skipper could not agree. There was no open rupture; but Evers had the idea that both his officers and men disliked him because he was a 'Dutchman.' Perhaps this was so; but if it was, the officers and men never showed their dislike at being commanded by a foreigner; they knew he was a good seaman, and gave him unvarying respect and obedience.

On our way to Sydney we called at various islands of the Gilbert Group, and finally went into Apaian Lagoon, where the barquentine had to load a hundred tons of copra (dried coco-nut). During the time I had been on board Evers had become very intimate with me; and I am glad to say that through me he and his officers became quite friendly, and we all spent many happy evenings together. But I could see that Evers was extremely jealous of his second mate's reputation as a South Sea pilot, and he would very often purposely question him as to the entrance of such-and-such a passage to such-and-such an island, and then deliberately contradict the mate's plain and truthful statements, and tell him he was wrong. Foster, a good-humoured old fellow, would merely laugh and change the subject, though he well knew that Captain Evers had had very little experience of the navigation of the South Seas, and relied upon his charts more than upon his local knowledge.

We loaded the hundred tons of copra, and were ready for sea by nine o'clock one morning, when a number of large sailing-canoes came off, crowded with natives from a distant part of the island, all anxious to buy firearms and ammunition in view of a great expedition against the

adjacent island of Tarawa. They all possessed either plenty of money or copra, and Evers did a remarkably good though illegal business, selling them over a hundred rifles. However, by the time they had finished it was past one o'clock, and I concluded that we could not leave the lagoon till the following morning. To my great surprise and the second mate's open-mouthed astonishment, the skipper, who was highly elated with his morning's trading, told the mate to clear the decks immediately and get ready to heave up.

'Why, he's mad,' said the second officer to me.

Now I must explain. Apaian Lagoon is a vast atoll completely enclosed on the eastern and southern sides by a low, narrow strip of land, densely covered with coco-palms, and on the northern and western by a continuous chain of tiny islets connected by the reef. On the western side there are two narrow ship-passages, both exceedingly dangerous on account of their being studded with numerous coral 'mushrooms'—that is, enormous boulders of coral rock which, resembling a mushroom in shape, come to within a few feet of the surface. Through these passages the tide, especially the ebb, rushes with great velocity—six or seven knots at least; and vessels when leaving the lagoon generally wait till slack-water or the first of the flood, when with the usual strong south-east trade-winds they could stem the current and avoid the dangerous 'mushrooms.' But no shipmaster would ever attempt either of these passages except in the morning, when the sun was astern and he could, from aloft, con the ship. After two or three o'clock the sun would be directly in his face, and render it almost impossible for him to get through without striking.

Here, then, was the position when Evers, cheerfully smoking a cigar and smiling all over his handsome face, gave the order to heave up. It was blowing very strongly, the tide was on the ebb, the sun was directly in our faces, and we were to tear through a narrow passage at race-horse speed without being able to look out for any obstruction.

I ventured to suggest to him that it was a bit late for us to get under way.

'Not a bit of it. Come along with me up on the fore-yard, and you'll see how the *George Noble* will skip through.'

We certainly did skip, for before the anchor was secured we were dashing westwards for the passage at eight or nine knots, and Evers kept calling out to the mate to make more sail. By

the time we were abreast of the passage the *George Noble* had every stitch of her canvas on her, and was fairly 'humming' along at nearly thirteen knots over the smooth water; and when she spun into the narrow passage through which a seven-knot current was tearing her speed became terrific, and I held my breath. The second mate and boatswain were at the wheel, and the crew were standing by the braces. The silence on board was almost painful, for the terrible roar of the current as it tore along the coral walls of the passage deadened every sound.

'Starboard a little!' shouted Evers to a sailor stationed in the fore-rigging below us, who repeated the order to a man on the rail, who in turn passed the word aft. 'Steady, there! steady!'

I tried in vain to discern anything ahead of us; but the blinding, blazing sun prevented my seeing aught but a mad, seething swirl of water just beneath our bows and on each side of us. Evers, however, seemed very confident.

'We'll be through in another two minutes'—he began, and then came a terrific shock, and both he and I were jerked off the foot-rope, and toppled over the yard on to the bellying foresail! We both rolled down on top of the windlass, and landed almost in each other's arms half-dazed. I sat down on deck to consider who I was and what was the matter, and Evers made a wobbly run aft, the ship still ripping along, for we had been cheeked in our mad career for only a second or two. In two or three minutes we were outside and clear of danger; and Evers, now much subdued, brought to under the lee of the reef and anchored. Then we lowered a boat, and made an examination of the ship forward. Nothing was wrong with her above her water-line; but three feet farther down her stem was smashed into a pulp, and bits of timber kept coming to the surface every now and then. An hour later we had nine inches of water in the hold; and the consequence of Evers's pig-headedness was that we had to keep the pumps working day and night every two hours. Later we rigged a windmill, which was kept going till we reached Sydney.

Six months afterwards the local trader at Apaian wrote to me that Evers 'has improved the passage into the lagoon very much. You ran smack into a big mushroom standing up right in the middle, and broke it off short about fifteen feet below the surface. Hope the *George Noble* will do the same thing next time.'



THE PEARL NECKLACE.

CHAPTER XII.—COLONEL MONTAGUE.



WAS so astounded at Montague's sudden appearance that for a moment or two I stood dumb and motionless. Then I laid my hand on the hilt of my sword and took a step forward.

'Good!' said he. 'I see you are not without some sparks of spirit, Master Whey-face. By my faith! you improve upon acquaintance. Your love-making, now—Heaven preserve us! I should as soon have thought of a tombstone making love—your love-making, I say, is somewhat crude, a little wanting in polish, you understand, somewhat ponderous and elephantine, but nevertheless fairly creditable in so sanctimonious and thin-blooded a person as yourself.'

I felt my face flush crimson with rage and shame.

'You spy,' said I; 'you prying, sneaking eaves-dropper, are you without a sense of honour as well as a heart and a conscience, that you so glibly publish your own shame?'

He laughed sneeringly.

'Ha! ha!' cried he. 'I touch you there, my saintly friend, do I? You did not suppose that you had a witness to your clumsy gallantry, did you?'

'Come,' said I through my clenched teeth, 'we waste time. Let us go where the presence of a lady will not prevent me from giving you the only reply with which I shall deign to answer you.'

He took off his hat with a mocking bow to Dorothy, and half-turned to go. I was about to follow him when I felt—ah, what a thrill of pleasure it gave me even at that moment!—her hand upon my arm. Moreover, I read in the eyes lifted pleadingly to mine that which seemed well-nigh incredible to me, and filled me with infinite joy.

'Do not go,' she faltered; 'I beseech you do not go. A gentleman may well refuse to cross swords with such a man as this.'

He bowed again, and there was a gleam of malice in his black eyes.

'I have the honour to remember a time, Mistress Dorothy,' said he, 'when such a man as this stood higher in your good graces than the new-found friend to whom you cling so lovingly.'

She swung round and faced him.

'And do you remind me of it?' she exclaimed—'you of all men? Why did you win my liking and esteem? Because I thought you a loyal and honourable gentleman, risking fortune, liberty, and life to aid the cause of your king. And now in very truth I regard you with contempt and loathing and shame, to think that I should ever have exchanged so much as a word with you. And why? Because I know you to be—and you, I see, cannot deny it—no better than a hired assassin.'

In spite of his callous nature, his cunning, and audacity, her words not only stung him to the

quick, but he could not conceal his chagrin. Yet in another moment he had recovered his self-control, and was again regarding us with a sneering smile.

'Well, well,' said he, 'my tongue is no match for a woman's, and I will not venture to dispute any further with you, Mistress Dorothy. On the contrary, I will leave you to make your adieux in peace. You may bid him a long and loving farewell, for, believe me, 'tis the last time you will ever meet with him on this side of the grave.'

As he finished speaking he turned and strode briskly away. Again Dorothy held me back as, boiling with anger, I followed him.

'Oh, stay!' she pleaded. 'Stay, I beseech you! He is one of the most famous swordsmen in Europe. You will but be throwing away your life.'

Her pity and tenderness so moved me that I think there was naught in the world that I would have refused her but the one thing she asked.

'Nay, Mistress Dorothy,' said I, 'go I must. Honour and duty call me, and lifelong shame would be mine if I refused. But fear nothing. Your kindness hath inspired me with such courage that I have no fear of the issue. Farewell! And if aught should indeed befall me, I pray you to think of me as a friend who strove—not well or wisely, it may be, but with a good heart—to serve you.'

'Oh, yes, yes,' she faltered, 'I—I see it now. I have most cruelly misjudged you, treated you most unkindly. Frank hath told me that he forced the quarrel upon you, and— Oh, must you indeed go?'

'Indeed I must, and that instantly. Farewell, and God be with you!'

And so I tore myself away, turning my head aside that I might not see her pitiful, beseeching eyes, and so be unmannered for the work that lay before me. Montague was waiting impatiently some little distance away. He immediately proceeded to an open space in the midst of the shrubbery, and, taking off his doublet, drew his sword. I followed his example, and placed myself on guard. Instantly he came at me, and—I may at once confess it—our blades had scarce crossed when I perceived that he had made no vain boast of his swordsmanship. Indeed, it seemed to me that I had at last met my master, and that it would be little short of a miracle if I escaped with my life. Almost at the first pass he had well-nigh slain me; and I felt, I think for the first time in battle, as though struggling helplessly against overwhelming odds. I am now disposed to believe that the scenes through which I had passed, the finding of the papers, the finding of the dead body of Jacob, the strange outcome of my interview with Dorothy, had unnerved or unstrung me. To meet a sword-

man of such skill and resource my head should have been cool, my hand steady, my mind free from all distractions. Still, I made shift to defend myself while he attacked me with a tigerish ferocity. Again and again I was within an inch of death, expecting every moment to feel the cold steel between my ribs. Then presently, finding myself still unscathed, I grew cooler and more confident, the more so as I found that he began to rage at being held at bay, when, no doubt fearing interruption, he had exerted all his energies to bring the combat to a speedy close. I began to hold my own, to press him in my turn, to strike and thrust as vigorously as he. I shall never forget his expression of fury and amazement when he found himself foiled again and again by an enemy he had despised, and compelled to exert all his skill and energy to parry the thrusts that more than once had all but gone home. And in proportion as his temper got the better of him and he fought more wildly, my spirits rose, and I felt myself well-high, if not altogether, his match.

But that question was to be left still undecided. So fiercely were we engaged that we had not heard the approach of rapid footsteps, and were only made aware that we were not alone when our swords were beaten up, and Frank and several young Royalist gentlemen of the neighbourhood interposed between us. Montague cast a most venomous glance at Frank, and stamped his foot with rage.

'Why, what means this, Frank?' asked he. 'What is this canting rebel to you that you should prevent me from ridding the earth of him?'

'Colonel Montague,' said Frank very quietly and coldly, 'I have hitherto lived on terms of familiarity with you on the assumption that you were a gentleman and a man of honour. I find that I was mistaken, and I beg to inform you that from this moment our acquaintance is at an end.'

'What in the fiend's name do you mean?' asked Montague furiously.

'I think my meaning is already sufficiently clear,' rejoined Frank; 'but if not, I will make it still clearer. I have just now received a letter from my father, bidding me cease all acquaintance with you, and informing me that the plot into which you have drawn us is for no other purpose than to assassinate Cromwell. Moreover, my sister tells me that Captain Hawthorne has supplied her with further details of the vile scheme in which you are engaged.'

'Take care, take care!' exclaimed Montague. 'Have you read the king's proclamation with regard to such plots to put an end to the blood-stained usurper?'

'Nay,' answered Frank hotly, 'nor do I desire to read it; for let me tell you, sir, that though I am ready to shed my blood in the king's cause, I would not sacrifice my private honour for all the kings in Christendom.'

'Nor I!' 'Nor I!' exclaimed the gentlemen who were with him.

'You may go,' continued Frank, 'and let me say that you will do well to go quickly. Next time you seek to concoct such a plot as this, seek for your associates among braves and tavern-bullies, and not among English gentlemen. Nay, sir, you need never frown at me. I will not do you the honour of crossing swords with you; but if you advance another step I shall see whether a pistol-bullet will not put an end to your infamous career. Go, I say. You have been my father's guest, and I would not have any harm befall you without due warning, even by the sword of this gentleman; but if you are indeed responsible for the murder of Jacob Watkins, doubt not that the avengers of blood will soon be upon your track.'

For a moment Montague hesitated, and then slowly returned his sword to its sheath, and drew on his doublet.

'You think the game is at an end, Master Frank Woodville,' said he as he turned to go; 'but let me tell you it is only beginning. Do you think that with such an enterprise in hand I would place my trust in such milksops as you? I have others at my command who will be troubled with no such womanish scruples. You shall hear of me soon—ay, and the whole world too—and in a manner you little expect. Then will come the day of reckoning, and doubt not that I shall pay to the uttermost farthing the debt I owe you.' So saying, he turned on his heel and hurried away.

Frank spoke for a few minutes apart with his friends, and then approached me.

'Captain Hawthorne,' said he, 'I and my friends wish to assure you that, in spite of any apparent proof to the contrary, we have had no hand or part in this vile plot. Colonel Montague, as he stated but now, hath other associates who have recently joined him, no doubt as desperate and unscrupulous as himself, and we know not what may have been their intentions in the past, or what they may attempt to do in the future. But as for ourselves, we can solemnly affirm that though we were prepared to draw the sword in open warfare to restore the king to his throne, and though we make no false professions of loyalty to the usurper, we are innocent in word, thought, and deed of this design to assassinate him. As to the murder of Jacob Watkins, we are ready to submit to the closest investigation in order to prove that we are wholly guiltless of it.'

'I need no further proof than your bare word to convince me of that, gentlemen,' said I. 'Indeed, it seemed incredible to me that you could be acquainted with the character of this man Montague, or with the real object of the conspiracy in which he is engaged; and nothing would induce me to believe that any here present had aught to do with the death of Jacob Watkins. And now, gentlemen, I must take my leave of you. Farewell! I trust we may meet again under happier circumstances.'

I was moving away when Frank, after a word

with his companions, stepped forward and laid his hand on my arm.

'Nay, John,' said he kindly, 'indeed you go not thus. You must come into the house and drink a cup of wine with us. Who knows when we shall meet again?'

I cannot express in words the joy it gave me to feel Frank's hand upon my arm, to see once more a friendly smile on his brave, kindly young face. I was loath to refuse him anything; but I had no choice but to ask him to excuse me. Thereupon he waved his hand to his friends, who returned to the house, while he still remained with me, inquiring after the health of my mother and Patience, and talking merrily of the happy days we had spent together in the past. Again I bade him farewell, but he would not let me go.

'Nay, nay,' said he, 'Dorothy would never forgive me if I let you depart without giving her an opportunity of thanking you for all you have done for us. It was she who beseeched me to put a stop to your encounter with Montague, and she hath told me something of the obligations under which we lie to you. Come, and let her thank you in person. Come, come, I will take no refusal.'

I knew well that I should not have allowed him to persuade me. The sun had already gone down, and it was my duty to return instantly to the Hall, to take whatever steps might be necessary to defeat the plans of Colonel Montague and his accomplices, and to warn the Protector of the imminent peril in which he was placed. But truly the flesh is weak. I could not resist the temptation of seeing Dorothy once more, of listening again to the voice that was ever like music in my ears. I looked at the darkening sky and the shadows gathering among the trees, and, shaking my head, mumbled I scarce knew what. Whereupon Frank laughed, and, clapping me merrily on the shoulder, hurried away. Presently he returned, and though I still tried feebly to expostulate, he drew me along a path until we came to a little square plot of ground, shrouded by red and white rose-bushes, with a fountain babbling musically in the centre. Then he slipped his hand from my arm, and was gone ere I could utter a word. My heart gave a great leap, and I was filled with a strange mingling of joy and fear, for there before me in the twilight, with pale, sweet face and shy, kind eyes, stood Mistress Dorothy.

L A T I N - A M E R I C A N T R A D E .

PART II.

THE action of the United States with regard to the Philippines has created deep distrust, which will greatly harm American trade interests in all Latin-America. It has made it well-nigh impossible to convince any Spanish-American that there could be any honesty in the declarations of the eminent American statesmen who told us they and many of their fellow-senators would oppose the admission of any other colony or republic in the Western World to the Union, if such admission should be asked. Yet I think it is true that many American statesmen feel that the States cover so many diverse and naturally antagonistic interests that any addition might endanger the whole.

In republics of the South which have no infant industries to foster, import duties are as high as the most ardent protectionists in other lands would ask. Some of these countries having a young industry to protect 'go the whole hog,' as Yankee slang would express it. When Crespo was President of Venezuela, envelopes were made by a concern in that unhappy land, and an import duty of twenty-five bolivars, or about twenty shillings per pound, was levied on imported envelopes. One ignorant of the ways of that administration might have imagined that such a tariff would have been protection enough; but that duty was collected not only on the envelopes themselves, but on the strawboard boxes in which they were packed, as well as on the

wooden cases in which all were carried. In one instance a youth ordered from the States five hundred envelopes, baseball bats and masks, and other goods. They were put in one case; and the duty charged on all was at the rate of twenty bolivars per pound. Assuming that the wooden bats, wire masks, and pasteboard boxes weighed two hundred pounds, the case fifty pounds, and the envelopes five pounds, the duties would have amounted to about the sum of two hundred and fifty-three pounds.

The vagaries of those who try to regulate the customs of these countries are a delight to those who like to laugh at the whims of humanity. For example, two years ago Nicaragua demanded a special duty of ten centavos on each piece, big or little, landed at her ports. Every bit of timber, each piece of moulding or a lath, might have been required to pay that tax. But we had a suggestion from a friendly official, and passed a rope round half the timber required for building a house, and thus made all into one package, on which we paid only ten centavos. That tax was supposed to go to make a park on the shore of Lake Managua. A little grading of the ground was done, a stucco group of statuary was set up, and then the stream of special duties went—where?

Nicaragua actually proposed to put on the free list beans, corn, rice, and sugar; yet agriculture is the chief source of revenue of her people, and the products named are their main support; and that Government protested that its principal purpose was

to promote the interest of agriculture. Their notions of the wants of commerce seem to have improved little since the law was made that all vessels anchored in their ports must unship their rudders at sunset.

As the masses must pay whatever duty their own rulers see fit to impose on importations, millions in Latin-America are unable to buy more than a few yards of cloth in a year. They must go without hats or shoes of foreign make, and can scarcely more than dream of buying anything to instruct or to amuse; but almost all expenses of Government are paid by such duties, and by direct taxes on the skill and industry of the farmer. Land is lightly taxed in some of these republics; but in others it pays no direct tax. In the latter a favoured class, the land-owners, have great tracts which they can hold without cost to themselves until the slow march of events shall have made the land valuable, and thus enriched the owners. Meantime some of these landholders dwell in squalor, idleness, and ignorance; while the man who toils in cutting and selling timber, raising cattle, or growing crops will be taxed in proportion to the diligence and skill he gives to converting the riches of nature into forms which will contribute to the comfort of mankind. Little wonder if the latter sometimes thinks it is better to do nothing for nothing than to work hard for nothing; for taxes leave him little of the product of his toil. It would be difficult to devise a system that would more effectually repress industry and thrift, discourage ambition, and hinder the development of natural resources which, under wiser management, would make these countries rich beyond dreams of fairy gifts. Spain's policy of squeezing the last possible centavo from her colonies could scarcely have left them a more hurtful heritage than this system of taxation. Many of the people complain that their sons will not devote themselves to agriculture; that they turn to such overcrowded professions as the law, medicine, and trade. Yet they know that their taxation burdens the farmer so heavily that he could not afford to grow crops for sale if climate and soil did not work together to reward his efforts bounteously. They have before them the truth that the wealth and the strength of the great republic of the North come from and rest on its agriculture; that the toil of its farmers protects the whole country better than could a thousand fortresses and warships, because no foreign power can attack that great granary of the world without risk of quickly starving itself and its neighbouring nations.

It would seem likely that generations, if not centuries, would be required to change materially the conditions in Latin-America; that it would be unreasonable to hope that owners of large tracts of land would favour taxing their property. Comparatively few of the people read. Their ideas of political economy are received from *patron* and priest. Moreover, there is more than enough public land for all who will take and use it; and each may soon wish to become possessor of a tract, and hold it free from

taxation. If the people would labour to put into useful form the raw materials in which their countries are so rich, if they would even work to place those riches in the hands of men who have means for delivering them in available condition to the consumer, continuous peace and prosperity might become the lot of those millions. But they will not make use of the wealth nature strewn before them; they persist in wasting time, energy, and material in fighting between themselves or against their neighbours; yet they complain jealously because they see their industries, their commerce, and even their lands passing into the hands of those who prefer the victories of creative peace to the fool's glory that comes of legalised destruction, robbery, and murder. There are rich opportunities in these republics for men of purposes higher than those of conquest by force—the crude recourse of the brute and the savage.

When one of the frequent, and comparatively harmless, revolutions is under way there, the native is 'between the devil and the deep sea.' If he sides with his friends, the other party will rob him of all on which they can lay hands; if he attempts to remain neutral, he will be plundered by both friend and foe. Naturally, if he is a merchant or a planter on a large scale, he puts his property into the hands of some foreigner whose nation has power and disposition to protect him. Thus the property will be safe from confiscation and from serious damage. If the native owner proves notably useful to his party, office of honour and profit will be his reward if they succeed. Should his party fail, all their prominent partisans who have property enough to be worth seizing will find it expedient to go away, and stay. In either event the goodwill of the business, if not most of the property transferred, will remain with the foreigner. Untroubled by levies for war purposes, by unauthorised plunderings by friend or by foe, the foreigner will wax fat of purse.

There is another side to that shield. In those countries many an enterprise honestly designed and otherwise well managed has been wrecked by lack of knowledge of, or of due attention to, physical, industrial, financial, political, legal, or other conditions having bearing on the undertaking. As of corporations, it may truly be said of some Governments that they have no souls; but at least some Governments appear to have a sense of honour. This is true of more than one republic of Latin-America; but it is also true that some seem to be in the control of men by whom oppression, robbery, and assassination appear to be regarded as readily available means to any end that has promise of money or of power.

To avoid loss in such countries one must know and evade conditions which could scarcely exist in a land governed by men of northern race. Those who have learned to manage in such circumstances may win liberal reward; for in no part of the New World can a man honestly win as much for as little outlay as he may in countries south of the United States. Nor are there in all North America places

at once so comfortable, so healthful, and so beautiful as are to be found in hundreds in tropical America. A man having physical energy might land at any one of those hundreds of places, and, with no other capital than his own labour, in a little more than a year make himself owner of a plantation which would give, then and thereafter, an income that would not only keep a family from want, but also provide means for quickly gaining a decent fortune.

It is likely that any country where such conditions exist, not remote from markets, will quickly and surely become peopled by industrious and thrifty men. There will follow largely increased demand for such products of loom and of forge, of press and of studio, as are made by Great Britain and Germany, by France, and by the United States. Large returns for little labour will afford money with which to buy and leisure in which to enjoy. The volume of trade from such regions may be greater than is possible from any like population in the temperate zone.

During the four hundred years that have passed since the discovery of America, the ancient colonial policy of Europe has been followed; and from America has been taken all it would contribute. In return, nothing was done for the lasting improvement of those sources of supply. Thus Spain strangled her colonies, until they tore away from her killing clutch. Vast treasures of silver and gold were taken, and worthless holes in the ground are all that were left in return. Great fortunes have been taken from their forests, and naught but rotting stumps left in exchange. Millions of pounds of

gum have been taken from the trees of tropic America; and their dead trunks are all that remain to the countries in which they stand to pay for the immense riches carried away. Harvesting has gone on without ceasing; of seedtime there has been none. Is it not time to begin a wiser system? Evidently Americans think it is, for more than seventy companies and many more individuals are actively striving to develop the agriculture of one Spanish-American republic; and a few pioneers are doing a like work in some of the others. Lumbermen, miners, and railway builders and operators from the North are opening the way for a wise use of the immense natural wealth of those regions. Such expansion of influence by men of northern race—cool, courageous, and just, ready to give to others their due, and as ready to insist upon having that which is their own—ensures the safety of investments of money and of work wherever such influence reaches.

What good would not come to those who now inhabit, but do not use for their own betterment, those vast and fertile regions, if to that fertility should be added the energy and ingenuity, the frugality and the honesty, which have carried the northern races far toward domination of the world! For where peoples of tropical race rule there is uncertainty, injustice, and insecurity of property and of life. But where the cool blood of the North governs, there is law and safety. With these assured Latin-America would afford ample field for the industry of many millions, whose trade would employ other millions, to the great good of all.

THE RED HEAVIES.

CHAPTER II.



HE officers of the Red Heavies were not only a clean-shaven set of men, and—barring Popper—great in bone and sinew; they were also as good as sworn bachelors. So rumour ran, without telling a lie of the usual size.

This tradition, like others of the regiment, had come down from the comparatively remote past. It was often discussed over the wine as a capital joke. At other times it was accepted as an inevitable detail of the regimental life. Officers of other regiments were in danger wherever there was a pretty woman to lay snares for them in the conventional way. This kind of incense left the Red Heavies unmoved in their circumstances. They were not uniformly stolid in the matter; sometimes, indeed, they had earnest little flirtations due to great determination on the part of the lady and the man's temporary weakness; but marriage was out of the question. A word from the Colonel, and it was all up with the fair conspirator's ambitions.

So it had been for quite thirty-five years.

Of all the Red Heavies, too, no one seemed less likely to run counter to custom in this particular than Major Grandison Lee. As a rule, he was too trying a fortress for any lady to besiege for more than an hour or two. He met the warmest direct advances with ice, ice, ice: there was no end to the ice he had at command. Life was too short for any lady to attempt to thaw him until he might tire. It was generally understood that he was a most dutiful son to his old mother, and an unusually affectionate brother to his sisters. But to the rest of the world such information, taken by itself, was not exciting. Of all the officers of the Red Heavies, therefore, Grandison Lee was least troubled by the serious attentions of the fair sex.

Yet on the day after his imbroglia and reconciliation with young Popper, something happened to give point to the Colonel's inquiry at dinner that evening: 'By the way, Popper, you must mind what you are doing. I suppose *you* introduced Lee to that charming sister of yours?'

Young Popper did not raise his eyebrows like

certain of the others. He looked quickly at the Major and smiled, sedately for him. 'She's my half-sister, sir,' he explained; 'and it was awfully good of Lee to take her off my hands as far as those Bailey folk by the Park. I had to introduce him. She almost trod on his toes turning a corner.—Didn't she, Major?'

'Really, I don't remember that,' said the Major. 'I thought it was you, Popper. But'—

'Oh, Major, Major!' exclaimed three voices at once.

'Don't be silly!' said the Major. 'And, Colonel, I think I may say that Miss Riddell would not have been troubled by my escort if Popper hadn't put it out of her power to—er—accept an alternative!'

'Question!' cried young Popper. 'That is, old man'—for he and they all marked with surprise the Major's evident disquietude—'I know she wouldn't really, if you want to have it put so impolitely.'

'What did you say she's worth?' asked Captain Galway, feigning to be quite casual, while he stripped a banana.

'Eighty thousand, the poor dear. And a boulder of the name of Stiles won't leave her alone. He's a dogcake-maker; and because his father invites a few broken-backed lords to shoot his covers he thinks himself irresistible. She's said "No" to him three times. The next time I hope she'll pull his ears. She's come down here with the "mater" for a fortnight to try to get a rest from him.'

It was curious to see with what avidity these Red Heavies listened to young Popper's words. But the Colonel, as well as Major Lee, had had enough of the subject.

'That will do, Popper,' he said. 'I can't allow you to continue unsettling our minds. Your half-sister is charming, as I have said, and so we leave her.'

But the Major was disturbed for a considerable time longer, in spite of his endeavours to comport himself as usual. With good cause, too. Popper's half-sister had at first appealed to him merely like any other young lady of twenty-two or twenty-three, with tender gray eyes and a ready smile. Probably the dappled sunlight under those beech-trees of the avenue made her look prettier than she really was. It didn't matter much anyway. What did matter was the tone she adopted towards him as soon as Popper had slipped away, after a look at his watch, an expletive of annoyance, and mention of an engagement at the Imperial Hotel.

'I do so want to say something to you, Major Lee,' she began when they were alone. It was then that he noticed her face more particularly. She was blushing like a boy, and she had clasped his hand, too, with the honest grip of a boy.

'To me?' he had replied, with rather less ice to his words than the contingency required.

'Yes. Peter has been telling us how splendidly

you have been lecturing him, and both my mother and I think it noble of you.'

She shot out her words like a boy in his younger teens.

The Major was startled, and the more he looked at those sunny gray eyes and the tell-tale cheeks the more he was startled. He begged her pardon; had she not made a mistake?—and so forth.

But there was no mistake at all, from her point of view, as the Major himself soon had to admit; not without mortification, seeing that it was now *his* turn to blush. *His* blushes were of the tawny kind, yet not to be disguised any more than hers.

'Money is so debasing,' she said simply, 'and you are the first man who has said anything to him, Major Lee, about ideals of a loftier kind. It is glorious for him to be in a regiment like the Red Heavies, and I'm sure he ought not to have any time for those horrid Stock Exchange transactions, which are his father's business. That is what I meant.'

She was a little less like a boy now. A high-spirited and lovely girl, rather; so lovely, indeed, that the Major could no longer look at her without feelings which had for years and years been anathema to him.

'You are making a great deal out of nothing, Miss Riddell,' he said, forcing a raucous laugh.

'No,' said she, 'I do not think so. And you don't think it either.'

Had she been an ordinary girl he would have settled her with a dry rigmarole beginning, 'But, my dear young lady,' and she would soon have said her 'Good-afternoon.' But there was an ethereal light in her eyes now which raised her far above the crowd.

'I—was unpardonably rude to your brother,' he said lamely.

'Yes; but it was for his good; and, coming from a man like you, and one of his senior brother-officers, it was quite the most generous thing you *could* do.'

She had changed again. Her eyes met his frankly and reasoned with him as man to man. It was amazing and more startling than before.

The Major had never yet met this kind of young woman. 'But perhaps you are not aware that I called him a—cad, Miss Riddell?' he protested. If his life depended on it, he could have no reservations with *her* in this matter.

'Yes; and you were right to call him one. I don't say he is one, for he isn't at heart. But some men are just like children, and it's only when they get their ears boxed by the right person that they see how unworthily they have been behaving. It *was* caddish of him to suppose that you were angry with him because you had not made money like the others.'

'Miss Riddell!' he had exclaimed, unconsciously striking a majestic attitude.

But she was wound up, just like a full-blooded boy after a college cricket-match, with the win on

his side. She shook her head in an 'I-know-all-about-it' manner.

'Yes, Major Lee. Peter told me how you'd take it. He said it was like my cheek when I told him I *would* speak to you, and thank you; but he doesn't really mind, I think. I've seen such a very great deal of the demoralising side of mere money-making. My own father—and then Peter's uncle and his father—— But I think you have had enough of me and the subject. It's a painful one.'

She gave him a very intimate smile, with a gleam of sadness in it, and offered him her hand. It was a small hand, daintily gloved in lavender-coloured kid.

The Major glanced at it, then again at her face, and—positively he trembled. He did not take her hand, but in the fullness of his humiliation proceeded to explain.

'You make me ashamed of myself, Miss Riddell,' he said quietly. 'Do let me tell you what I should be sorry to tell any other living being—well, suppose we say except my old mother. You have been imputing it to me as a virtue that I called your brother an abominable name. What will you think of me when I confess to you—in confidence or not, as you please—that an hour or two afterwards I was possessed by unholy envy of what seemed to me the luck of the other men? I said to myself, "Why wasn't I in it?" And so on.'

'Well?' said she, glowing with triumph, and in the wretched Major's eyes too beautiful now for mortal man to look at.

'That's all,' said he, feeling abject.

'Yes; but,' she cried, seeming almost as if she were about to put her hand on his arm, 'how dull you are, Major Lee! You miss the point. You were tempted, but resisted; whereas'——

'I am afraid that is not quite a true statement of the case,' he interposed.

'It's near enough, Major Lee.'

'I don't see it, Miss Riddell.'

She shook her head and smiled the serene smile that proceeds from instinct the infallible. He, anxious only to have done with heroics and to divert her from them too, tried hard to be and appear solidly matter-of-fact.

'I think, too, that it's going to rain soon,' he added bluntly, looking at a very innocent young cloud above the spire of St Eric's Church.

Then she laughed brightly, as if she were now about to enjoy herself thoroughly, without responsibilities.

'I don't,' she said. 'But I will not bore you any more. I was to say from my mother, and Peter's—if we did meet you, that is, as Peter said we should,' she added in rather a disturbed parenthesis—'she would be glad to see you if you cared to call. And now good-bye, and thank you so much for your patience. Peter said you were the soul of chivalry, Major Lee, and I've found you so. Good-bye.'

He felt like stooping and gently raising that little lavender-gloved hand to his lips. Worse still; he

understood what the yearning indicated. At his mellow age and with his autumnal prospects! For a moment or two he could not be his unemotional self. Then, with a stern effort, he recovered control of his routine faculties. 'I shall be delighted, Miss Riddell,' he said, in a sort of faint echo of his field-day voice. 'May I ask where Mrs Popper is residing?'

'Hasn't he told you?' she asked gaily. 'I *could* show you if you would let me. It is only a little way past that odd Jubilee fountain—Regent House. But I know you detest the—— That is, Peter says you are all woman-haters. I think you are right, too, in a sense. To a real soldier we must seem intolerable little circumstances, like dust-specks in the eye, and that kind of thing.'

Was she laughing at him? And did she or did she not beckon him with her eyes as well as her tongue? These were the futile questions the Major discussed with himself when they had parted and he was alone amid a world of golden memories.

Regent House was a large, square white mansion, with statues on its roof-line; a little palace, if he might judge from its exterior. But that was nothing. He would have been quite as much or as little impressed if she had pointed to No. 299 in a street of two-storied, red, jerry-built tenements, all alike, with their thirty square feet of grass-plot between the iron-wicket and the door, and with a milkman lading milk at No. 297 while a dustman heaved the rubbish of No. 296 into his cart to windward of the milk. It was the temple which for the time being she inhabited. That was enough for him.

He scarcely remembered what had passed during that walk with her of less than ten minutes' duration. She did the talking. Mrs Popper suffered slightly from rheumatism—she had told him that. It was one reason why they were at Baddenham—for the baths, of course. But he recalled certain of her words with curious eagerness. 'Do you know, Major Lee,' she had said, 'you were the first of Peter's brother-officers my mother and I happened to see after coming here. We were with Mrs Hepburn, the doctor's wife, and she pointed you out. Both of us felt that Peter would do splendidly if they were all like you.' Then it was 'Good-bye' once more, and the old gray cloud of the routine life descended upon him. He had never before realised the burden of an existence without domestic hopes of the peculiarly personal kind. And the golden memories of ten minutes, half-an-hour, an hour ago eddied about him as if to emphasise the grayness of his past which was his present also.

That little annoyance at dinner by-and-by was an annoyance to him really only in so far as it drew him roughly from his dreams. He had tremendous compensation shortly afterwards, considering it from one aspect. This was when little Popper came up to him with a clownish kind of simper and an apology.

'We are pals again, aren't we, Major?' he inquired.

'I hope so, my boy,' replied the Major.

'That's all right, then,' said little Popper. 'It was jolly rough dumping Polly Riddell on you like that this afternoon, and I was thundering sorry for you, old man. But the girls will have their own way, as the sexton of my governor's parish church says when a beaming bride drags another reluctant bridegroom up the aisle. She's very much gone on you, if you care to know!'

They were in the barrack-yard at the time. The Major liked to smoke a solitary cigar by the moonlight, watching the men come and go, and listening to the movements of the stalled chargers. His orderly had brought out a camp-stool for him, and set it against the red barrack-wall opposite the stables. Thus sitting, he had let his thoughts return to Popper's half-sister. Not that they wanted much letting.

'She *is*,' said the little subaltern, as if encouraged by the Major's silence. He did not see the quiver that shook the Major from head to foot. 'She's not half bad when you understand her. She wanted to know you frightfully. Rum things—girls! But I told her we Heavies haven't any spare moments for women—a nobler goal is ours, and so on—and that she might as well set her cap at Nelson on the Monument as at you or any of us. What do you think she said to that, old chap?'

The Major passed his hand across his brow, then looked at little Popper under the moonlight.

'What have you had to drink since dinner, Popper?' he asked, a trifle wearily.

'Me? To drink? Oh, a whisky-and-soda, and then another one. There may have been another after that; I forget. But don't be savage with a fellow, Lee. What's the use? What do you think she said when I said she might as well try to get made love to by St Simon Stylites himself, or

whatever his beastly long name was, on *his* column? What?'

The Major stood up and closed his camp-stool. 'I must write a letter,' he said. 'My young brother Lawrence—but I have probably already told you about him, Popper—he's a bit shaky in his tongues. I want him to be in Paris for a month or so.'

He was going, when the subaltern grabbed him by the arm.

'Don't snub a fellow so per—persistently, Lee!' he exclaimed. 'What's the good? Hitting him when he's down, and all that, and such a little chap, too! Ha! ha! Good that. I know all about your brother; every fellow in the regiment knows about him by heart. It's a stock joke—in a friendly way, of course, Major. But I want to know if you want to know what Polly said when I told her that. You'd *like* to know. You'd feel comfortable then; especially though—no, because—oh, bother! Anyhow, that stuffed owl of a Stiles is still in the running. He'll be down here to-morrow in full cry again.'

'I'd get off to bed, Popper, if I were you,' said the Major. 'It's a poor show to be like this.'

'*What* did she say, I'm asking you?' cried the little subaltern. 'Can't you answer a chap civilly?' Then the Major gave way to his desire. 'What?' he whispered.

'She said,' replied little Popper, marking the words in the air with his other hand, 'that she was glad of it, because then she could talk to you on what she calls a common-sense footing. Common-sense, she said. And so, old man, you may take it from me that she said a lot of rot, whatever she said.'

'Good-night, Popper,' said the Major; 'and thank you.'

THE BAYEUX TAPESTRY.



ABOUT eight hundred years ago a strip of strong white linen, more than two hundred feet long and about twenty inches wide, was worked in coloured crewels with a series of figures representing the invasion of England by William of Normandy, as well as with some of the incidents that preceded that portentous event and those that immediately followed it. There are more than six hundred and twenty men worked upon the long strip of linen; more than two hundred horses, and five hundred other animals; no fewer than thirty-seven buildings and forty-one sea-going vessels of various sorts; and nearly fifty trees, some of which are in interlaced groups. The faces of the men are about the size of a penny or of a florin, and the rest of their figures are in proportion to this scale. The large number of miscellaneous animals

delineated arises from the use of them to ornament two borders that extend along the whole length of the top and base of the work. For the most part the human figures are arranged in small groups depicting seventy-two scenes divided from each other by conventional trees; and, as though there should be no uncertainty as to the intention of the representations or tableaux, they are elucidated with short inscriptions setting forth their exact meaning. This is the famous piece of needlework so well known as the Bayeux Tapestry. In reality it is not tapestry at all, as we understand the term; but it is crewel-work of the kind that has been recently so much in vogue among ourselves. It consists in some parts, such as the faces and hands, of outlines sewn neatly over with coloured crewels, leaving the background of linen in view; and in others, such as the garments, sails, and

animals, of these outlines filled up completely with the crewels. It has been handed down as the work of Matilda, the wife of William the Conqueror. English and French antiquaries and critics have brought forward other claims, and even urged those of two other Matildas; but its interest consists not so much in its authorship, though that is very appealing, as in the 'fiere light' it throws upon the transactions of the stirring times it depicts.

This long strip of white linen, now embrowned and somewhat faded, and also somewhat tattered towards the end of its length, where the battlefield is shown, is at the present day deposited in the town's library or museum at Bayeux. For centuries it was kept in the cathedral, and it is mentioned in a catalogue of the property belonging to the church, in 1476, as a long and narrow hanging of linen brodered with images and inscriptions making representation of the conquest of England, which is hung round the nave of the church on the day and during the octave of relics. There is no word in this document as to its being the work of the wife of the Conqueror, though there are two entries in it that describe two mantles that Duke William and his wife wore at their marriage, and which then belonged to the church. Montfaucon the French antiquary appears to have been the first to mention the tradition that it was the work of Matilda and her handmaids. A later French antiquary, M. Ducarel, making inquiries concerning it of the Bayeux clergy in 1767, found that they knew but little about it, and it was not till he described it as being annually exhibited on certain days that they identified it. Napoleon recognised its historical value, and he had it conveyed to Paris when contemplating his invasion of England, and caused it to be publicly exhibited for some time; and considerable capital is said to have been made out of the singular coincidence in connection with the comet then visible that a similar *stella* was represented in the tapestry as having preceded or heralded William's successful undertaking. After its return to Bayeux, *la toilette du Duc Guillaume*, as it was called, was placed in the town library, where it is now exhibited, as stated, carefully preserved under glass.

With the aid of lights thrown upon it from Domesday Book, the Roll of Battle Abbey, Wace's *Chronicle*, and other contemporary records, the work gives us a truly graphic account of the details of the Conquest. It begins with a representation of King Edward the Confessor seated on his throne conversing with two persons who are standing by his side, one of whom is supposed to be Harold. According to our own impressions, we may decide that the king is either instructing him to go to Normandy or forbidding him to do so; for, notwithstanding the artist's pains to state the meaning of his delineations in clear inch-long letters, a wide field has been left for conjecture as to many of his intentions. This group is lettered 'Edwardus Rex.'

In the next compartment Harold is shown, with several companions, riding with a hawk upon his wrist or fist, and the lettering states, in Latin, 'Where Harold the English chief and his knights ride to Bosham.' The succeeding scene, which is labelled 'The Church,' shows Harold and a companion entering a building; and the next one shows a section of a larger edifice, with a farewell feast taking place in an upper chamber. Then follow scenes of embarkation, disembarkation, the seizure of Harold on landing in Normandy by Guy Count of Ponthien, his imprisonment, conferences between him and his captor, the arrival of messengers from William to the Count demanding the transfer of the imprisoned Harold, and the eventual compliance with this command, and his reception at the palace of the Duke. At this part of the work occurs the representation of a female figure, of which there are but three examples in its whole length. It is headed, in Latin, 'Where a Clerk and Ælfgyva,' leaving a puzzling uncertainty as to the meaning intended to be conveyed either by the accident of the omission of a word or by design. Some authorities consider that, as the work was contemporaneous with the events it depicts, only the slightest allusions to some of them would be requisite to enable them to be understood. This conversation may have been one of the well-known facts in question; as also may have been the burning of a house at another part of the work, where a second female escaping from it, and leading a child, occurs.

The work proceeds, getting more interesting at every stage. The costumes appear to be accurate; the fashions are minutely indicated, especially in the matter of hairdressing; particular accoutrements are depicted; and details of buildings are given, such as seventeen semicircular arches to the façade of the palace of the Duke of Normandy; and all these matters contain evidences of its eleventh century origin. For instance, the costumes are those that are found in other kinds of work of the same period; the back-parts of the heads of a great many of the Norman figures are shaven from the crown downwards, as has been ascertained to have been the fashion at the time; the weapons delineated in the hands of the Saxons differ from those in use by the Normans, and mark the different nationalities more distinctly than might have been the case had the work been executed in a subsequent century; and the architectural features always show the characteristic semicircular arches of the Normans. The borders are treated as a sort of running accompaniment to the main work; for when a land scene is represented there are beasts and birds worked in them, fish and eels are depicted below one of the sea-pieces, and rows of archers (interspersed with wounded and headless knights and soldiers) supplement the battle-scenes. Here and there, too, some other special references are made to the subject treated at particular places, as in the instance of the comet, towards which several

men are pointing, which is placed in the upper border; and occasionally the summits of the various buildings and the tops of some of the ships are also carried up into it.

After the unexplained conference between the clerk or priest and Ælfgva, a hostile expedition into Brittany is depicted, in which Duke William made use of the services of the stalwart Harold and his companions. Mount St Michael is shown, with the neighbouring quicksands, over which Harold carries one man on his back while dragging another across by the arm, and a horseman is represented as pitched over his horse's head: 'Here Harold the Earl dragged them out of the quicksand,' the legend says. The combined forces arrive at Dol, and Conan Count of Brittany betakes himself to flight, in the words of the legend, but makes a stand at Dinan, where, however, he at last gives up the keys to one of his opponents on the point of his lance, who receives them also on the point of his lance, both lances being decorated with small banners. In recognition of his services in this expedition, Duke William confers on the Saxon Earl the honour of knighthood, and is represented as placing a helmet on his head and fastening the straps of his hauberk.

A succeeding scene shows Harold standing between a reliquary and an altar, and taking the oath of which we have heard so much; and the next two depict him returning to England, and then repairing to King Edward. Here occurs a singular mistake on the part of the embroiderers, or of the draughtsman who prepared the linen for them, for the funeral of King Edward is placed before his death. At the foot of his bed kneels the female figure that makes the third depicted in the work.

In the adjoining presentment Harold is crowned: 'Here they give the crown to Harold,' says the legend, and the new monarch is seen seated on a throne with a sceptre in one hand and an orb surmounted by a cross in the other, and with Stigand, archbishop, by his side. At this point the marvelling at the comet is depicted. Then Harold, again seated on his throne, gives audience to a man who has brought important information; and immediately afterwards the scene is changed to Normandy, and an English ship is shown arriving there, which is supposed to have conveyed the news of Harold's coronation.

The next scene is headed, 'Here Duke William commanded ships to be built,' and the Conqueror is delineated as seated in his palace conversing with a personage who from his tonsure is identified as his uterine brother Odo, Bishop of Bayeux. The processes of hewing down trees and building of ships are then portrayed, followed by the launching, arming, and provisioning of them; and afterwards by the voyage of the king and his army in a fleet of eighteen vessels across the sea to Pevensey. We are shown the landing of horses and the setting out of foraging parties, and then introduced to a new

personage on horseback under the heading, 'Here is Wadard.' The investigations of antiquaries have ascertained that a person so named was an under-tenant of Odo, the Bishop of Bayeux, and held lands in six counties in England; and it is possible that he may have come to the assistance of the invaders, or in some way well known to his contemporaries distinguished himself on this occasion. Preparations for a banquet follow, and then the principal personages are seen eating and drinking at two tables, one of which seems to be made of two shields, and the other to be of semicircular form, with the guests seated on one side of it, and a page, waiting on bended knee, on the other. Bishop Odo is named as being present. A council follows, a fort is ordered to be entrenched at Hastings, and a castle is shown there. News is brought to William of Harold's approach; the house mentioned as having been burnt is fired by two soldiers, and then the invading forces, headed by Duke William, leave Hastings and advance to meet the Saxons. They are met directly by one Vital, of whom mention has been found in Domesday Book as holding lands under Bishop Odo, and he is asked by Duke William whether he has seen Harold's army.

In the next presentment a scout is shown giving information to Harold of William's approach: 'This man brings word to Harold the King respecting Duke William's army,' the legend says. The broiery then shows the invader exhorting his soldiers, and the great onslaught follows, at an early stage of which the deaths of Lewin and Gurth, brothers of Harold, are delineated.

The next inscription says, 'Here fell together English and French in battle;' and below it is a terrible encounter in which men and horses are represented in wild entanglement, some of them almost upside down, or falling on their heads in their death agonies. The ground is strewn with the wounded, and the lower border is filled with what we now describe as casualties. The heads of several of the warriors are lying at a considerable distance from their bodies, marking the violence of the combatants. At this juncture Bishop Odo encourages some of the Norman soldiers to fresh exertions, or, as the legend says, 'Here Odo, holding a staff, exhorts the *pueros*;' which is succeeded by the rallying incident of Duke William raising his helmet to assure his followers that he has not been slain. 'Here is Duke William,' the legend says simply.

The fight continues under an inscription which says, 'Here the French are fighting and have slain the men who were with Harold.' Then under the legend, 'Harold Rex interfectus est,' we see the mighty Saxon on foot taking an arrow out of his eye, and again, finally falling to the ground facing a horseman whose weapon appears to have given the fatal finishing-stroke. There is one more knot of combatants, men on foot contending against horsemen; and then the work, now drawing to its close, begins to represent the flight of the Saxons pursued

by the Normans; and the linen is damaged and the lower border missing. The defeated troops are represented by two rows of figures smaller than the rest, one above the other, of which the upper ones, with a single exception, are on foot and the lower on horseback; and the work is at an end.

During the last ten or twelve decades much has been written about this piece of crewel-work, perhaps even more than has been set down in the same time about any one of the seven wonders of the world. Many writers have examined the figures and endeavoured to identify those of lesser note, as well as the leading personages, such as a dwarf holding horses on the occasion of Harold's detention by the Count de Ponthieu, designated Turolf. Others have interested themselves more in the origin of its workmanship. They have observed the insertion of a few Saxon words in the inscriptions. They have noted that, next to Harold and William, the person most frequently represented is Bishop Odo, whose see was Bayeux; that two other persons named in the inscriptions are his tenants, who would be probably well known in Bayeux likewise; and calling to mind, also, that he only would be authorised to allow a piece of embroidery representing a profane subject to be exhibited in his cathedral, they have arrived at a conviction that it must have been made to his order. Others have found in it an apologetic account of the invasion from a Norman point of view only.

Objections to the antiquity of this embroidery have been raised on the score of the silence of the old historians and contemporary inventories concerning it; in answer to which M. Pluquet has pointed out that it was not the custom of chroniclers in the Middle Ages to quote monumental authorities, and that, as it did not belong to Duke William, it could not be expected to appear among his effects. The same French antiquary is equally ready with answers to other objectors who have stated that the references to some of the incidents in *Æsop's Fables* in the borders point to a later origin; that the use of the term Frenchmen in the inscriptions points to a foreign source; and that, as Bayeux Cathedral was burnt down by Henry I., this work must have perished if it had been there. He shows that *Æsop's Fables* were translated by King Alfred in the ninth century, that Wace the Norman chronicler (who was a prebend of Bayeux) frequently calls his countrymen Frenchmen, and that the same authority especially records that when the cathedral was burnt the treasures were carried out of it. M. Thierry supports the opinion that the work was wrought by Saxon embroiderers at the cost of the chapter of Bayeux, and that it was executed specially for the purpose for which it was used in the cathedral. Whether it was made by Matilda the wife of the Conqueror, or Matilda the Queen of Henry I., or Matilda the mother of Henry II., or by embroiderers of lower rank, the fact remains that it gives us the

most vivid realisation of the contest between the Norman Duke who 'loved the tall stags as though he was their father' and the Saxon Earl who was the first man of the age, 'tall, open-handed, and handsome,' that time has left us.

After perusing this antique piece of needlecraft, which enables us to see as in a magic crystal the industrious embroiderers at work in the old, old days to which it relates, almost to feel the quick movements of their hands as they plied their art, and scent the faint odour from their newly spun crewels, and almost, too, to hear the curfew-bell that bound them down to short hours, there remains for us to pass into the narrow streets of Bayeux, and thread our way to the grand cathedral, to note for ourselves the *environ* of the nave—to use the word of the fifteenth century inventory that has been quoted—which it formerly enriched. It is not without a sense of marvel that we remember that eight centuries have passed since those who enacted the incidents depicted, and those who recorded them so pictorially, ceased to live and move and have their being.

IN TWILIGHT LATE.

With drowsy stroke and loitering hum
The steeped clock tells ton,
And an after-hush of brooding calm
Falls on the haunts of men.

Pencilled against the steel-gray sky
The poplars sway and swing;
Where bird and bee sang 'parts' by day,
The leaves, now twittering,

Make for themselves a flickering tune,
With many a minim and 'rest,'
As the breeze that stirs them passes on
To its home in the silent west.

No star appears in the distant depths,
Nor moon with her crescent rim;
But darker, blacker loom the leaves
Athwart the deepening dim.

The river near makes murmuring chords
O'er its gravelly, shallow run;
The notes rise high as the wind is strong,
And fall when its force is done.

Half-shaped to words the mellowed bars
Hint at some song well known,
And, floating on the changeful breeze,
Sing it in soothing tone.

My mind, attuned, interprets thus
In the twilight, lingering late:
'Love swells to more, Life sinks to less.
Haste not; still wait—aye wait.'

And eye and ear, in the quiet hour,
Harvest their tale of rest;
Hushed in my heart the message sleeps,
And peace is my gracious guest.

ARR.

G. J. C. SCOTT.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

ROMAN REMAINS IN NORTH BRITAIN.

IF any one wishes to gain a fresh sense of the daring, power, and determination of the Romans, and a deeper sense of their military skill and the civilising influence of their occupation of North Britain, the materials lie to hand for such a study. Our museums in London, Edinburgh, Newcastle, and such an excellent collection as that at Chesters on the North Tyne, afford good opportunities for the study of Roman remains; but it is far more impressive, where possible, to study the traces of Roman occupation under the open sky. The average Philistine, who cares for none of these things, is inclined to quote Edie Ochiltree's saying, 'Pretorian here, Pretorian there, I mind the biggin' o't,' which so roused the wrath of the Antiquary. What a lightning-flash on history is the discovery of the Roman quarryman's work in some disused moorland quarry—as at Fallowfield Fell, near Chollerford, or as in the Gelt Burn near Brampton—the legend that 'a vexillation of the second legion, under an *optio* called Agricola, was in the consulship of Flavius Aper and Albinus Maximus [A.D. 207] employed here to hew stone.' Scott told his friend Clerk that during an expedition in the higher parts of Northumberland he had seen more Roman inscriptions built into gate-posts and barns than were to be seen in any other part of Britain. One does not need to be an antiquary to appreciate these and other traces of Roman occupation.

General Wade's road between Newcastle and Carlisle pretty nearly follows the line of the great Roman Wall which spans the north of England between Wallsend-on-Tyne and Bowness on the Solway, a distance of seventy-three and a half miles. Built of squared stones, it has proved more solid and durable than the Wall of Antonine, which spans Scotland at its narrowest part between Carriden near Bo'ness and Kilpatrick on the Clyde, a distance of thirty-five miles, and is constructed of sods. The English wall seems to be most perfect where most inaccessible in crossing these Cumberland and Northumberland moors; and General Wade's

soldiers in road-making and neighbouring farmers in building farm-steadings have made the walls and military stations a kind of quarry. William Hutton the Birmingham bookseller arrived just in time to witness, to his sorrow, the wholesale destruction of a considerable stretch of wall. The sight of the wall itself filled him with surprise and delight; he 'was fascinated and unable to proceed; forgot I was upon a wild common, a stranger, and the evening approaching; lost in astonishment, I was not able to move.'

How interesting and fascinating indeed it is to trace the outline of the English wall, to mark it climbing the ridgy back of a hill, as the Nine Nicks of Thirlwall, descend into the valley, and climb again. You can mark it at a distance outlined against the sky. We came on a lonely fragment six or seven feet high, with altars standing against it, in the wood at High Brunton; another fragment nine feet high formed part of the fence in a garden in which a woman was busy pulling black currants. What a contrast, past and present; a child chopping sand on the top of a Roman altar or playing at the base of the wall. Sheep find shelter and graze at its base, the lark carols above it, here and there a stray fern peeps from its crevices, and in winter the wind whistles desolately through and over it! Scott in *Guy Mannering* makes Brown, one of his characters, exclaim, 'And this, then, is the Roman Wall. What a people, whose labours, even at this extremity of the empire, comprehended such space, and were executed upon a scale of such grandeur! In future ages, when the science of war shall have changed, how few traces will exist of the labours of Vauban and Coehorn, while this wonderful people's remains will even then continue to interest and astonish posterity.'

Recent excavations have disclosed so much of interest both in England and Scotland that we take this opportunity to lay a few of the results before our readers. The past fifty years have witnessed the growth of a spirit of greater reverence for this and other ancient remains. Pity it is that the reverence and conservatism for what is ancient had not dawned

earlier; we had less to lament, as in the case of the total destruction of Arthur's O'on near Falkirk, and other acts of vandalism!

Mr Haverfield has pointed out that the age of Hadrian and his successors, Pins and Marcus, was the age of scientific frontiers. During Hadrian's reign (A.D. 117-138), about 124, the distinguished Aulus Platorius Nepos was sent to construct a line of continuous fortifications across the northern frontier of the province, and 'to place a wall, like the Great Wall of China, as an everlasting barrier between the province and the unconquerable Caledonians. . . . The wall, as we know it to-day by its astonishing and massive ruins, consists of various parts. The wall proper is a wall of hewn stone, some eight feet thick and once perhaps eighteen feet high, fronted by a ditch. At frequent intervals turrets and small forts (mile-castles) are built on the wall. At longer intervals there are larger forts, some sixteen in number, contiguous to the wall, with stone ramparts enclosing three to five acres, and connected by a solid road twenty-two feet in width. . . . South of these works is another work, constructed of earth, and running roughly parallel to the wall at a distance which varies between thirty and one thousand three hundred yards.' The wall of turf sods is called the *vallum*. The remains of the wall seen, by the Venerable Bede were twelve feet high; its height by some has been estimated at twenty feet; its construction may have cost an equivalent in our currency of a million sterling, and was guarded mainly from the forts.

Mr E. A. W. Budge, as the result of a sifting of the evidence, says that no one really knows who built the wall, although Hadrian and Severus may have had a hand in it; further, that short walls or barriers of earth may have existed before the coming of the Romans. When Agricola arrived he built strong forts on the line of the English wall and a chain of forts between the Forth and Clyde, as a defence against the attacks of the Picts and Scots. The Scottish wall, which runs mostly on the northern brow of a low range of hills, was erected, Mr Haverfield thinks, not instead of the south wall, but as a breakwater before it, which would encircle the hill-tribes of southern Scotland and deprive them of free communication with the northern Highlands, and also, it is believed, as a political boundary marking the limits of Roman power, which lasted, less or more, from 55 B.C. to 446 A.D., when Britain was abandoned by the Romans.

The station of Cilurnum, or Chesters, is the sixth on the line of the wall from east to west, on the western bank of the North Tyne, and five miles from Hexham, through which it may be reached by rail from either Newcastle or Carlisle. From Scotland the most direct route is by way of Hawick and Riccarton to Chollerford. Here the remains of the Roman bridge—with its massive blocks of stone evidently from Black Pasture Quarry, which is still worked on the hillside above—and the buildings on

the plateau in front of Chesters House—which Mr John Clayton (1792-1890) the proprietor unveiled, with the assistance of Mr W. Tailford, since 1840—make a strong impression on the visitor, and will never be forgotten. The second *ala* of the Astures from Spain are believed to have occupied this station; and, as Hodgson says, 'a lovelier spot than Cilurnum all the Asturias could not give them.' It is embosomed on every side but the north with hills cultivated to their tops, and 'tracing the horizon with a line of great beauty.' This station is open to the public on Tuesdays and Saturdays and on bank-holidays. Mr Clayton, as proprietor of estates on the line of the great wall, including five stations, developed a strong interest in tracing the footprints of the Romans in North Britain. It has been left to his successor to provide a museum at the entrance-gate to house the many relics brought thither from Carrawburgh (Procolitia), Housesteads (Borcovicus), and Chesters, which have been arranged and catalogued by Mr E. A. W. Budge of the British Museum. Besides Bruce's *Handbook* to the wall, the visitor will be well advised to provide himself with the account of the *Roman Antiquities Preserved at Chesters* (Gilbert & Rivington, 1903), in which the three thousand five hundred items are set down, with interesting information about the wall and the Roman occupation of Britain. The book has one hundred illustrations and a sketch-map of the wall. Procolitia furnished the effigy of the goddess Coventina from a well there; also a hoard of sixteen thousand coins from a well, twenty-four Roman altars, massive votive tablets, vases, rings, beads, and brooches. One of the most interesting finds at Chesters was an inscribed bronze tablet, known as the Chesters diploma, conferring upon a Roman soldier the right of citizenship and the right of marriage. There is a replica of it here; the original is in the British Museum. There is also a replica at Chesters of the finely carved monumental tablet found at Bridgeness, near Bo'ness in 1868, which so far fixes the termination of the eastern end of the Scottish wall. Besides numerous inscribed altars dedicated to Jupiter, Apollo, Mars, Fortuna, and Minerva, are inscribed stelæ, the gravestone of Brigovalvos the Christian, milestones, coins, rings, hairpins, Samian ware, and millstones. The visitor will marvel at the excellence of much of the workmanship.

Cilurnum, or Chesters, the largest station on the wall, excepting Bird Oswald, has an area of five and a quarter acres, and is in the form of a parallelogram. At Chesters there are six gateways instead of the usual four; each gateway has two portals, eleven feet wide, divided by a narrow wall. A two-leaved gate closed each portal, and the pivot-holes in which the gates rotated may still be seen; so may the stone against which the door struck; and the doorstep is worn with traffic and rutted by wheeled vehicles. There are guard-chambers on each side of the gateways, the foundations of the Forum remain, and the treasure-vault gapes openly to the sky. Close to the Tyne is a villa which may have been

a combined temple or bath, having seven niches and very perfect heating apparatus. Thirty-six human skeletons were found just outside while digging, one of them a woman's, with two children beside her, as well as those of two horses and a dog. Fragments of window-glass and lead pipe were also found here. Whether the visitor is resident at Gilsland, Brampton, or Chollerford, Housesteads, eight hundred feet above sea-level—because of its size and the large number of fine buildings to be seen, and its present desolation—is well worth a visit. At Limestone Bank wall and *vallum* are cut through the basalt, and the excavated masses of stone, one of them when intact about thirteen tons in weight, may still be seen. The crypt of Hexham Cathedral is built of stones from the Roman Wall, while there is an interesting stone with the figure of a Roman standard-bearer riding rough-shod over a prostrate Briton, not unlike one with a similar subject carved in relief found at Camelon in 1902.

The excavations of the most northerly Roman station in Britain, that of Inchtuthill, on the Delvine estate, in Perthshire, six miles below Dunkeld and eleven miles from Perth, are rightly held by Mr Haverfield to be very noteworthy and may claim more attention than they have received. The three periods of Roman activity in North Britain were during the occupation of Agricola (80–84 A.D.), Pius (140 A.D.), and Septimus Severus (208 A.D.). The Scotch wall was constructed of sods regularly laid, resting on a stone pavement. It may have been fourteen feet thick at the base, and of the same height; in front was a ditch or *vallum*. There were ten or eleven forts at intervals. The researches of the Scottish Society of Antiquaries at the stations of Castlecary, Roughcastle, and Camelon have yielded interesting results. Nothing is known as to the garrisons, and the district between the north and south walls was not occupied. One road, the Northumberland Watling Street, can still be traced most of the way from the Tyne to the Forth. There were five forts which guarded this road: Habitancium (Risingham), Bremenium (Rochester—for which see 'A Roman City in the Cheviots,' *Journal*, 1890), Cappuck near Jedburgh, Newstead near Melrose, and Cramond near Edinburgh. To this list may be added Blatobulgium (now Birrens) near Ekefechan, from which a large number of interesting remains were unearthed, now in the Scottish Antiquarian Museum.

Not only is Delvine the most northerly Roman station yet investigated, but antiquaries like Sir James Ramsay are ready to prove that Agricola was encamped here and fought the battle of Mons Grampius on the slopes of Redgole (Gourdie) close by. Mr Haverfield is amongst those who think this a reasonable guess, although there are others who are equally confident as to Conrie or elsewhere. The whole question is discussed, along with a narrative of the excavations of the Scottish Society of Antiquaries, in a volume by Sir Alexander Muir Mackenzie the proprietor, entitled *Memoirs of Delvine: a Brief Account of the Roman Occupation*

of Delvine, or Inchtuthill, in the County of Perth (Perth: R. A. & J. Hay). The book is a valuable contribution to local and general history in that it gathers all available information, ancient and modern, about Inchtuthill. Since the excavations have been covered in the proprietor has erected small pillars to mark the site of the Roman camp and stations of the Caledonians. Tulina or Inchtuthill is said to have been one of the chief settlements of the Picts before Roman occupation; the remains of entrenchments, breastwork, and dike could be traced in 1900. The place is believed to have been burned at the approach of the Romans under Agricola. Pennant, who was here in 1776, learned that two farmers of the name of Stirton remembered the foundation of the outer walls of the Roman camp, some fourteen feet thick, and had heard their father say that, in ploughing, ashes, cinders, and pieces of metal had been turned up. As in the case of other stations, it had been used as a convenient quarry by neighbouring farmers, and the ramparts had been ploughed down. A coin believed to be a Domitian seems not inconsistent with the statement that Agricola encamped here. The Romans built their camp on the north-east border of the triangular plateau of Inchtuthill; though much obliterated its general form is still traceable as a square of about fifty-five acres, each side measuring five hundred and twenty yards. The walls to a considerable height were nine and a half feet thick. The ramparts are twenty feet wide, with a ditch also twenty feet in width and from six to seven feet deep. A road twenty feet wide divided the area within the ramparts into two unequal parallelograms. Sir A. M. Mackenzie likens this camp to Saalburg, near Homburg. No foundations of permanent buildings, or other signs of protracted occupation, were found in the interior of the camp; there were, however, some fragments of querns and Roman pottery. A Roman villa or bath, disclosed one hundred yards outside, with heating apparatus, fragments of lead pipe, pottery, and harness-mounting, was a surprise. The ovens disclosed near the south end of the east ditch were circular in form, and built in rough courses of natural boulders. A tumulus known as the Women's Knowe had in its centre a cist containing an unburnt burial.

At the east end of Gourdie Hill there are some curious mounds locally called Steeds' Stalls, consisting of eight mounds and eight trenches, where the advanced guard of the Caledonian army was believed to be posted before the battle of Mons Grampius. Tacitus says that Agricola had along with him at this battle eight thousand auxiliaries and three thousand horse. Sir James Ramsay believes that his advance was made from Ardoch to Perth, and from thence to Coupar-Angus, and next to Delvine. The Picts had been preparing for two years at least, and Agricola pressed forward to challenge them to action. The Roman loss was set down at three hundred and sixty killed; that of

the enemy at ten thousand. These excavations at Inchtuthill are only a commencement of the exploration of the farthest line of Roman advance in Scotland.

During 1899-1900 the station at Camelon, a mile west of Falkirk and to the north of the Antonine wall, was excavated by the Scottish Society of Antiquaries at the suggestion of Mr J. R. M'Luckie, a local antiquary. The station is partially built upon; there are houses and foundries on the site, and the Midland Junction Railway to Stirling passes through it. Camelon consists of two quadrilateral works and an annex eighteen hundred and seventy feet in length. The base of the rampart of the north camp was composed of peat, clay, wood, and brushwood, the upper part of earth, sand, and gravel. The area of the main camp of Lyne and the northern camp of Camelon are much alike. In Camelon the usual fragments of pottery, tiles, fibulæ, spear-heads, and bronze objects were picked up, also a stone with marks of the twentieth legion. A sculptured stone in relief shows a Roman apparently riding rough-shod over a prostrate native, and bears a resemblance in subject, as we have said, to that of the Roman standard-bearer built into the wall of Hexham Abbey. This was found while digging the foundations of a house in Camelon. The fort at Castlecary, six miles west of Falkirk, belongs to the stone type of fort constructed by Domitian, A.D. 90; and the wall, built of large, well-dressed blocks of stone, surpasses much of the masonry of the English wall. The width of the wall proper is six feet six inches, consisting of a core of concrete, with outer and inner faces of dressed stones. The shape of the fort, which is now cut obliquely by the North British Railway to Glasgow, is that of an oblong four hundred and fifty feet long by three hundred and fifty feet wide. There is a south-west tower, the only angle-tower of Roman work hitherto found in Britain. There are four gateways to the camp, and there is also an annex on the east side. Two trenches surround the camp on the south, east, and west, whilst the north is defended by the fosse. The finds included leather foot-gear and sandals from a well: the largest eleven inches by four, the smallest being dainty shoes of soft leather, with soles about eight inches long, the uppers being scalloped and

cut out in open-work, evidently worn by women. Beads, bronze fibulæ, an intaglio in carnelian representing Jupiter with his eagle, a gem of rock-crystal with female figure clothed in light drapery with a salver in her right hand containing five apples and a jar in her left, and charred wheat, were some of the other finds. Everything, Mr Haverfield says, points to Castlecary having been occupied only once, while the wall was held in the second century; at Camelon and Inchtuthill there are some hints of Agricola, but Castlecary is evidently only the work of Pius. Falkirk is in the line of the wall; and about two miles west thereof is the fort of Rough-castle, on the south side of the wall, which is now being excavated. It is nearly square in plan, each side being about seventy yards in length; it is defended by a double trench on three sides, and on the east by two advanced ramparts and trenches. General von Sarwey, who examined the wall a few years ago, considers that the trench to the north of the wall was a political boundary as the limit of Roman territory.

The Scottish wall consists of three parts: a ditch, a rampart, and a road. The wall was built of sods on a fourteen-feet foundation of stones; the forts occurred at intervals of two miles. There is a fine section of the wall on the Bonnyfield estate, near Falkirk. The Glasgow Archaeological Society this year cut a section of the wall at Hillfoot, Dumbartonshire; the section disclosed sixteen layers of turfing, with a stone base of fifteen feet wide.

There is room for a popular book on traces of the Romans in North Britain. The *Proceedings of the Scottish Society of Antiquaries* contain a mine of information: there is Mackenzie's *Delvine* already mentioned, an account of excavations by the Glasgow Archaeological Society (1899), and *Early Fortifications*, by Dr Christison. *Waldie's Walks along the Northern Roman Wall* is now out of print. For the English wall there is Bruce's *Handbook*, and, incidentally, Tomlinson's excellent guide to Northumberland. There are some instructive chapters on the subject by F. R. Haverfield in Traill's *Social England*. Recent books are *Roman Roads in Britain* by T. Codrington, and *Roman Britain* by E. Conybeare. The old books by General Roy, Alexander Gordon, Horsley, Hutton, Hodgson, and M'Lauchlan are still literary quarries for modern use.

THE PEARL NECKLACE.

CHAPTER XIII.—AMONG THE ROSES.



I CAN say with truth that I faced the breaches of Tredah with a bolder heart than I did that slim young maid of eighteen. Never had I felt so rude and uncomely, and my tongue clave to the roof of my mouth as I remembered the words I had uttered so short a time before. Truly, I marvelled at my audacity, and

stood there speechless, knowing not what to say or do. I think she, too, was embarrassed, for her eye fell, and she spoke in a low and hesitating voice.

'I beg to thank you, Captain Hawthorne,' she said, 'for all the kindness you have shown to myself and my brother; and to ask your pardon for the harsh and bitter things I have said to you in the past.'

It was very wonderful to me to find this proud young maid, who had hitherto been so haughty and contemptuous, standing before me with downcast eyes meekly pleading for forgiveness. I can truly affirm that it gave me rather pain than pleasure. Now that I was convinced that she knew nothing of the plot to assassinate the Protector I was again overcome with a sense of my own unworthiness. What was I, a rude soldier, whose life had been spent among scenes of strife and bloodshed, that this innocent child should crave pardon from me?

'Nay, Mistress Dorothy,' said I humbly, 'I entreat that you will not speak to me thus. In truth it would have been strange had you not spoken and acted as you did. In your eyes I could not seem aught but a disloyal rebel and a faithless friend. Indeed, I think that it is I who should crave pardon from you, for not having refused at any cost to undertake a duty that would force me to act harshly and unkindly towards those I so greatly honoured and esteemed.'

At that she looked up at me with shining eyes.

'I am a loyal subject of my king,' she said, 'and would gladly risk life and liberty to place him on his throne; but I thank God, though you may think I have hitherto given but little proof of it, that I can honour a brave enemy who does not shrink from performing a disagreeable duty in obedience to the dictates of his honour and his conscience.'

Never did bugle-call summoning me to the charge so move and stir me as those brave words, uttered in the fresh, clear young voice that seems, though now I am old and gray, to have rung in my ears ever since. Ah, if women only knew how easily they could influence men to be true to their better selves, sure they would never use the power they wield over them for less worthy ends. It was even so that I would have desired the maid I loved to speak, and my heart thrilled with joy as I listened to her. Yet the words were scarce uttered when I perceived that her eyes were beginning to twinkle merrily.

'And yet,' she continued, 'I think I am chiefly indebted to you for performing that which I fear it was no part of your duty to do. Tell me truly, Captain Hawthorne, was it your duty to warn a Malignant to fly from the wrath of the Lord Protector?'

Whereupon I hung my head, seeing clearly how little I had deserved the praise she had given me.

'I—I could not help myself,' I stammered. 'I strove hard to perform my duty, and the plain truth is I would have done it, but I could not.'

'Well,' said she, smiling, 'it is a strange thing that though I think highly of you for undertaking to do that which was your duty, I think still more highly of you for not doing it. But how came it to pass that you could not do it?'

Now, at that I was utterly abashed and bewildered. Was it possible that after what I had said to her she did not know?

'How—why'—I stuttered; 'nay, Mistress Dorothy, I'—There I stopped, and stood speechless before her, while she gazed up at me with a very innocent expression, as though she wondered what could possibly have induced me to act as I did. 'Sure,' said I at length, 'you cannot have forgotten what I told you so short a time before, Mistress Dorothy?'

She glanced up at me quickly, and then looked hurriedly away, and appeared to me as though waiting for me to continue. But for my part I was again struck speechless. The ways of women are, I think, always incomprehensible to men, at least to those who know as little of them as I. That she should apparently forget words that made me tremble and flush to think of having uttered took me so utterly aback that I stood gazing at her as one dumbfounded. Then, as I still remained silent, she made, as I thought, a slight gesture of impatience, and moved a little away from me.

'You told me many things, Captain Hawthorne,' said she. 'You can scarce expect me to remember everything that you said.'

I thought she spoke coldly, and I was instantly overwhelmed with despair, fearing that I had offended her.

'I pray that you will forgive me, Mistress Dorothy,' I said humbly, 'if I have said aught to displease you. I am but a rude soldier, and have lived too long in camps and barrack-rooms to learn to make the gentle and courteous speeches that are alone fit for a lady's ears.'

'Nay,' she answered, 'I think you speak very well, Captain Hawthorne, when—when you have a mind to.'

Then I noticed that she had plucked a white rose from a bush beside her, and was nervously pulling it to pieces, while she kept her face half-turned away from mine. There was that in her manner and the tones of her voice which gave me courage to speak out, and I forthwith resolved to do so, come of it what might.

'Mistress Dorothy,' said I, 'if I speak at all I must needs speak bluntly, for indeed I cannot speak otherwise. It is but a little while ago since I told you that I loved you, I, a man well-nigh twice your age, with gray hair, and staid and sober manners, and none of the graces and accomplishments of those who are most like to find favour in the eyes of a young maid. The words escaped my lips ere I was aware, and if they have displeased you I grieve most heartily that I should have uttered them. Yet they are said, and I cannot recall them—nay, I would not if I could. I have scarce any hope that you can ever regard me as aught but a friend, and for your friendship I should indeed be most grateful; but if it were possible that you could ever regard me as something nearer and dearer, there is naught in the world, God knows, that I would not do to prove the depth and sincerity of my affection. I have spoken thus to none but you in all my life, and I beseech you

that you will not trifle with me. Tell me truly whether the love of one so unworthy of you; so plain and dull of speech, and so unsuited to you in years and disposition, could ever find favour with you.'

It seemed as though a great silence had fallen upon the place. Once I heard the faint, far-away bark of a dog, and the hum of a beetle that buzzed past my ear, and then all was still in the hush of the eventide, as though the very breeze that wandered among the roses had stopped to listen to Mistress Dorothy's answer. I can see her yet as she stood before me, a dim, slender figure with long, fair curls about her drooping head, her fingers still playing absently with the petals of the white flower she held in her hand. To this day the scent of a rose brings back the memory of that scene, and once more I seem to stand in the fading light, waiting with swiftly beating heart for the answer that I dreaded and yet longed for. And while I waited, faint and far away at first, but coming every moment nearer, I heard the trampling of a horse's hoofs, now ringing sharp and clear on the stones, now low and muffled where the dust lay thick. And even as Mistress Dorothy raised her eyes to mine, and her lips moved as though she were about to speak, the sounds grew so loud that she remained silent, and we both stood listening. I scarce know how it came to pass, but it was as though that ill-omened clattering had awakened us from a happy dream. I think we were sure from the first that it was some messenger of ill-tidings who rode so hard and fast. I know that, for my part, a pang of shame went through me. In those sweet moments, standing face to face with Dorothy, I had forgotten all else, more especially the duty I owed to His Highness the Lord Protector. He was placed, as I knew well, in imminent peril of his

life; and yet, weak and unworthy as I was, I stood there dallying like a love-sick boy with a young maid among the rose-bushes. It almost seemed as though she had read my thoughts, for she appeared to shrink away from me, and even in the deepening gloom I could see that her face had grown very pale. In these foolish, happy moments we had forgotten the grim fact that she was for the King and I for the Protector, and that all the suspicion and bloodshed and bitterness that flow from civil war interposed between us.

I was about to bid her a hasty farewell, and hurry away, when I perceived a light approaching through the bushes. It came from a lantern carried by Barbara, who had come to search for her young mistress.

'Are you there, Mistress Dorothy?' she called out.

But Dorothy, who was listening intently to the trampling hoofs, paid no heed to her, but glanced quickly up at me.

'Hark!' she exclaimed. 'He is coming up the avenue.'

Then she turned and moved swiftly away, motioning Barbara to accompany her. I followed her with a sinking heart, tortured with shame to think that tidings might come of some disaster that more promptitude and vigilance on my part would have prevented. In a few moments we were standing in the avenue, and had scarce reached it when the dim figure of a horseman swept into sight. He reined suddenly in, and leaned eagerly forward as though doubtful whether he recognised us. As he did so the light from the lantern fell full upon his face. His hat was gone, and there was a crimson gash across his brow. A cry of shame and grief escaped my lips at the sight.

It was Corporal Flint.

WOMEN'S WORK AND WAGES.

By MARION I. GRAY, M.A.

IN view of the present keen competition in all kinds of remunerative work, it may not be uninteresting to inquire why women's earnings are not only in general so much less than men's, but in many cases a most inadequate reward for their labour; and whether anything can be done to remedy this state of things.

Fifty years ago there was an idea that a woman who did the same work as a man, though it were work the same in amount and the same in quality, should not receive the same payment for it for no other reason than because she was a woman. As a theory of just dealing, this notion is fast dying out; but in practice it still obtains, to the disadvantage of women-workers of all classes. For instance, though it is generally admitted that

women teach as well as men do, the average salary of class-teachers in 1901 in elementary schools was ninety-one pounds five shillings and tenpence for men; while for women it was sixty-seven pounds four shillings and ninepence. And to take examples from a different class: it is not unusual to pay a woman only three shillings and sixpence for making a dress vest, for which a man receives seven shillings and sixpence; and in Glasgow, where over five thousand women are employed in tailoring, there are only three shops which have the honourable distinction of paying the same wages to men and to women for doing the same work. There are cigarette factories, too, where the printed rates are as follows: 'Men's rates for cigarette rolling, one shilling per thousand; women's rates, ninepence per thousand' (*Women's Industries in Scotland*, by M. H. Irwin). It is to be hoped that this inequality

will not be allowed to continue, both for the sake of the women, who are being underpaid, and for the sake of the men, who are being ousted from trades in which women are content to do the same work for lower pay.

But the survival of an ancient prejudice is not the only reason why women's wages are lower than men's; and it may be worth while to consider what other reasons may account for the fact, having regard especially to hand-workers. A low rate of wages may be due (1) to conditions which belong to the nature of things, and cannot be altered; (2) to conditions which it is in the power of working women themselves to alter; or (3) to conditions which may be altered by legislation or other efforts on the part of those who are labouring at social problems. Let us look at these three points in order.

(1) Amongst the conditions which cannot be altered, we may put the fact that women are differently constituted from men, both physically and mentally. If, then, they enter into competition with men, in trades and professions where they are inevitably at a disadvantage because of the physical strength and endurance required, they must expect to earn less than their male comrades. Girls, for instance, are largely employed in marble-polishing, in carrying heavy weights in tin-plate factories, and in other ways which severely tax their strength. On the other hand, there are trades more suitable for women than for men, in which many men are yet engaged. Can a woman not sell ribbons and lace as well as a man? Can she not shampoo and dress a lady's hair quite as well? Such considerations bring us to the second point under discussion, for the wise choice of occupations largely depends on women themselves.

(2) There are, then, certain conditions responsible for low wages which women themselves can do something to alter. They should avoid, in the first place, wherever possible, unnecessary competition with men. Domestic service is at least free from this objection; and, whatever its disadvantages may be, servants who learn their business thoroughly are always sure of steady employment and good wages. But this principle alone will not enable a girl to choose a profitable trade. Sewing, for instance, if we except tailoring, is entirely a women's industry; but it is, as a rule, very badly paid, from causes to be examined later on.

Mrs H. Bosanquet, who has carefully studied the subject in London, is of opinion that one of the most practical remedies for the poverty of many women-workers is to induce them to learn skilled trades. She says that 'to a very large extent our badly-paid women are engaged in doing work which could really be better done by machinery, and which would be so done if it were not that unfortunately women are cheaper than machines.' The investigations of the Women's Industrial Council afford proof that 'there are many well-paid industries in which women can earn good money, and

that wages and conditions improve steadily as the amount and kind of training given improves.' The facts and figures given by Mrs Bosanquet refer to London, and in smaller towns there is not, of course, quite such a variety of trades to choose from; but girls and their parents are often penny-wise and pound-foolish, when, for the sake of a few shillings a week more at first, they choose a trade that any one can pick up in a few days, rather than one—such, for instance, as dressmaking or upholstery—where an apprenticeship leads to the possibility of making a good income in time.

There is another way in which it would be greatly to women's interest to raise the quality of their work. A manufacturer will sometimes tell you that he cannot afford to pay high wages to his girls, because they cost so much in overseers. They cannot be trusted not to waste time in trifling and gossip, unless they are constantly overlooked; and girls themselves will admit that this is so.

Then, again, many women take up work with the feeling that it is only for a year or two, till they marry, and they do not take the trouble to learn their business properly. Thus they do it with less skill and precision than a man who is making it his life-work. In this case it depends on the women themselves to raise the quality of their work, and so to be able to plead honourably for a higher wage.

What perhaps would do most to raise women's wages is a means of which they have been, and still are, very slow to avail themselves. They will not combine; they are generally too short-sighted to see the value of organisation, and do not think it worth the small sacrifice of time and money it demands. Public spirit has been little encouraged in women, and needs much fostering before it will be strong enough to do much for them. In self-denial for friend or for family, women often outstrip men; but they are slow to perceive either the need or the duty of self-denial for the sake of their sex, or for the sake of its industrial or professional interests. They have not learnt to consider sufficiently the effect on other people of how they conduct their own personal affairs.

When we inquire, for example, why sewing and all branches of work done by women in their own homes are so badly paid, what is the reason given? It is that such work is often undertaken by married women, or by girls living at home, as a means of adding to a small income; and, as these women do not require to earn a living wage, they are too often content to work for less than will support a person dependent on her own earnings. What is the consequence? The rate of payment falls to the lowest figure at which women will do the work; and all workers at the same trade, either at home or in workrooms, suffer. There are always women willing to take in sewing at any price they can get, and those who depend upon it for their daily bread have a terrible struggle. Miss Irwin, who made investigations for the late Royal Commission on Labour, estimates that, for 'finishing' shirts and

trousers, 'the work is usually paid at about a penny or a penny farthing per hour, although cases have been met with where the rates were as low as a farthing an hour.' Now, in such cases, an individual worker is powerless, supposing that she can get no other work, and must do what she has, or starve. But, at least, those women who are not entirely dependent on what they earn by home-work ought to feel it dishonourable, in the interests of the others, to take underpaid work. It is absurd to say that women ought never to undertake paid work if they can live without it, while it is considered right for a man to earn as much as he can; what is wrong is for women who are not dependent on their trade or profession to take less payment than they could afford to take if it were their sole source of income.

(3) Having discussed conditions of low wages which working-women themselves may do something to mitigate, we may now consider what outsiders may do, and are doing, to help them.

In the first place, the public generally, as has often been pointed out, are to blame for their inordinate desire for cheap goods, and their carelessness as to how they are produced at so low a figure. It is, in many cases, the working-classes themselves who buy the ready-made garments made by the half-starved women mentioned above. If people would take the trouble to calculate the cost of much of the ready-made clothing offered for sale, they would see that the seller cannot possibly do a profitable business and at the same time pay his workers a fair wage. In such cases, a purchaser, instead of exclaiming, 'Why that's cheaper than I could make it myself!' might well refuse to buy an article that she is not honestly paying for.

But it is not always easy for the public to know whether the work they indirectly pay for has been justly rewarded; and here comes in the usefulness of such bodies as the Women's Industrial Council in London and the Scottish Council for Women's Trades, which do such excellent work in investigating the conditions of women's industries, in endeavouring to promote legislation where it is required, and to see that existing laws are carried out. In England there is also the Industrial Law Committee, which exists for the enforcement of the law and the promotion of further reform; and a branch of this committee has lately been started in Edinburgh.

In regard to the various employments now open to women, information is being collected and published also by a committee of the Charity Organisation Society and by the Central Bureau for the Employment of Women, 9 Southampton Street, London, W.C. The latter has published a shilling

pamphlet, *Open Doors for Women Workers*, containing most valuable information for educated women in search of a career. The *Englishwoman's Year-Book* (Black) also covers the whole field of women's work and interests.

Women about to choose an occupation are earnestly recommended to study the question of supply and demand. There is very little demand and very small remuneration for untrained and unskilled women of any class. Particulars must be sought elsewhere; but, as an example, it may be mentioned that at present there is no demand for companions, and very little demand for housekeepers in small establishments; while for children's nurses (especially those who have received some training) there is a very large and constant demand. There is little demand, again, for needlewomen working at home or in workrooms, and, as we have seen, their earnings are often miserably small; but a good needlewoman who goes out to sew in private houses, especially if she knows something of dressmaking or upholstery, can get, at least in large towns, constant employment, and earns from two shillings and sixpence to three shillings and sixpence a day. For well trained teachers there is a large and constant demand, especially in elementary schools.

The road to success lies in selecting an industry or profession for which there is an increasing demand, and for which a girl has some natural aptitude, and in obtaining the best training available.

Individuals and societies interested in the industrial welfare of women can certainly do much in guiding them towards more profitable work and in assisting them to consider and to co-operate with one another. Whether the law can directly interfere where wages are too low to support life adequately is another and a difficult question. Mrs Sidney Webb pleads that the minimum wage ought to be fixed by law. This plan has been tried in Australia and is said to work well in New South Wales. On the other hand, Judge Backhouse, in his report on the experiment in Victoria, says that the law has been evaded by mutual consent in cases where both employer and employed were aware that the work done was not worth the prescribed minimum wage, and also that the law has given rise to hardship in loss of employment by weak or inefficient workers. The problem is indeed a difficult one; and how to deal with the inefficient is one of the knotty points.

The main thing at present is that the public should not be allowed to forget the fact that hard-working women are in many instances miserably underpaid, and that efforts should be made to bring home to those responsible for it a sense of the injustice done.



THE RED HEAVIES.

CHAPTER III.

GRANDISON LEE called on Mrs Popper, in keeping with his promise to Mary Riddell. But he was in no hurry about it, as he might have been had not Peter Popper let the cat out of the bag after those superfluous whiskies-and-sodas. Ere he pulled the bell at Regent House, he had throttled the very last of his illusions about Mary Riddell. At least he thought so. He flattered himself it was easy enough, too, considering he had seen the girl only once.

Nevertheless he was very nervous when the footman ushered him into the drawing-room.

Mrs Popper's welcome was of the warmest. 'This is sweet of you, Major,' she exclaimed. Her hand almost clung to his. Perhaps it was a mark of her kinship with Mary; perhaps it meant nothing. She was a large lady, with much jewellery about her, evidently a stately person when she chose to be so. 'We were so dreadfully afraid you were some one else,' she added, with a most encouraging countenance.

Then the Major turned to Mary Riddell, and his courage failed him. She was all, and more, than he had thought her. Was there a smile in all the world to match hers? 'Good afternoon,' he said, in his hardest and most frigid tone.

But she did not shrink in the least. She looked her gladness calmly, and again gave him a boyish hand-clasp which thrilled him to the heart.

'I thought your principles had *compelled* you to neglect us,' she said.

It was no good. In her presence he forgot everything except the pleasure of the moment. He felt like a criminal whenever he tried, feebly enough, to rally himself into a condition of ordinary insensitiveness to the charms of womankind. It was easier to be natural, and far more comfortable.

Mrs Popper soon mentioned her gratitude in the matter of Peter. It was soon over too.

'Don't, mother!' said Mary Riddell. 'I gave Major Lee as much of that kind of physis as he could take. He'll never call on us again if we keep worrying him about it.'

'Very well, my dear,' said Mrs Popper. 'I owed it to myself.—Much as I love my son, Major, I would really rather talk to you about this County Ball.'

'Ball? Oh, of course! I remember,' he murmured.

Before he knew anything else definitely, he had not only promised to go to the ball, but also to dance the first dance with Mrs Popper. She had asked him point-blank. He was quite simple in confessing afterwards that he did not, as a rule, go to balls; hated them in fact.

He felt dazed, ridiculous, yet blindly happy. All the while he listened to commonplaces, and talked them, he was living his real life apart with the face of this blithe and lovely girl which said so much to him with its eyes alone.

So it went on, all too quickly, until there came a distraction.

'That's his ring; I feel sure it is!' cried Mrs Popper, almost as if she were in despair, when the bell pealed loudly. 'Upon my word, I don't know what some young men are made of. I dare say you know him, Major, by this time: Albert Stiles. He'—

'Never mind that, mother,' said Mary Riddell laughing. 'If I dared, I would ask Major Lee to help me to seek cover in the conservatory in a minute or two. There's a wonderful cactus'—

'Anything I can do for you—anything!' he said, with grave alacrity.

'Would you? Oh, how good of you! In five minutes. Not more,' she whispered.

The footman appeared, and Mr Stiles after him. This young gentleman had been told, in the plainest language, that Mrs Popper and Mary were only at home on Thursdays; and yet he had called every afternoon since his arrival in Baddenham, on the chance, as he said. There had been passages-at-arms with the footman about him; but of course nobody wanted a scene, and Albert Stiles was free with his money, as well as determined and artful where Mary was concerned. He tried to make love as his father had made a fortune in dog-cakes, by forcing these down the throats of the dogs of the public. His father's appropriate and favourite maxim, 'It's dogged as does it!' was his also, as touching Mary Riddell.

Now the Major had already met Mr Albert Stiles. For the fun's sake, so he said, Popper had brought him to a mess-dinner. But there wasn't much fun in it for any one. Young Stiles could be the most ordinary young man in the world on occasion, and he soon made the Red Heavies yawn in spite of themselves. He condescended to talk horses to them, and parried Popper's sallies with considerable craft. There was not a laugh in or about him from the soup to the coffee; and every one was thankful when Popper took him away.

To the Major, after due contemplation, it seemed a monstrous thing that such a bladder-headed radish of a youth should think it possible Mary Riddell could love him. He was a mere wisp of a fellow, with a moustache trained like Popper's, only black instead of flaxen. But to-day the Major shook young Stiles's hand heartily. He felt almost as if he could excuse any man anything. He nursed his knee and smiled pensively, and listened to the neat

little duel of words between Mrs Popper and Albert Stiles with quite a relish.

Mrs Popper was determined not to mince matters with the young man.

'Didn't you observe, Mr Stiles, that the *Thursday* on my card was underlined?' she asked severely. 'We are going out directly.'

'I can't help dropping in, Mrs Popper,' said Albert Stiles, with his eyes on Mary.

'Yes, yes; but you ought to know better. What would your own mother say if Peter, for example, took such liberties with her?'

Albert Stiles made his score with a grin which really suited his excellently tight cornstalks of legs, scarlet necktie, and cut-throat collar. 'She'd be jolly thankful,' he replied. 'She likes Peter.'

Mrs Popper generously spared him the retort which he invited.

'Well, I don't think I shall even ask you to sit down,' she said. 'Major Lee is different. He is here on business, if he will allow me to say so.' This with a graciousness towards the Major which was cruel in the circumstances.

'Business!' exclaimed Albert Stiles, with a slight frown. 'It's business with a decent amount of pleasure to it then. And, anyhow, Mrs Popper, you can't turn me out. I'll leave when the Major does. I may stay that long, Miss Riddell, mayn't I?'

There was no more of him than this.

Mary Riddell rose and shook her head at him compassionately. 'I think you are the most foolish individual I know,' she said quietly.—'But perhaps he is tired, mamma, and wants a rest.—If you will be very good, my mother will humour you so far.—Shall I show you that—wonderful cactus now, Major Lee?'

The Major was on his feet in an instant. 'I should like to see it immensely,' he said.

'And in ten minutes, my dear, I shall put on my bonnet,' said Mrs Popper.

Mary Riddell nodded an airy 'Adieu' to Albert Stiles.

'Oh, but'—he began protestingly. Mrs Popper, however, stifled the forthcoming indiscretion by inquiring what he paid for the flowers he was so absurdly extravagant in sending daily to Regent House; and before the question was answered Mary and the Major were in the other drawing-room, with the conservatory beyond.

'This is better,' she said, facing him pleasantly the moment the glass door was shut upon them. 'Do you think I was too harsh with him?'

'Too harsh! I—surely that depends, Miss Riddell. You didn't look harsh.'

She folded her hands behind her head, and, standing in a frame, as it were, of orange-blossom, gazed at Grandison Lee with that earlier wholly confiding freedom which had wrought such havoc on him.

'That's what I like about the Red Heavies!' she said quickly. 'You are all above the nonsense one expects and gets from other men.'

'How so?' he asked, determined to keep calm.

'Oh, about marrying. I assure you, Major Lee, speaking as one disinterested human being to another, it's not to be believed how a girl with a little money has her own aspirations badgered out of her by that— that tiresome presentiment of courtship. Whenever I am introduced to a gentleman I have to start weighing him up instead of just being spontaneously civil. How is one to know what his aims are? It seems that even one's smiles—poor plain little things!—may do a great deal of mischief quite innocently. You see what I mean?'

An Aretic wind had swept over the Major's heart. The conservatory was warm, but he had become very cold. 'Yes, I believe I see what you mean,' he said. 'And yet'—

Suddenly a fierce passion of revolt against the restraints of his circumstances followed that Aretic gust. This radiant and adorable girl smiled at him and talked to him as if he were a milestone by the roadside; and she thought him nothing better, as touching his sensibilities. What he said he said, and even afterwards he could not bring himself greatly to regret it.

'And so, Miss Riddell,' he ended, 'you see that you have, quite unknowingly, and I'm sure without wishing it, wounded one more man and made him feel sorry he was born. Only for the time, of course. Give me a couple of hours, and I hope I shall be myself again. You called your smiles just now "poor plain little things." You couldn't have spoken seriously, and so it was not fair of you to say anything about them. I have met you only twice; but those poor plain little things, as you call them, have—done for me. God knows, I'm a fool, and not a young one either; but I'd do anything, almost be anything, if I could have those smiles for my own every day of my life. That's how I feel now, please to understand. I wish I knew if by-and-by you will be laughing to yourself about me or not. Really, I can't tell. I shall fight against this image of you which you have fastened in my brain so that other memories can't stand against it yet; and I hope I may crush it out. Hope? Why, yes, of course; for I couldn't live else. And that's all. You will perceive that I am, unfortunately, in love, Miss Riddell, and therefore I had better say "Good-bye" at once.'

He proffered his hand, smiling. It was not such a bitter smile as his words required; not quite. But such as it was it left him altogether when he marked with some degree of calmness the expression on the girl's face.

She was waxen white, breathing fast, and there was real pain in her eyes.

'You—think that of me?' she stammered.

The Major drew himself up. 'I have no right to think anything about you except the best possible,' he said. 'Please forgive me. I'm an inconsiderate brute. I thought I had more sense. I—won't you

say "Good-bye," Miss Riddell, and have done with me?"

'Yes, Major Lee,' she said. 'I too have been—thoughtless. It is better, I suppose. Good-bye.' She gave him her hand, flushing as she did so, looking at him earnestly, and then looking away. 'Believe me,' she added, 'I had no idea.'

'And neither had I,' said he, trying to be gay, 'that I was such a boy. Well, I hope you will the more easily forget my stupidity.'

He scarcely knew that he had patted the little hand in his as if he were a grandfather rather than a boy. Then he took his hat from the soil of the camellia beneath which he had placed it when his mad fit seized him, and prepared to go.

'I think you said there was another way out?' he asked. 'I'm afraid I daren't go back into the drawing-room.'

'Yes,' she said. Leading the way, she conducted him through the glass-houses and so to the lawn.

Here the Major had something to add to his previous pleas for merciful judgment.

'I was never in love before, Miss Riddell,' he said, hat in hand, with several new wrinkles on his forehead. 'But I daresay, with your experience, you will have surmised that at once. Please Heaven! I am now inoculated. Good-bye.'

'Good-bye,' she said again.

The Major's emotions were not agreeable as he passed the different flower-beds of the garden. Thousands of bulbs were here shooting their young hopes heavenwards. He might have tormented himself by contrasting his still-born hope with theirs, so full of the promise of fruition. But he had enough to distress him without that. He had humiliated himself and hurt that beautiful girl. Yes, he realised this now; he had hurt her feelings, perhaps even wronged her.

He paused at the gate, positively half-tempted to return, in the ardour of his contrition. But Albert Stiles diverted him from that step. He caught him on the pavement outside and immediately became excited.

'Oh, I say, good business, Major Lee!' he cried. 'You're just the man I want. I'm sure you'll do it when you know the circumstances.'

'What may you be talking about?' said Grandison Lee.

'I didn't know, Major, you were so thick with Popper's folks. Wish to goodness they'd talk of me as they do of you—that is, the old lady does. Any one can see, too, that you stand pretty well with Miss Riddell. Lucky bargee! Now, couldn't you, do you think, slip in a sly word for a fellow now and then? I've eight hundred a year allowance, and I'm an only son, and certainly not worse than the average man. But Mary Riddell does ride such a high cock-horse of her own that there's no touching her unless you're something lofty yourself. If you *would* talk to her in a fatherly way, you know, about being practical, I'd be no end obliged to you.'

The Major's face would have frightened some young men.

'Practical!' he said. 'Do you think it would be practical of her to marry you? Is that what you mean?'

'Yes, of course it would,' was the eager reply. 'We've known each other since we were so tall.' He put his hand down to his knee.

Then all the severity went out of Grandison Lee's countenance.

'My lad,' he said, 'I'm sorry for you. If you can't do without my help after an acquaintanceship of that long growth, I'm afraid you're past praying for.'

'But, Major'—

'We're a *couple* of fools, and that's all about it, Stiles,' said the Major, interrupting him. 'And I've squandered enough time already today.'

He strode off with a nod and the bearing of a man without a care in the world.

Looking something like a limp tulip, Albert Stiles stared after him. 'Selfish beggar!' he growled sulkily.

THE GREAT BRONZE 'DAIBUTSU' OF KAMAKURA.

IF there were enough ruins of Kamakura left to sit upon, the contemporary Yankee might anticipate the reverie of the future New Zealander on London Bridge. But of all the great military capital of Japan nothing—save quiet rice-fields—remains except the gigantic bronze *Daibutsu* which has kept it from falling entirely into obscurity through the centuries of its decay. Sitting upon his lotus pedestal, the Buddha seems wrapped in an eternal calm that such transient happenings as earthquakes have not been

able to disturb, while the tidal waves that repeatedly swept over and destroyed the city have only made him nod.

The figure is one of the most remarkable works of art in Japan, or, for that matter, in the world; and, like most other interesting things, its origin is wrapped up in legend and myth, and bound in a web as picturesque and fantastic as that which entangled William Tell, whose romantic existence modern common-sense historians would have us doubt. So long ago as the eighth century an image of the god stood at Kamakura; but, being

of wood, time and the elements destroyed it. A second one was designed with a head eighty feet in circumference; but that also was demolished by a typhoon. The present Buddha dates from 1252 A.D. Originally he stood in a great temple which—when Kamakura, instead of being only a name, was the seat of the Shôgunate and the capital of Japan—used to be the meeting-place of princes and feudal lords, brocaded grandees and trains of men-at-arms. This temple was a magnificent building such as the golden age of Japanese art made possible, fifty yards square, with a roof supported on sixty-three massive pillars. A series of earthquake shocks and tidal-waves more than three hundred years ago destroyed the city, and with it this beautiful building. The Buddha alone remained unharmed, the great weight of the bronze preventing him from being swept away, and he was left sitting calmly beatific on his lotus pedestal where he sat centuries ago. For Japanese Buddhists the lotus has a deep and especial significance. It is the symbol of the human soul. As the beautiful flower arises pure and spotless from a bed of mud, so the spirit, held down in its earthy bed by the slender wavering stem of the body, rises serene and unspotted towards the higher perfection.

There is a railway station, with a modern hamlet surrounding it, a mile or two from the great statue, and every foot of ground teems with historical legends and associations. There is an old wooden temple built to commemorate the Genius of War, who was son of that famous and valiant Japanese Joan of Arc the conqueror of Korea; an ancient stone *torii* or archway of noble proportions, approached by an avenue of fine old trees; and there is a modern inn for tourists near the bay—all of these are called Kamakura; but they are no part of the ancient city, which was never rebuilt after the great tidal wave in 1494 A.D.

The Buddha is of colossal size. The eyes, nearly four feet long, are of pure gold, and a narrow slit has been cut in each so that those who go inside the statue to the little votive chapel, and clamber up a narrow ladder, may look out on the beautiful garden in which he stands, and have a more correct idea of his wonderful size. In the centre of the calm, massive forehead is a silver boss weighing thirty pounds, representing a ray of light. The whole figure is forty-eight feet high and ninety-seven feet in circumference, the nose is three feet long, the ears six feet in length, and every one of the little curls (of which there are eight hundred and thirty) is a foot long. At the time of the Chicago World's Fair an enterprising American

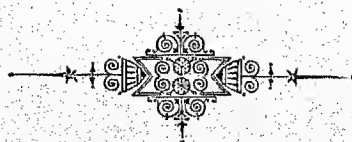
firm made overtures to the Japanese Government in the hope of buying the statue; but, luckily, it was found too unwieldy for transportation, and the project was abandoned.

This work in bronze stands, perhaps, at the head of the incomparable arts of Japan. An alloy of tin and a little gold is mingled with the copper, and on the joined thumbs and hands, where visitors climb to sit for their photographs, the bronze is polished enough to show its fine dark tint. The rest of the Buddha is dull and weather-stained, and the rough seams where the sections were welded together now show plainly.

In addition to the image, various altarpieces, statuettes, candlesticks, incense-boxes, and flower-stands, rich with carving, inlaying, and damascening, and a great bell, were cast at the same time. Every evening at sunset, like the old Angelus, this splendid bell reverberates and echoes in solemn and tender tones over a devout countryside. The striking of it, which is done by a big beam of wood swung on chains being hurled against the outside, is an event in the monotonous lives of the priests who attend to the gardens, and whose delight and pleasure it is to describe their art treasures.

The statue itself needs no guide to point out its grandeur. Unlike all the other Buddhas of Japan, which are certainly very ugly and unspiritual, and rouse no emotions in the ordinary observer, this figure cannot fail to stir a sense of devotion even in the frivolous or dissenting. The face is not the expression of momentary passion, but full of appealing dignity and simplicity. As Ruskin says in describing a Greek statue: 'Not that it is so *beautiful*, but it is so *right*. Its peace of heart, its contentment, its true and everlasting strength, and all the grace that follows on that strength, are marvellous.'

Much of the charm of the religious places of Japan consists in the profound sentiment with which they have been placed in the midst of most lovely natural surroundings, which have been 'thought out' in relation to the masterpiece they frame. The Kamakura *Daibutsu* is no exception to the rule. It stands in a grove of tall trees, a truly ideal setting for a place of worship. Deprived of its ancient roof, the figure is itself a shrine under the blue dome of heaven, confined by no other walls than those of the rustling grove. The 'Light of Asia' repays study, and, in truth, yields little of its meaning at first sight, though even the casual observer is awed by its overpowering size and a sense of the littleness and transitoriness of every-day life face to face with such a symbol of the eternal reality.



A CAVALRY SCOUT IN THE INDIAN MUTINY.

By JUNGUL WALLAH.

IN December 1857, along with twenty members of my corps, I was deputed by Sir James Outram to go from the Alum-Bagh to Bune Bridge, a distance of sixteen miles, for the purpose of ascertaining how the garrison at that place was getting on. Bune was the only position held by us on the main road between Cawnpore and the Alum-Bagh, which were forty-eight miles apart.

We got along very well until within two miles of Bune, when a horde of mutinous cavalry suddenly appeared out of a *tope* (clump) of mango-trees about a quarter of a mile off. The officer commanding the party decided at once that our only chance of escape was to make the most of the distance between us and the enemy's cavalry, and scuttle. So off we went at a hard gallop, making for Bune, followed up by the enemy in full pursuit. But, to cut this part of the story short, we outpaced them, got in safe and sound, and were entertained to our hearts' content by the garrison.

While we were enjoying our excellent supper, the officer commanding at Bune sent an aide-de-camp to say that he had most urgent information for Sir John Inglis, commanding at Cawnpore, which he was anxious should be carried to him at once. The commanding officer said he was well aware it would never do to weaken Sir James Outram's force by detaching a number of men, and they would not get through the numerous vedettes the rebels had on the road; but he thought two of our men would probably succeed in sneaking past any obstructions they might encounter. Of course he was fully aware that the undertaking was a dangerous one; still, the risk must be taken. So it was settled that two of us were to go to Cawnpore. The task the officer commanding our party had to tackle was to select those two, as every man was anxious for the duty; but, being a long-headed fellow, he got over the difficulty by deciding that we should draw lots. This was done, and Sergeant Butler and I were what we considered the prize-drawers. Poor Butler! he had been recommended for the Victoria Cross; he never lived to obtain it, having died at the Alum-Bagh in 1858 from the effects of a blow he received in the chest from a rebounding round shot.

At ten P.M. we left Bune, both of us having a duplicate of the despatches, which were in cipher, rolled into small tin tubes. We got along all right for about eight miles. When we neared the town of Busseerutunge we saw by the glow of numerous fires that large parties of rebels were encamped on both flanks, and that the town was occupied by some of them, so we halted to consider what was to be done. The conclusion we arrived at was that

there would be no use in trying to get round either flank, as we did not know the country, and the town was surrounded by swampy ground. So we decided that we must make a choice of two courses: either return to Bune, dejected and disappointed, and probably to be chaffed off our heads by the garrison, or make a dash for it, and gallop through Busseerutunge, which we knew was only half a mile long. The latter course being adopted, we dismounted, hauled our canvas horse-clothing from under our saddles, cut it up, and tied our horses' hoofs in four folds of canvas, so that the *patter*, *patter* of their feet on the hard road might be muffled. Having done this, off we went, creeping up to within four hundred yards of the town without being observed, and then we rode at a gallop. No sooner had we entered than we heard the challenge, 'Who comes there?' but, taking no notice of this, we pressed our spurs into the horses' flanks, flying for life. Within two minutes after we passed the sentry who challenged us, hundreds of rebels turned out, and began to fire from all sides; but the darkness of the night favoured us, and we got through scot-free. After proceeding about half a mile, we drew rein and dismounted to remove the bags from our horses' hoofs and to give the nags a breather. This halt was necessary, for we had sixteen miles farther to go before we could reach Cawnpore, and the odds were we would have to make another dash for it through Onoa, a village about eight miles off. It was lucky for us in more ways than one that we did decide on this halt, as within a quarter of an hour we heard the enemy's cavalry coming down the road, evidently following us up. Off the road we went, and hid behind some high bushes, relying for safety on the darkness of the night and on the horses not neighing. The sensible creatures remained perfectly mute, and we had the satisfaction of hearing the enemy—we could not see them—gallop on towards Cawnpore, shouting to each other, 'We have them! They are not far ahead!' Fortunately we were not discovered, so again we had to decide what was to be done, knowing our awkward position between the rebels at Busseerutunge and those on the road to Cawnpore.

But we were bound to 'face the music.' After resting for an hour, we proceeded, and got through Onoa without being in any way molested. Then at Munglewar, which was only eight miles from our destination, we were told by a native traveller from Cawnpore that a large body of rebel cavalry had passed through the town about an hour before, most of them squabbling with one another at the stupidity of allowing two Englishmen to outpace them and escape. He also added that he had seen them leave.

the road about half a mile off and make for a *tope* of trees. On hearing this, Butler proposed that we should set off and ride as hard as we could for the banks of the Ganges opposite Cawnpore. But that would not do; as, if the rebels should see us (and it was very probable they would, as daylight was breaking), or if they overtook us (which they would do unless the horses were fresh), our end would not be far off. Therefore we made up our minds to proceed at a walk for the rest of the journey, and that in the event of being waylaid or chased we would sit down in our saddles and ride as we had never ridden before.

We got along unmolested within three miles of our destination, when at sunrise we heard numerous trumpet-calls on our left. 'Ah! ah!' both of us exclaimed almost simultaneously; 'so there you are! Well, you beggars, you shall ride for it.' Our horses are fresh, and by the time you get into your saddles and form up we will have had a good start; and, if the worst comes to the worst, the odds are that all that can happen is that we may have to swim our horses across the Ganges.' Away we went at a ripping gallop, and on came the rebel cavalry in hundreds. They chased us for over a mile, but never got within three hundred yards; and they gave up the pursuit when the Cawnpore garrison, seeing the fix we were in, loosed off a few shells in the midst of them, making them retreat pretty sharp. On arrival at the banks of the Ganges

we found a large flat-bottomed boat waiting for us with a party of armed men; and within a quarter of an hour were landed safe and sound at Cawnpore, where we were entertained for a week like kings.

It was considered by Sir John Inglis too risky to let us return to the Alum-Bagh alone; therefore we were ordered to await the departure of a convoy that was to leave for that place in a few days; so we had to stay. This week's absence made General Outram decide that we had fallen into the hands of the enemy, and been killed, which was the fate of nearly all those who were captured by the rebels. You can picture to yourself how we were welcomed on our return.

I cannot conclude without bringing to notice the heroic conduct of Sergeant Butler during the trying night we spent together, and also the fate of his poor horse. Butler was a very stout man, and when he began to ride fast, when chased by the cavalry, his weight began to tell on the animal. Butler felt this, and said, 'Ride on and save yourself; leave me to my fate. There is no need for both of us to be caught.' But, thanks to a merciful Providence, there was no necessity for this, as the game old horse seemed to waken up suddenly to the danger of falling behind, made a desperate effort, and carried his rider safely to the Ganges. But, alas! the effort was too much for him, and he died the next day.

TALKING ABOUT TJALKS.

By W. VICTOR COOK.



WHAT is a tjalk? On the lips, or rather in the mouth of a Dutchman, the word is pronounced something like 'tyalluk,' with a short, clicking final syllable, as if the speaker's tongue had suddenly snapped in the middle.

Any one who has ever run across to Rotterdam or any of the Dutch river-towns must have seen tjalks by the score, for they are nothing more nor less than the picturesque sailing-luggers—one can hardly call them barges—that ply continuously up and down the length and breadth of Holland, and ascend the broad Rhine stream as far as Cologne or even to Coblenz. Everywhere, throughout the intricate network of waterways with which the flat surface of the Netherlands is intersected, one comes across the tjalk. Far away over the polders it may be seen gliding mysteriously through what seems the midst of a solid meadow, its tall mast and brown sails only visible; or, if the wind be unfavourable, or the channel of water too narrow for sailing, one follows it on the canal footpaths as its inmates toil and strain at the rope by which they are dragging it along. The tjalk is the delight of the artist, the stand-by of the small trader, and the despair of the Dutch school-attendance officer.

With the school attendance-officer's despair we begin to approach the 'true inwardness' of the tjalk. In most of the western countries of Europe, including our own, the rivers and canals—while they are still, of course, extensively used for the purposes of commerce—are no longer what they once were. Their population differs in no important respect from the population of the districts through which they pass. It has lost all the individuality it may once have possessed. But of the canals of Holland it may almost be said that they breed a race of their own, a race with its own dialect, its own customs, its own traditions handed down from father to son for generations. From fifty to seventy thousand persons out of the five millions or so who make up the population of Holland are born, brought up, live, marry, and die on the tjalks. The tjalk is the only home they have ever known or will know, or probably would wish to know; up and down the land they glide, slowly but surely, from day to day, never in the same place for many weeks together, unless when winter holds the inland waters in its icy grip. The little child's playground is the tjalk's deck; the young man's ambition is to have a tjalk of his own, so that he may marry and go up and down the land as his fathers have done before

him, to earn a living for his family. When he reaches middle-life, and his family is growing up sturdily around him, my lord the tjalk-owner settles down to enjoy life. Pipe in mouth, you may behold him in placid meditation in the stern, now and then giving a touch this way or that to the great tiller, while his wife and family, very possibly including his mother-in-law, tug away at the tow-rope on the bank of the canal. For although on the rivers and wider canals sailing is practicable with a favourable wind, far the greater part of the work has to be done on the tow-path.

The greater part of the internal carrying trade of Holland is done on the tjalks, Germany receiving large quantities of food every year through their agency. Each tjalk is divided into two portions. The front of the boat below the deck consists of a capacious hold, where the load is placed; the family dwell astern. In a small tjalk the whole of the domestic establishment may be below the deck; but in most there is a little house, painted green or white, just in front of the tiller. Cosy little dwellings they look, their bright-coloured paint set off by a row of plants and flowers on the deck or stuck in the tiny window, their song-bird in its cage, their dog or cat, or both, asleep curled up in a corner of the deck. There was a time, not so very many years ago, when, instead of going to sleep comfortably on deck, the tjalk-owner's dog had to do most of the work of towing. The tjalk-master omits nothing that may help to make his floating dwelling look smart. The tjalk itself is frequently painted a bright colour; and, wherever an excuse offers, it has shining metal-work, on the polishing of which the master and his family will spend as much care as their compatriots on the polders do on the evening washing of their house-fronts. Little pennants frequently adorn the mast and heavy yard, while the tjalk-owner's care for his craft is also shown by the waterproof covers in which the sails are folded when the boat is for any length of time stationary.

When the tjalk has done its day's journey and the labours of towing are over, or when it is lying in one of the numerous havens in the towns waiting for cargo, then is the time to see the family at their ease. Then the *vrouw* brings out her needlework from the tiny house, and sits placidly sewing, with her back against the wall of the house, the youngsters scramble about the deck, and mynheer smokes the pipe of meditation or strolls ashore to consume 'schnapps' and discuss the doings of the world with his acquaintance of the canal-side. Wonderfully picturesque is a group of the wandering canal-vessels moored along the quays of some old Dutch city, waiting to load or discharge. On the whole, though offering no great scope for 'vaulting ambition,' the management of a tjalk is a profitable business, and the young man who hardens his muscles by tugging at his father's tow-rope may, if he be reasonably industrious and reasonably fortunate in picking up a wife whose dowry will

do a little to help his own savings, look forward with confidence to making a tolerably comfortable living.

Wandering one warm morning among the picturesque havens and canal quays and bridges of old Dordrecht, the writer was seized with a sudden ambition to explore the interior of a tjalk. The same notion had taken possession of his mind several times before, when here and there the road northward struck a canal-bank or led on to the dykes that border the broad, winding channel of the Waal; but hitherto time and opportunity had not been available together. Now, however, was an hour or two to spare, and here were tjalks galore, moored at every turn. There, close at hand, lay a group—it might be half-a-dozen—of them, with their great masts and their long brown yards making a picturesque confusion at the quayside in front of the Café Cronje. Selecting the best-looking tjalk of the half-dozen, the writer balanced his bicycle against a hauling-post on the quay and stepped hopefully forward. A momentary qualm seized him on observing the name of the craft: *President Kruger*, by all that was pro-Boer! What with Cafés Cronje and *President Kruger* tjalks, it did not seem a very healthy spot for a *verdomde rooinek* to go poking about in,—for these were in the days of the Transvaal War. However, there is nothing like taking the bull by the horns; so, marching up to the master of the *President Kruger*, the writer made shift to ask, in the very best blend of Anglo-German Dutch at his command, if mynheer would have the complaisance to let him step on board to look at his very interesting boat. Notwithstanding the partisan character of his surroundings, mynheer turned out to be the most affable person imaginable. The permission was freely accorded, and mynheer constituted himself guide. He must have been a man of high intelligence to have understood the fearful and wonderful compound in which his visitor's utterances were phrased; but, though there was a good deal of mutual bewilderment in the course of the conversation, it went very well, and the master of the *President Kruger* proudly pointed out the varied excellencies of his craft.

When we had explored the deck and admired the big tiller, and the brass nails along the bulwarks, and the brightness of the red paint on her sides, and when mynheer had perseveringly tried to make his visitor understand the use of the *svaard*—the curiously shaped board hung on both sides of the vessel to assist in turning her quickly in a small space, then we went in and down at the door of the tiny house, more like an overgrown dolls'-house than an abode for human beings. This little apartment, where the family slept and where they retired in bad weather, was divided midway by a sort of movable partition, and in each half was a diminutive window, tight-closed, with white blinds half-drawn, and a little flower-pot in the midst. At the side of the apartment farthest from the stern was a petroleum-stove, surmounted by the most absurd

yet neatest little mantelshelf, covered with photographs and tiny knick-knaeks ranged on each side of the clock. Round the other three sides of the room ran a semicircular seat against the wall, with lockers beneath, which the host proudly opened to display his family china and 'plate,' the latter being of copper or enamelled pewter and brightly polished. Two of the largest lockers served the purposes of a larder. From the roof, in which was another small window, hung the mynheer's pipe, an important article of furniture. The whole interior of the apartment—from the varnished wooden panels of the lockers to the cooking-utensils that hung on the walls—looked as though it were polished and scrubbed every few hours, which those who know the Dutch housewife's inveterate love of scrubbing for its own sake could readily believe to be actually the case.

When we had concluded our inspection of the family apartments, nothing would serve but we must go and look at the great hold. So, emerging again from the little 'front door,' where the *wrouw* was sitting cutting up vegetables for the evening meal, we passed forward, and mynheer swung back on a hinge one-half of the heavy wooden cover of the hold, and we descended into the spacious depths. The *President Kruger* had entirely cleared her cargo, and had been lying for a day or two awaiting a fresh commission, so that the entire hold was empty, from the forward end, where the foundations of the great mast went up through the deck like the roots of some sturdy tree, to the opposite extremity, where mynheer's two eldest boys had fastened a swing to iron hooks in the roof, and were vying with each other in daring deeds, their small sister standing by and enviously admiring. On the flooring near them lay several toys, which seemed to indicate that, when not more profitably engaged, the hold served the purpose of an indoor nursery. At the other end of the boat was a large compartment for storing sails, &c.

In a city like Rotterdam, where a broad stream of river as well as wide canals are spanned by a number of bridges, it is an interesting sight to watch the tjalks pass under the arches of the bridges on their way up or down the river under full sail. As the great majority of the bridges are too low to allow them to pass clear, the masts of the tjalks are slung close to the deck on hinges, and are fitted with an arrangement of levers so that they can be laid almost horizontal in a few seconds. The frequency of the necessity to lower the mast thus gives the tjalk-owner and his family a remarkable smartness in the operation. We may watch one of the great picturesque boats bearing down-stream at full speed, her brown sails bellying out in a strong breeze, till it seems as though another half-minute must see her go crashing into a bridge and snapping the mast off short like a twig. But the master, as he stands at the tiller, knows to a foot how near he can sail in safety. A couple of stout lads stand in the bow, waiting for the word. Just as all hope for the poor

mast seems lost, the word comes. Within a second or two the fat brown sail has come sliding down, and with a few steady turns of the winch-handle the tall mast is leaning back at an angle that obviates all danger. The tjalk glides under the bridge in safety, mynheer gives the word again, and in another second or two the boat is under full sail as if nothing had happened. At other times—at least so far as Rotterdam and the great seaboard cities are concerned—there is no need to lower the mast. One of the most characteristic and (if you are not in a hurry) interesting sights of such a city is the frequent raising of the portcullis of a river or canal bridge to let the shipping through, while, as in the case of the Tower Bridge in London, the long line of the waiting traffic grows longer every minute, and the patience of the unaccustomed stranger shorter every minute.

One of these days, when the Dutch school-attendance officer has 'got his hand in' more than he has as yet contrived to do, and the thirty or forty thousand children who now grow up in blissful ignorance on the waters of the canals have to go regularly to school like their fellows ashore, the break-up of the picturesque and historic barge-population will probably begin. The day when it sets in in earnest will be a day of joy and thanksgiving for the educationist; but the artist and the dreamer, and all the Bohemian brotherhood who would rather lean over a bridge and sigh than sit in a useful and necessary counting-house and grow rich, will drop a gentle, romantic tear into the muddy stream of the canal in kind remembrance of the tjalks and of those who dwelt therein.

R. L. S.

There's an island in the ocean

Where Pacific breakers roar,

And a mountain on the island,

And a grave—and nothing more!

And upon the grave is written

The name of him who lies

Where no voice disturbs his slumber,

'Neath 'the wide and starry skies.'

There's an island in the ocean

Where Atlantic breakers roar,

And the mountains rise up rugged

From the rocky, stubborn shore.

And the heather-blooms are purple,

And the whaups and plovers cry,

And the 'wine-red moor' is melted

In the dusky northern sky.

There's a valiant soul a-sailing

Upon the eternal sea,

From east to west and northwards;

But ever home turns he.

For through the mirk and darkness,

On the headland of the night,

There's a deathless memory blazing

Which his torch has set alight.

H. HALYBURTON ROSS.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESSES AND THE G.P.O.

By W. B. ROBERTSON.

THE business of the Post-Office is to facilitate and expedite communication, and it does this satisfactorily. In the doing of its work it compares favourably with other State departments; one reason, no doubt, being that, serving the public more directly than other departments do, and serving it in a matter of the first importance, the public soon lets it know when its action or want of action is disapproved. Thus is it kept up to the mark, the officials usually having the good sense to accommodate the service to the growing needs of the millions they cater for.

In one notable instance, however, the authorities displayed remarkable obstinacy—remarkable because so foreign to their traditional policy of enlightenment. This was in connection with the telegraphic or abbreviated addresses we are now so familiar with and find so economical. Any man by paying a registration-fee of a guinea per annum can go to the Post-Office and have the half-dozen or more words contained in his postal address reduced to two—namely, an agreed-upon word that is registered for his exclusive use in his district, and the name of the place he is established in. In the case of an address that by this system is reduced from six words there is a possible saving of twopenee on inland telegrams—not to the man who has registered his address, but to those sending him telegrams. It is thus necessary, to gain the advantage of the system, that those likely to telegraph him should know his registered address. He gains because the condensed address makes it easier, because cheaper, to communicate with him by wire; and whatever facilitates communication facilitates business. Moreover, receiving enough telegrams to justify the annual outlay of a guinea for registration, he is himself sure to be the sender of numerous telegrams, and on these he will gain when sent to correspondents who have registered. The Post-Office also gains. Its annual income from registration-fees is now sixty-three thousand pounds, and its clerks have fewer words to put on and take off

the wires and fewer words to write out on the messages. It can thus do more business in a given time, and increased business has come through the abbreviated addresses cheapening rates. Yet, strange to say, the Post-Office officials manifested hostility to these addresses for eight years! They took your guinea and they registered your address; but they prevented its being of any use by keeping it a secret. They would neither publish the list of recorded addresses themselves nor allow others to do so, alleging that the persons registering might object; as if any sane man would pay a guinea a year merely to have a meaningless word written down in the Post-Office!

The dislike of the Post-Office to the system of telegraphic addresses was revealed immediately after the introduction of sixpenny telegrams in 1885. Then there was what might be termed a rush of business men to take advantage of the system, in anticipation of the extended part telegraph messages, through being cheapened, would play in commerce. Commenting on this rush, the Postmaster-General reminded the public that the system of abbreviated addresses had originated with foreign telegrams, the heavy charges for which made every possible saving important, and he did not recommend the registration of abbreviated addresses. Nevertheless, the registration of abbreviated addresses recommended itself to the public, and the public continued to register in increasing numbers, though the system was largely, indeed almost completely, shorn of its benefits by the strange hostility of the officials to giving publicity to the registration.

Here is an example of what was continually happening. A business man would receive a telegram like this: 'Wire lowest prices for Fizzing. If reply received to-day can place order.—UPRIGHTLY.' Now, unless he were in constant communication with 'Uprightly,' the chances are the receiver of the telegram would not know who 'Uprightly' was. It was useless going to the Post-Office to inquire, for the information would not be given there without the consent of 'Uprightly,' the sender of the

telegram. So, to inquire after 'Uprightly,' the office-boy would be sent round on a roving expedition to houses that were in the habit of doing a large business by telegraph and might have manuscript lists of the telegraphic addresses of their clients. It may not have been bad for the boy's morals to be sent in such diligent quest of 'Uprightly,' but next day he might be just as diligently seeking 'Cigars' or 'Devilry' or 'Burglar.' Of course search was very often unavailing, and he would return discomfited, to find every one in the office in a state of irritation, with 'Uprightly' on the brain. Many instances happened of people receiving important telegrams ordering goods for immediate shipping, and bearing a code signature, which, not being decipherable under the secret, or rather silly, system, led to the loss of good business. Again, not having access to the registered addresses of firms, people wiring them were mulcted in the extra expense of transmitting the postal address; and the difference between the two addresses sometimes may be gathered from comparing 'The West African Gold Prospecting and General Exploitation Company, Limited, 783A, Old Broad Street, London, E.C.,' with 'Prospect, London.'

This was a most vexatious state of affairs; and Mr Henry Sell, who has been singularly successful in rendering important services to the mercantile community, set to work to do what he could to remedy matters. He collected as many names of firms with registered addresses as he could get, arranged them alphabetically, and numbered them, with the telegraphic address of each in juxtaposition. He also arranged the telegraphic addresses alphabetically, with a number opposite each; the number in each case corresponding to the number that indicated the position of the name and address of a firm in the first arrangement. Thus, if you wished to know the telegraphic address of John Jones, 309 Frying-Pan Alley, London, E., you would look under 'J' in the alphabetical arrangement of names and addresses, and opposite the particular John Jones you were interested in you would find his abbreviated address: 'Serpent, London.' If, on the other hand, you wished to know who 'Serpent, London,' was, you would look under 'S' in the alphabetical arrangement of abbreviated addresses, and opposite 'Serpent' you would find the number 597, which would guide you to John Jones by referring to the arrangement of names and addresses.

This first list was published in 1885 simply as a broadsheet, and contained only a thousand addresses. It was incomplete—woefully incomplete; still it proved so useful and was so much appreciated that Mr Sell determined to continue the publication. He told the Post-Office what he had done, and what he meant to do, and asked permission to be allowed to copy their registrations. Oh dear, no; absolutely out of the question. Such a thing was never heard of. Mr Sell, however, went on with his work; he circularised all the firms in the United Kingdom likely to have a registered address, and sent out an

army of canvassers. It was an appalling undertaking, and the chagrin at the difficulties to be overcome was not lessened by the knowledge that within a few hundred yards of his office lay every item of the information he had to seek for so laboriously. It was positively galling; still he went on, encouraged by seeing his publication yearly increase in bulk and in public favour, though year after year the Post-Office denied him access to their list.

At length, by 1891, Mr Sell's list, now grown into a five shilling volume, contained twenty thousand addresses—not more than half the total; and he had more than ten thousand letters from heads of firms throughout the kingdom appreciating his efforts and wishing him success in his 'war,' as it was called, with the Post-Office. Mutterings had been heard for some time in the newspaper press. These now developed into direct attacks on the Post-Office, which was likened to the dog in the manger. The *Times* considered that Mr Sell's 'request has been refused for reasons which appear to us to be of no validity. It may be that the department has tardily recognised that it ought to have issued a similar volume itself, but this does not seem to be the case; and, if so, its refusal to allow any one else to perform the duty it has neglected is an injury to the public.' Newspapers of every shade of political opinion condemned the position taken up by the Post-Office on this question, and commercial men and members of Parliament rallied round Mr Sell, who finally triumphed in September 1893, when he was granted official sanction to copy the Post-Office lists of telegraphic addresses. Then the work went merrily on. A staff three hundred strong was engaged, and in February 1894 the public had what it had so long yearned for—a complete directory of registered telegraphic addresses.

In thanking the press and the public for the support they had accorded him in his eight years' war, Mr Sell, in his preface, reminded his readers that 'it was in consequence of the widespread dissatisfaction felt among commercial men at not being able to get any information from the Post-Office as to the senders of telegrams when signed by a registered code-word, and also as to what is the code-word of a firm with which they wished to communicate, that I determined, at any cost, to obtain for business men what they required.' The book was now hailed by the press as the 'most notable publication ever issued,' and was the object of much laudation. It thus received bold advertisement in compensation for the trials it had come through. The broadsheet with one thousand addresses has now grown into a tome of more than two thousand pages and with sixty thousand addresses. There are also issued three quarterly supplements with alterations, cancellations, and other changes in addresses right up to date. Changes are, of course, taking place every day where sixty thousand business addresses are concerned, and every day there comes to the office of *Sell's Registered Telegraphic Addresses* a list of these changes from the Post-Office.

In the first official issue, Mr Sell made a good suggestion to users of abbreviated addresses, and told a good story. The suggestion was that one word should be adopted to indicate that the preceding word in the message is a registered telegraphic address. For instance, a correspondent received this cable: 'Pay Jemima one thousand pounds.' Of course, Jemima was not the word used, but it serves the purpose here. The receiver of this message could not imagine who Jemima was; but after much trouble it was found to be the registered address of a Liverpool firm, and the money was immediately sent, the delay, however, having caused much inconvenience. The word Mr Sell suggested as a 'pointer' was 'quaintness,' being easy to remember and never likely to be confused with ordinary words used in telegrams, and this word he registered for the convenience of his subscribers.

When he went to register his own address as 'Sell, London,' he found he had been forestalled by a firm of wine merchants, who had chosen it merely as a good business-word. They, however, very graciously gave Mr Sell back his name on his representing that it would be better remembered by his clients than any other. A firm of wholesale stationers named Hunt registered 'Hunting.' This word was earnestly desired by a saddler whose chief trade lay with huntsmen. A bargain was struck, and the coveted word was transferred.

A well-known journalist has 'Hybiscus,' the name of a scarlet flower of the mallow family, for a telegraphic address. He took it from a book he had been reading at the time he registered, and he had had it for over twelve years when he received a telegram requesting him to purchase some hundreds of shares in a public company for 'Jack.' He was nonplussed. It was addressed 'Hibiscus,' which is the correct spelling of the word; yet he was sure it could not be for him, so he returned it to the Post-Office. Later, he wrote: 'I looked "Hibiscus" out in *Sell's Directory of Telegraphic Addresses*, and there, sure enough, was the word against the firm in question—an Australian financial syndicate. The foregoing shows some of the influences that have guided people in the selection of their telegraphic addresses. Men in business always like to keep

their own name, as it is an additional advertisement, and it is best remembered. That, however, is not now possible, as the Post-Office provides the words that are to be registered, allowing each one to choose which he will have out of a number offered. When people had a free hand a common practice was to take a syllable from the name of each partner—the first syllable of one and the last of the other, or the first syllable in each case. Thus a firm styled Butrous & Rapers might give 'Butpers' or 'Butrap.' The idea underlying this device was that such combinations suggested the firm's full name. Another common plan was to use a word expressive of the trade carried on. Thus an undertaker would register 'Funeral,' 'Hearse,' or 'Coffin;' a sporting tailor, 'Tally Ho,' 'Hark Forward,' or 'Buckskins;' a clockmaker, 'Tick-tack;' a financier, 'Money.' 'Bloomerism' is registered, curiously, however, not by a costume-maker but by a horse-dealer. Some seem to have adopted their street number: thus we have 'Twelve,' 'Three-score,' 'Fifteen,' 'Fifty-four,' and so on. Others appear to have gone out of their way to get words that might be striking, and therefore distinctive. Among such may be mentioned 'Unhappily' (which is a lady's address), 'Thingumbob,' 'Uproar,' 'Sorrowful,' 'Overweary,' 'Somnolent,' 'Overworked,' 'Frolicsome.'

Every one of the addresses in *Sell's Directory* is there with the consent of the owner. That consent is given with alacrity except in a few instances, these being chiefly where partners in a firm have agreed upon a code-word for exclusive use amongst themselves. Such, of course, are not given. Besides telegraphic addresses this book now gives telephone numbers and full details as to telephone regulations and ramifications. The publication of such knowledge in convenient form benefits the whole community by leading to the extended use of our established means or lines of communication, and thereby to an extended volume of business. Indeed, the development and exploitation of our means of communication giving increased fluidity to distribution would seem to be more needed at present than increased productive power; for the cry of 'markets for our commodities' is far louder than the cry 'commodities for our markets.'

THE PEARL NECKLACE.

CHAPTER XIV.—EVIL TIDINGS.



T was he who spoke first.

'Is it you, Captain Hawthorne?' he asked hoarsely.

'Why, corporal, what brings you here?' I stammered.

He swung out of the saddle, but remained speechless, and with his eyes fixed on Dorothy.

'Well, man,' I said angrily, 'why do you not speak?'

'What I have to say is for your private ear,' he answered grimly.

Dorothy would have instantly drawn back, but I interposed.

'Nay,' said I, 'whatever you have to say may be said in the presence of this lady, who hath no longer any hand or part in the plot against His Highness the Protector.'

Still he hesitated, glancing dubiously from one to the other. I began to lose patience.

'Corporal Flint,' said I hotly, 'you forget yourself, and not for the first time. Be good enough to obey my orders, and speak out what you have to say, and that instantly.'

The corporal feared no man living save one, and he turned and faced me with a very truculent expression.

'Ay, that I will,' said he. 'I will speak out, not only here, but in the presence of those who shall judge between you and me. Know you what hath taken place while you have been consorting with avowed Malignants, and toying and trifling with their women-folk?'

At that I seized him by the arm, and my voice shook with anger.

'Take care,' I exclaimed; 'do not presume too much upon my patience. If you carry your insolence further I will'—

'Nay, sir,' said he—and I could not but own that there was a certain rude dignity in his voice and manner—the fear of man shall not seal my lips, nor prevent me lifting up my voice to testify against backsliders and those who place the love of any earthly creature before their duty to the cause. I warned you and you would not listen, and now'—

'In God's name, man,' I cried, 'tell me your news and be done with it. Is this a time for rebuking and testifying and so forth? What do you here? Why have you left your post? Why are you not at the Hall?'

'Because,' said he bluntly, 'the Hall is in the hands of the enemy.'

'The Hall in the hands of the enemy!' I exclaimed, and I reeled backward as though I had received a blow.

'Even so,' said he grimly. 'They came upon us in the dusk through the secret passage spoken of by Jacob Watkins, and I only am left to tell the tale. The rest are taken or slain, save Nicholas Rowe and Ezekiel Formby, and others who have joined forces with them. The Hall is now in the hands of Colonel Montague, to whom I owe this slash across the head as I cut my way through.'

For a moment I was as though stunned, gazing in bewilderment at the white, seared faces of Mistress Dorothy and her maid, and the fierce eyes and grim countenance of Corporal Flint. Then as I realised the truth I was beside myself, uttering I know not what wild and incoherent speeches, and crying out in my rage and despair that I had been tricked and betrayed.

'Betrayed!' exclaimed Dorothy.

'Ay, betrayed,' I cried. 'At this very moment His Highness may be lying dead, stabbed to the heart by the daggers of assassins. Did I not tell you that he was coming to the Hall, traitor that I was? Oh, I see it all! Rowe and Formby and the rest of the troopers will receive him at the door. He will enter unsuspectingly, and be stabbed or shot by Montague and his accomplices as he crosses the threshold. God help me, what a dupe and dolt I have been!'

'Did I not warn you?' exclaimed the corporal. 'Did I not lift up my voice to testify against the snares of the Evil One in the guise of a woman's face?'

'If you could but see your own face, Master Corporal, with the eyes of others'—began Barbara; but her mistress put her on one side, and stood before me, very white and with quivering lips, her slender figure drawn to its full height, her eyes gazing fearlessly into mine.

'When you speak of being tricked and betrayed, Captain Hawthorne,' said she, 'will you be good enough to explain whether you accuse me or my brother of being guilty of treachery?'

Had I been in my sober senses, sure I could not have uttered the cruel words I did; but I was half-frantic with shame and grief, and scarce knew what I was saying.

'I must judge by deeds, not words,' said I harshly. 'In spite of his fine speeches that he would have no part in the plots of an assassin, your brother insisted that Colonel Montague should go free; and when I would forthwith have returned to the Hall, as it was clearly my duty to do, persuaded me, you know well by what inducements, to remain. It was a clever trap, Mistress Dorothy, and truly I think you may be proud of the ease with which you hoodwinked the poor fool who trusted you.'

She shrank back as though I had struck her. Barbara, half-sobbing with rage, put her arm about her.

'Oh, you coward!' she cried. 'Shame upon you! Are you a man that you can speak thus to one who'—

'Be silent, Barbara,' exclaimed Dorothy.—'And as for you, Captain Hawthorne, follow me instantly, and you shall soon know whether I or mine could be capable of such vile treachery.—Go forward with the light, Barbara.'

She walked rapidly towards the house, and I followed her, scarce knowing what I did.

'Are you mad?' said the corporal at my elbow. 'There is not one moment to be lost. Cromwell must be warned of the trap set for him, and that instantly, or it will be too late.'

'Warned!' I exclaimed. 'And how? Were you not pursued?'

'Ay,' said he; 'they followed hard at my heels more than half the way, and then drew rein. Yet if my ears deceive me not, they are keeping watch outside the gates.'

I paused for a moment, and in the silence could hear the faint creak-creak of hoofs, as though several horsemen were moving stealthily along the road.

'Even so,' said I. 'They are lying in wait to intercept any one who would attempt to warn Cromwell of his danger.'

I pointed to where the moon was rising, round and red, through the evening mist.

'Look,' I continued; 'it will soon be well-nigh as light as day, and none could pass those who are lying in wait without being seen. Moreover, if we

should elude them, or cut our way through, how could we contrive to warn the Protector? Four roads meet near the Hall, and which, if it please you, will he come by? God help me, I know not what to do. Had we a sufficient force, and knew of this secret passage, we might fall on the assassins, sword in hand, and retake the Hall; but if that cannot be done I fear we are powerless to save him.'

'And do you think the Malignants, who have already betrayed you, will help you to do this?' sneered the corporal. 'Will you again be tricked and fooled by a treacherous'—

'Hold your peace,' I interposed angrily; for there had come to me some glimmer of hope, I scarce knew why, and I already bitterly repented the cruel words I had uttered. As we rapidly approached the house I could hear the voices of Frank and his friends making merry over their wine, and it flashed upon me that with their help alone could the Protector, if still alive, be saved.

Without a word, without a turn of the head, Dorothy walked swiftly up the steps and into the brightly lit dining-room, where Frank and the Royalist gentlemen were seated. I can see still the ruddy sparkle of the wine and the flushed, comely young faces turn wonderingly towards us. The mirth died out of their eyes, and the merry voices and laughter were hushed at the sight of our tragic countenances. In an instant Frank was on his feet, gazing in consternation at his sister's white face.

'Why, Dorothy,' cried he, 'what has happened? Speak. Do you bring ill news?'

She half-turned and waved her hand towards me.

'This gentleman,' said she, 'has seen fit to accense us of having tricked and betrayed him—of having been guilty of the blackest and basest treachery.'

'Treachery!' exclaimed Frank, and laid his hand on the hilt of his sword; and there was the sound of shuffling feet and the clink of steel as one after another rose from his seat.

'It was you who let Colonel Montague go free; you and I—so it seems—who persuaded Captain Hawthorne to remain behind; and now we are accused of having done this in order that during his absence Colonel Montague might surprise the Hall—which he has succeeded in doing—and set a trap to assassinate Cromwell, who is going there to-night.'

'Tis a vile and shameless lie,' cried Frank, 'and I will thrust it down his throat with my sword.'

He whisked his sword from its sheath deftly enough, in spite of his still bandaged arm, and the others following his example, I saw the glitter of steel on every side. Had they taken time for reflection they would doubtless have acted differently; but, moved by a sudden outburst of passion, they pressed towards me with angry cries and gestures.

'Down with the crop-eared cur!' cried one.

'Slit the canting hypocrite's throat!' exclaimed another.

In such a mood it was useless to parley with them, and I drew to defend myself, and placed my back against the wall. Beside me stood Corporal Flint, with a grim smile on his rugged, blood-stained countenance. In another moment the room would have rung with the clash of steel; but before the blades could cross, Dorothy had interposed between us.

'No, no, Frank—no, no, gentlemen!' she cried; 'this is not the way to disprove the charges brought against us. If you slay Captain Hawthorne, will that prove that we have not betrayed him? There is but one way, and that is, if it be not already too late, to enter the Hall by the passage you know of, and put an end to the plot by seizing Montague and his accomplices.'

They ceased their outcries as she spoke, and made no effort to force their way past her; but they still stood irresolute, regarding me with gloomy and threatening looks. It was Frank who, after a moment's hesitation, broke the silence.

'She speaks the truth, gentlemen,' said he; 'and however little you may relish the business, I know well that I can rely on you to aid me. Come, there is not an instant to lose.'

He took a step towards the door, but the rest hung moodily back.

'Well, for my part,' said one as he sullenly thrust his sword into its sheath, 'I can say with a clear conscience that I knew nothing of the matter, and that I will maintain against any man breathing; but, by heaven, I will not stir one step, nor raise so much as a finger, to save the usurper from the fate he richly merits.'

'Nor I!' 'Nor I!' 'Nor I!' exclaimed the others.

'What did I tell you?' growled the corporal in my ear.

'Gentlemen, gentlemen,' pleaded Frank, 'do you not see that the honour of my family is at stake—that if the man be assassinated in my father's house we shall never be able to convince the world that we had no knowledge of it?'

'His hands are red with the blood of the martyred King,' said the other gloomily. 'What matters it whether he dies by the hangman's rope or the assassin's dagger? Let him die, I say; and then the King, God bless him! shall enjoy his own again.'

A murmur of approval broke from the rest, and they sheathed their swords and sat sulkily down, turning a deaf ear to Frank's entreaties and expostulations.

It was plain that I could expect to receive no aid from them, and I motioned to the corporal to follow me, and moved to the door. I had no hope that we could now save the Protector; but at least we would quit ourselves like men, and die sword in hand, if need be, for the man and the cause we loved. My foot was on the threshold when Dorothy began to speak again, and I half-turned to listen to her.

Never while life lasts shall I forget that scene. The light fell full upon her brave young face, and, fair as I had thought it before, it had never seemed so fair to me. Ah! what are shining eyes, and soft flushed cheeks, and flowing hair, and all the sweet and subtle witcheries of women if they be not the signs and symbols, as it were, of a pure and noble spirit? As she stood there braving the scorn and anger of her friends, and beseeching them to act like gentlemen and men of honour, be the sacrifice what it might, I think that for the first time I truly loved her. From my heart I can pity him who loves not the woman he weds as, from that moment, I loved Mistress Dorothy.

'Gentlemen,' she exclaimed, 'is it indeed possible that you will allow the name of your friend—ay, and your own names too—to be sullied with a stain that can never be wiped out? Will you allow it to be said that, by false professions of friendship, we induced Captain Hawthorne to remain here in order that during his absence Colonel Montague might seize the Hall and assassinate the Protector? I tell you that when it is noised abroad that, though you knew of what was taking place, you would not lift a hand to interfere, no man or woman in all broad England, Cavalier or Roundhead, will believe in your innocence. What! are you, loyal and honourable English gentlemen, content to have your names coupled with that of an assassin who lurks behind a door to stab his enemy in the back? I cannot, I will not believe it. Gentlemen, for your own sake, for the honour of the names you bear, for the fair fame of your King, I entreat you, do not shame and disgrace your friends and yourselves by allowing it to be said that you were the tools and accomplices of a hired assassin.'

She had not misjudged them. She knew better than the corporal and I what manner of men she had to deal with. The gallant young fellows were on their feet before the last words had escaped her

lips. No doubt her beauty and the sound of her voice moved them—for what man could be insensible to such things?—but, for my part, I think 'twas because her brave words awoke in them their own love of honour and contempt of what was vile and treacherous that they responded so readily to her appeal.

'Enough, Mistress Dorothy,' said he who had previously spoken. 'You were right and we were wrong, and we will do what lies in our power to make amends.—Lead the way, Frank. There is not one here who will not follow you.'

Instantly they streamed out after Frank as he hurried into the hall, calling to the servants to bring torches and lanterns to light us through the passage. For one moment I lingered behind.

'Mistress Dorothy,' I said humbly, 'it may well be that I shall not return, for there is like to be much bloodshed ere this business be ended. Can you forgive me for the cruel speech I made when I scarce knew the meaning of the words I uttered?'

But she looked at me very coldly—as, indeed, she had good reason to do.

'It is of little consequence whether I forgive you or not,' she said; and the words went through my heart like a knife.

'But if I escape the perils of this night, may I not hope to hear that which you were about to say when we were interrupted, Mistress Dorothy?' I pleaded.

'Nay, sir,' she answered; 'for I may tell you here and now that I will never give my hand to one who could so cruelly misjudge me. Go, and do your duty, Captain Hawthorne. I trust that you will never be tempted to neglect it in the same way in the future. Farewell. Whatever be the issue of the struggle, you and I are scarce likely to meet again.'

So saying, she turned and left the room; and, sick at heart with grief and pain, I hurried after Frank and his friends, who were already outside the house.

CURRENT COIN.

By ORION.

IN *A Third Pot-Pourri*, lately published by Messrs Smith, Elder & Co., Mrs C. W. Earle tells some good stories, which no doubt will be current for some time, and, like coin, passed on from one person to another.

'At a rent-audit dinner, the Squire noticed that a new tenant of his, sitting in the place of honour on his right hand, was taking nothing to drink, so he said, "Well, Johnson, this won't do. You are drinking nothing," &c. Johnson replied, "No, Squire, I never drinks nothing with my meals." "How's that?" asked the Squire; "are you a teetotaler, or suffering from rheumatism or anything, and acting under doctor's orders?" "No, Squire, 'tain't that.

It's this way: if you take a bucket full of water, you can't get no taters into it; but if you put the taters in first, it's wonderful what a lot of water you can get in afterwards."

'A philanthropic old lady in Exeter, very keen on the drink-question, got hold of a very bibulous old sailor whom every one had given up as a bad job. He had lost a leg and one eye, and used to do odd jobs about the market-place. He told the lady that if he could once get a fair start on his own account he would try to reform, many of the jobs he now did being paid for in drink. The old lady, after much thought, purchased for him a tray to hang round his neck with a broad strap, and a supply of nice gingerbread, and she taught him the

following sentence to repeat at intervals: "Will any good, kind Christian buy some fine spicy gingerbread off a poor, afflicted old man?" When he had sold a shilling's worth he congratulated himself on his strength of abstinence, and thought he would treat resolution to just one half-pint. This, needless to say, led to one or two more; and, when he resumed his station on the pavement, his cry became a little mixed, and in a loud voice he appealed to passers-by with: "Will any poor, afflicted Christian buy some good, kind gingerbread off a fine, spicy old man?" Trade became very good, and he again treated resolution, with the result that his cry became: "Will any fine, spicy Christian buy some poor, afflicted gingerbread off a good, kind old man?"

Mrs Earle received these stories from a fellow-guest at a country-house, and in return she told him this, which, however, is not, I think, quite so original: 'I am told that in the bankruptcy court the debtor is always asked by the judge if he can give any reason for his failure. A young man who was being thus examined promptly answered, "Oh yes, quite easily: fast women and slow horses."'

As a happy instance of what the unlettered can make of a botanical name, Mrs Earle tells us that she had been told by a friend who actually heard it, that as two old women were parting at a cottage-gate, one said to the other, admiring a large laurustinus in full bloom, 'What a fine plant you have there!' 'Yes,' said the cottager, 'and such a beautiful name as it's got!' The other woman, looking a little astonished and ashamed of her ignorance, said, 'And what is it?' 'Oh, don't you know it's called "The Lord sustine [sustain] us."'

In Miss Goodrich Freer's biographical preface to Miss Ferrier's novels, published by Messrs Methuen & Co., I find the following: 'An old tenant of the land of the Wester Ogle was on his deathbed, and his end near at hand, when his wife thus addressed him: "Willie, Willie, as ye can speak, are ye for your burial-baps round or square?" Willie, having responded to this inquiry, was next asked if the mourners were to have gloves or mittens, and then was allowed to depart in peace.'

A dealer in faggots in Aberdeen was asked how his wife was. 'Oh, she's fine; they've ta'en her to Banchory;' and on its being remarked that the change of air might do her good, he looked up, and, with a half-smile, said, 'Hoot, she's i' the kirk-yaird!'

In Mr Inglish's *Oor Ain Folk* there is given this delicious dialogue between Liz and Mag: '*Scene—Stairheid, doon the Spoot.*—"Fine day the day, Mag." "It is that na?" "Ony noos?" "No' muckle. But fat dee ye think Jen Maisterton hed till 'er denner yesterday?" "I'm share I dinna ken. Fat wis't?" "Od, wuman, can ye no' guess?" "Gae awa' wi' ye. Fu cud I guess?" "Weel, then, she had stak." "Staik! Set her up wi' stak! Like her impidence, I'm share! The same's gin parritch

werena guid eneuch for the like o' her, an' her jist fillin' pirms [bobbins] to Jock Soutar."

It is said that the legal lights of old Forfar were convivial to a degree, and there is something in this reputation if all stories be true. For at a time when several schemes for draining the loch were being discussed, a local wit, who was not guiltless of the failing which he made the butt of his sarcasm, proposed the emptying of a hogshead or two of whisky into the loch, and added, 'Jist you set the Farfar wreaters [writers, solicitors] at it syne, and they'll sunc drink it dry.'

Jamie Contts was headle and sexton of the old parish church of Forfar. He did not approve of the dwarfed tower of the church; and a local wag persuaded him to do what he could to undermine it so that the town council would be compelled to erect another of a worthier kind. Discovered in the act, he was taken before one of the bailies, who sternly inquired, 'Od, Jamie, man, what pique or spleen had ye at oor auld steeple?' Jamie's answer was ingenuous to a degree: 'I had neither a pick nor a spleen,' he said, 'but just an auld spade.'

The minister of Tannadice—the 'daft Buist' of many a tradition—who acted as clerk of presbytery, was on one occasion drafting a minute which contained certain figures. Mr Clugston, the minister of Forfar, remarked, 'I think you have a cipher too many there, Mr Buist.' Looking at his mentor, the eccentric clerk replied, 'Yes, there has always been a cipher too many since you came amongst us.'

The minister of Oathlaw, the Rev. Harry Stuart, used occasionally to officiate on Sunday afternoons as chaplain in Forfar prison, and there he used to pray, as he did at home, 'Lord, conduct us in safety to our several places of abode.'

A Forfar story is related by Sir Walter Scott in his notes to *Waverley*: 'A., an ale-wife in Forfar, had brewed her "peck of malt" and set the liquor out of doors to cool; the cow of B., a neighbour of A., chanced to come by; and, seeing the good beverage, was allured to taste it, and finally to drink it up. When A. came to take in her liquor, she found the tub empty, and from the cow's staggering and staring, so as to betray her intemperance, she easily divined the mode in which her "browst" had disappeared. To take vengeance on crummie's ribs with a stick was her first effort. The roaring of the cow brought B., her master, who remonstrated with his angry neighbour, and received in reply a demand for the value of the ale which crummie had drunk up. B. refused payment, and was conveyed before C., the baillie or sitting magistrate. He heard the case patiently; and then demanded of the plaintiff A. whether the cow had sat down to her potation or taken it standing? The plaintiff answered she had not seen the deed committed; but she supposed the cow drank the ale standing on her feet; adding that had she been near she would have made her use them to some purpose. The baillie, on this admission, solemnly adjudged the cow's drink to be *deoch-an-doris* (a stirrup-cup), for which no charge

could be made without violating the ancient hospitality of Scotland.' This story has had the further honour conferred upon it of becoming proverbial. Dean Ramsay notes this fact, and quotes the proverb, 'Do as the cow of Forfar did: tak' a standin' drink.'

The members of the Town Council of Forfar never seem to have been wanting in humour. 'What else,' asks the local historian, 'could be said of a body which allowed its convivial expenses to merge in its treasurer's accounts under the item "Whin seed?"' 'Oh for the grip o' a rashie bus,' Bailie Fyfe was declared to have cried in a moment of seeming peril on the sea; and Forfar annals bristle with his quaint sayings. On the bench, for instance, when a poor old woman was brought before him charged with stealing sticks from Balmashanner woods, he indignantly exclaimed, 'Things ha'e come to an awfu' pass if we canna tak' an armfu' o' sticks frae oor ain plantins. Gae 'wa' wi' ye, man,' he continued, addressing the prosecutor, 'are ye no' ashamed o' yersel'?—And, Janet, my wuman, whenever ye want ony mair sticks just gae the same gate and tak' them. Fat's the world comin' till, I wonder?'

The Laird's—Provost Fyfe was called the 'Laird'—knowledge of agriculture and stock was unique. On one occasion he was bargaining for some pasturage which was recommended as being very fine grass. On going to see it, he exclaimed, 'Ay, man, that's yer girse, is't? *Girse*, did ye ca' it? Nebuchadnezeer wad ha' eaten 't a' in a week.' This appraisal comes quite naturally from one who, in referring to a field of diseased potatoes, said, 'By jing, lads! they're a' gane to pot.'

When rinderpest began to work dire havoc among cattle, the minds of the community were greatly exercised over its cure. Some masons who were 'working' for the Laird were deep in a discussion on this subject when he made his appearance unexpectedly amongst them. For a little while he listened to their remarks; but suddenly he exclaimed, 'I'll tell ye, lads, what'll cure the rinderpest: twa draps o' mason's sweat; but I'm hanged if ye'll get it here.'

The Laird's speech to the lawyers of Forfar was characteristic. 'When I kent ye first,' he said, 'ye were writers, then ye becam' agents, and noo ye ca' yersels solicitors. Ye're getting on fine, and I shouldna winder if ye'll sune ha'e the impudence to ca' yersels honest men. But, billies, ye mair ha'e disgraced yer name terrible when ye've to cheenge it sae aften.'

Of one of the Forfar characters, Mr Inglis, in *Oor Ain Folk*, has this reminiscence. His name was 'Singer Jeemer,' a poor stroller who had the habit of rounding off his words with the syllable 'er,' and was a 'causeway favourite' in Forfar for many a year. Jeemer was seen one day with his arm in a sling, and on being questioned answered his inquirer, 'Airmmer, maitter enaueher! I gaed awa' to Brechiner to singer at a concenter, fell down a stairer, broker airmmer, near boucherder a' thegitherer.'

Another vagrant, Mr Alan Reid tells us, is credited with a good story, which illustrates a very pronounced local trait: the application of cognomens to all and sundry whose personality could bear them. A certain minister of Aberlemno had met this wanderer, and, thinking to have some amusement, drew him into conversation. By-and-by the vagrant remarked, 'I see ye're a minister. If it's no' ill-manners to speir, whaur's yer kirk?' 'Just you guess that,' quoth his reverence, little dreaming of what lay in store for him. 'Aweel,' the caird began, 'I'm sure ye're no' Pitlofoot o' Tannadice, nor are ye peekin' John Sma' o' Oathlaw. You're no' Cauld-Kail o' Carston, nor are ye the Harrow o' Fearn. You're no' the Rattlin' Cannon o' Kirrie, nor yet the Roarin' Lion o' Glamis. Ye're neither the Black Ram o' Cortachy, nor the Glaesgow Gun o' Forfar. Ye're no' the Godly Rodger o' Rescobie, nor Horse-couper Jock o' Inverarity; sae, gin ye be na drucken Mitchell o' Aberlemno, I canna guess wha ye are.'

Dr Charles Rogers, in his *Familiar Illustrations of Scottish Character*, gives the reply of King James to the English courtier in these words: 'Tuts, man; the provost of my little toon of Farfar keeps open hoose a' the year roun', and aye the mair that comes the welcomer.'

Another of Dr Rogers's Forfar anecdotes may be reproduced: 'The civic chief of that provincial town in the eighteenth century occupied a social position not more elevated than his change-house predecessor. A gentleman from a distant part of the country had visited Forfar to make some statistical inquiries regarding the burgh. On entering the place he asked a plain individual, bending under a load of timber, whether he knew if the provost was at home. "It's I that bear the burden," responded the person addressed. "I know you do," said the stranger, supposing the question had been misunderstood; "but I ask you whether the provost is at home?" "I'm the Provost o' Forfar," said the man, laying down his load to listen to the stranger.'

In another excellent local history, also recently published, *Lauder and Lauderdale*, by A. Thomson, F.S.A. (Galashiels: Craighead Brothers), I find the following: 'There is a stone in Lauder churchyard bearing date 1671, which is said to commemorate a mason who came by an accident to his death at the building of the church. The inscription is:

Here lyes interred ane honest man,
Who did this ohurohyard first lie in;
This monumnt shall make it known
That he was the first laid in this ground.
Of mason and of masonrie,
He cutted stones right curiously,
To heaven we hope that he is gone,
Where Christ is the chief corner-stone.

Another inscription is as follows: "NT. MH. JR. IB. George Renwick's Burying-place, who hath been in Europ, Asia, Africa."

In 1659, when Charles the Second returned to Scotland, James Guthrie the Covenanter was a pro-

minent figure in debate. He was a man of plain and straightforward address. Mr Pollock of Perth said to him one day, 'We have a Scotch proverb, "Jouk [duck] that the wave may go o'er ye." Will ye no' jouk a little, Mr Guthrie?' The stern and severe, but altogether sound, reply was, 'Mr Pollock, there is no jouking in the cause of Christ.' The King at one time visited him at Stirling to endeavour by personal interview to mellow his manners; and as Mrs Guthrie was solicitous to receive the distinguished visitor with show of decorous loyalty, and hastened to set a chair for his Majesty, the rigidly righteous divine prevented her, saying, 'My

heart, the king is a young man; he can get a chair for himself.'

In olden times, worshippers used to take change out of the plate that stood at the church-door for receipt of the collection or offertory. A servant of Anthony, Earl of Lauderdale, on one occasion came to his master in great glee, saying, 'I've cheated the Seceders the day, my lord; I've elicited the Seceders.' He had put a bad shilling into the plate, which stood at the door of the Secession Church, at the same time taking out elevenpence halfpenny. That was making coin current in a way in which I trust I have not done in this paper.

THE RED HEAVIES.

CHAPTER IV.

IT was the evening of the County Ball, and Baddenham was in its most volatile mood—that is to say, a considerable number of the mothers and daughters of Baddenham, and the cook-confectioner who had charge of the supper. Baddenham's favoured mankind regarded the dance much more apathetically, and some even with apprehension. Among these last were Colonel Reed of the Red Heavies and Grandison Lee.

The Colonel struck a painful yet significant note at dinner an hour or two before the ball was open. It was both painful and significant, in spite of the forced levity in his jolly red face while he spoke. 'I hope none of you fellows will forget yourselves,' he said, in a pause which followed Lieutenant Bissell's cold mention of certain of their inevitable partners by-and-by. 'No plunging to get straight, you know. I've had enough of rash specs.'

Little Popper, who looked ill, hurriedly plunged straight at his champagne-glass. He quite believed all eyes were on him, and that he was being cursed freely under a dozen white shirt-fronts. It made him feel almost sick. As for hating himself, he had done that with so much energy for the last fifty hours—nights included—that he couldn't anyhow raise another opprobrious epithet to pelt himself with.

But, in fact, his brother-officers of the Red Heavies did not look at him at all—except Grandison Lee, that impulsive stick of a fellow, and he only for a moment. With an impatient cough at himself, he looked rapidly before him the next moment.

'No one's blaming *you*, Popper,' the Colonel continued.

'Set of sharks!' exclaimed Captain Gadbecker. 'When they can't get their rations out of the public they cut and carve at each other. So I've heard. It's devilish bad luck; but of course no one's blaming Popper. He's not a shark.'

A gentle laugh rippled here and there about the table.

'No, but I'm an ass!' cried little Popper. 'I did think my governor'—

'I wouldn't dwell on it!' interrupted the Colonel kindly. 'My fault for saying anything about it. I only did it because of this kick-up. There'll be a lot of girls there—eligible, I fancy, is the word—eligible girls.—Eh, Bissell?'

'I expect you know all about it, sir,' said Lieutenant Bissell.

'No, I don't, any more than Grandison Lee.'

'I,' said the Major hastily, with a quick movement of the eyebrows, 'haven't been to a ball for ten years.'

At these words a laugh arose which was not gentle; and Wibley, a subaltern only a few months senior to Popper himself, flung a dart. 'Then why's he going now?' he cried, waving his cigarette. Young Wibley was one of the only three who were not sitting in sackcloth and ashes.

Captain Galway tapped Grandison Lee lightly on the back. 'He has you there, old man!' he observed.

'Well, do you know,' said the Major, making as good a show of frivolity as could be expected of him, 'I'd give something to get out of it. If I hadn't promised— Oh, well, never mind.'

The Red Heavies were themselves again for about a minute: they acknowledged Grandison Lee's avowal with a tempest of laughter. Even little Popper joined in gustily, though he still looked as if he had barely survived a bad passage across the Channel.

The Major himself wore a threadbare smile. Only when the mirth drooped did he attempt to explain. 'You're all on a wrong tack!' he said, in the simple candour of his soul. 'At least, I imagine you are.'

'Who is it, then?' urged Captain Galway.

'It happens to be Mrs Popper. That is to say'—

There never was such ingenuousness embedded in such imposing bulk. He saw his mistake when the very glass on the table was ringing with the

roar which followed. This time he laughed well in train with the rest.

The session ended with the Colonel's command: 'Gentlemen, you are requested to see that Major Lee is not led away by his feelings in the course of the evening.'

Perhaps it was all rather rough on little Popper, as some of them said and thought. But if so, Popper bore no malice.

He got hold of the Major in the yard as the latter was making for his rooms to dress, and begged to accompany him. 'I'm a quick-change man myself,' he said; 'and I do so want to have a chat with you. You can guess what about?'

The Major couldn't exactly do that. He proceeded to hope Popper had not been hurt by his unwitting mention of Mrs Popper.

'Not a bit. Why should I? It's this infernal Westralian Coal and Iron business. May I be quite open with you, Lee?'

Now, this was a poser for the Major, who believed that he had retrograded in character somewhat deplorably since his *contretemps* with Mary Riddell. He had wondered just now what the fellows would think if they knew that he, too, was mixed up in the rout of the Red Heavies, due to Popper's father's erroneous estimation of the Westralian market. He had yielded to temptation. He had listened to all Popper's glowing words, echoed from Throgmorton Street, and he had resolved that Lawrence should have that month or two of foreign coaching which his *vied voce* in French and German almost demanded. But he had managed it all apart from the others. There was a Stock Exchange man in Baddenham, and there was an obliging Hebrew. The necessary cover of one hundred pounds was readily obtained from the latter, and then passed on to the stockbroker. And it had vanished like a feather in a hurricane. The Major decided that he *could* not tell Popper this sordid little tale. The poor fellow had quite enough to reproach himself about. The Red Heavies had plunged; and the Colonel's balance to the bad, all told, of more than a thousand pounds was but a small fraction of the regiment's entire loss.

'If you think I can do anything, Popper,' he said, rather wearily.

'There's nothing for you or any one to do. I'm thinking of shooting myself. That's all. But I thought I'd like to tell some one beforehand. I don't intend to do it till after the ball; but I'm such a wretched coward I feel I must let some fellow into the secret. There'll be an inquest, and:—'

'Thank you, I'm sure,' said Grandison Lee. 'I should enjoy myself very much as chief witness at your inquest, Popper. But I beg your pardon. Pray continue.'

The Major's initial horror had been succeeded by an emotion which forced him to be ironical.

'Well,' said little Popper desperately, 'what is a fellow to do?'

'Do?'

Grandison Lee caught the subaltern by the arm. 'Good Heavens!' he whispered. 'Are you out of your senses? Your sister?—'

'My sister's nothing to do with me in a matter this size, Lee. Women don't understand honour like men. The only comfort I've got is knowing you've not been hit; she'd never forgive me that. Not that I should care if she didn't, after I'm dead.'

'Popper,' said the Major, holding him tight, 'you called yourself an ass just now. You are one. But you'd be an immeasurable one if you committed suicide for a paltry knock like this. You'd be the wretched coward you called yourself too. Really, I have no patience with you!'

'Then what about the other fellows, sir?'

'Allow me to say, confound the other fellows, on such an occasion!' The Major flushed that tawny-red of his which appeared only in his most passionate moments. 'That is,' he added, with next to no passion, 'it can't be helped, and you wouldn't fill their pockets by killing yourself. Upon my word, Popper, you appal me. Where's your *esprit de corps*, for one thing? An officer of the Red Heavies to put a bullet into his head because of a disappointment, like a brainless kitchen-maid! That would be mounting a bar-sinister on the colours.'

'I didn't think of that, Lee,' exclaimed Popper.

'No, of course you didn't. That's just how fellows go wrong. They fix their eyes on their own bit of an itel, and ask'— He stopped and shrugged. 'I'm a fine fellow to talk,' he went on, in a changed and quite humble tone.

'You're the only fellow here whose opinion I care a hang for anyway,' said Popper. 'I suppose it's steering clear of messes yourself that makes you give such rattling good advice to other chaps.'

'Oh!' said Grandison Lee. 'Do you think so?'

'I'd bet—that is, I'll warrant—you've never lost your head and wanted to shoot yourself, Lee.'

This was too much. The Major chuckled derisively. They were at the threshold of his quarters.

'Come in for ten minutes and I'll tell you something to open your eyes,' he said. 'You'll not mind my washing the while?'

In those ten minutes Grandison Lee gave little Popper's statement the lie by losing his head like the poor brainless kitchen-maid he had already referred to. He meant it for an object-lesson, partly; indeed primarily. He told Popper all about his love at first sight for Mary Riddell, and his incredible behaviour a few days later.

'There!' he said as a finish, giving his jacket a shake, 'you won't talk such rubbish again, I hope; nor think that because all men don't air their troubles like shirts on a line they haven't got any. I must, of course, request you to keep this to yourself.'

Little Popper's excitement was intense. He seemed to have forgotten his own sanguinary programme altogether. He was all eyes while the

Major was speaking; but the *dénouement* disgraced him.

'Well, I'll be dashed!' he cried. 'The "mater" thought something was up with her. She hasn't been the same girl since. But I say, Major, you're not thick enough to say that you can't see through her?'

'See through her?'

'Yes, of course. By Jove! if I was spoony on a girl and she treated me no worse than Polly did you, I'd have a ring on her finger inside the week. She'd marry you like a shot—that is'—

The Major took little Popper by the shoulders and softly pushed him towards the door. 'You mustn't talk like that!' he said, speaking with difficulty. 'Go away and brush your beautiful hair, and—no more of that other nonsense either.'

'All right, old man,' said little Popper cheerfully. 'I know the Red Heavies die but do not marry, and all that; but there ought to be exceptions. Well, I'm off; and a thousand thanks.'

The Major shut the door and sat down; nor did he stir from his chair until his man rapped to tell him that Captain Galway and the cab were both ready for him.

Of his thoughts as he sat thus idle, looking at nothing—at least seeing nothing within the actual range of his eyes—it may suffice to say that they were extraordinarily confused, yet all rushing and curvetting and flying about one pretty gray-eyed face with the love-light in it. He had dreaded the ball before, and he dreaded it now still more. But it was no indecision about going or not going that kept him thus motionless. Of course he would go. But supposing Popper was right in what he had said about his sister? It was preposterous; yet many things that were preposterous turned out to be true. Only supposing!

'Tell Captain Galway I will be with him in two minutes,' he said.

A quarter of an hour afterwards he was charming Mrs Popper as he led her with unexpected ease through the opening quadrille. It was evident that she did not see he was wearing a mask. That knowledge invigorated him, and he almost hoped the ordeal would not be so very severe after all. They had reached the hall a little late, 'thanks to your dawdling,' said Captain Galway; but the Major had found Mrs Popper near the door, waiting, as it were, to pounce upon him.

'I knew you would not fail me, Major,' she said, taking his arm and at once filling a gap in a set. 'I am like my daughter Mary: I have faith enough to move mountains—in some men.'

'She is with you?' he asked stiffly, neglecting the compliment.

'To be sure. In the centre of the room, with Lord Middlebury. She didn't want to wear such a gaudy frock, but I told her I insisted on being able to see what she was doing.'

'In crimson?'

'Why, yes, certainly; I suppose it's a crimson,

like your own dress-jackets. She had it made in honour of Peter's regiment.'

Mrs Popper had something more to say about her daughter Mary ere the quadrille finished.

'I don't care what you'll think of me, Major Lee,' she said; 'but I took the liberty of filling in six or seven of my daughter's engagements—tentatively—you understand. I can't have her dancing with every one. But most of the Heavies are safe, and—if you would see her after this dance and ascertain which is yours! Am I forgiven?'

'You have honoured me, Mrs Popper,' said the Major.

That or not; she had at least relieved him of an initiative the thought of which had encumbered him.

'Take me to her, please,' said Mrs Popper at the interval; and, breathing deeply, the Major complied.

It wasn't easy to steer a lady of Mrs Popper's magnitude through such a crowd with comfort to all parties concerned. But at a certain stage in the progress she helped him greatly. It was when she espied young Stiles shoving his way also towards Mary Riddell.

'Major,' she said severely, 'I want Albert Stiles. You look after yourself.'

She played her part like a Roman parent, too, reckless of appearances.

Mary was smiling first upon one suitor and then upon another when Mrs Popper came upon the scene. The Major once again yielded to the fascination of that matchless smile. She was paler, and he fancied, thinner, than before; but her smile was immortal, and never to be forgotten.

Mrs Popper called to her, and her eyes met Grandison Lee's.

Then Mrs Popper secured young Stiles.

'Give me your arm,' she said, taking it. 'And now guide me to those nice broad blue seats under the flags, Mr Stiles.'

'Half a crack, Mrs Popper,' exclaimed young Stiles, frowning.

'No, Mr Stiles, not even a quarter of a crack, unless you wish me to write to your mother and tell her'—

Young Stiles could not escape. And until the next dance Mrs Popper held him fast. She met one or two acquaintances on the way to the broad blue seats at the side, and paused to comment on the brilliancy of the spectacle, and so forth. But Albert Stiles couldn't slip free of her. He tried, but couldn't do it. She let him go only when the floor was clearing for the waltz. And meanwhile Mary and the Major had come together. She merely said a quiet 'Good-evening,' and gave him her card; and when he looked at it she added, almost in a whisper, 'It was my mother's doing. Of course you shall please yourself.'

Even he could not help smiling when he saw that Colonel Reed was down for number six, and himself for number seven.

'It was bar accidents—that is, other engagements!' she whispered on. She laughed too, and again their eyes met. Her pallor was briefly hidden by a blush; but she spoke with that boyish note which had at the first done so much to infatuate him.

Then they separated; though not until she had smiled at him with an intimacy she didn't give to others, and said softly, 'I'm so sorry for you.'

She referred to the general ordeal of the ball; but for the next hour he puzzled himself off and on about the meaning of her words. He danced two other duty-dances, then left it all alone, waiting for number seven, and following the movements of that crimson gown which held life's best blessing for some one. Not that he felt dull. By no means. Men chaffed him on his laziness, and ladies challenged him about his culpable want of gallantry. Young Popper euffed his back once with a 'Well, old chap, I *am* ashamed of you!' which seemed so incongruous with the Peter Popper of eight o'clock or thereabouts that Grandison Lee briefly forgot the youngster's sister in meditating about moods and men. Albert Stiles also dropped him a word. 'Old Mother Popper's a hag!' he said. 'She's spoilt *my* evening, Major, confound her! It's well to be some folks!' This said, he rushed to the supper-room.

Between the fifth dance and the sixth, Captain Galway had a brief gossip with him. 'Reminds me of Nero's fiddling when Rome frizzled, Lee!' he remarked.

'What?' said the Major.

'Oh, that wretched Westralian business, you know. It's tied me up for months and months. The Colonel's real nervous lest any of us should be angling for an heiress. He'll be glad to see *you* looking so safe—will the good old boy! But you're not moping, are you?'

'Moping? Bless my soul, no, Galway.'

'Nor dancing?'

'Well, I have got *one* coming on. I'm waiting for it.'

The Captain laughed sagaciously. 'I see! Trot her round, then off to supper, and away you go. Who is she, Lee?'

'Oh, well—Miss Riddell.'

'Miss Riddell! My word, that's good for you. Her dearly beloved mother informed me I needn't apply, as she was full up. I'm not the only one complaining either. Another beastly corner in the market, I suppose. And just when—between ourselves—I am seriously thinking of chucking the service and—you won't tell—wooing her to the uttermost. I've talked it over with Popper. Well, here we go again, more's the pity!'

The music declared a fresh dance, and Captain Galway also went his way.

At last Grandison Lee's turn came. He rose heavily, and made his way straight towards the crimson gown. Exertion had increased Mary Riddell's beauty, yet it was with a certain shyness,

as well as her old sweetness of expression, that she put her hand on his arm.

'I'm tired,' she said.

'Would you rather sit?' he asked quickly.

'Yes, if it is the same to you.'

'Of course.'

It was wonderful and incomprehensible. As he conducted the girl across the room to a bowered alcove, towards which she herself had glanced as if with longing, he felt blindly blissful again. Just as if he had not already gone through the mill and come out seasoned, woman-proof!

There were four others in that little bower, but they soon frolicked away.

Then, on the instant, Mary Riddell began to speak earnestly, much as she had spoken when first they met in the beech-grove. 'Peter has told me of the dreadful wickedness he was contemplating this evening, and of what you have been to him again; and I—I don't know what to say to thank you.' She rushed the words with, it seemed, a sudden gleam of tears in her eyes.

'Oh, my God!' gasped Grandison Lee. 'Peter ought to have known better than to say anything to any one about it. But—I can't think he would have done it, Miss Riddell. He couldn't.'

'I believe he would.'

'Well, it was a shame of him to—spoil your pleasure. But it's all right now. Don't worry about him. He'll do well enough. He's had a lesson.'

Mary Riddell's smile through her tears, now indubitable, was terribly sweet for the Major to see. 'One doesn't always remember one's lessons though,' she said. 'Peter is like me in having a bad memory. It's a good thing sometimes.'

'A great blessing, as you say, sometimes,' said Grandison Lee slowly. 'Do you know, I've thought now and again the words "Make us forget things" wouldn't be a bad addition to the Lord's Prayer. And yet I don't know!'

'I think,' said she, 'that one forgets only where it is best that one should forget.'

'Ah!'

Then Grandison Lee understood that he was on the threshold of another crisis. The girl's words, the light in her eyes, her extraordinary indifference to that brutal indiscretion of his, and the fierce thumping of his own heart—what was to come of it all?

But, quick as a lightning flash, something intervened. A sound as of a hundred thunder-claps in one was followed—no, accompanied—by a crashing on all sides. The glass of a small window above fell about them in a splintery shower, and even while it fell the wall itself cracked like the report of a hundred rifles, bowed, and—

Grandison Lee was on his feet, with the battle-look in his eyes. 'This way!' he said. The girl's hands were in his.

But the ball-room was a pandemonium of shrieks, as one thud succeeded another.

'No. Here!'

There was no time for more. Right and left, before and behind, all was collapsing. But in the few seconds of time at his disposal, Grandison Lee gave Mary Riddell all the protection his body could give her, as bricks in clots and dozens, and by ones and twos, rained upon them. And when he dropped all but insensible, he still contrived that his body

should act as a shield to the girl, who had sunk in the piling litter at their feet.

The Mayor of Baddenham had quite recently drawn the Council's attention to the danger of the local dynamite factory having even limited storage-quarters in such proximity to a public building. This terrible explosion had proved the Mayor's wisdom, if nothing else.

THE OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN.



HE title we associate with assassination as a fine art was not borne by one man only, but by a dynasty which, for over a century and a half, from its mountain stronghold in Northern Persia ruled the most powerful and dreaded body the world ever saw. Its founder was Hassan ben Sabah, a man whose misdirected genius gave him a place which remains unique in history.

A Persian by birth, Hassan in early manhood entered the college which had been established at Cairo by a sect of dissenting Moslems known as the Fatimites. It is not necessary to examine their doctrine at any length; it will be enough to say that the salient point of their teaching was that all actions are morally alike and that there are no such things as Right and Wrong. Encouraged by their success in Egypt, the Fatimite caliph or high-priest of the sect in Egypt began to send out emissaries to make converts among the orthodox Moslems of the East; and among those chosen for this work was Hassan ben Sabah, who, naturally enough, turned his steps towards his own country. His exceptional force of character had been recognised at Cairo; and his subsequent career proves him a man of inflexible will, absolute confidence in himself, and almost superhuman power as a leader of men. Since he was a staunch believer in the Fatimite doctrine, it seems needless to add that his large ambitions were handicapped by no scruples; and when, on leaving Cairo, he threw aside the duty he had undertaken, and resolved to use his opportunities to found a sect of his own, he was acting in conformity with the teaching he had received.

An adventure that befell him early in his journey gave him the nucleus of his new sect. The vessel in which he took passage to Syria was overtaken by a storm so violent that the crew and passengers gave themselves up for lost. Hassan pounced upon the chance: he harangued the people till he convinced them that he enjoyed the special protection of the Almighty, who had appointed him His instrument in a great work. It was, therefore, impossible that he should be drowned, or that any one who accepted his teaching should perish in the storm; in short, he worked upon their superstitious ignorance so suc-

cessfully that when good fortune brought the vessel safely into port Hassan stepped ashore the acknowledged head of a new sect consisting of the passengers and crew.

Assuming the dress of a strict Moslem, and posing as a saint, he made his way, preaching as he went, to Bagdad, and thence to Persia. Wherever he went he made converts, ostensibly on behalf of the Egyptian Fatimites, but really with his own ends in view. When he had secured a sufficient following he looked about for suitable headquarters where he might establish himself as chief of the new order; and his choice of Alamut gave indication that his aims were not wholly pacific. Alamut was a castle perched on a lofty rock in the mountains near Casvin, some ninety or a hundred miles from the shores of the Caspian, and in this castle, which had been built many years before by a Persian prince who recognised the great natural strength of the situation, Hassan took up his quarters with a large band of followers in the year 1090 or 1091. He was at this time about fifty-five years of age.

His object in establishing himself at Alamut was to secure the safety of himself and his immediate adherents in the campaign it was his purpose to carry on against all existing forms of government. He has been called the First Nihilist; but as his aim was to create general anarchy as a preliminary to making the Order he had founded the paramount power in Western Asia, the term is not wholly applicable. It is difficult to believe that any human being could deliberately think out and carefully organise a methodical system of secret murder as the main-spring of a political movement; but the organisation of Hassan's sect leaves no room for doubt on this point. Assassination was no new thing in the eleventh century; but it was reserved for the first Old Man of the Mountain to elevate it to the dignity of a political science.

The Order of Assassins was divided into seven grades or degrees: (1) The Sheikh of the Mountain; (2) the Grand-Priors, trusted lieutenants of the Sheikh; (3) the *Dais*, or Initiated, who shared with the chief and his lieutenants knowledge of the true tenets of the Order—that is, that every man was a law unto himself, and that Right and Wrong had no existence; (4) consisted of *Refiks*

or Companions; (5) the *Fedavis*, or Devoted Ones; (6) the *Lassiks*, or Novices; and (7) the common people.

The four lower grades were bound, like other Moslems, by the strict letter of the Koran, with the important qualification that the word of the head of the Order was their permanent law. The 'Devoted Ones' were the assassins; their ranks were recruited by youths who in early childhood had been stolen from, or sold by, their parents, and who were educated to believe implicitly in the omnipotence of the Old Man of the Mountain. They were taught that death in his service was the only sure path to Paradise, and that to return alive from an unsuccessful mission of murder was in the first degree disgraceful. There is some doubt concerning the truth of the oft-quoted story of the preparation of a *fedavi* for his errand. Arabic writers aver that the man was stupefied with *hashish*, the strong opiate prepared from hemp, and carried into a garden of wonderful beauty, to find himself when his senses returned surrounded by everything that could gratify and please the senses. When he slept again he was replaced in his own bed; and when he awoke and described his experiences he was told that such a garden and such houris were not of this world; that to fortify and encourage him for the task in store the sheikh must have obtained for him this foretaste of the joys of Paradise; and that should he perish in carrying out his instructions, the pleasures he had, by supernatural favour, been permitted to taste would be his for ever. It may be true that some such elaborate comedy was performed, but some authorities hold that the garden, &c. existed only in the dreamland of drugged sleep. There is no doubt that *hashish* played a part in the preparation of the *fedavi*, and that the Order of Assassins derived its name from a corrupt form of the word. Preparations of hemp have been used to stimulate the courage of Oriental fanatics from time immemorial.

Hassan well understood the nature of the men he had to deal with, and his life at Alamut was ordered on lines calculated to foster mystery and inspire awe. He lived in the most rigorous seclusion, and was seen only by a very few chosen subordinates; it is said that during the thirty-seven years of his reign he never once left the castle, and only on two occasions showed himself in public. His invisibility and reputation for sanctity (!) gave him an authority over his people which enabled him to exact the blindest obedience. When Malek Shah, the sultan of Asiatic Turkey, sent requiring Hassan's acknowledgment of fealty, the Old Man of the Mountain received the envoys on the castle terrace and listened patiently while they expatiated on their master's military strength and the bravery of his troops. When they had finished, Hassan bade one of his attendants kill himself: the man stabbed himself to the heart, falling dead at his feet. He signed to another

to throw himself down the precipice; and as the man sprang from the parapet Hassan told the envoys to inform the sultan what they had seen, adding, 'I have seventy thousand more like those.'

When Malek Shah heard that his claim to supreme authority had been thus defied he resolved on war. Hassan had now in Northern Persia several strongholds held by trusted *dais*, and the growing power of his Order was becoming a menace. Following the advice of his vizier, Nizam ul Mulk, to whose skill in statecraft he owed his position as the leading prince in Western Asia, Malek ignored the minor fortresses and laid siege to Alamut; and the place was on the point of surrender when one of Hassan's *dais* sent as help a force which relieved the garrison and helped to disperse the besiegers. Malek thereupon renounced his intentions upon the headquarters of the Order, and attacked another stronghold.

Now Hassan had recourse to assassination. The sultan, he knew, was nothing without Nizam ul Mulk—the latter had been a fellow-student at Cairo, and bad blood seems to have existed between the two; however that may be, Nizam ul Mulk died suddenly: and soon afterwards the Sultan Malek also died, the victim, according to report, of poison administered by a *fedavi* in some disguise.

These two murders brought about an end of the campaign, and its collapse went far to enhance the prestige of the Order. Who was safe from dagger or poisoned cup if king and minister, surrounded by guards and tried servants, fell? There was safety in joining the terrible free-masonry; risk perpetual and undiscoverable in holding aloof. In every town and village of Western Asia men joined the Order, and Hassan's murderers found friends wherever they might go.

The Crusaders unconsciously helped the Assassins. The utmost strength of the Turks was required to cope with the armies sent by European Powers to drive them from the Holy Land, and Hassan took advantage of the diversion so created to seize a dozen or more castles in 1099 and 1100. Fighting in the open field was not his policy; assassination was less costly and gave more satisfactory results. He began to push the interests of the Order in Syria, employing the dagger to remove obstacles. The governor of Hims fell under his ban, and died. The terror spread. Hassan took possession of a village near Aleppo; the governor of Aleppo deemed it wise to ignore the murders reported to him; but the assassination of the son of the governor of Damascus brought things to a crisis; and the complacent governor of Aleppo dying, the people rose upon the Order and killed three hundred men, women, and children. Hassan bided his time, and a few years later took measures to

dispel any idea that he was resistible by murdering the new governor and one of his sons. The triumph of the Order in Syria was complete; they boldly demanded of the local governors possession of castles they coveted, and often got what they required. The governor who had firmness enough to refuse found it wise to destroy the stronghold demanded, lest it should fall into their hands.

Though without hesitation he murdered his own relatives when the exigencies of his dominion required, he could on occasion show clemency when a threat would serve his end. The Sultan Sanjar, a Persian prince, had sent his brother to besiege Alamut. While the siege was in progress Sanjar awoke one morning to find a dagger stuck in the floor by his bed. The message, 'Were we not well disposed towards Sanjar, it had been as easy to leave the dagger in his breast,' which came from Hassan a few days later, was superfluous. None in the palace knew who had conveyed the grim hint; but all knew well that a *fedavi* was among them in disguise. Sanjar did not hesitate; he sent orders to his brother to raise the siege of Alamut at once, and tried to purchase the good-will of the Old Man of the Mountain by requesting him to keep the territories of which he had taken possession, and by making over to him the revenues of certain other districts. Hassan accepted the olive branch; but ere the besiegers struck their camp the brother of Sanjar suddenly died. There were whispers of poison; but the circumstances rendered inquiry inexpedient, and Hassan did not speak: reserve is a force in itself.

In 1125 Hassan ben Sabah died, aged ninety years. He had held the office of his own creation for thirty-seven years, and in that period had built up a power whose might was to endure for the next hundred and thirty-five years—a power whose shadow remains to this day not only in legend but in the insignificant and harmless sect to be found at Masyaf in Syria.

Hassan had ordained that his ablest lieutenant should succeed him, and accordingly his mantle fell upon Kia-Busurg-Omid, who followed faithfully in his footsteps. Kasim-ul-Dowlet, a distinguished soldier, was his first conspicuous victim. Eight Assassins, disguised as dervishes, dogged the general till they found him in the Mosque at Mosul. Kasim killed three with his own hand before he fell, and four more were despatched by his attendants. One Assassin, a mere youth, escaped; and his mother showed her sense of the disgrace thus brought upon her family by the assumption of mourning. The relatives of those who had been killed, in accordance with custom, put on their richest clothing as a mark of joy.

The murder of Sultan Sanjar's vizier was accomplished by typical Assassin methods. A *fedavi* disguised as a groom obtained a place in

the vizier's stables. One morning, when ordered to bring his employer's horse, he tied his dagger by a few hairs under the animal's mane, and, pretending to pat its neck, snatched the hidden dagger while the vizier was in the act of mounting, and stabbed him dead.

The disaster which befell the Order in Syria, where the governor of Damascus had put a stop to certain coquettings with the Crusaders by the massacre of six thousand persons, may have roused Omid to assert his power more effectually nearer home; or it may be that a blow at the orthodox Moslems was considered advisable on grounds of general policy. Whatever the motive, Omid assassinated the caliph of Bagdad, the recognised head of the faith; and to make the murder more impressive caused the caliph's body to be mutilated. The deed struck such terror into the heart of the new caliph that he shut himself up in his palace. He would see no one, for he could trust no one, and refused admission to all. Another of Omid's murders was distinguished by a species of grim justice: he assassinated the Fatimite caliph of Egypt. This man was head of the sect which preached the 'No Right, no Wrong' doctrine, and which had given birth to the Order of Assassins in its education of Hassan ben Sabah. Omid died in 1137; and, as he had changed the founder's policy so far as to make the office hereditary, he was succeeded by his son Mohammed.

Mohammed reigned on the Mountain for twenty-six years; and though he enlarged the Order's sphere of influence, especially in Syria, seems to have been sparing of the dagger. His son, Hassan II., who followed him, enjoyed the sweets of power for only four years. He lacked discretion to qualify the ambition which was his salient characteristic. Heretofore, as already said, the true tenets of the Order had been known only to the select few. Hassan II., thinking to weld its adherents more closely together and strengthen its power, announced that he had been commanded in a vision to reveal the secrets to all; and the new era was inaugurated with great publicity at Alamut. It was a false step: the Assassins had fared enough already; but this formal declaration by the Old Man of the Mountain himself, that his followers spurned the elementary laws of morality, thereby adopting the moral status and claiming the license of wild beasts, was too much. The whole world was shocked; and ere long it became evident that this rash proclamation would bring upon the Order a war which must end in its extermination. A brother-in-law of the Old Man rose to the occasion; he assassinated Hassan II.

Mohammed II., son of Hassan II., succeeded his father in 1167, and began by putting to death his father's murderer and all his family. This done, he laid aside the traditional weapons of

the Order, and directed affairs in a more civilised spirit. During the reign of Mohammed II. interest centres upon the deputy grand-prior in Syria, one Raschid ud Din. Raschid rose superior to deputyship; he claimed to be an incarnation of the Godhead, and obtained an influence comparable to that enjoyed by the founder himself. He lived in strict seclusion; no human eye ever saw him eat or sleep; he was visible to none save when he had a 'message' to deliver, and then he would take his stand at sunrise and preach. It is said that he was a man of marvellous eloquence; and from the fact that his address always lasted from dawn till sunset we must also believe that he was endowed with powers of endurance only equalled by the patience—or submission—of his followers. He had no scruples concerning the use of the dagger, and employed it with such effect that his was a veritable reign of terror. He sent three Assassins to take the life of the great Saladin. Saladin killed them all, and marched upon Masyaf, Raschid's stronghold. Raschid sent three more Assassins, who tried in turn to murder the Seljuk Sultan single-handed, and lost their lives in the attempt. Raschid, believing Saladin the possessor of talismans that rendered him invulnerable, lost heart and made overtures of peace. Saladin agreed; but the dread in which all held the Order of Assassins found echo in his stipulation that no further attempts should be made upon his life. It was Raschid who procured the murder of Conrad, Marquis of Montserrat and Prince of Tyre, a crime which has been laid at the door of Richard Cœur de Lion. Two young Assassins went through the form of receiving Christian baptism to qualify themselves for places in Conrad's household; and after six months' service killed their employer in broad day. They died under torture, refusing to disclose the name of the man who had instigated the deed; but there is little reason to doubt they were emissaries of Raschid.

Hassan III., who succeeded his father, Mohammed II., at Alamut in 1182, cancelled his grandfather's proclamation—rather late in the day, as it would appear—and restored the old order of things. His reign, however, was free from bloodshed, so far as its history is known; but the profound secrecy with which murder was often accomplished always leaves room for doubt on this point. This member of the dynasty is supposed to have been poisoned by his own son, Ala ud Din, who was anxious to succeed him; and in Ala ud Din the Order had a chief who, if he refrained from murder, kept the machinery for its accomplishment at a high pitch of efficiency. He became involved in a quarrel with the emir of Nisabur, and sent envoys to receive that chief's submission; the emir proving less amenable than was anticipated, Ala ud Din's envoy thought it judicious to give him one of those convincing hints of his master's power.

He told the emir that among the bodyguard who at the moment surrounded his person he saw members of the Order; and if the emir promised them immunity he would point out the men. The emir gave his word; and at a sign five of the guard, all trusted men, stepped forward. Asked why they had not killed him, the spokesman replied, 'We have not had the order to do so.'

Ala ud Din in turn was poisoned at the instigation of his son, Rukh ud Din; and with the accession of Rukh ud Din in 1255 came the end of the Order of Assassins as a power. Its downfall was brought about by a singularly anomalous proceeding on Rukh ud Din's part—a refusal to murder! In the year 1255 the reigning caliph of Bagdad in some way offended his vizier, Nasir ud Din, who left him to take service with the Old Man of the Mountain. His motive—or one motive—for doing this was to avenge himself on the caliph; and that personage, knowing it, resolved upon an endeavour to save his own life and crush the power of the Assassins at one stroke. At this time the Mongol armies were ravaging Central Asia, and the caliph besought the general, Halaqu Khan, to come and relieve the country from its bondage of terror. Halaqu Khan, quite willing to undertake a campaign that promised rich booty, consented, and marched towards Persia. In the meantime Nasir was continually urging Rukh ud Din, as a small personal favour, to murder the caliph; and his disinclination to oblige gave the vengeful vizier offence. Since he could not wreak his spite upon his old master, Nasir determined to revenge himself upon the new one who had refused to help him; and when the Mongols appeared he seized the first opportunity of betraying Rukh ud Din into the clutches of Halaqu Khan.

The capture of their chief demoralised the Order of Assassins. Fortress after fortress, to the number of over a hundred, fell into the hands of the Mongols, some after resistance, most without striking a blow. Alamut, whose rock-hewn cellars were stored with corn and provisions, might have held out long; but there was no heart in the defence, and the capital was among the first Assassin strongholds to fall. The power of the Order broken, Halaqu Khan might have stayed his hand; but the people, weary of the bondage of terror, cried out for completion of his task. Executioners ranged the country in all directions, ferreting out members of the Order and killing without regard to age or sex. So terribly thorough was the campaign that in the rest of Western Asia the Assassins were literally exterminated; although in Syria, whither the Mongols could not penetrate, the Order survived, to dwindle swiftly into harmless insignificance. Rukh ud Din was kept prisoner for about a year, and was then executed by his captors.



Chamber's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

MR NEW-LIGHT OF RUSH CITY. AN AMERICAN SERMON.

By POULTNEY BIGELOW, Author of *Children of the Nations*, &c.

THERE was a fellow called New-Light who knew it all. He lived in Rush City, where the houses were mostly twenty-five stories high; and between them were deep, dark gullies called streets, in which ran thousands of swift electric cars. A great cloud of smoke hung over Rush City, for there were miles of factory chimneys, and these were spouting night and day, to the infinite pride and profit of New-Light and other shareholders.

New-Light had an office at the top of the highest building in Rush City. On his desk was a telephone through which he could talk with people a thousand miles away; his letters for the post were slipped into a tube at his elbow, and thence slipped down through the twenty-five stories to the letter-box on the street floor; he could not see God's beautiful blue heavens, but consoled himself by keeping his private constellation of artificial light always ablaze. When he felt weary, an electric button summoned a whisky-cocktail, which renewed his strength—for the moment. His lunch was summoned by telephone. He ate it with one hand; with the other he held fast a narrow strip of paper which was being perpetually disgorged by a little clicking machine called a 'ticker.' This little telegraphic demon told the price of mining and railway shares in every big city of the world. New-Light worshipped this demon—it was his god.

So soon as the demon grew tired of clicking out paper, New-Light stepped into an express elevator at his door, which shot him down to the earth with an electric swoop through twenty-five stories. Then he stepped into his electric motor and whizzed away to his club amid the jangling of electric traffic overhead, underground, and all about him. To his senses there was something soothing in the clattering of drays. He breathed comfortably in the atmosphere of prosperous pandemonium.

After a few cocktails, New-Light mused on the

progress of civilisation, and concluded that man had so perfected the earth that the Creator could safely leave the rest to New-Light & Co.

Rush City was far away in the interior, far beyond the Mississippi, and New-Light had not yet seen the ocean. His universe had been one that moved only at the click of an electric button or the push of a piston. The mighty world of stars said nothing to him, the periodicity of the moon, the mighty lift of the tides, the rising of the sun, the opening of flowers: all these things affected New-Light only in so far as the almanac registered his working days beneath the tall, sooty chimneys of Rush City. The laws of merciful nature which aid the mariner in his voyages—the blessed Gulf Stream and the priceless trade-winds—all these things were to New-Light as of no importance compared with trolleys, tickers, motors, and factory chimneys.

One day New-Light saw the sea for the first time. The tide was far out, and he walked a long distance and perched upon a rock which stood alone at the edge of the exposed sands. He sat and wondered if he could not organise a company to utilise the force of the waves in the manufacture of electric power. And, as he wondered, the tide rose and surrounded his rock. And when he saw at length that he was like to be drowned by the advancing waters, he irreverently cursed the Almighty for cruelty and stupidity in making a tide that was likely to drown so precious a creature as himself.

There were fifteen fishing-boats sailing merrily homeward on this particular tide. Their crews knew little of telephones, tickers, and motors, but they venerated the works of God and studied the laws of His making. These men sailed in boldly over the rocks, for they knew the tides, the currents, and the depth of water—their wives and sweet-hearts waved to them from the dunes.

The body of New-Light was washed ashore and reverently cared for by the simple fishermen. But

when they learned how he had been drowned, they could but say: 'Poor fool; so rich in money, so poor in knowledge.'

New-Light was buried in Rush City, and the papers said that 'he was the "finest product" of our progressive and pushing age.'

THE PEARL NECKLACE.

CHAPTER XV.—THE ASSASSIN.

THERE is a time for all things, and that was no time to be grieving over the loss of the hopes I had been vainly cherishing. As I stepped out into the cool night-air I was a soldier of the cause once more, and rejoice to think that presently I had forgotten all else but the grim task before me. What would life be to me, whether I won the prize I craved or not, if through my folly and weakness the Lord Protector died by the hands of assassins, and the cause I loved died with him? I knew, none better, that though there were many who would right willingly have stepped into his place, there was not one who had the energy, the iron will, the wisdom, strength, and courage to hold fast against our numberless enemies the rights and liberties we had purchased so dearly upon the battlefield. It was not merely the life of one man that was at stake, but freedom of thought, liberty of conscience—all that so many brave and noble men had shed their blood, and squandered their fortunes, and thrown away their lives to gain. And if he indeed lay dead, it was I—or so it seemed to me—whose folly had betrayed him, who was as guilty of his death as though with my own hand I had struck the dagger through his heart. But whether he lived or died, there was one thing I was resolved that night to accomplish, and that was to settle my account with Colonel Montague. It enraged me to think that I had not driven my sword through his black heart when we had fought a few hours before, and I longed passionately to be once more face to face with him, where none could interfere, that God might judge between him and me.

We left the garden by the door in the wall through which I had entered, and so gained the shelter of the wood. Led by Frank, we ran along a narrow path, stumbling, slipping, jostling together in our haste. The moon had now climbed out of the mists, and was flooding with her clear light the open spaces; but the shadows still lay thick in the heart of the wood, and many a hard blow we got from low-lying branches, and ever and anon one would stumble over a straggling root, and go sprawling, with a muttered curse, upon the ground. At length we came to the outskirts of the wood, and I perceived that we were making for the crumbling, ivy-clad ruins of an old abbey which stood at no great distance from the Hall. The moment it came in sight, I had not the least doubt that somewhere among the ruins was the entrance to the secret passage. It was even so. As soon as we were sheltered from view behind the walls, we

lit the torches and lanterns we had brought with us, and Frank hurried on through roofless, stone-strewn passages, till at last he stooped over what seemed but a worn and moss-covered slab in the solid stone flooring. Then, with a swift movement of the hand which I for one could not follow, he touched a hidden spring, and the stone sinking downward at one end disclosed a narrow aperture and a flight of steps. How clearly the scene comes back to me: the wavering lights; the pale, excited faces; the low murmur of voices; the gaunt, shadowy ruins; and the deep-blue sky above, where the stars were beginning to fade at the coming of the moon. Frank was about to step in first, but I put him on one side.

'Nay,' said I; 'none shall go before me this night. I have to settle my dispute with Colonel Montague, and this time no man breathing shall come between us.'

With a torch in one hand and my sword in the other, I stepped down the narrow stairs; and Corporal Flint, thrusting himself without ceremony to the front, followed immediately after.

In very truth it is like an evil dream, that wild rush along the narrow, slimy passage, dimly illumined by the red glare of the torches that burnt low in the foul air. Before me yawned the black tunnel; behind me sounded the trampling of feet, the clink of steel, and the laboured breathing of those who were running at my heels. These things come back to me now, but at the time I seemed deaf and blind to everything about me. I was half-frantic with the thought of Cromwell's danger, and possessed by a mad craving to have Colonel Montague at the point of my sword, and settle once for all whether he or I should continue to live upon the earth.

It seemed as though we should never get to the end of that black, noisome passage. We were running at full speed, and yet I was consumed with rage at our slow progress. But all things come to an end, and at last we reached the foot of the narrow stone steps that led to the entrance within the Hall. I was at the top before the others had reached them, fumbling in vain to discover the spring, and fuming and stamping with impatience. In my exasperation I was striving to beat in the door with the hilt of my sword, when Frank came panting up to me and caught me by the arm.

'Are you mad?' he cried. 'You will give the alarm. Stand aside, and let me find the spring.'

Then he stooped and felt and fingered till I was well-nigh beside myself with desperation.

'God help us!' he cried. 'They have suspected we might come upon them, and have broken the spring, so that the door cannot be opened.'

For a moment there was a dead silence, and I saw a row of upturned faces and glaring torches stretching down into the gloom below. And in that silence—to me 'twas like the sound of a death-knell—we heard the clear notes of a bugle.

'Hark!' I cried. 'Do you hear that? 'Tis Cromwell; 'tis the signal of his arrival. We must burst in the door.'

'It cannot be done,' groaned Frank. 'Tis solid oak, barred with iron. We cannot beat it in.'

At that I was as a man distracted. There we stood within a stone's-throw of the Protector, and yet were powerless to help him. Swift as lightning there flashed before me a picture of what might even then be taking place. I saw Nicholas Rowe and his fellow-traitors standing in the familiar uniform on the threshold of the open door. I saw Cromwell dismount and step unsuspectingly into the Hall, his Guards sitting on their horses in the moonlight outside. I saw the door swing to, a dark figure step hastily forward, a flash of steel, and—

Then surely God put a thought into my mind, for all at once I noticed that the topmost step on which I stood was somewhat loosened, the mortar having crumbled away with age. In a moment I had thrust aside those about me, and, stooping down, lifted it bodily up and with one mighty swing hurled it at the door. Both bolts and hinges were, I doubt not, half eaten-away with rust, and the woodwork somewhat decayed; for, when the heavy stone struck it full in the centre, the door fell crashing inwards. Stumbling after it, I found myself in a cellar which I had searched fruitlessly again and again to discover some trace of the secret passage.

And now I needed no guide, but darted full speed to the foot of the winding staircase, up which I ran like a deer. From the top of that a passage led to the hall, and, sword in hand, I rushed along it, Frank and Corporal Flint a few yards behind me. And there before me was the very picture I had seen: the open door, the smiling traitors, the Guards on their horses outside, and His Highness the Lord Protector stepping into the hall.

I tried to cry out that he was betrayed, to warn him to go back, but my throat and tongue seemed parched, and I could not. The door swung to with a loud clang. I saw him stop suddenly, glance swiftly round, and, quick as thought, grasp the hilt of his sword. And then a figure stepped out from an adjoining room with outstretched right hand, and the lamp-light shone on the gleaming barrel of a pistol and the pale, fierce face of Colonel Montague. There was a spurt of red flame, a gush of white smoke, and the loud crash of the report.

But, thanks be to God! Cromwell stood unhurt; for, as the assassin's finger was in the very act of drawing back the trigger, my sword had struck up the barrel of his pistol, and the bullet flew harmlessly into the ceiling. He turned on me with the

fury of a wild beast, flinging the pistol down, and clutching at his sword. But I held the point of mine within an inch of his breast.

'Stir hand or foot,' I exclaimed, 'and, as God lives, I will drive my sword through your heart.'

Even as I spoke, Frank and Corporal Flint and the rest had ranged themselves round Cromwell, and had flung open the door; and the Life Guards, sword in hand, were already streaming in. The Protector was saved.

'Let every man in this house be placed under arrest,' exclaimed Cromwell, turning to an officer of the Guards.—'You too, Captain Hawthorne, deliver up your sword instantly.—Disarm every one of them, I say. Here has been foul treachery, and we must have the business very strictly inquired into.'

It never entered my head to dispute such an order; but Frank, the brave, hot-tempered lad, thrust back the soldier who advanced to disarm him.

'Is this how you show your gratitude,' cried he, 'to those who have saved your life at the risk of their own? There stands the assassin, caught in the very act.' He pointed to Montague, who was eying him with a most malignant expression. 'Disarm him—shoot him—hang him—what you please; but do not treat men of honour like thieves and assassins.'

'Have a care, Master Frank Woodville,' said Montague through his clenched teeth. 'You have this night played the traitor yourself, and but for you'—

'Be silent, you vile ruffian,' cried Frank, who was beside himself with rage and excitement, and did not realise that it was as safe to bait a mad dog as the baffled conspirator whose carefully laid plot had been destroyed by his interference at the very moment when it seemed about to succeed. 'Do not have the insolence to address me again. Had I known what you were, I would rather have died than have made a friend and comrade of a hired cut-throat such as you.'

It was done before any one could lift a finger to prevent it. Montague had drawn his sword to surrender it to one of the Guards, and as the last words escaped Frank's lips I saw him lunge forward. There was a swift glitter of steel, a scream of agony, and Frank flung up his arms, staggered back, and then fell full length upon the floor.

For one moment we all stood paralysed, and in that moment Montague snatched a torch from the hand of one who stood near him, and darted off along the passage and down the winding stairs. Then the silence was suddenly broken by the loud trampling of feet and hoarse cries of rage and horror. As for me, I was close behind him, could see the expression on his face as he turned to look at me over his shoulder, and Frank's blood upon his sword. Grim and ruthless, I hung at his heels, certain that he could not escape me, and confident of what would be the end of the business when he and I at last stood face to face.

(To be continued.)

CRIMPING.



THE disgraceful calling once pursued by the notorious 'Black Maria'—whose name is still notorious through its application to the present prison-vans for the conveyance of prisoners—is even in these present more humane times pursued with undiminished rigour in most foreign ports, especially in the United States, where 'crimps' flourish openly, and to all appearance little troubled by the law.

The word 'crimp' is applied to two classes of people who make their living out of sailors—namely, the keepers of lodging-houses, who style themselves 'boarding-masters,' with whom the seamen board and lodge during their stay in the port, and the agents or 'shipping-masters,' who find them employment again on board ship. In principle there is nothing very harmful in the trade of either, for it is evident that seamen must have places to live in when on shore—the various missions provide but little accommodation—and where masters of vessels can find them when wanted; and as regards the second 'profession,' a captain who has much business to transact in a short time, or who is anxious to depart, finds it convenient to employ a middleman to obtain seamen for him, and to see that they are on board at the right time, which is a very necessary precaution in most cases. If the crimp's business did not extend beyond such limits nothing could be said; but both classes of crimps are invariably tempted to increase the number of their clients by enticing seamen to desert; and the peculiar nature of the trade—in which on the one side there is an employer who must have men by a certain date, and on the other side a number of men entirely destitute until they can find new berths—provides unlimited opportunities for fraud and extortion.

The greater the number of desertions the better is the crimps' business, and they use every effort to entice seamen away from their vessels. There are annually nearly thirteen thousand desertions from British vessels in United States ports alone, the majority of which are directly due to the crimps' solicitations, who thus artificially create a demand, the corresponding supply of which they entirely control with great benefit to themselves. They work together, and may almost be said to deal at will with all matters connected with the seamen: they empty ships of their crews, charge the masters extortionate sums (styled by their victims 'blood-money') for the men they supply, and even regulate the wages they will receive and their conditions of service, in addition to practically stripping the poor seamen of every penny.

The crimp, then, obtains his money from two sources: the seaman for whom employment is found, and the ship to which he is supplied. By an Act of the United States Congress in 1898,

which is held applicable to British vessels, a sailor cannot be given an advance or allotment note for more than one month's wages. Formerly there was no such limit, and the shipping-masters used frequently to arrange for an allotment of three months' wages per man for the crews they supplied. These notes they at once seized, deducted their 'fees,' and handed the balance to their confederates, the 'boarding-masters,' who in their turn deducted most exorbitant sums for the board, &c., supplied to the seamen, who were lucky to get even a very small sum handed over to them in cash, for which they had then to perform three months' hard work. The Act referred to above, by limiting the amount of these advances, limited the crimps' gains from this source; but they promptly made their other 'clients' pay for it by increasing the amount of the 'blood-money.' This varies considerably at different ports in consequence of the available supplies of seamen, conditions of trade, &c. For instance, it has been as much as fifty dollars per head in New York, and as low as five dollars elsewhere. This is an impudent charge, especially when it is considered that the crimp who receives the sum is generally the man who has caused the vacancy which he is paid for filling.

As it is seen that the crimps live by filling vacancies on board ship, it is easy to infer that they will do their utmost to induce men to desert, and they generally have more or less success. A ship's master, who had experienced their exactions, thus described their proceedings: 'They board the vessels, ply the crews with drink, and by making all sorts of promises get the men to desert. Then they solicit the masters for the business of providing them with fresh sets of men when the vessels are ready for sea; and unless their demands are complied with the vessels are detained through lack of hands until the sums asked for are paid, when men are at once sent on board.'

A seaman has everything to lose by deserting: he forfeits the wages he has earned and any effects he may be unable to take with him, besides spoiling his record of service and losing the advantage of good discharges and testimonials. A 'smart' man or 'sea-lawyer' often gets himself imprisoned for some small offence, in which case the master is forced to leave his wages and effects behind for him, as it is not a technical desertion. When the wages due to him are large the crimps often advise a seaman to adopt such a course. When ashore he suffers heavy overcharges for board, &c., shipping-fees, and direct extortion, and also the more indirect injury of drunkenness and profligacy. Then he allows himself, after a few days, to be reshipped by a boarding-master to any destination, and on what terms the latter may decide. Yet, unfortunately, the seamen do not seem to realise the extent to which they suffer from these crimps.

The shipowner, too, is also a great loser. In addition to the blood-money paid for the substitutes, a tug has often to be hired to take them to the vessel, as they are usually drunk. Then often a 'watchman' or 'bully' is sent by the crimps to see that the seamen remain on board, ostensibly for the master's benefit, and as such to be paid for; but in reality for the welfare of his employers, as frequently the seaman, when recovered from his drugged state, is greatly incensed at the crimp's treatment of him, and is anxious to wreak his vengeance upon him. Again, higher wages have frequently to be paid to these substitutes, and if the ship has been at all detained there is often a heavy loss on its contracts. Consequently, many owners have been forced in sheer self-defence to practically recognise the crimp's business, and have signed 'contracts' for the supply of seamen required at a fixed price per head. Thus they escape the worst exactions, and provide a fixed income for their enemies! Hundreds of cases illustrating the robbery of seamen by the crimps could be cited; but they all tell practically the same tale, and the two following examples will suffice:

Two firemen were recently forced to sign on a vessel at wages of one shilling for the first ninety days, and four pounds a month afterwards, with an advance of fifty dollars each. These advances were taken by the crimps who supplied the men; and for his fifty dollars one man was given three days' board and lodging, two dollars in cash, some old underclothes and small effects, and was sent on board drunk, to prevent his knowing until too late how he had been treated. The other man was given four days' board and lodging, six dollars in cash, an old suit of oilskins, some tobacco and small effects, and afterwards professed himself satisfied at such 'fair treatment!'

Although the seamen receive such treatment over and over again, yet they make no effort to avoid the crimp's clutches when next in port. Absence makes the mind forgetful, and 'poor Jack' is a very simple fellow in reality. He recognises, when he is again shipped, what he has lost, but bears his burden stoically till time dulls the edge of his resentment, when he again falls a willing victim to a crimp's blandishments. It seems remarkable that both masters and seamen are so powerless against their oppressors; but seamen cannot 'combine'; and although individuals have sometimes struggled against them, the crimps generally take great care that they are never anxious to try again.

The peculiar nature of the sailor's calling is perhaps the main cause of desertion. Shut up in confined spaces for long periods, and fed on coarse

and monotonous food, the delights of the shore—as set forth by the crimps, who find a little free whisky a powerful aid in their arguments—for the moment override the faded memories of their former treatment ashore, and they seize the earliest opportunity to desert their vessels. Nowadays, unfortunately, British vessels have a large proportion of foreigners in their crews, and these are always easy prey. But whatever may be the causes, the fact remains that the crimps are growing wealthy through the aid of their parasitic calling. A master-mariner is almost equally under their control. Were he to engage a man independently of them, he would probably find that the rest of his crew had been enticed away, and that no others were obtainable unless through the crimps, who would make him pay extortionate 'blood-money' for their supply as a punishment for his attempted independence.

In some cases, however, it must be regretfully added that shipmasters work with the crimps, who give them as a bonus a proportion of the 'blood-money' charged to the vessel's owners. Again, when the master is part-owner of the vessel, it is to his advantage, especially after a long voyage, for the crew to be enticed away, as their wages are forfeited, and the amount paid for substitutes often leaves a nice little balance behind; but, happily, such cases are few and far between, as there is no finer body of men in the world than the officers of the British mercantile marine.

The consular reports yearly give accounts of the crimps' doings. Those on the Pacific coast are particularly notorious. The Missions to Seamen Society recently learnt that one of their representatives at Portland, Oregon, had been nearly murdered for endeavouring to protect some seamen from the 'runners' of some boarding-houses and gambling-hells at that port.

The crimp seems to stop at nothing—even murder—in the pursuit of his heinous calling. He is almost extinct in the United Kingdom, although now and then one is prosecuted by the Board of Trade. British seamen are in foreign ports bought and sold like cattle, and are often more barbarously treated, and yet, as we have stated, they make no active movements on their own behalf. Perhaps for no class of workers is 'grandmotherly legislation' more required than it is for seafarers; yet it would be useless without their active support, which cannot be relied upon. But enough has been said to show that there at present flourishes extensively a trade but little different in its methods from slave-dealing, and which even rivals the horrors of the press-gang of the Napoleonic times.



THE RED HEAVIES.

CHAPTER V.



ABOUT two months after the tragedy of the Baddenham ball, Sub-Lieutenant Popper got out of the train at Baddenham for his weekly visit to his relations and Grandison Lee.

He wore quite an alert air, and no moustache. He had a diagonal scar from his right cheek to the middle of his upper lip instead of a moustache, just like a sabre-cut. Three or four more of the Heavies had scars about them of a similar kind. When they were moved from Baddenham to Aldershot they looked like men just home from active service. Grandison Lee was still in the Baddenham hospital.

Altogether, five people had died of that dynamite explosion. It was reckoned a merciful deliverance on the whole. The roof had been of light materials, though even common Llanberis slates fall hard from a height of thirty feet.

Of the wounded, Grandison Lee's case was the gravest at first. They took him to the hospital, with others, and expected him to die. He raved night and day for weeks, but he did not die.

'Poor old chap,' said Colonel Reed, after one of his regulation visits to the Major's bedside, 'who'd have thought he had such a secret as that? From his delirium, he must have been as gone in love—and so on—as the callowest youngster that was ever nailed fast by a pretty simperer.'

The Red Heavies knew all about it by this time. They had no scruple in such a matter. Several well-controlled scowls were directed at little Popper.

'Well, I can't help it,' said this unfortunate agent of mischief. 'And I'll bet any chap a level fiver he pulls through yet.'

Captain Galway spoke as the mouthpiece of the company. 'You're not tempting as a financier, Popper,' he said.

But the Colonel took a broader view of the circumstance. 'It only proves,' he said, without even a twinkle in his steely eyes, 'that no man is safe where a woman is concerned.'

'Not even a Red Heavy,' observed Captain Galway, with the expression of a Scotch elder who has never backslided. And yet he had been refused by Mary Riddell during the past week. In five minutes he had proposed, been rejected, and said 'Good afternoon.'

'And, look here,' little Popper cried, with defiance and self-assertion of a new kind, which seemed to have come to him with the sticking-plaster in place of his moustache. 'I don't care what you all say, the Major *will* pull through. That specialist Johnny doesn't despair. I got hold of him in private yesterday, and, between ourselves, I bribed him with an extra guinea to tell me the honest truth. Oh yes, you may sneer, but I did! He said, "The

poor fellow may live, or he may not." That, from him, is reckoned first-rate. They say he's the most artful pessimist in London.'

'Anything else?' suggested Lieutenant Bissell. 'And did he take that extra guinea?'

'No. The old fool said, "Put it in your pocket again, my good lad." He didn't know me. But he said my feelings did me credit.'

This time the Red Heavies really laughed. It was a corporate laugh that ought to have been photographed: sticking plaster and unexpected shoots of pain gave it such a peculiar character.

However, by-and-by, they were ordered to Aldershot; and, with regret, Grandison Lee was left behind, still raving.

But before they went away little Popper had a most academically earnest interview with his half-sister Mary. Mrs Popper and her daughter were staying on at Baddenham, indefinitely.

'You ought to know about it, Polly,' said Popper; 'especially as he got you out of it without even a scratch—only a messed frock, and that'll wash right. He does nothing but shout things about *you*. He'd rather die, he says, than really give you pain and so on; but he can't, can't, *can't* live like other fellows if you will get in his way. You've knocked all the old stuffing out of him, Polly.'

Mary had had her bad moments since the ball, and she was anything rather than free of them yet. They had left their mark on her, though not on her beauty, which was generally accounted much improved even by that young horizontal wrinkle above her gray eyes. She said nothing when Popper paused for her reply. She looked steadily out of the window.

'Well, what are you going to do?' he asked. He wished he dared stiffen his statement by telling her of the Major's confession on the night of the ball.

'Do?' she said drearily. 'What is there for any one to do until—he is better?'

'Couldn't you go and see him? You might just hold his hand or something. I've read of remarkable cures from little things of that kind.'

'In novels, Peter.'

'Well, and aren't they taken from life?'

'I'm afraid not.'

'Then you propose to do *nothing*?' he inquired, with an indignation he had no difficulty in assuming.

'I wish, Peter,' she said, 'that you would not take it for granted that you have inherited *all* the family stock of good impulses. I *have* seen Major Lee. Mother and I went together. And *you* did not happen to be in that—that horrible little room when the walls— Oh, do leave the subject alone—until he is better.' She ended with a sob, and stood close to the window. She kept even her profile turned from him.

This somewhat mollified her brother. 'All right,' he said. 'I only meant that I hoped you had the usual amount of proper feeling, and so on. You needn't have been sarcastic. He'll be no good if he recovers: smashed head, shoulders, ribs, and'—

But she did not wait for the completion of the catalogue. She glided from the room, and Peter's 'Well, good-bye, old girl; we're off by the two-ten train!' met with no response from her.

Still, he went off to Aldershot, decently satisfied on the whole. His mother had snubbed him furiously when he used even still plainer language to her. But he didn't care for that either. He made his way through the Baddenham streets with uncommon lightness of foot. He had asked the stationmaster and been informed that the latest news from the hospital was most cheerful. Major Lee was conscious at last, and healing well everywhere.

'What a constitution, sir!' the stationmaster had exclaimed, almost reverently, as his eyes ranged over the subaltern, from his necktie to his boots.

'Yes,' Peter had said; 'we're not all like him. I'm devilish glad to hear it.'

He had two minutes' amusement before leaving. Who should he see approaching him, in a blaze of sunshine through the open skylight of the station roof, and in the very latest shock of a necktie (scarlet, with black moons), but Mr Albert Stiles?

'Well,' he said, after an interchange of formal nods, 'what's *your* game?'

'What's yours, if it comes to that?' said the other.

'Oh, mine's all right. I'm not in love—with myself, or any one else, I'm jolly glad to say.'

'That's news, anyway. You don't look *sorry* for yourself, whether or not.'

Little Popper turned gleefully upon a porter who now approached them with a superb bouquet of orchids, lilies, and white roses. 'Still at it,' he chuckled. 'I don't know how those Covent Garden chaps would make a living without you.'

Young Stiles savagely bade the porter bear the nosegay to a hansom. 'It's my last try, if you care to know,' he said. 'I've had about enough of it.'

'Not you,' laughed little Popper. 'I'd lay any one anything you'll be perfuming my sister's atmosphere just the same this time next year. I call it beastly hard lines she won't let you get any nearer her than that.'

'You'd lose that bet, sharp as we all know you are!' said Albert Stiles.

Then he hastily followed his flowers. He would have been much moved had he known their eventual destination.

This encounter sent little Popper straight to the hospital: the Regent House folks might await their turn. Here the stationmaster's report was confirmed. It began at the lodge. The hall-porter touched his hat and echoed the good news. The secretary came humming down the corridor and was hilarity itself in the matter. He said *The Lancet* had an article on the case, and the staff surgeons and physicians

were all stroking themselves openly, while in secret (he whispered it) rendering thanks and praise to Major Lee's remarkable constitution.

'I rather fancy though,' the secretary added, 'that some one is with him now. I heard his name mentioned a moment ago.'

'I'll soon out him, whoever he is!' said little Popper.

But a nurse now drifted towards him on the staircase and smiled. 'I don't think, sir, you can see the Major yet,' she said.

'Not *another* operation?' he asked. 'Can't they let well alone?'

'Oh no, sir, not an operation. Not exactly, at least.' She was as arch with him as even an exhilarated nurse well could be.

'Er—how do you mean?' he said, frowning impatiently. 'Who is it?'

'Oh, well, I think you might go up and knock at the door, at any rate,' she replied, much in the tone the young woman found efficacious in the children's ward. 'He really is surprisingly improved.'

Little Popper accordingly proceeded on his way.

But with the Major's door in sight, who should come through it, blooming like a June rose, with the traces of smiles and unspeakable happiness on her face, her eyes sparkling as if heaven had just washed them in magic dew as well as the most beautifying kind of tears—not too large a proportion of tears—who, but his sister Mary Riddell? Alone, too!

'Hullo!' he cried, for she didn't seem to see him. She started, and, with no diminution of her beauty, clasped his outstretched hand.

'Oh Peter!' she whispered. 'Yes, he will see you. He hoped you would come when I told him it was your day. He's so— Oh, but you will hear it from his own lips. He— But I can't talk now. We shall see you by-and-by.'

Peter broke into a picturesque grin. 'I say, Polly,' he began. 'But she did not wait for the rest; and it occurred to him in a flash that it was perhaps better so. Albert Stiles and his bouquet would get their knock-out with the more natural directness.'

Then little Popper tapped at the Major's door, waved aside the nurse who had turned up in behalf of her duty, and entered the room.

Grandison Lee was lying in a ridiculously small bed, still in a mummy's multitude of wrappings, and with a smile on his lips which might have been a masculine twin of the smile little Popper had just seen in his sister. He was distinctly a pale major now; but otherwise he looked much like himself, temporarily transfigured.

'Well, old chap,' cried little Popper, 'this is just simply splendid!'

They looked at each other, and even this frivolous subaltern felt almost awed by the Major's face. But he soon understood thoroughly. Grandison Lee spoke to him coherently for the first time since the accident.

'Popper, I'm in the happiest man on earth!' he said.

THE END.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE ENERGY OF RADIUM.



HIS wonderful element, which gives off heat without any apparent loss of substance, continues to excite intense interest in scientific circles; and even that stolid person called 'the man in the street' is moved to curiosity when he hears that the price of the new element is literally 'above rubies.' In a recent address by Sir William Crookes on 'Modern Views on Matter,' which he delivered before the Congress of Applied Chemistry at Berlin, he pointed out that if a minute quantity of a salt of radium were brought near a fluorescent screen, and the surface of that screen examined with a magnifier, scintillating spots would be seen playing over it like a turbulent, luminous sea. He suggested that a convenient method of showing the phenomenon would be to use a small brass tube, with a lens at one end and a screen with a speck of radium at the other extremity. He proposed to call this instrument the spinthariscopes, from the Greek word indicating a flash or scintillation. Acting on the hint thus given, Messrs Griffin and Co., of Sardinia Street, London, have introduced a neat little instrument under the name suggested, which admirably shows in a darkened room the turbulent sea of fire. After viewing this strange and interesting sight, we could only compare it to the vision of stars radiating from a centre which one experiences at the moment of receiving a blow on the head.

ALLEGED CURE OF CANCER.

According to an account from Vienna, radium is no mere toy, but is capable of marvellous cures in cases of cancer. At a meeting of the Vienna Society of Medical Men, two cases were presented in which malignant growths had been destroyed by means of radium bromide, which is now a marketable commodity. One case was that of cancerous tumour of the arm, which it was impossible to wholly remove with the knife, but which succumbed to exposure to the radium light. In the other case, the mucous membrane of the mouth was affected with the dread disease, and an operation was contemplated. But radium rays were tried first, and the cancer, of the size of a hazel-nut, disappeared. 'In twenty other cases,' to quote the report which was published in the London *Daily Chronicle*, 'tumours in a fortnight grew perceptibly smaller, and in from four to six weeks completely disappeared.'

MONOLITHIC COLUMNS.

The Cathedral of St John, in New York, now in course of erection, is to have as adornments for its choir thirty granite columns, each of which will be fifty-four feet high by six feet in diameter, the estimated weight being one hundred and sixty tons.

It was decided that these columns were each to consist of one piece of stone, and a gigantic lathe was constructed in which to turn them into shape. Each block of granite in the rough weighed three hundred and ten tons, so that almost half of the mass had to be cut away before the huge pillar was ready for the builders. But, alas! 'man proposes,' &c., and the original plan had to be abandoned. It had taken nearly a year to turn the first column to the cylindrical form, then it suddenly snapped across, and both time and valuable material were wasted. The second column was no less unfortunate, except that it gave way at an earlier stage of its career. The accident is attributed to a greater torsional strain than a mass of stone of this length and thickness will sustain. It has now been decided to make the columns in two sections, when, it is hoped, no difficulties will be experienced.

WELDING SCRAP-STEEL.

The *Scientific American* is responsible for the statement that at the Jefferson Ironworks, Ohio, a new composition has recently been tried which is said to have a remarkable effect in welding scrap-steel. This scrap, in any convenient size or shape, is placed layer upon layer, with the composition between, after which heat and mechanical pressure are applied, the result being a homogeneous union of the several parts. A billet of steel thus made was put through the furnace and rolled into a sheet, after which the metal was cut up into smaller pieces, from which nails and washers were made. These were found to be of excellent quality. The cost of making the billet of steel, including the new composition and the labour, is from twenty-five to fifty cents per ton; and it is claimed for the new process that it is not only economical in practice, but that it puts a vast amount of scrap-steel to profitable employment.

A NEW LAMP.

The Notkin Light and Power Company, of Edinburgh, are bringing out commercially the lamp which excited so much interest when shown at a conversazione at the Royal Institution, in Edinburgh, a few months ago by Dr Hugh Marshall. This lamp, which is entirely self-contained and portable, can be used equally well with an ordinary incandescent mantle or with an argand burner. It gives a brilliant light, is quite free from smoke or smell, it contains no liquid, and tests show that it is incapable of explosion. It consists of a container which holds a block of porous material of special composition, which, when in use, is soaked with petrol. This gives off an inflammable gas, but only when the lamp is in actual use; and it is this gas mixed with air which feeds the incandescent mantle or the argand burner, as the case may be. The North-Eastern Railway Company have, after careful

tests, lighted six of their country stations with the new lamps, these being of such a size that they will burn for many days without attention. The containers are removable, so that when necessary they can be taken away and charged afresh at a central depôt. Many golf and polo pavilions are also lighted by the new system, which is sure to meet with wide application in places where gas cannot readily be obtained, or where it costs more than three shillings per thousand feet. The new lamps will be issued in various artistic forms, as well as of plain design for common use. One quart of petrol will afford a light of about fifty candle-power for twelve hours.

THE MERCURY VAPOUR LAMP.

This is a lamp on a very different principle, the invention of Mr P. Cooper-Hewett. It presents an entirely new departure in the matter of electric lighting, and is at the same time cheaper in maintenance than any other system known. The lamp consists of an exhausted glass tube—the one which we saw in action was about four feet long—in which is a pool of metallic mercury. When a current of electricity is passed through this tube, the mercury vapour becomes intensely luminous and gives out a light which may be compared to that of the electric arc, except that it is soft and diffused instead of being painful to look at. We had an opportunity of examining the luminous tube through the spectro-scope, and at once noted that although there were bright bands in the yellow and orange portions of the spectrum, and a brilliant one in the blue, there were no red lines. The absence of red gives the light afforded by this lamp a most peculiar hue, flesh-tints and reds appearing by it a greeny-blue. While it is not, therefore, what ladies would call 'a becoming light,' it is an excellent one to work by: less tiring to the eyes than ordinary light, and quite free from heat or any kind of vitiation of the atmosphere in which it is used. For railway-yards, libraries, mills, and factories where appreciation of colour-values is not essential, for large machine-shops, and work-places generally, this lamp is most suitable, for it casts no hard shadows, and is therefore a near approach to daylight, except for its peculiar tint. The mercury lamp is being introduced by the Westinghouse Company, of Norfolk Street, London.

GAS *versus* STEAM.

Among the many excellent addresses read before the recent Engineering Conference was one of exceptional interest on internal combustion engines for driving dynamos. For the dynamo machine, with its wonderful faculty of transmitting power to a distant point, its application to trams and trains, and its many other employments, is now one of the most valued allies of commerce and human convenience; and the best method of setting it in motion is, therefore, a matter of urgent importance. In the paper referred to, Mr H. A. Humphrey stated that there are now fifty firms manufacturing large gas-

engines of two hundred horse-power and upwards; and the engines of this character completed or on order were no fewer than five hundred and seventy-five, with an aggregate capacity of three hundred and twenty-eight thousand and sixty-five horse-power. He also stated that the central station engineer had become fully alive to the fact that the gas-producer and gas-engine constituted the cheapest means of generating electric power where coal was the basis of the energy, and that a suitable gas-engine was quite as trustworthy as a steam-engine. He believed that such engines would ultimately entirely replace steam in large central electric stations.

KITE-VIEWS.

The kite, which used to be regarded as a mere toy, is now in constant use for making meteorological observations in the upper regions of the atmosphere. But the kite used for scientific purposes is a very different instrument from the flat linen arrangement which is often such a source of sorrow to over-expectant boyhood. The modern kite will sail at a distance from the earth of a mile or more, and requires a small engine to coil up its metal string and bring it back to *terra-firma*. A number of kites have been ordered by the Admiralty for use during the summer manœuvres, and it is the intention, we understand, to arm these kites with cameras, so that views may be taken from great heights. Photography for purposes of warfare is not a new idea. As long ago as the year 1877, the late Mr Woodbury patented an aerial camera which he constructed for the purpose. It was carried up in the air by a small balloon, and the necessary uncovering of the lens of the camera was operated by electricity through the medium of wires woven into the string which held the balloon captive. Kites as now made are capable of bearing considerable weights, and they are obviously more convenient in use than balloons.

FIRE EXHIBITION.

The Fire Exhibition at Earl's Court is by no means the least interesting of those wonderful annual displays which have become quite a feature to the London season. Beyond the Exhibition proper, there is a marvellous spectacle provided in the huge Empress Theatre, which seats some ten thousand persons, and has a stage quite four times as broad as that of the Opera House. On this is presented an historic scene illustrative of the various methods adopted for extinguishing fires during the past two thousand years, a company of firemen for each period entering with the appliances then available. At last the stage is cleared for the finale, which is really a perfect triumph of stage management. The scene is a street with built-up houses of the usual size, with shops, churches, and a music-hall. Various vehicles are driven about amid crowds of pedestrians, altercations with cabmen and others take place, the police are in evidence, and everything is as natural as possible. Suddenly there is a cry of fire, and,

amid a crash of glass and other alarming sounds, a large house in the centre of the stage is seen to be alight. Flames roar from the windows, engines and fire-escapes hurry up, tons of water are poured upon the flames from the steamers, and apparently half-suffocated mortals are rescued by the intrepid firemen. Nothing more realistic has ever been seen on the stage, while at the same time the spectacle forms an object-lesson of no small value.

CONCENTRATED BEER.

A brewery has been established at Acton, near London, for the manufacture of concentrated wort, which is of the consistency of treacle, and is packed in drums for shipment abroad. This compound, which is made by special machinery from malt and hops, is intended to be made into beer by the addition of water, and of yeast to promote fermentation; or, by a certain modification, a non-alcoholic drink can be produced, which is said to be most palatable, and the generality of beverages which make this boast certainly are not. The concentrated beer is not affected by climate, and can be kept for any length of time. It will be greatly valued for beer-making in our colonies and in many foreign countries, where a glass of beer is at present a difficult thing to obtain. The promoters of the new process state that the cost of brewing a barrel of thirty-six gallons of 'export ale and stout' in the best equipped brewery in South Africa is forty-two shillings and ninepence, the selling price being seventy-six shillings and eightpence. A better and infinitely purer product could be brewed, they say, from 'concentrate' in the same place at thirty-one shillings and sevenpence. But practical brewers will see that the excellence of the beer produced by this process must mainly depend upon the kind of yeast employed for the fermentation and on the method of fermentation adopted. The new process is the invention of Mr H. A. Hobson.

STERILISING MILK.

Milk has always been the type of that which is beneficial, harmless, and pure; but, as a matter of fact, it is more subject to contamination by disease-germs than any other fluid known, and probably more deaths are due to the spread of zymotic diseases through this medium than to any other cause. The possibility, therefore, of sterilising milk, without at the same time robbing it of its palatable and nutritive qualities, is a far more important matter than most people would imagine. Most so-called preservatives, while they kill the disease-germs, cause a serious alteration in the constitution of the milk; and what is required is a method of vanquishing the germs while the milk remains otherwise quite unaltered. This is said to have been brought about by the process recently patented by Professor Max Seiffert, a university lecturer at Leipzig. By the aid of special apparatus, the milk is made to pass as a thin layer of liquid beneath an

electrical spark arrangement, which produces ultra-violet rays of light. Or to quote the English patent specification (No. 9242, 1903), rays such as are 'emitted from the sparks produced by high-tension alternating currents.' A drawing of one form of this apparatus is given in the specification, but it is too technical for description here without reproduction. We may add that the milk is not heated in its passage through the apparatus, neither does it come into contact with the air. The process is evidently successful as a laboratory experiment, and it remains to be seen whether it can be carried out on the very large scale which commercial application would demand.

A NEW MAGNETIC OBSERVATORY.

Many years ago, when the first electric railway was opened in South London, the gentlemen engaged in making magnetic records at Greenwich Observatory, which is about six miles away from the tube through which the trains run, reported that their delicate instruments were severely affected by the currents induced by this new source of electric energy. Kew Observatory has made similar complaints since an electric tramway has invaded its neighbourhood; and as progress and traffic cannot be stopped to meet the convenience of science, the observers have been compelled to find a quieter place for their work. The Duke of Buccleuch has granted an extension-site at Eskdalemuir, Dumfriesshire, and thither will be removed in due time the magnetic instruments. But the ordinary commercial work, as well as the regulation of ships' compasses, chronometers, and the examination of lenses, will continue to be carried on at Kew as usual.

PHOTOGRAPHIC ADVANCES.

The word 'Kodak,' a word without any derivation and with but a short history, has grafted itself upon the English language, and every one knows what it means. Attached in the first instance to a form of hand camera, Kodak is now the title of a limited company of vast resources whose object it is to place within reach of photographers the products which they mostly need. Among their latest introductions is a rollable film which will not curl up at any stage, and is orthochromatic or colour-sensitive—that is to say, it will represent a coloured object as an engraver would, and not with reds and yellows in black, and with blues in white, as was customary in former times when dealing with a photographic surface. The Kodak Company have also introduced a daylight developing-machine for rollable films, which is highly ingenious, the ribbon of film being treated, if desired, in daylight, no dark room being necessary. One more improvement is represented by the kodoid plate, which is a flat film to take the place of glass plates in the ordinary camera, and these too are orthochromatic. Such films will do the work of glass plates, while they take up one-fifth of the space, are about one-twelfth of the weight, and are unbreakable.

SHRIMP IN ASPIC; OR, THE BALCONY SCENE.

By ROSALINE MASSON, Author of *Leslie Farguhar*, &c.

ALWAYS imagine that my dislike of the French is hereditary, for my mother's great-aunt married a Frenchman. My wife tells me that I pride myself on all my qualities being hereditary. I heard her endeavouring to console poor Tommy with that theory the other day, when the little chap complained at never getting a brand new suit of his very own, but always having his brother Charlie's made down for him. Well, anyway, I own I dislike the French, and cannot speak a single word of their slippery language. This is mostly the fault of the duffer we had for a French master at my school. They don't lay enough stress on the teaching of languages at boys' schools. I was once nearly expelled, I remember, for tripping up that French master by a string stretched across a doorway. The man left the school shortly after; but not until the effects of my exploit had considerably strengthened my antipathy to his nation.

My wife does not share my feelings. She boasts of having taken a prize for French recitation at her school, and she always mentions that she wore a white muslin dress and a pink silk sash, and had a bouquet. I tell her that they lay far too much stress on the teaching of French at girls' schools, often to the entire exclusion of everything else; but Esther only laughs and says 'Oh, *là là!*' with a foreign shrug and a foreign accent, and it is shockingly bad form to pepper one's talk with French words and phrases in that fashion. When we were first married she used to tell me that she had ordered 'such a *recherché* little dinner.' It was all in vain that I told her to address me in English; she merely stated that there was no English equivalent for the word *recherché*. I grew to hate the word, for I soon found out that it betokened that the dinner would be some horrible make-up, garnished and seasoned: *salmi* of something, or *croûtes* of something, or *réchauffé* of something; ten to one not the something it said it was, and always *à la* something else. It might have been *recherché*; but give me a good solid British joint.

It was about shrimps in aspic that Esther and I had our first quarrel; and that sad incident happened just the day before the Frenchman came—in fact, it heralded his approach. I had been out all the morning, I remember, and had returned quite unexpectedly a little after one o'clock.

'I'm so glad you've come in to luncheon, Henry!' cried Esther, descending upon me in a silken swirl, 'because Mrs Smythe was to have come, and she has telegraphed she can't, and'—

'Thank Heaven!' I ejaculated.

'Yes, dear, certainly; and I've ordered such a *recherché* little'—

'Great Scot!' I answered, 'and I've come home hungry!'

'Shrimps in aspic,' she said, as I followed her into the dining-room; and she went up to the table and gazed lovingly down into a silver dish, in which quivered some translucent shapes surrounded by a thick wall of what I took to be grass.

It ended in my lurching off an indignantly summoned joint of cold beef, pickles, and bottled beer, and calling Esther a female Nebuchadnezzar, and thereby reducing her to tears. Then I felt satiated, and a brute; and so I went away and smoked and sulked. I had just fallen asleep, about three o'clock, when I was awakened by a little laugh at my side, and I opened my eyes on my wife.

'Well, boa-constrictor?' she said pleasantly. And then, before I had time to reply, she went on rapidly. 'I've had a letter from Mrs Smythe—it's a touch of influenza—and they want us to take in M. le Bras—it's catching, you see—he's a great savant—two or three of their servants have got it too—something scientific, in Paris—and I must see about new spare-room curtains, Henry—those muslin ones won't do in winter—and the man's waiting in the hall.'

'Good Heavens, Esther! Who is waiting? What is he waiting for? Is a savant waiting in our hall for the spare-room curtains? Has he influenza? And have two or three of Mrs Smythe's servants caught something scientific? Because'—

'Try to be sensible, Henry,' urged my wife; which was a little hard on me.

However, by dint of putting a few direct questions, I ascertained that Mrs Smythe, being stricken down with influenza, desired to hand on an expected guest to us. This guest was a M. le Bras, and he was to arrive next day to attend some scientific conference.

'A Frenchman!' I exclaimed.

'Yes,' answered my wife. 'But I'll do all the talking,' she added.

Somehow that made me angry.

'Let him go to an hotel, and be'— I took up a newspaper and rustled it, to obviate the necessity of finishing my sentence.

'No, we could not allow him to do that, Henry!—a sense of hospitality—consider. A foreigner in a difficulty'—

'Is simply another name for shrimp in aspic!' I retorted.

But, if one does not want to give in to feminine tyranny one should not be a brute at luncheon. It ended in my wife writing a polite note to Mrs Smythe saying that we should be delighted to receive M. le Bras, and would do all in our power to make up to him for his disappointment.

Oh, we made it up to him! We did indeed! I am sure of that!

He was quite a presentable fellow when he came, though his hair grew straight up off his head. I nodded till I found he could talk English—it is inhospitable to force a guest to betray ignorance; but then we worked it out very comfortably. I complimented him on his fluency, and he told me he had spent seven years in this country.

'Then, what made you go back to France?' I could not help asking him in surprise.

'But France! It is my home!' he exclaimed. 'And, ah! your fogs!' he added quickly. 'But, pardon, monsieur, we also have our climatic disadvantages there is no doubt.'

'M. le Bras was recalled to France to take the great chair he now holds,' my wife broke in with asperity. 'You show much ignorance, Henry.'

'What was I to know of French chairs? I offered him a good firm Sheraton one.'

'I am desolated,' he assured us, as we all sat down, 'to have thus thrust myself upon you, to your great inconvenience doubtless.'

'We don't use 'desolated' in that sense, and I should have liked to have told him so.'

But our guest proved unexpectedly agreeable, I must own. Indeed, by the time we went up to dress for dinner I was almost reconciled to him and his unlooked-for visit, and was preparing to say so; but my wife did not leave me time.

'Well, what do you think of him? Isn't he simply charming, Henry? So travelled! So well read! So courteous! A most interesting man, I should say! How fortunate that dear Mrs Smythe took influenza—at least, I mean—if she had to take it, how fortunate she took it just now! Charming, I call him! So genial! Henry, could you put this pin in at the back of my fichu? So considerate, and—Ow! ow! you clumsy boy!'

By that evening's post there came cards of invitation to Esther and me for some big scientific soiree in connection with the congress that had brought M. le Bras to our shores and to our doors.

'Of course you don't want to go?' I asked Esther severely, when we were alone. 'I am only invited because I am M. le Bras' host, and you are only bidden as "and Lady."'

But Esther declared she would like to go; and, as I could not permit her to be escorted by the French savant, I decided to accompany them.

Our guest was out all day, making speeches and listening to papers and seeing over laboratories, he said; but he returned to dinner, and after dinner we all three drove to the soiree, Esther in her pale-pink brocade, which I thought too smart for the sober and scholastic occasion.

M. le Bras evidently wished to put on her wrap for her, for he laid hold of it after he had put down her coffee-cup; but I took it out of his hands and wrapped it round her.

'Don't, Henry!' she exclaimed pettishly, 'you've caught a hook in my hair! Where are my gloves?'

And that little Frenchman had them, and her fan! These foreigners are so officious!

I meant to be slightly on my guard and slightly on my dignity all the evening; but the fact is I lost sight of Esther and M. le Bras, and never saw them again until it was time to go. Esther says it was my fault, and that I neglected my guest shamefully; but that it did not matter in the least, as he knew simply every one there. I wish him joy of his acquaintance if he did, for I never saw such a seedy-looking set of people in all my life. The big stuffed beasts in the glass cases were more to my taste—it was in some sort of museum that the soiree was held—and I went about looking at them till I strayed into a room full of instruments of torture, and that I own I really quite enjoyed.

'It hasn't been half a bad evening,' I told Esther, when she and M. le Bras came in to find me. 'Look at these thumb-screws, Esther'—

She looked at them. 'Horrible!' she shuddered.

The Frenchman rolled his eyes in mock sympathy.

'There's one of your guillotines over there in the corner,' I remarked carelessly, turning to him.

'We are ready to go, Henry!' said my wife sharply.

So she was. She had on her cloak I noticed. I determined to make the best of it. 'Well, let us hurry off, then,' I said. 'We dined so early that I think we shall all be glad of supper.'

'Madame has had some limonade,' M. le Bras hastened to assure me.

'Yes, M. le Bras has taken all care of me,' Esther observed.

Nevertheless, M. le Bras left me to jostle in and out through the crowd and lay hold of a cab.

We reached our door. Filled with the thought of supper and a pipe, I jumped out and ran up the steps, feeling with finger and thumb as I went in my waistcoat-pocket for my latch-key. Then I felt in each of my other pockets in turn. Loose money—my watch—a small leather case—pocket handkerchief—the card of admission to their scientific show, torn in half—but no keys. Far off, a muffled clock sounded a single stroke. The card of admission—the small leather case—watch—handkerchief—loose money—

'Make haste, Henry!' called my wife from the cab. The little Frenchman, hopping about on the pavement ready to help her out, came to see what delayed me.

'I must have forgotten my key,' I explained shortly.

A foreigner has no idea of sparing women.

'*Mon Dieu!*' he exclaimed, and ran down to the cab.

'Monsieur has forgotten his keys!' I heard him tell her.

Women always do the wrong thing in emergencies. My wife got out of the cab.

Handkerchief, watch, loose money, card-case—

'Forgotten your keys, Henry?' she asked.

'I said so,' I replied coldly.

'Are you sure?' she asked anxiously.

'Of course, my dear. Should I be likely to say so until I were sure?'

'Well, dear, you are still feeling in your pockets.'

I stopped feeling in my pockets, and rang the bell.

'That's no use,' she exclaimed despondently. 'I told the maids not to sit up, and they sleep at the very top of the house and to the back.'

I rang again. We heard the bell sound far down below. The echoes died away.

Then the cabman climbed slowly down by his wheel, and stood on the bottom step, and became distinctly facetious. He averred aloud that he had often seen gentlemen in trouble over a latch-key, and he gave it as his opinion, based on former experience, that I was probably trying to insert the end of my cigar into the keyhole.

I paid the man and dismissed him, advising him to sign the pledge.

'But madame might have sat inside the cab until the door opens,' M. le Bras suggested. 'Madame shivers.'

I glanced at Esther anxiously, and then at the fast-retreating cab.

'I am quite warm, dear,' she assured me, wrapping her ridiculous little lace-trimmed cloak round her.

'It begins to rain,' observed the Frenchman, raising his face.

It was true: I felt a cold drop on my hand. I seized the bell and rang it violently—once, twice, three, four times; it gave a sudden dislocated gurgle, and, as housemaids say, 'came away in my hand.'

'Stand well into the doorway, Esther,' I commanded her. 'And—here, yes, put on my overcoat!'

Esther gave a little tremulous laugh that was half a shiver, and obeyed. I was glad she obeyed like that, taking my coat for granted. I fastened the top button, and the sleeves hung down limply. There was no hook to catch in her hair.

'But must we then be obliged to scale the heights?' inquired the Frenchman.

The idea was a good one. I stepped back and scanned the front of the house. The Frenchman shrugged his shoulders, as if expostulating at my action; but my wife watched me without speaking.

At that moment the silence of the deserted street was broken by a sudden noise of a horse's hoofs on the wooden road, and a hansom dashed round the corner and pulled up with a jerk two doors off. A man jumped out. We heard the 'Thank ye, sir!' of the cabby, announcing overpayment, and then the click of a key in the door, and the door banged as the cabman turned his horse's head, and again the even beat of hoofs, dying away in the distance, and then silence.

It was all over in a moment; but my mind was made up.

'Wait here,' I said. 'I'll go there and ask him to let me in, and climb along by the balconies.'

'*Mon Dieu!*' cried M. le Bras.

'Harry! Oh, *do* be careful!' Esther called after me. I smiled. *Now* I would show the Frenchman!

I rang at the door where the man had gone in, and presently, as I had foreseen, he opened it himself. He gazed at me in polite surprise. I must have looked eccentric, without an overcoat. I explained the situation in a few words. He seemed amused, but readily undertook to let me out into the balcony, and led me up the dark stair and through the drawing-room, where the fire was ashes in the grate.

'It's just as well I happen to know you by sight,' he laughed, as he opened the shutters and unfastened a French window that gave into the balcony. 'Have a whisky-and-soda before you go?' he asked hospitably. It seemed to me he again glanced whimsically at my coatless state.

'No, thanks!' I said shortly, rather resenting his remark about knowing me by sight. 'The others are waiting.'

At the mention of others he leant over the balustrade.

'Oh yes—two men—I see,' he remarked. I looked too. My wife was well in the doorway where I had placed her, with my long coat on. M. le Bras stood out a little, with his face upturned. He caught sight of us and waved his hand.

'I'd better watch till I see you arrive,' said the man beside me.

'Oh, don't wait,' I answered easily. 'It is plain sailing now.' I swung myself over the low intervening wall of the balcony as I spoke. 'Many thanks for your assistance—sorry I have disturbed you. Good-night.'

'Don't mention it. Good-night,' he answered, and stood for a moment. Then, as he saw me reach my own balcony, he must have turned, for when I looked back there was no one there.

I tried our drawing-room window, and muttered something emphatic, for it was locked and shuttered. I tried the others—there were two others—and found them shuttered and locked. I looked over the edge of the balcony.

'Hist! Is it well?' called the Frenchman in a stage whisper.

'No, confound it! They are all locked!' I answered in the same voice.

My wife emerged from the shadows.

'Oh, Henry! What *shall* we do?' she cried.

'Stand back! Keep that coat round you!' I told her. It was raining now, a soft, silent, insidious rain.

I tried each of the windows over again, rattling them wrathfully. It was no use: they were locked and they were shuttered. Then I prepared to return the same way I had come.

'I'm going back!' I breathed over the balustrade.

'Yes—make haste!' said Esther's voice huskily.

I climbed over into the next balcony, stole along, and elambered into the other. Here I was confronted by a sudden horror. My hair rose and my blood ran cold. The windows had been, in the

interval of my short absence, closed—and locked—and shuttered. I shook and rattled them in vain. The house was sunk in slumberous darkness.

A muffled clock in the distance struck two. The rain gathered sudden energy and began to fall heavily.

Then I realised that our only hope now lay in those two shivering mortals below. The Frenchman must bestir himself—he must be told to go for the police. Stay!—he could not be allowed to leave my wife alone on the doorstep in her pink frock and opera cloak! I could be of no use to her, caged over her head. But perhaps if they rang the bell the man might hear them—he would be sitting up smoking.

'Hi!' I whispered over the edge of the balcony. 'Hi!' I said; and I leant over—farther over. 'Hi!' I called, quite loud. 'Hi!—Hi!' I shouted.

No answer. They were gone. The street was empty! I leant over until I nearly overbalanced myself. Then I scrambled along to our own balcony, and beat in a frenzy on the cold, impenetrable windows of my home.

I was soaked through, in my thin evening clothes, and I was shivering, and my teeth were chattering and my hands trembling; but it was more than half with sheer rage at my own impotency. Here was I caged, trapped like a panther, like a rabbit, like a poaching cat! And where had they gone? Where had the man taken her? Where was my wife? And why, was she anywhere but on the doorstep? And why, oh, why was I not anywhere but on the balcony? Was ever a self-respecting Briton in such a position? And it was all the Frenchman's fault, —the man I had received as a guest and treated as a fellow-creature! Where had he taken her? Her last husky words, 'Make haste!' sounded in my ears. I dug my nails into the cracks of the windows, and tried to force them open. I kicked the glass till it splintered, and then I cut my hands pulling it out in great sheets—only to be met by heavily barred shutters.

Then I bethought me to try the windows of the next house—the house between mine and the one I had come out by—and I stepped over the dividing-rail of the balcony, into the arms of a big policeman who came quietly out of the window and pinioned me.

'Here, take care! Confound you—let me go! I want to get into the next house!' I said, as he dragged me through the window.

A bull's-eye lantern was now turned on me, and a voice said sternly: 'Anythink yer now says will be used in evidence against yer, so I warns yer to 'old yer tongue, my man.'

'But I want to get into the next house!'

'Take a note o' that, Tom.'

'What a hardened villain!' It was a shrill feminine voice this time, and there was the sharp noise of a match being struck, and then the sound of liberated gas, and then in a moment the room was full of light, and I looked round to find myself

in the centre of a ring of people. There were three policemen and five women. The one who was evidently she who had spoken, and who stood in advance of the rest, wore a menacing air, and was a tall, angular, elderly woman with two paper curls, like horns, above her ears. She was clad in a long magenta dressing-gown that was yet not long enough, for it displayed feet that seemed to have been hastily thrust, one into a carpet-slipper and the other into one of an ancient, much-cracked pair of pumps. The other four women in the room kept huddled in a group in the background, occasionally clinging to one another, and giving sharp little screams whenever I moved hand or foot or eye. They seemed to be servants.

'Why, he's in evening dress!' exclaimed one of them suddenly.

'So 'e is, Mary! But it looks to 'ave been bought second-hand.'

'Well, I 'ave 'eard as burglars is fairly well off,' said another doubtfully.

'Madam!' I said severely, addressing her of the magenta dressing-gown and ill-assorted foot-gear, 'this is a mistake. Bring your good judgment to bear on the situation. Do I, I ask you, look like a burglar?'

There was a decided titter from the chorus. It wounded my vanity.

'Tabitha,' said she of the magenta robe and paper horns, 'go and fetch an old newspaper and spread it for this abandoned wretch to stand on, that the rain dripping off him may not spoil the velvet pile of the drawing-room carpet!'

'And he's bleedin', maum!'

I glanced down at myself: it was true. Not only were my clothes soaked through with rain, but they were green with the mould and stained red with the rust of the balconies. My cuffs were hanging limply far over my hands, and my blood dropped from lacerated fingers; and I had appealed to them on the security of my personal appearance! I took out my handkerchief to stanch my blood.

'Why, 'e 'as a 'anky!' said a voice in surprised falsetto.

'Ah! Like enough he has several! Whose pockets has he been picking?'

'Come along!' said the policeman. 'Best make no resistance,' he added.

But I resisted. I knocked one policeman down, while I tried to explain to the other two. In the course of the explanation I had occasion to knock one of them down also; and, in falling, he upset a table, with a long tablecloth and a great many little knick-knacks and a large vase of flowers with water in it. In the confusion the first policeman got up, and he and the third threw themselves upon me; but I managed to involve them in the windings of the tablecloth, and rose myself. I really think I should have had the best of it. I was beginning rather to enjoy myself, when the woman in magenta caught me firmly with both arms round my knees, and brought me ignominiously to the ground.

I sat on the debris and the heaving carcass of one of the fallen policemen, and submitted to a form of handcuffs.

'I cannot fight with women!' I told her witheringly.

'Isn't that *beautiful*!' said the same voice that had expressed surprise at my possession of a handkerchief. 'Ain't 'e just like the 'ighwayman in printed stories?'

I felt a little soothed, and bestowed a kindly glance at her, upon which she giggled and hid behind another girl.

'Come, get up, young man!' said the policeman over me.

'Ay, get oop!' panted the policeman below me.

'And repent of your evil courses!' cried the magenta virago, sticking her paper horns nearly into my face, and stamping the foot encased in patent leather. 'Breaking into honest people's houses with intent to steal! We might all have been murdered in our beds for aught I know if I hadn't waked and heard you, and looked over and seen you, you horrible reptile, on the front balcony, and run myself and fetched the constable in at the back'—

'It was a pity you did not take time to match your shoes, madam,' I said. 'I like daintiness in women.'

Whether she threw herself on me, or whether the policeman on whom I was sitting gave me a jerked impetus into her arms in a spasmodic effort to rise, I shall never know. In another second we were all in a swaying mass, and several chairs joined the table and its knick-knacks on the floor. The chorus shrieked, and, like the fox-terriers in a dog-fight, worried our heels. Even in that moment I felt a vague consciousness that she who admired highwaymen was worrying the heels of the law.

'Henry!'

The soft vibrating voice acted like magic. We fell apart. My wife stood framed in the window, one hand gathering up the skirt of her pink brocade frock, the other on the open shutter. Her eyes travelled from me to the policeman, from the policeman to the debris on the floor, and finally rested on the magenta woman. Then they came back to me, nowise less expressive from their journey.

'Henry!' she said again, and took a step forward.

'*Mon Dieu! quel horreur!*' The Frenchman was at her side.

'There has been a little—misunderstanding,' I observed, and tried to pick up a chair; but I discovered my arms were tied together with a piece of cord. In a moment my wife's soft fingers were busy undoing it.

'Your hands are trembling, Esther,' I remarked.

'I do trust you have not taken a chill?' I looked severely at M. le Bras.

She did not even answer. She handed the cord to the nearest policeman, and asked him his number. Then she looked at the woman in paper curls, and the woman shrank back.

'Your master and mistress shall be told of this,' my wife informed her.

'Not if I can help it,' I murmured to myself, with my eyes fixed on a pocket-book in which one of the arms of the law was taking notes ostentatiously.

'The—little misunderstanding—had better be cleared up,' Esther then remarked. The maid-servants took her meaning literally, and went on their knees and began to pick up the debris, and set the chairs and tables on their legs again.

We left the house by the front door; but the expressions of mutual good-will that passed between me and the officers of the law had cost me a sum in bribes that I never allowed myself to tell my wife.

It was five in the morning when we sat down to supper. I was starving, and the Frenchman had caught a severe cold.

'But I have diverted myself—rarely so agreeably!' he hastened to assure me.

I silently handed him a big tumbler.

'But—you have never told me how you got into the house!' I cried, pausing in the act of lifting the kettle off the fire.

'We—we climbed over the wall of the balcony,' Esther said, blushing a little. 'M. le Bras fetched me a chair. We heard a noise, you see, and I got anxious when you never came'—

I waved my hand deprecatingly. 'What I mean is, how in the name of all that is wonderful did you manage to enter *this* house?'

'With the latch-key, dear.'

'Wh—what latch-key?'

'Your latch-key, Henry. I don't think you could have felt in *all* your pockets. You put your overcoat round me, you remember'—

'Droll!—*n'est pas?*' asked M. le Bras, as I poured boiling water into his outstretched tumbler. 'Ze key was there all ze time! But I have diverted myself! Nevair shall I forget'—

'Henry!' my wife interrupted hastily, 'what will you have? This is'—

'Shrimp in aspic?' I demanded, with clenched fists; and I laughed sardonically.

'Shreemp in aspee?—*très recherché!*' cried the Frenchman.

Esther raised eyes of limpid sweetness and pained innocence to mine.

'Perhaps you prefer a prawn in pickle?' she inquired. 'I do,' she added softly.

Women have no sense of humour.

THE WOMEN OF HAWKER'S COVE.

A STORY OF THE STORM.

To Olive and Tennyson.

CHILDREN, listen to the story of the mighty hurricane
That one night, with ceaseless fury, swept o'er Britain's
wide domain.

It was told to me and others, as we talked of long-ago,
By the skipper of a schooner in his smoke-room down
below.

He was sometimes sad and silent, but could talk with
freedom too;
And I've tried to turn his story into simple verse for
you.

He had asked me to his smoke-room, with some old sea-
friends of his,
Where he told the tale with fervour; and, dear chil-
dren, here it is:

'Light your pipes, my lads, and listen to a rough old
sailor's tale,
Of the night when eight weak women bravely faced the
fearful gale;

When the waves were rolling mountains, such as few
had seen before,
And the tempest howled in frenzy from the ocean to the
shore;

When the lightning's lurid flashee paralysed the land
with fear,
Darting, glancing, hither, thither in their snake-like, mad
career;

Followed by the thunder's rattle, in the north and west
and south,
Like the noise, far off, in battle, from a mighty cannon's
mouth.

Trees were falling, swaying, crashing; roofs were scat-
tered far and wide,
As the tempest in its passage devastated and destroyed;
Ships were parted from their anchors; in the awful
hurricane

Many a gallant sailor perished as he fought for life in
vain.
I have looked on death and danger, in the ups and
downs of life:

Once my heart was almost broken, when I lost my dear
young wife
In a shipwreck, off Newfoundland, when the ice rolled
mountains high,

And I heard, above the tumult, many a sailor's drown-
ing cry.
I have often crossed the ocean, past New Guinea, round
Japan,

And have looked on deeds of daring done by many a
gallant man;
But no scene that I remember showed such depth of
human love

As the subject of my story, in the gale at Hawker's
Cove.

'Looking o'er the angry ocean through the darkness of
the night,
Eight brave women saw with horror, on the rocks, a
waving light.

Gazing still in silent pity, lo! a rocket meets their eyes,
And another and another, followed fast by human cries.
They were daughters of the ocean, and they felt the
ocean fear

As the lightning lit the shipwreck, telling them that
death was near;

For the lifeboat's crew and lifeboat were away beyond
their reach,

Saving life, amid the breakers, from a trawler on the
beach.

But to these eight noble women human life was very
dear;

And with swift resolve, undaunted, saw their Christian
duty clear.

They are speeding to the boathouse, more than half-a-
mile away,

Where they knew an extra lifeboat, trim and ready,
always lay.

Did they pause to weigh the danger ere they hauled the
lifeboat out?

No! their thoughts were round the shipwreck: that was
all they thought about.

Soon they ran her down the slipway, mutely praying
whilst they strove,

Till at length they launched her safely on the waves in
Hawker's Cove!

Ready now they are, and cager, to row out against the
gale,

On their daring task of rescue, and they neither quake
nor quail.

'As they take their seats in silence, bravely bending to
the oar,

Swift a fearless lad of fourteen, like a tar of twenty-
four,

Jumps aboard and grasps the tiller, troubled by no timid
fears;

He would be their champion coxswain, heedless of his
mother's tears.

Hark! above the howling tempest, sailors' shouts ring
clear and high,

As they see their dear ones ready, launched, prepared to
do or die.

But they straightway leave the lifeboat, for their duty
ended here,

And are greeted by a joyous, heartfelt, honest English
cheer.

Then the sailors, with emotion, kissed their brave, un-
daunted wives,

Took their places, kept the coxswain, and went out to
risk their lives.

But, thank God! the sturdy fellows swept triumphant
to the wreck,

And the gallant little coxswain steered two crews, 'mid
cheering, back.'

Who is worthy of the laurel? Let us think the matter
out:

He who wins a bloody battle in a cause he holds in
doubt?

Who is worthy of the laurel? He who saves a human
life!

Not the man who makes a widow out of last year's
wedded wife.

When you hear of deeds of valour, deeds of mercy,
deeds of love,

Tell the tale how eight brave women faced the gale in
Hawker's Cove!

J. R. SOOTT.

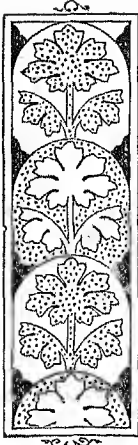
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Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

COMEDY EAST AND TRAGEDY WEST.

By ANDREW MARSHALL.

CHAPTER I.

IT was ten minutes to eight on a bright June morning in New York. A cool south wind blew across the bay, and the brown river sparkled in the sun. The *Ethuria* lay at her wharf, with steam up and the 'Blue-peter' flying. Her white decks, her saloons, and her stairways, crowded with departing passengers and friends who had come to see them off, were all bustle, chatter, laughter, and the movement of gay colours in kaleidoscopic entanglement.

There were no broken-hearted, reluctant, lingering, long farewells. Business men, to whom reiteration had made a journey to the other side of the world as unexciting as if it were 'their custom of an afternoon,' said their friendly *adieux*, lit their cigars, and strolled round the deck, a little bored by all the fuss. Business women, heads of millinery departments in Twenty-third Street 'stores,' flying to France for the fashions, were as unmoved by the accustomed parting as the business men, and quietly made their arrangements for their particular comfort. Experienced ladies personally conducting little bands of college girls on the European tour were exchanging with proud, anxious mothers last assurances for last instructions. 'Don't you worry, Mrs Brown; I'll take care of Mary.' 'Well, Miss Smith, we rely on yeou, and we'll have your cable from Queenstown, Saturday, I guess.' 'Drummers,' to whose cultured palates the Cunard Company's bill of fare does not offer sufficient delicacies, were looking after their private supplies of oysters, soft-shell crabs, and other articles of nourishment indispensable at a gentlemanly meal. Ladies with commissions to write a weekly letter to their local newspaper were already looking out for 'copy' and taking notes of the *toilettes de mer* of Mr Abbey's dramatic company. The blind and almost decrepit editor of a great American newspaper was being established by his valet in a luxurious deck-chair, while his secretary and the musician whom he

takes with him to soothe his shattered nerves by playing to him every day seated themselves beside him. Two members of the British House of Lords were fraternising with a coloured prize-fighter, to the amazement and disgust of a tall Kentuckian, who was devoting himself freely to perdition if he had ever thought he was going to travel by a boat in which a 'blanked' nigger was allowed to take a saloon passage.

Meanwhile Walter Desmond Eardley, looking a little haggard and ill, but very carefully and fashionably dressed, was trying to keep the mud from his lacquered boots as he hurried over the rough, dirty streets between the elevated railroad and the Cunard dock.

A young lady, of whom he professed to be enamoured, was to sail by the *Ethuria*, on a summer trip to Europe, with her father; and Mr Eardley, as in duty bound, was going down to say good-bye. She was Miss Jenny Carter, only daughter of millionaire Tom Carter of the Produce Exchange. Mr Eardley had sent on board for her the handsomest, or at least the second handsomest, basket of roses that Simson could supply. He thought she would not know the difference; but in this he made a mistake, omitting to reflect that the dear girl had other admirers, some of them as yet too young to be frugal and too poor to be shabby. However, the flowers were very pretty, and were tied up in the orthodox way with a broad blue satin ribbon, on which the date and *Bon voyage* were stamped in gold letters. His offering found its place among many other flowers, boxes of 'candies,' cushions, new literature, and other gifts, such as the good-natured Americans love to lavish upon their departing friends. Miss Jenny's parcels occupied more than her fair share of the room in her cabin till half the passage to Liverpool was over, by which time she had eaten or given away the greater part of their contents. At table she was almost hidden from view by her abundant nosegays, till after the second

day at sea, when the second steward, devoid of pity, throws all flowers overboard. It is said that Miss Carter was afterwards discovered to have saved a rose or two, and kept them in a decayed condition in her glove-box, where in the course of time they were found by one of her bridesmaids. These roses were not, however, from Mr Eardley's tribute. But this is to anticipate.

Mr Eardley walked down the dock, resisting in a surly way the solicitations of the venders of deck-chairs and steamer-rugs. He hung back a moment and made a little detour to avoid young Pennington, who was seeing his 'saratoga' slung with other luggage on the hydraulic crane and whirled aloft to the fore hatchway. Then he climbed up the saloon gangway, reached the deck, and found himself in the restless throng of the passengers and their friends. To discover any one except by chance seemed rather hopeless; and, after passing twice round the deck, he went below. As he entered the saloon he met the young fellow he had tried to avoid. Mr Jack Pennington had now seen his trunk stowed away. They saluted each other with cold politeness, and passed on.

As Eardley went on deck again he saw the object of his search. He did not, however, at once rush to her side. On the contrary, he stopped short, and for the moment did his best to keep out of view.

A circle of friends surrounded Miss Carter and her father. Mr Carter was smiling with the satisfaction of a man off for a holiday, his hands in his pockets, a cigar between his firm lips, and his sharp eyes beaming in a friendly way on everybody.

His daughter, a dark-eyed girl not long from school, a 'bud' of the closing season, was beaming on everybody too. She was more than happy—she was a little excited. It was her first trip to Europe. That was exciting. Her season in New York had been a success. All the young men had been nice to her, and the girls also. And her special friend and ally, Jack Pennington, whom she confessed to herself in secret she liked better than any one else she had met, was going over in the same ship. But there was more. Jack was a mere boy, three-and-twenty—not so very much older (for a man) than herself; but her inexperienced heart had been fluttered by the unmistakable admiration of a man (Eardley was thirty-five), who must have known scores of girls, who was at his ease where Jack was awkward, and who was extremely handsome, while honest Jack's qualities might be said to surpass his charms. At her cousins' (the Hopkinsons) 'send-off' party on Thursday night Mr Eardley had scarcely looked at any other girl, and had asked permission to come and see her away. So now she could not help a slight constraint, an expectant look, which she was too inexperienced to hide. She answered smilingly the remarks made to her, but was listening and watching all the while for Eardley's appearance. Jack had not appeared either. No doubt he was bidding farewell to some of his friends; but

she would have liked him to be present to see the elder man come and wish her good-bye.

A bell rang loudly.

'Visitors ashore!' cried a smart young man in a dark-blue jacket and brass buttons. 'All visitors ashore!'

The call was repeated along the decks. The last hand-shakes and kisses were exchanged. The crowd began to move towards the gangway. In the pressure Miss Carter became separated from her friends.

'Miss Carter,' said a voice at her elbow.

She turned quickly, with a little blush.

'Oh, Mr Eardley, how do you do? Thank you so much for the lovely flowers. Papa is over here by the rail.'

She was annoyed with herself for that blush, and with him too. If he had come earlier, before she began to watch for him and to wonder whether he would come at all, it would not have happened. So she dismissed a spontaneous smile which had accompanied it, and continued, 'But I must not detain you.'

'Detain me, Miss Carter! Why, I only came to tell you good-bye. That's what I'm here for. I wish it was not! Won't you come over to the other side for a moment, out of the crowd?'

'Why, you'll be carried off, Mr Eardley,' she said, leading the way, however, to the other side of the deck. It was almost unoccupied, most of the passengers having crowded to the side next the wharf to see the last of their friends.

Mr Eardley had no intention of being carried down the bay. But there were still, he knew, a few moments to spare.

'Miss Carter,' he said, 'I begged your permission on Thursday to come and say good-bye; but'—he stopped a moment and then spoke very low—'I can scarcely bear to say it. I tell myself that two months will soon pass; and so they would if I were only to see you sometimes. But'—Here he stopped again, this time because he did not know just what to say next. He heaved an ostentatious sigh, hoping she would think his feelings had overcome his power of speech. And so she did. He put out his hand a little, as if to take hers; but she kept looking at the deck and pretended not to see it.

Now, at the risk of Miss Carter being thought a heartless young person, it is necessary to say that, while she was not in love with Mr Eardley, it gave her quite agreeable sensations to hear these statements from his handsome mouth, and she had no objection to listen to some more. When she found, however, that he did not go on, she looked up and said, 'Oh, mustn't you go ashore, Mr Eardley? We shall be carrying you off to Europe against your will.'

'Against my will! Ah, how little you understand! But will you not give me a kind word before you go? Only say,' he whispered, 'that you will really come back in two months the—the same. Promise me!'

He could not think of anything else to say without going farther than he thought would be safe. He told himself he had been a fool not to prepare a useful sentence or two before coming down.

But the young lady was not hypercritical. She thought he was speaking quite beautifully, and she turned her eyes on the deck again that he might not see how pleased she was. She had heard other girls tell of having such things said to them, and was quite willing to know how it felt. It was her first experience of the kind, and was immensely interesting.

The rich American girl has her full share of youth's curiosity about life, and more than her share of opportunity for gratifying it. She knows that, and she means to taste everything, or at least everything that she thinks will be agreeable. She is brought up to expect all the nicest things in the world, and she likes to tell herself, and to let her friends know too, that she is getting them. Unconscious happiness is very well—in babies, and negroes if you like. She comes of, and lives with, a mercantile people, to whom the balancing of entries is an instinct and the publication of their gains a pleasure; whose achievements, social or commercial, scarcely seem real to them till they appear in the newspaper; and who think you might as well be dead if you don't advertise. She impresses the stranger as if she added up her enjoy-

ments at the end of the week to see that she is getting ahead. If she is too good-natured to wear a row of scalps at her belt, she does want to know how one feels when one is taking them. To her the aim of life is 'the joy of eventful living.'

Miss Carter accordingly did not lose her head; and when Mr Eardley, in a tone which he cleverly caused to tremble and thus manifest deep emotion, begged for her promise that she would really come back the same, she felt that she was getting along quite nicely. She was much pleased; and, looking aside for a moment to hide her gratification, she said, 'Well, you know good American girls sometimes get promoted.' She stopped and smiled, and it flashed into Mr Eardley's brain that he might find the pursuit of her hand and fortune a livelier undertaking than he had expected.

'All visitors ashore!' roared a stentorian voice. 'Gangway going off!'

He seized her hand.

'Good-bye!' he cried. 'I have your promise?'

She felt that blush rising again, and turned her head aside a little, shaking it very slowly.

At this moment Mr Pennington appeared. She drew her hand quickly away.

'Good-bye!' cried Eardley again, and was gone.

She gave a quick side-glance at Mr Pennington. He was absorbed in watching the officer on the bridge.

THE MENACE OF ETHIOPIANISM.



HERE are comparatively few aspects of the South African situation with which the events of the last two years have not more or less familiarised Englishmen, and at the present time there is, perhaps, no part of the world which occupies so large a share of the national thought.

But among the less obvious factors of that problem of government and social progress which will take, it may be, years to solve finally, is one so grave that, whether as Britons or as a people desirous of spreading true Christianity, we cannot much longer afford to pass it over with indifference. This factor, the pseudo-religious movement known by the name of Ethiopianism, deserves the closest attention of all thoughtful persons, both in respect of its political object and its ecclesiastical means.

To the bulk of the home public the term Ethiopianism probably conveys nothing; it may therefore be well to premise that between this comparatively new native creed and the ancient Ethiopian Church there is no connection whatever. The modern sect is an offshoot of the American Episcopalian Methodist body, of which community a large number of wealthy negroes are members, and it is from them that the whole scheme emanates, and by them that it is mainly, perhaps wholly,

financed. The gospel of Ethiopianism presents an emasculated Christ set in the centre of a very abbreviated Decalogue. It countenances polygamy and certain other highly undesirable native customs, including the disgusting beer-feasts; and, while requiring acquiescence in the narrowest literal interpretation of the first six commandments, regards the remainder as suggestions admirable indeed, but impracticable.

But the chief feature of Ethiopianism, that which distinguishes it from every other part of the Church catholic, concerns the ministry. Colour is the fundamental qualification for Holy Orders—every candidate must be black. Something more is, indeed, considered desirable, but right colour is the one essential, and Ethiopians love to point out that, whereas a black may be ordained to administer the sacraments and preach to whites in every other Christian Church, they are members of the one exclusive flock, of which no white man, however holy, is fit to be a shepherd.

And here it must be noted that this peculiar and unworthy tenet is not derived from the Episcopalian Methodist Church of America. When that body first sent over negro missionaries to Africa, it was as evangelists of a Christian sect which, following the tradition of the universal Church, admits to Holy Orders suitable men of any colour.

But, keeping in mind the political object of their apparently spiritual work, it was not long before the infant daughter Church abandoned its original name, along with its primitive traditions, and took to itself doctrinal independence and organisation under the name of Ethiopianism. For this reason the sect is entirely confined to Africa, as it could obviously have no *raison d'être* elsewhere. Nevertheless, the Episcopal Methodist body in America, regarding the Ethiopian Church of Africa as a favourite child, continues to supply it with the means of subsistence and extension. In the early days of the movement, and before the great upheaval at Loveday in Cape Colony, where Ethiopianism scored its first big success, the black preachers more than hinted that white missionaries desired to keep their converts in perpetual tutelage, so that they might retain the larger part of the contributions sent from Europe for native churches, and live in comfort and luxury thereon. In Zululand, Basutoland, Pondoland, and Cape Colony this argument told heavily; but some of the better-informed chiefs distrusted the bearers of a message which their own knowledge proved to be false. Thus when Willie, the firebrand Basuto preacher, sought to return to his native country, Barotseland, to establish an Ethiopian Church alongside the Anglo-French Protestant mission which has been working there for some twenty-five years, Lewanika, the king, refused him admission, though many of his chiefs would have welcomed the new creed. Khama also would have none of it; but these two men, it must be remembered, are quite exceptional individuals, and, from constant association with the best class of whites, have learned to grasp the meaning of that Christian equality which includes black and white, but neither at the expense of the other.

With the great bulk of Africans it is far otherwise, and nothing could be conceived more pernicious, both as to the principle of selection which it involves, and also as to the effect on that extraordinary vanity which characterises nearly all the inferior races, than this contemptuous exclusion of whites from the sacred ministry. For, expressed roughly and without verbal dressing up, the rule amounts to this: that the governing race is, in the eyes of the Almighty, unfit to minister to the superior souls of black people, though good enough for those of his own colour. Considered from the spiritual side, this 'Church for Africans only' is a real hindrance to the spreading of a pure Christianity among the native races. More especially is this the case because Ethiopian mission stations are always planted alongside those of some other Church, as in the case of Loveday already mentioned, whose pastors have previously prepared the spiritual soil. It can be readily understood that to the half-instructed black 'almost persuaded,' Ethiopianism, which handles so lightly his earthly yearnings and sensuous desires, is an attractive 'Christianity.' But when to this laxity of moral demand is added the gratification of an

exclusively black and superior ministry, it is small wonder that the new sect draws away prospective and even actual converts of the regular missions. This habit of settling down where other men have sown would in itself stamp Ethiopianism unfavourably, and its general influence is distinctly evil among those native communities where Christianity seemed to be taking root.

An event, in itself most excellent, has served to emphasise this point of late. It is now two or three years since Dwayne, one of the original black leaders of this movement, headed a secession from Ethiopianism to the Anglican Church, based on doubt as to the validity of their orders. Some thousands of Ethiopians followed their chief, and were duly received into the Church. Naturally these converts included the flower of the whole flock, the leaven of men and women who acted on conviction and had no ulterior objects to serve. The selfish, the scheming, and the indifferent remained in the Ethiopian Church, to make of it a centre even less potent for good than before, and infinitely more fanatical and unscrupulous in the means it employs for the attainment of its political aims.

For it must always be remembered that although there are, no doubt, still many honest Ethiopians seeking in their religion the highest good of which they are capable, to the majority the spiritual side of this organisation is incomparably less important than the racial and political object the creed is intended to subserve. Probably the first impulse of the inquirer will be to suggest action on the part of the Government. But the American negro-founders of this amended gospel were clever enough to realise that only under the cloak of a spiritual mission could the propagation of this mischievous social doctrine hope to remain undisturbed. In this guise it is protected by the instinctive British toleration for anything in the nature of a creed. The civil authorities, while now beginning to desert the alien political ideal behind Ethiopianism, are still far from realising the danger involved in it, and entirely unwilling to take action which might even distantly appear to resemble interference with the religious sentiments of natives. Nevertheless, it is strange that more attention has not been devoted to the methods of this organisation, which, it must always be remembered, came originally from without.

Ethiopianism is the ideal of the American negro for his own people in their own land. Memories of slavery on the one hand, experience of white contumely on the other, form some excuse for the bitter hatred of his white fellow-citizens evinced by the Southern State negro, but no such causes have ever divided the races in Africa, nor would they have spontaneously arisen. Here, as elsewhere, the Briton has been successful, on the whole, in gaining the respect and confidence of the coloured people, among whom he rules as friend and protector more often than as autocrat.

But the American negro, with his democratic

institutions and higher education, superadded to his racial passion, has developed a political ambition akin to, and synchronous with, the enthusiasm for navy-building in Germany, for colonial expansion in France, for territory extension in Russia, and for Imperial Federation among ourselves; and this development finds expression in the pseudo-religious movement under consideration. For in the United States there is no opportunity for successful race advancement for the negro except as a part of the whole Republic. He cannot look for the attainment of his object there; and Africa, the cradle of his race, is naturally the next land to which he turns his eyes. 'Africa for the Africans' is the ideal, possibly with a half purpose of returning as masters to the spot whence their forefathers were forcibly removed as slaves. The choice of an ecclesiastical means was obviously prompted by the desire to escape British interference with the propaganda, for Ethiopianism is not only not Christianity, it is not a religion at all.

As to the methods employed for the regular supply of native candidates for the ministry, they are effective but dangerous. Each year an increasing number of young men and women are sent from Africa, at the expense of the American Methodist Episcopal body, to study in the negro universities of the United States. There they obtain a superficial veneer of knowledge, while breathing the atmosphere of race hatred which pervades most of these so-called seats of learning.

After the attainment of a more or less worthless degree, these students return to their own country to preach, with all the enthusiasm of youth and the obstinate conviction of the half-taught mind, a gospel usually far more political than spiritual.

A possible remedy, or at least palliative, would seem to lie in the extension of the university facilities now afforded to natives in Cape Colony and Natal, so that, instead of going to America in search of what they now ignorantly call 'advanced' knowledge, the more intelligent blacks might acquire at their own doors an education sound in itself, and calculated to create in them an appreciation of the rights, privileges, and duties attaching to imperial citizenship. At any rate, if feasible,

this measure would seem to be a step towards the solution of the Ethiopian 'Church' problem. One difficulty in the way of extended university facilities for natives lies in the fact that the standard of admission to these seats of learning, though not particularly exalted, is usually beyond native attainment; whereas the negro universities of the States are not exacting as to the minimum of knowledge which will pass a candidate for entrance therein. To remedy this state of affairs an improvement in elementary education conditions—admittedly parlous at the present time—would probably prove necessary.

But it is not for laymen and outsiders to indicate treatment of the disease: that may safely be left in the hands of the specialists on the spot; the one essential point is, that the authorities should be induced to realise that when every allowance is made for 'missionary misrepresentation,' incomplete data, and human imperfection generally, there yet remains no doubt that the root of this Ethiopian schism, which is spreading so far and deep in African soil (from the Zambesi to the south coast its stations are already established), is not the preaching of a gospel—and every citizen of our free Empire has the right to preach the gospel he believes—but the propagation of an imported political creed, masquerading in the guise of a Christian mission. If this fact be once appreciated, with the obvious corollary that it constitutes in some sort a menace both to Church and State, because a menace to civilisation itself, then a cure will surely be devised by those best qualified to select the means therefor.

[*Postscriptum.*—It seems probable that the 'black missionaries' recently stated to have been expelled from Buluwayo for 'preaching that natives were better than whites' were Ethiopians, though it was not so stated in the newspaper paragraph. The Charter of the British South Africa Company contains no paragraph authorising the exile of any class of religious preachers, so it is at least likely that the offence was actually sedition under the guise of a mission.]

THE PEARL NECKLACE.

By JAMES WORKMAN.

CHAPTER XVI.—MY LAST FIGHT.



WHEN Montague reached the bottom of the winding stairs he made for the secret passage like a rat for its hole. But for the smoky glare of his torch, that streamed behind him as he ran, I should soon have lost all trace of him in the pitchy darkness. Even as it was he gained on me, for the light was so faint that more than once I slipped and stumbled, and at length fell

headlong over the shattered door. I was almost within striking distance when I fell, but though I was on my feet in an instant, he was well ahead of me, and I could not lessen the distance as we raced along the passage, strive as I would. Still, I was close to the foot of the steps as he scrambled through the entrance. I saw him try to raise the stone above the opening, but seeing that I would be upon him ere he could do so, and no doubt

hearing the shouts and trampling feet of those behind us, he flung away his torch and disappeared. For a moment I saw but a narrow blue space sprinkled with stars, and then I was out once more in the cool, sweet night-air. The moon was now climbing high in a cloudless sky, and as I darted from among the ruins I saw Montague flying across the open space between the abbey and the wood.

He waved his hand and laughed mockingly when he saw me once more on his track; and so confident was he in his own speed that he ran along the path instead of running into the deepest recesses of the wood. I smiled grimly at the sound of his laughter. Lithe and graceful and wiry as he was, and though he might be my master at swordplay, I had no more doubt that in the end I should overtake him than I had that the stars were twinkling above us in the sky.

It becomes no man to boast, but the plain truth is that though I had known many men who could outrun me for some hundred yards or so, I had never met one who was my equal when there was no limit to the distance to be covered. Long-winded and swift of foot I had ever been, and with years and hardships had come muscled of iron and powers of endurance that had never failed me yet. He quickened his pace and gained some twenty or thirty yards upon me, and again I smiled to think that he was but doing the very thing I wished, exhausting his strength and wind at the outset—the very last thing he should have done. Now I was sure that he could not escape me, and I settled down to a long, easy stride that I knew I could maintain for the next hour if need be.

On we went over the black shadows of trees, across broad patches of moonlight, the rabbits scurrying right and left into the underwood, and bats fitting noiselessly overhead. But I had no eyes or ears for aught but the flying figure before me, and the rustling of dried leaves and the crackling of twigs beneath his feet. I cared for nothing in the whole wide world at that moment but to get within sword's-length of him, and pay him back the foul blow that had stretched Frank at my feet.

I will do Colonel Montague this justice. No braver man, I truly believe, ever lived, and I doubt not that he would have turned and faced me had he not feared that a few minutes' delay would bring the rest of his pursuers upon him. For the time they had lost all trace of us, and were far behind; but this he could not know, and it would have been foolhardy to do otherwise than he did. His endurance was far greater than I had expected, and minute after minute went by and still I had not gained a foot. He appeared to be running as freshly and strongly as ever, and for the first time I felt some doubt as to whether it lay within my power to overtake him. So sorely was I tempted to increase my speed, but I had self-control enough to avoid doing so, and hung doggedly behind him, making no effort to shorten the distance between us.

We passed within a stone's-throw of Poplar House, and presently we were running along the very path which I had followed on the day that Frank forced me into a duel. Ay, there was the very stile on which he and Montague had sat and barred my way. Once more a pang of regret shot through me that I had not flung aside my scruples and forced Montague to fight me, and so averted the tragic scene in the Hall. Well, regrets were useless now. It only remained to avenge the innocent blood shed that night, and to do justice on the wretch whose sword had spilt it.

He climbed the stile with the agility of a cat, but as he glanced back over his shoulder his face looked white, and it was clear he was no longer in the mood for mockery and laughter. I was still running well within my speed, breathing without effort, and having little or no feeling of fatigue. Once over the stile I quickened my pace, and slowly, surely, little by little, I gained upon him. He heard me coming, looked back, and with a desperate effort again drew away from me. But he stumbled and staggered as he ran, and soon lost ground again. Foot by foot I drew nearer, till I could hear his loud panting and the inarticulate cry of rage with which he glanced behind him once more and saw me close upon him. Then suddenly he stopped and wheeled round, and at last we stood face to face in the moonlight.

Had I rushed in upon him I could have ended the business with a single thrust, for his face was livid, his limbs trembled beneath him, and he was gasping for breath. But I could not do it, even to avenge the cruel death of the unsuspecting lad who so short a time before had loved and trusted him. I drew back some two or three paces, and keeping a vigilant eye upon his every movement, began to divest myself of my doublet and roll up the sleeves of my shirt. He watched me with a very curious expression.

'You mean to fight?' said he.

'Even so,' I answered quietly; 'but there is no hurry. We have the night before us. Recover your breath. I will wait until you are ready.'

Again he glanced at me curiously, and then, with a shrug of the shoulders, he sat down on the mossy stump of a tree, resting his head on his hand and fixing his eyes intently upon me. At the same moment I realised for the first time that we were in that very glade in the oak-wood where I had fought Frank but a few weeks before, though it seemed as if years had intervened, so many strange things had happened since then. Was it fate or chance that had brought us there? It was to my mind a very curious circumstance, and I glanced at Montague to see whether he too had recognised the place and shared my astonishment. But if he did he showed no sign of having done so. He was well-nigh himself again. The colour had come back to his face, and he breathed more easily. Presently he spoke.

'Will you be good enough to inform me, Captain Hawthorne,' said he coolly, 'why a minute ago you did not take advantage of my helplessness to run me through, as, to tell you the plain truth, I think you would have been justified in doing?'

'Doubtless you would have done so in my case,' I answered bluntly; 'but you forget, sir, that I am not, like yourself, an assassin.'

He winced and flushed.

'You may act like a gentleman, but, by my faith! you speak like a clown,' he said irritably, and relapsed into silence. But presently he spoke again.

'You are very scrupulous,' said he. 'Tis refreshing to find a grown man so scrupulous. I was scrupulous myself once.'

'Sure it was a long time ago,' said I.

'You speak truly,' he replied, 'and, as usual, with a brutal frankness which has all the charm of novelty for one who has hitherto had the good fortune to associate with gentlemen.'

'A privilege you would scarce have enjoyed had they known the character of their acquaintance,' said I.

He merely shrugged his shoulders in reply, and sat moodily digging up the grass with the point of his sword.

'You may think what you like,' he said suddenly, 'but you yourself cannot grieve more sincerely about poor Frank than I.'

This time 'twas I who shrugged my shoulders, without deigning to answer him.

'He should not have angered me so,' he continued; 'and at such a moment, too, when he had aided you to ruin all my plans, all I had toiled and struggled and plotted for, month after month—ay, year after year. And yet, God knows, I am sorry. The thrust had gone home ere I knew what I did.'

'We are wasting time,' said I coldly. 'If you have breath to speak you have breath to fight.'

'It is true,' said he, and rising slowly to his feet, he took off his doublet, yet with the air of a man who is thinking of other matters. Then he faced me, but without raising the point of his sword.

'Captain Hawthorne,' said he, 'I have enough blood upon my hands, and am in no mood for shedding more. Cannot this matter be arranged otherwise?'

'There is but one other way,' I replied, 'and that is to hand me your sword and return with me to the Hall.'

He laughed mirthlessly.

'That would indeed be to put my head in the lion's jaws,' said he. 'A short shrift and a long rope would I get from grim old Oliver after this night's work.'

He still stood hesitating, glancing at me dubiously, and half-opening his lips more than once before he could make up his mind to speak.

'After all, it might be to your advantage to let me go,' said he at last. 'If we fight, I have no doubt that I shall kill you; but I am willing to

admit that you are no bungler, and the troopers might be upon me before I could dispose of you. Now mark me. Some quarter of a mile from here is a deserted farmhouse—I was making for it when you overtook me—at which I have slept more than once since you drove me from the Hall.'

'And how does that concern me now?' I asked impatiently.

'It concerns you much, for beneath the floor of the stable where my horse now stands, ready saddled and bridled, lies buried the French gold that Mistress Dorothy slipped so cleverly from underneath your very fingers. Come with me, and allow me to mount and ride away, and, save for a few pieces to get me out of the country, the gold is yours to do what you will with. No one knows of its presence there but I.'

'You offer me a bribe?' I asked.

'Even so,' said he. 'Do you refuse?'

I could scarce bring myself to answer him.

'I refuse,' said I. 'Let us waste no further time.'

He betrayed neither anger nor surprise.

'I expected you would,' said he coolly. 'Well, well! I see we must cross swords after all. And yet I am half-sorry. You should not have been so scrupulous, my sanctimonious friend, for now I have told you where the gold is I shall be obliged to kill you.'

'That may well be,' said I; 'but I think your own end has come too. For my part, I shall willingly sacrifice my life to rid the world of such a wretch as you. It is a deed for which I think God and all good men will thank me.'

'Then there is no more to be said,' he answered, stepping forward. 'And yet it is a pity, for, by my faith! in spite of your long face and Puritanical airs, I begin to think you a very pretty fellow.'

He was entirely himself again, with the old jaunty carriage of his body, the same mocking twinkle in his eyes, the same ready sneer upon his lips.

In another moment our swords met, and we were thrusting, feinting, parrying, breaking the stillness of the peaceful moonlit glade with the loud stamping and trampling of feet and the clashing of steel on steel. I had fought many a fight in the past, but never a fight like that. From the first we fought to kill, and again and again it was only by a hair's-breadth that either of us escaped death. For my part, I had thrown caution to the winds; and at the outset I think my antagonist was but little more wary. And as the minutes passed, and still not a drop of blood had been shed, we pressed each other closer and closer, with gleaming eyes and clenched teeth, and an ever-growing fury that I, hitherto cold and calm in battle, had never experienced before.

Truly he was such a swordsman as few can ever hope to have the privilege of engaging—crafty and strong and agile, and master of every trick of fence then known and practised throughout the world.

I can see him yet as the moonlight fell upon his handsome, clear-cut face, his long, dark, curling love-locks, and lithe, graceful figure, as brave and gallant a sight as ever I saw in my life. Yet never since I wore a sword had I so craved to shed the blood of a fellow-creature. I will own now that it was not only as the instrument of justice upon Frank's murderer that I fought with such ever-increasing passion. It was also the thought of my private wrongs, the ruin of my career, the loss of Dorothy's affection, that nerved my arm and steeled my heart, and filled me with such a tumult of rage and hatred. Moreover—so weak and vain a thing is man—I longed to prove, even at the cost of defacing God's own image, that I was the better swordsman—his master in the art in which he was wont to boast he had no equal.

For his part, he was fighting for his life, and had, I doubt not, no more pity than a wolf or tiger. But I perceive now that he was cooler and more cunning than I. Desperately as he fought, he did not put out his full strength, but watched and waited for a chance to end the struggle with a single thrust, while I pressed in on him as one who cares little for his own life if he may take that of his enemy.

That happened which might have been expected. His sword flashed under my guard, and I reeled back with a groan of pain, and a great crimson blotch upon my shirt. And then the end came swift as lightning. He lunged again, perhaps somewhat carelessly, thinking me disabled and at his mercy; but I contrived, I know not how, to parry the thrust, and drove my sword through his body. He stood for a moment clutching wildly at his breast, and then fell writhing upon the grass. Then presently he lay still, with the moonlight falling full upon his white, upturned face, and I, who had seen so many battlefields strewn with the dead and wounded, knew well what had happened.

I stood gazing at him, leaning heavily on my sword, with one hand pressing against my side, the blood oozing slowly through my fingers. The long-drawn struggle was at an end, and I had won all

that I had been striving for. I had regained possession of the Hall, discovered the treasonable papers, knew the hiding-place of the gold, and had overcome in single combat the life and soul of the conspiracy, who had so cunningly foiled and trieked me; and yet I had no sense of triumph, no gladness in that hour of victory. I doubted not that I too was about to die, and the sight of his dead face troubled me, and I would most gladly have given back the life I had taken.

I scarce know what followed, for my senses were fast leaving me, except that presently I heard the voices of Corporal Flint and some of the Life Guards, who had at length come up with us.

The corporal knelt beside the quiet figure on the grass, and put his hand upon its heart. Then he rose to his feet.

'It is all over,' said he; 'the man is dead. You have done a deed this night, captain, that all the world will talk of. I think none but you could have done it.'

'He was reputed the best swordsman in Europe,' said a young officer, gazing at me admiringly.

'I would have given a year's pay to see the encounter,' cried another. 'By my faith! I envy you, captain.'

But Corporal Flint, who, I believe, after his own sour fashion truly loved me, was gazing at me anxiously.

'Why, what is this?' said he. 'You are wounded. Your shirt is covered with blood.'

'Blood?' I repeated, and raising my sword, I gazed at the crimson steel, and then looked down at the dead face and shuddered. 'I have shed too much blood in my time, gentlemen. But I will fight no more. I will never fight again, and then perhaps God will forgive me.'

I had grown so weak that I should have fallen if Corporal Flint had not caught me by the arm.

'Take me home,' I said feebly, 'for I think I am going to die.'

Then I leaned my head upon the rugged old soldier's breast, and as he clasped his arms about me I fainted away.

CHANGES IN HOUSEKEEPING.

By ETHELINDA HADWEN.

IN the present day the ways of our grandmothers are no longer possible. People may regret them and sentimentalise over them if they like—there is nothing to hinder them; but the fact remains that the housekeeping of our grandmothers is a thing of the past, and the housekeeping of our mothers is also a thing of the past, though we are vainly trying to adhere to their methods in the face of increasing difficulties. This cannot continue, and we must work out a system of living of our own which, while sacrificing

nothing essential of home influences, may enable us to live without the worries inseparable from housekeeping at the present time. The object of this article is to state the case, and to suggest some alternative courses that may be followed.

First, to state the case. It may be taken as a fact that cannot be expected to change, that people with large families who can only keep one servant will not get one worth having, if they get one at all; and should they succeed in getting one, however incompetent, they will not be able to keep her. Further, even small families find it almost

impossible to get a single servant who is worth her salt, and they too find that they have to change continually, because the maids get tired of being single-handed. People who can afford to keep two servants can still get them with comparative ease, but the capability of the cook is usually open to question, and is not in proportion to the wages she asks. Large householders have no difficulty in obtaining servants, but they have to keep increasing numbers of them, because they will not do the amount of work which was formerly expected and obtained from them, while, on the other hand, wages are vastly higher, and the expense of feeding them much greater. This greatly increases the expense of housekeeping. It matters little to the wealthy man who has a good and increasing business, or to the people whose fathers were millionaires, but it matters very greatly to the professional classes and the people with incomes derived from investments or from salaries. In all the countries of the world domestic service is out of favour with the class of women who formerly spent their lives in it. In Paris people solve the difficulty by dining out, and make their dinner the one important meal of the day. They live in apartments which are cleaned by an itinerant housemaid and a man *cireur*. The objections to this style of living for this country are, that a breakfast of coffee and rolls, and a lunch of omelette and salad, for instance, is scarcely substantial enough fare, and that the climate does not lend itself to compulsory going out every evening in spite of weather; and further, that in most suburban localities (and in nearly all our large towns the class of people who keep servants live in the suburbs) there are no restaurants. Further, families in France are smaller, and therefore the extra cost of dining at a restaurant is not so great as it would be in the case of a large family. In Germany the *Hausfrau* is supposed to stay at home and do the cooking, with the aid of a maid of all work, whom she constantly supervises; but the girl who is willing thus to be supervised is becoming a *rara avis* in Germany also, according to all accounts. In the Colonies nearly all the ladies have to do their own work, unless there is a subject race, or unless they fall back on imported Chinese and Japanese, where these are allowed to enter the colony.

In this country ladies will not desire to follow any of these plans, but from America it is possible to get some hints which we may turn to useful account. In that country there seem to be two ways of living in the cities: either you must have a house of your own, and have very expensive and generally rather inefficient service, which is usually Irish, or else you must live in a boarding-house or a hotel. (I do not speak of the tenement-house system, for I am not dealing with the working-classes.) Neither of these plans appears to be satisfactory to the Americans themselves. The Irish servants are a constant trouble and a very heavy expense, and the boarding-house system is

not ideal, especially for people who have children. In the country districts the ladies are in much the same position as they are in our own colonies—that is to say, they do their own work. American writers are much occupied with this great problem, how to manage the household, and people like Mrs Stetson and other writers on woman's position, aims, and objects seem all to agree, *a priori*, that it is useless to expect that every woman shall be an expert in every branch of housework. Their idea is that large blocks of rooms shall be built where families may have rooms, and that these rooms shall be kept in order, and the meals cooked and the children cared for, by the mothers best adapted for each special branch of work, or that the mothers may be set at liberty, free to work during the day at whatever occupation they are best adapted for, leaving their children and houses to be looked after by people who are experts at the work, and who will consequently do it much better. Thus one woman is a first-class housemaid, but she cannot cook wholesome dinners; then let her do the housemaid's duties in the establishment, and somebody else who is a good cook do the cooking. The committee divide the labour and let each woman do the part she is best adapted for. That is magnificent theory, but it is certainly not in the sphere of practical politics in this country. Still, there are points in it which might be useful.

The bulk of the work in a house is connected with the kitchen. The dirty work, the hot work, the disagreeable work, is all centred in the kitchen. The cooking is the most important part of the housework; it is the work which is usually the worst done when it is badly done; it is the work which takes the most time; it is the work which is most tiring and most exacting. More than all, it is the part of a servant's work where she can best waste and destroy, and it is the most disproportionately expensive part of the expense of a small household. The cook is the most difficult to get, and the most expensive of all the servants. It is in the kitchen that the great servant difficulty mainly lies. As things are at present there is practically only one way to avoid having the necessary cooking of food done in one's own house, and that is to leave the house and go and live in lodgings, boarding-house, or hotel. The average Englishman clings, quite rightly, to the idea of a house of his own; but it is abundantly evident that, if his means are moderate and he wishes to retain that house of his own, he must accept some modification of the existing plan—that of each house being run as an entirely separate and self-depending organisation—unless his female relatives be willing to do the work themselves.

Single people and people with small families would find a set of rooms in a large block where servants and cooking are provided by the management—or by co-operation among the tenants—under a competent housekeeper, the most comfortable and economical plan. The rooms being furnished by the tenant and enclosed as a separate house, the

tenant has entire privacy. He has therefore his own house where he can do as he likes. He has his own housemaid to wait on him, to whom he can give his orders; but as he shares her with his neighbour, he does not have to pay her entirely himself, and he gets the services of a trained cook and housekeeper as well for no more than he would have had to pay for the exclusive services of one servant, not so well trained, supposing he were fortunate enough to be able to secure one at all. The food would be much better, while cheaper, than can be obtained by a small family providing for itself independently. It is impossible to cater for a small family as well or as cheaply as for a large family. Small families should therefore combine forces in the way described. For large families another method may be adopted. They must adopt every labour-saving device; they must so arrange the house that a minimum of labour shall keep it clean and orderly, and they must send out both washing and cooking. It is so very much cheaper to provide food in large quantities that a caterer could provide all meals for a streetful of people at a rate not higher than the cost of each house providing for itself separately, and have a good profit for himself. The Distributing Kitchens Company is paying well, I hear, in London, and proving an immense success. By employing a Distributing Meals Company many households may be enabled to dispense with servants altogether; others will have one or more servants to be employed in housemaids' work, and where there are children a lady nurse may be engaged in addition. The modern middle-class houses are furnished to such an extent that they are more like museums than houses. They will require to be differently arranged. China and knick-knacks must be housed in dust-proof cabinets; tables must be restored to their proper use as places for laying down temporary objects, not as trays burdened with permanent collections.

Bedrooms will be fitted with fixed basins supplied with hot and cold water, floors will be covered with linoleum where possible, and the latest patent pneumatic carpet-sweepers will do away with the clouds of dust that used to rise when carpets were thoroughly switched by the aid of the old-fashioned bass-broom. There need be no kitchen-range to black-lead, and the modern fireplaces have very few parts requiring cleaning; while, as electric light is more and more taken advantage of, it will become so much cheaper that it will shortly be available for house-heating as well as house-lighting. The fact is that the servant problem, unlike the servants, has come to stay; and the sooner we make up our minds to face it, the sooner we shall discover how to solve it, and the sooner we shall be out of the transition stage, which is always an uncomfortable one. The servant of all work has almost entirely disappeared. The house laundrymaid is extinct, and the cooks are becoming daily more impossible. We had better, therefore, try to evolve something, before we are entirely bereft of all assistance. We have had to put the washing out, and now we must put the cooking out. Housemaids are still to the fore, and can be got for private houses; and as the main objection to service appears to be the uncertain length of the working hours, we must give our servants fixed hours of work, and, it may be, arrange to have them coming in in the morning to their work and leaving at night, as they do in factories. Large establishments can always get servants without difficulty, because the maids have each their own part of the work to do and nothing else, and because they have more regular hours. Institutions are popular just on these accounts—ergo, we must in private houses give the same advantages. The old order changeth; let us give up lamenting the good old days, and find a way to make the present ones still better.

THE ONE PASSENGER ON THE DILIGENCE.

THE terrible old diligence, with its six ruined and raw little horses (one a mule, but as ruined and raw as the rest), crept across the Urola flats between Azpeitia and Loyola. The sun burned; yet there was still snow on the Hernio Mountain near to the north-east, though summer was well advanced.

'A bad season, señor,' said the driver, in comment on that snow. He curled out his raking whip and tipped the red wound on the crupper of his left leader. The horse gave a little leap, cried shrilly, and was again as uniform in lethargy as the rest. 'And a bad government too, which is worse than a bad season!' the man continued. '*Santo Cristo!* it might have been different if my grandfather—peace to his soul!—had been Carlist like myself.'

He threw the reins between us for a moment or two while he lit a cigarette, then took them up and addressed his team in profoundly opprobrious terms. But the six raw little wrecks paid no heed. They hung their heads at no lower an angle, nor quickened their pace by so much as an inch to the minute. Their bells jingled with a pathetic mockery of enjoyment; while here and there an unimportant string or a strap snapped or gave way to the stress of time and natural decay; and they cared as little as the tawny, broad-chested driver himself.

From the imposing mass of Loyola's church and monastery, a kilometre or so in front, boomed the note of a prayer-bell. It was quite another sound to that of the tawdry tinkle which went with us as inseparably as the flies.

The driver crossed himself.

'And ever since,' said the driver through a thin veil of blue smoke, 'neither my grandfather nor his son, nor I who have the honour to speak to your excellency—ever since, I am telling you—the best horse of the bunch has been Ignacio by name. You have seen the Santa Casa of the great Loyola, *caballero*, yonder?'

I had seen everything which was to be seen in that block of building. It had not interested me very much. I fancy Loyola himself would have been interested still less. A day or two ago a sermon had been preached, under that florid dome of gilding, marbles, and pompous shields of arms, about the wounds which Loyola had received at Pampeluna, with meditations to follow. I had seen about eighty women, in black from head to foot, crouched on little parti-coloured mats under that florid dome, meditating in tremendous silence about these same wounds. It was an instructive but not engrossing spectacle. Loyola, in his sanest epoch, would probably have bidden them go home and attend to the *puchero*. But, of course, it was plain the driver had something on his mind.

'Which,' I asked, irrelevantly enough, 'do you consider the best horse of your bunch to-day?'

Out cracked the whip and punished the Ignacio of the moment. It chanced to be the mule. I might have expected that. Spain is in many matters just a larger Ireland.

'Ignacio!' cried the driver. 'Show your quality. *Anda!* gallop, all of you! Ah! would you, *conio?*'

It was rather sickening, and I was glad to do my little best to compose the startled team. All the six were evidently painfully flustered by this stinging demand from them of a pace on the level to which they were only accustomed when an ordinary horse would have settled into a methodical and enduring walk. Another of poor old Spain's confounding contradictions! But the driver also was punished. A somewhat important strap parted, and he had to alight and mend it with fingers and teeth. The flies made him curse in the midst of his cobbling. He rejoined me, however, with the freest of smiles, and accepted another cigarette.

'That comes,' he explained, 'of not being contented when one is well off. It is like my brother Francesco, who was as good as an *hidalgo* at home—you may see the escutcheon on our house in Azcoitia. He cleans the knives in a Madrid *fonda* for a living, and cannot save the money to get home again. The *pobre* was the handsome one of the family. He had ambition—*caramba!*—and refused a girl of Guipuzcoa with two thousand *duros* of fortune. It was my mother's arranging; and now she has three children by her husband, and Francesco would gladly work in her fields if he could leave Madrid. Comes of crying for the moon when there's a good warm sun in the sky!'

'You have, then, a family mansion in Azcoitia?' I asked.

'No, señor,' said the driver. 'It is now an

establecimiento; but the shield is still over the door, with the electric light mounted on the knight's helmet, so that I may see it even in the winter's darkness. If only my grandfather had been Carlist like myself our fortunes might have been made, and we still be living on our own land; and that's the difference between him and my poor brother Francesco, whose moustaches reach to his ears. He was contented with too little. He had the house, certainly; but the half of it was rented to others, and he drove the diligence to Elgoibar like I who have the honour to be talking to your excellency.'

He drew in his breath and made a sort of pretence of energy. His team jingled more rapidly as we turned the corner of the green valley, with its ruddy poppy-colouring, its boundary hills, distant mountains, the russet specks behind which stood for Azpeitia, and the vast, many-windowed block of building in which Jesuits are bred like tulips, and bedded out in all the world's continents.

Only when Azcoitia also had been passed, with a deafening clatter and the usual shouting of enchanted children, did I coax my companion back into his tracks. He had pointed out his ancestral house, with its square yard of heraldic bearings in immortal granite. From the smell, I judged that his knight's crest now did its utmost to dignify the business of a tannery. Then I caught a ball on the rebound from a church wall with the inscription thereon in large black letters, 'Pelota is not to be played here, under a penalty of two pesetas.' Quite ten boys were interested in that ball. The warning and the menace of fine were nothing to them. Again so thoroughly characteristic of the land! The boys got their ball; and, turning sharply from the nestled little town, with electric lamps to all its streets, we began a slow climb through chestnut and oak woods. This was delightful indeed. The cuckoo murmured persistently, as if he too thought so; and in the keel of the long, deep-winding valley, above which in half-an-hour we were some eight or nine hundred feet, a clear trout-stream chimed its note to the cuckoo's and our own eternal jingling.

The driver would have urged the unfortunate six pell-mell up this long ascent but for persuasions. This surprised his team. They cocked their heads round at us nervously now and then to see what it meant, and made willing little starts as if to prove that, on their own poor jaded words of honour, they would do their best without whip if only they could be sure of the cue. But their lord and master was then set in his little story and a cigar which I was glad to find in my pocket. It was nothing to him, nor to me either, if he disappointed Elgoibar of its mail by half-an-hour or so. If I read him aright, the pleasure of telling about his grandfather's obstinate and most unpatriotic regard for the Constitutionals was worth more to him than the righteous indignation of an entire town of Spain. As for any personal risks in the matter,

they were not to be entertained. He owned three of the six weary ancients who drew the diligence, including the mule. Let the whole valley attempt to run the coach without his aid—and suffer the inevitable humiliation!

'Many a time have I told it, *caballero*,' the man began, with an evident relish, crossing his arms on his crossed knees, 'and every word of it is truth. And it happened to my grandfather as it might to me, putting the other one in your place; for there were just the two of them then, as now, when they began the climb from Elgoibar. It was a wet, cold evening of May, more than fifty years ago—1845, I judge, reading from the *Almanach de Gotha*; and my grandfather was reckoning on a lonely drive up the mountain when a cloaked man stepped forth from the shrine this side of Elgoibar, where the road curls, and signalled to him to stop. That did my grandfather willingly enough, for reals were scarce in those fighting times as now when we enjoy what they call peace. But he was a spirited, contentious man was my grandfather; and, seeing the tip of a sword stick out under the man's cloak, he asked him a question before helping him up. "What side may you belong to, señor?" he said. "The side of Spain, friend," replied the other when he understood my grandfather's meaning. "Yes, yes; but are you for Carlos, the Queen, the Constitution, or what?" persisted my grandfather. "For Spain, friend, as every true son of Spain should be, even though he be a free Basque man like yourself," said the other.

'More than this my grandfather could not get out of him; and, being of that humour, it vexed him. But he let him mount, for love of the reals. And, *caramba!* he wasn't sorry when the man gave him a gold piece of the time of old Ferdinand, and told him he wanted nothing out of it. And so they climbed from the Deva valley together, and the thunder cracked from the clouds on Itzarraitz, whose bald head you yourself were looking at when we left Azpeitia. It was a devilish dark night for May, my grandfather used to say; and as it grew darker, with lightning in between, the fidgets got hold of him. That other one did not want to talk, but just sat with folded arms and looked straight before him as you might be doing beside me if it were not for the flies.

'All he could learn from him was that he was for Loyola. That wasn't much; but it was enough to loosen my grandfather's own tongue; and from the Deva valley to the summit—forty minutes' moving, he used to say—he rattled off curses on the Carlists and on Don Carlos himself as the worst of them. It was the Don Carlos who was grandfather to the present Don Carlos, and, rest his soul! Spain never gave birth to a better man. Still, he was head of the party, you understand, and my grandfather was for the Constitution. He liked a long word, did the old man, and he reckoned constitution meant freedom, which it may do elsewhere, but not in Spain; and the more he talked the warmer he got,

so that at length, as he snatched the reins, he wound up with a great oath.

"By Paradise and Purgatory, and the never-dying fires themselves!" he cried, in that horrible darkness, with the lightning splitting it like skewers coming and going, "if I could get face to face with the fellow, I'd choke him till he was as black in the cheeks as the mountain over our heads!" But even to that the man by his side said nothing. He sighed as if he were tired of the old man's tongue; it wasn't anything worse than that. Then what must my grandfather do but turn on him as if he hadn't paid his fare, and demand of him what he was going to do at Loyola. "Pray, my friend," said the other. "Ay," said my grandfather—and it showed how his temper had dimmed his sense—"praying's a safe game. One does not get bullets in one's head kneeling on one's knees."

'And then, being at the top of the hill, he sat up and took the reins. It was so dark you couldn't see more than the shapes of the trees that hung over the road. But there was still the thunder and the lightning. He was handling his whip, to give the creatures a touch, when he fancied something sprang from the hedge and jumped on to his leader. He was driving two pairs and a leader, you understand. By the saints! that turned him cold; but there was more to come, and this time he had no doubt left in him. From each side another man stepped forth as calmly as if he were going into his own bed-chamber, and leaped on to the near pair of horses. With the one on the leader, that made three.

"Drive on, friend!" said the man my grandfather had brought up from Elgoibar. "Drive on?" cried my grandfather. And then, in the new thunder and lightning, he raved and raged, and asked the Virgin to tell him what it meant, and who they were who took possession of his horses as if they were roadside cherries. And then he fell to confessing his sins, for he was never more devout, *caballero*, than after he had been doing or saying what he ought not; and, *hombre!* he's like the rest of us in that.

'The man by his side tried to soothe him, even took his reins from him in the midst of his prayers, not as if he wished to do it, but as if he thought to help my grandfather, you understand, and leave him more comfortably to his pious exclamations. And that stirred the old man afresh, and brought him straight back from heaven to earth. He grappled with his fare, señor, and called him and the other three all the names he could think of. And then he lashed out at the heads of the men on his horses, and cursed and swore and shouted, and forgot all about his prayers for forgiveness, and thought only of the dollars with which he had bought the horses. And he wasn't going to be robbed of them by any man living while he could swing an arm. It was *crack, crack*, and "*Anda! anda!*" and away the coach dashed over the ridge as if every horse had a spur a foot long in its ribs.

'His neighbour tapped him softly on the arm, and whispered to him not to be afraid, and above all to keep cool; and the lightning blazed in his face, as if it too had something to say and tried to tell it. But my grandfather was washed clean out of his senses, and there was only one thing he felt sure and determined about, and that was that he would not let go his own reins while he had a sob of life left in him. He lashed and lashed, and even when the ridge was turned he lashed on, so that the five went down the road—this very road, *caballero*, which you see is steep—went down it, I say, at a fearful pace. All in the dark too, I beg you to remember! with not much but the show of white and the lightning to guide him.

'And not once had the three men on his horses made so much as one sign to tell him that they were of flesh and blood like himself, with faces that disliked whipcord. They held the horses, though. That my grandfather soon found. Once he came near the edge. Then the man on the offside mount made a sort of anxious hiss as he strained inwards, and his comrade saw what the danger was. Between them they managed it, and even my grandfather felt grateful under his sweat when the wheel of the coach jerked back from the slope on to the level after one long pause in mid-air.

'After this my grandfather did a strange thing. He sat back and let the reins hang limp at his wrists. He said he felt as if he had nothing more to do with his own coach that night. The thunder and the lightning and those mysterious men on his horses had taken charge of him, and what was to happen would happen though he parched his throat dry in objection. And, being in some things a practical man, as well as blind to the true welfare of the Basque nation, he just muttered a thing or two, and felt for the sausage and bread and the pigskin of wine which his wife, my grandmother Anna, had started him with in the afternoon. Better still, he bore it in patience when that other one said to him quietly, "That is well, my friend. There are times for resignation as well as action. I wish you a good appetite."

'To this what could my grandfather say except "Do me the favour, señor!" as he offered him the sausage and pigskin? He was quenched, like a poor little spark from a handful of chopped straw. His courage was still in him, for he was still a Basque, though a misguided one for his faith in those infernal Constitutionals; but it had no proper channel by which to come out of him. And so he mumbled his sausage, and, as he said, wondered amid the thunder and the lightning that lit up the trees and the blackness in the ravine, there to your excellency's left, who the fellow could be next him. He had refused the wine and sausage, but with more courtesy than my grandfather was used to from travellers on his coach. Ay, much more, I warrant.

'And all this time the coach moved on. It went soberly now, for there was an end to the whip-

cracking. And it clung to the hedge side of the road. And off and on my grandfather felt at that gold piece between his mouthfuls, and wished himself in bed, and his team safely stabled with sound knees and no witchcraft in any part of them.

'So it continued until Azcoitia was near and the danger was past. Then suddenly that other one spoke in a tone of command. "Take your reins, friend," he said, "and drive through the town without stopping."

'My grandfather had nothing to say to the contrary. He felt stronger for his supper; but he wasn't sure that he was on common earth yet. No; even when he passed Casa Mizzabel, in which he and his grandfather's grandfather had all been born—and I too, your excellency, if you will excuse my mentioning it—even then he wasn't quite himself. He listened to that other one addressing the postillions as if he were listening to the words of a dream. They were words in a language he could not understand, too—which might well be, for he had no French, and none too much Castilian either. And then, with a *click* for the slow one of the team, and an "*Anda, Maria!*" for the mare, he elattered through the town just as usual. The *sereno* stared from under the Holy Virgin's picture at the corner by the church where your excellency caught that ball, and stared and stared. But he too did nothing. His axe-head shone in the night, but he did not move it to stop the coach and ask what the ontriders meant and why my grandfather did not give him his "*Buenas!*" as at other times.

'And then Azcoitia was behind them, and the little ones were trotting smoothly into the Loyola valley, and there was no danger of being spilled into anything worse than a barley-field a metre lower than the road itself. *Caramba, señor!* my grandfather's head was thick, or he would have guessed things by this time. You see plainly what it all meant—you who are a stranger and here fifty years after it happened. But not he! He had spent himself cursing, and his punishment followed. No; nor when that other spoke to him like a father and a penitent in one was he any the wiser for a long time. The other one gave him more gold, and begged his pardon for the shock he had also felt obliged to give him. And he mentioned Spain too, and told my grandfather he hoped that in time he would see that the Don Carlos he had cursed and cursed was not such an enemy to the country as he believed.

'So it was till Loyola and its lights were near. And then that other one had had enough talking and sat still. And my grandfather just fumbled his gold pieces and looked forward to the pleasure of frightening my grandmother Anna by an exaggeration even of the experiences he had gone through that night. That was not what he said, *caballero*; but we who know his character know what it would aim at. And there was no more storm now, but a clearing sky, with stars and the

chirrup of happy frogs in the wet lands of the valley.

'By the turn to the monastery the men on the horses pulled up and dismounted. That other one also prepared to dismount; but he turned first to my grandfather and offered him his hand. "Pray for me, friend, as I for Spain!" he said. "And good-night, and many thanks."

'The old man used to say that the smile which came with the words was worth all the gold pieces which he had received—and they were seven. From him that was much; but if only he had had his proper share of senses he would have said more than that, and said it in time, too. Like the *sereno* of Azcoitia, he just stared when he saw the postillions bend their knees to that other one and then kiss his hand, while he gave them also a '*Muchas gracias*' and touches of praise on the shoulder. And my grandfather stared on, watching the four of them move towards the monastery, until he remembered my grandmother Anna and the tale he had to tell her. But first he got down and felt all the five horses from shoulder to heel, and looked in their mouths. He could see nothing wrong, and then he drove back to Azcoitia as hard as he could go.

'That is my tale, señor, and it has been the regret of all the Mizzabels ever since that my grandfather did not know that he was sitting by the side of the first Don Carlos for an hour and a half on that May night fifty years ago. Yes; it was Don Carlos himself. If the old man had used properly the tongue he had inherited he might have done great things

that night. He could have told the good Carlos how much Spain needed him, and the Basques most of all; for he understood what those thieves the Constitutionists were after, and would have left the Guernica oak-tree standing, and all it meant for us. One does not know but even my grandfather might have saved Spain that night.'

We were at the top of the hill by this time, with a vast landscape of purple snow-capped mountains over the wooded ravine behind us. My driver gathered up his reins. But first he looked at me closely, and saw that I was puzzled. Perhaps I ought to have been better informed than I was about the intricate maze of Spain's vicissitudes in the nineteenth century; perhaps not. Anyhow, I expected a finer climax to the story than I had yet caught.

'Ah, señor,' said the man, with a smile that showed he had, with practice, become an expert romancer, 'I ought to tell you one thing more. It was that night, praying in Santo Ignacio's chapel, that Don Carlos decided to renounce his claim to the throne of Spain. He was making the pilgrimage on purpose. Those other three had followed him against his will, to protect him. It was a great night for Spain, señor, that on which my grandfather had Don Carlos for a passenger; and a great night for him also. And as I said, we have always had an Ignacio in the team since. My grandfather was not a wise man; but he bought the best mule in Guipuzcoa with three of Don Carlos's gold pieces, and gave him the name of Ignacio as thanks.'

A FORGOTTEN HERO.

BY A NAVAL OFFICER.



SETH JEREMY! Has any one in this year of grace 1903 ever heard the name of Seth Jeremy? Can any one suppose that a man bearing the name of Seth Jeremy could ever have been anything but the creation of a novelist of the present day? And yet a man bearing that name not only existed, but did at least one deed which entitles him to a foremost place in the glorious roll of English heroes.

Come back with me to the year 1707. Good Queen Anne was on the throne, plunged from the very moment of her occupation of that unrestful seat in a war with France and Spain which was to last almost to the year of her death. France was a great naval power, though the tropical growth of her navy under Louis XIV. and Colbert was already showing signs of exhaustion. Spain was no longer to be feared at sea; though the streams of wealth which reached her periodically from her colonies oversea might well, with the might and energy of France to back her, revive her flagging powers and make her again formidable. Holland, already exhausted by her long struggles with France and

deprived of her commerce, which had passed into our hands, became perforce our ally, though with little hope of benefit to herself. The battle of Vigo had been fought and won, and the wealth of Spain had been diverted to British use; the great fortress of Gibraltar had fallen, and the pride of Spain had been humbled in the dust. The great French fleet had been met off Malaga, and so punished that, in spite of its fatuous claim of victory, it never dared to face us again; and the Balearic Isles had fallen into our hands.

This, then, was the state of affairs between the opposing nations when, in August 1707, the *Nightingale* frigate, commanded by Captain Seth Jeremy, sailed from the Texel for the Thames in charge of a convoy of thirty-six sail of merchantmen. The *Nightingale*, though called a frigate, was but a small vessel of some three hundred tons and twenty-four guns, these latter most probably only nine-pounders. At the same time that Captain Jeremy was shepherding his flock across the sea there had started from Dunkirk an expedition of a very different character. This was a small squadron of French galleys under the command of the Chevalier Langeron, and under

the advice and guidance of one Thomas Smith, who had lately been in command of an English man-of-war. Smith, who had been tried by court-martial and dismissed the Royal Navy for 'malpractices,' had offered his services to the enemies of his country, with a venomous desire to wreak vengeance on those whom he had already unfaithfully served. The object of the expedition was to surprise and burn the town of Harwich, an exploit which the traitor had himself proposed, and which he had urged on the French monarch so vehemently that he at last gave permission for the attempt.

Thus, then, at the same time, unknown to each other, these two fleets were gradually converging towards the same point. The French galleys—starting on a lovely morning, with a fair wind which made the use of oars unnecessary—arrived at the mouth of the Thames about 5 P.M. on the 25th of August; but it was no part of Captain Smith's plan to make an attack in broad daylight against enemies fully alert and armed. It was a silent and stealthy onset at night that he intended, and so he put the galleys about and hove-to until night should fall and give him the opportunity of vengeance for which he thirsted.

As the galleys lay thus idly rocking in the summer evening on the dimpling sea, awaiting the time for their fell purpose, a hail from the masthead announced the presence of a fleet of thirty-six sail under charge of a frigate; and at once the news bred dissension in the French squadron. The Chevalier and his officers saw in the merchant convoy a far more desirable object than the burning of a poor little town, and one that would put much prize-money in their pockets, while the sack of Harwich would bring no tangible benefit. Thomas Smith, thinking only of revenge, urged that the order of the king mentioned only Harwich, and that an attack on the convoy would be rank disobedience; but the council overruled his objections, and, urged by self-interest, determined to seize the richer prey. Their plans were soon made: four galleys were to intercept the convoy, cut the ships off from the Thames, and take them one by one; the other two were to tackle the *Nightingale*. The huge oars were at once manned; and, urged swiftly along, the four galleys swooped down upon their helpless prey, while the Chevalier, followed at a considerable distance by the sixth galley, rushed on to attack the frigate. She was but small, and in such a light breeze and smooth sea even one galley would be enough to take her; she would then fall an easy prey to two even if she did not at once recognise the hopelessness of the struggle and haul down her flag at the first shot. So the Chevalier Langeron, with his consort fully three miles astern, sped gaily into battle without a thought of disaster.

Captain Seth Jeremy had his own ideas on the matter. He saw at once that the fight must be made so desperate as to require all the enemy's strength, while it must be so protracted as to give the convoy time to gain the shelter of the Thames.

Yet even he, determined man as he was, had but little hope of actual victory. So, as the French galley swept fiercely towards the little frigate, she, on her part, advanced steadily though more slowly against her long, lean, vicious-looking foe. The Frenchmen were at first amazed at her temerity; then they changed their minds, and considered that she was but coming to surrender without a blow. The two vessels neared each other: the five great guns mounted in the bow of the galley belched both fire and smoke; her soldiers poured in volley after volley of musketry; yet to all this the little frigate made no response, but came on slow and silent, apparently to her doom. Then, all of a sudden, she seemed to recognise her imminent danger, panic seized upon her, and she put her helm up and ran before the wind. With cries of exultation, the French pressed after her; the man at the helm was ordered to strike her under the quarter, the most defenceless part of a frigate, and sink her with the ram. She would go to the bottom without the loss of a single Frenchman, and every ship of the convoy would certainly be taken.

Stimulated by oaths and lashes, the human machinery tore the waves with their ponderous oars, the galley flew over the hissing water with a wide wake of foam behind her, the vicious-looking snout was within a few feet of the frigate's quarter, the three hundred slaves gave voice to that terrific blood-curdling yell with which they were trained to accompany the shock, when a quick movement of the helm unexpectedly altered the frigate's position; and, instead of ramming her, the galley, to the consternation of her crew, shot up alongside. In an instant the tables were turned. At the distance of but a few feet, the frigate's guns, with muzzles depressed to their lowest, hurled storms of grape among the crowded and absolutely unprotected masses of the enemy, who were as much exposed as if upon a raft; eager hands fixed grappling-irons to her lest she should escape from that terrible embrace, while musketry blazed from the frigate's fore-castle and showers of hand-grenades hurtled from her tops. Then, while the panic-stricken French lay prostrate with terror on the deck, a boarding-party leaped down among them and completed the work of destruction begun by the grape-shot. The Chevalier Langeron, alone rising superior to the panic which mastered his men, rushed to the halcyards and hoisted a signal of distress to summon all the other galleys to his aid. His consort was soon on the spot; the other four, abandoning their rich prey, hurried from afar to the assistance of their commodore, and in half-an-hour they also were alongside the little frigate.

Then began a battle fierce and grim. The *Nightingale's* men could now no longer board the foe; they had more than they could do to keep them off their own deck; so at length they let them come. With shouts of rage and triumph, the French clamoured over the side and dropped upon her deck. It was empty! But suddenly from her fore-castle

(literally a fore-castle in those days) and from her grated hatchways so fierce a storm of bullets burst upon them that they turned and fled. Again a fresh boarding-party occupied the deserted deck, only to be swept away in a similar manner. Yet a third attempt to possess the frigate was summarily disposed of by her gallant defenders. At last, by the Chevalier's orders, a party armed with axes and covered somewhat by an incessant fire from the galleys, succeeded in breaking through the deck and silencing the fire of those below. Still, those in the fore-castle, consisting mainly of the officers, poured a deadly hail on their assailants, who with great difficulty and at tremendous loss of life were obliged to batter down this defence also with the axe. At length the fore-castle was carried by assault, and its surviving defenders overpowered; and the weary and decimated French were already congratulating themselves upon their victory when shot after shot rang out from the cabin on the poop, and at each report a Frenchman fell.

Not yet was the *Nightingale* carried, for Captain Seth Jeremy had shut himself up in his cabin, from the stern-windows of which he could see his convoy hurrying under all sail into safety; and until he was assured that every ship was safe his ship would not be given up. His officers, taking perhaps their cue from him, described him as a wild, reckless madman, incapable of listening to reason; adding that his cabin communicated directly with the magazine, and that rather than surrender he would blow the ship up and involve friends and foes alike in one hideous catastrophe. Appalled at the prospect, the Frenchman tried conciliation. Captain Seth Jeremy replied with bullets. They then determined that he must be taken alive or dead; but the only approach was along a narrow passage admitting but one man at a time. Twelve grenadiers were ordered to advance and break open the door. They were headed by a sergeant; but hardly had he reached the door when he fell dead, shot through the head, and the rest fled back to the deck. The French again had recourse to conciliation, to entreaty even. Captain Seth Jeremy, with a quick glance through his stern-windows, saw the tail-end of his convoy disappearing up the river, and appeared inclined to treat; but he must make sure that his object was attained. So he asserted that it was beneath his dignity to surrender his sword to any but the commodore of the whole squadron, having a shrewd suspicion that that officer was not then on the deck of the *Nightingale*. His suspicion was correct. A truce was agreed upon while his message was conveyed to the Chevalier. But the Chevalier also had his notions of dignity, and his reply was that a French commander never left his post or his ship. For a moment it seemed as if the negotiations would once more be broken off; but by this time the commander of the *Nightingale* had seen the last of his convoy disappear into safety, and, declaring himself satisfied, announced that he surrendered. Then the cabin door opened, and Captain Seth

Jeremy came forward to meet his captors. What was their astonishment at finding that this desperate madman, this raging savage, this terrible whelp of the British lion, was a little, undersized scarecrow of a man, with a pale, thin face, and a humpback! But his splendid courage touched even his enemies. The Chevalier refused to accept his sword, refused to regard him as a prisoner, begged to be allowed to call him friend, and treated him with the most profound courtesy.

This magnanimity, however, nearly brought about a catastrophe such as the Chevalier had not anticipated when he returned the captain's sword. Conducted ceremoniously into the cabin of the Chevalier's galley, Captain Seth Jeremy found himself face to face with the traitor Thomas Smith; and, instantly drawing the sword which had just been restored to him, he sprang forward to plunge it to the hilt in his body. Fortunately the Chevalier was so close behind that he was able to interpose and rescue his unworthy associate. A more befitting fate awaited Captain Thomas Smith. On his return to France he was put in command of this very *Nightingale* which had cost him such loss and trouble; but ere the year was out he was captured by Captain Haddock of H.M.S. *Ludlow Castle*, taken to England, tried as a traitor, and hanged. All that I can learn of Captain Seth Jeremy is that on the 25th of March 1710 he was 'made Post,' having been, as I imagine, a Lieutenant-Commander on board the gallant little *Nightingale*.

Gentlemen!—I speak as a naval officer—let us drink to the memory of Captain Seth Jeremy!

MY DREAM-WIFE.

You only come to me when dreams
Throng lightly through the Ivory Gate;
Yet well I know our severed streams
Will meet and mingle—soon or late.

We wander in a doubtful light
Through rocky, pathless mazes wide;
Your hand in mine, because my sight
Is weak, and you must be my guide.

In orchards, where the brown birds sing,
Beneath an apple-blossomed tree,
We sit, nor say we anything:
What need of words for you and me?

When round me, in the twilight land,
Grim, deadly, unknown perils creep,
I feel your touch upon my hand,
And haunting terror sinks to sleep.

Are you so fair? Ah! who can say?
I think some would not count you fair.
To me you come as flowers in May,
With their glad promise of the year.

For well I know that when is past
The fitful slumber-time of life,
Dreams to the night winds I shall cast,
And, waking, find in you my wife.

E. P. LARSEN.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

TYNINGHAME: TWO CENTURIES OF A SCOTCH ESTATE.

TYNINGHAME HOUSE is situated about midway between Dunbar and North Berwick, in East Lothian. Here, in the year 1628, Thomas Hamilton, who to his other titles had not long previously added that of Earl of Haddington, took up his residence, having purchased the estate from the Marquis of Annandale the previous winter, and since then the Haddington family has made its chief country residence at Tynninghame. The place possesses a very ancient history. The bishops of St Andrews are known to have lived there in the thirteenth century; and for more than a century previous to its acquisition by Lord Haddington the Lauders of the Bass had made it their residence for at least part of each year. In 1617 Lady Bass either rebuilt part of the house or made an addition to the old one, as we learn in a somewhat peculiar way: the 'masonis quha wer bigging the Ladyis hous' having gone a-golfing one Sabbath-day, instead of to the kirk, were thereafter warned 'to compeir before the session,' where, after confession of their fault, they were 'rebukit by the minister, and dismissed.'

Though Ray the naturalist, on his visit to Scotland in 1661, described its country-houses as 'pitiful cots,' that description would be very misleading if applied to Tynninghame. In addition to two halls, a chamber of 'deace,' two kitchens, and other necessary apartments, it contained sixteen bedrooms, in which were twenty-five 'beds' of different kinds, and nine drawbeds. Some of the bedrooms were richly furnished, and most of them possessed 'chymneys' or fireplaces. Of other furnishings, the house possessed thirty-two pieces of tapestry, twelve pieces of rich 'hingsings,' besides seventy ells of 'striped hingsings,' and a 'sute of sewit hingsings.' There were also various chairs covered with velvet and 'dames,' and twenty red-leather ehairs and 'stooles.' Table-covers, called 'buid-cloathes,' of various materials, a valuable collection of gilt and silver plate,

though no pictures, would serve to furnish this old-time home sufficiently handsomely. Of the condition of the estate at this period there exist no data by which to form an opinion; but it is unlikely its amenities would largely surpass those of an ordinary farmhouse of the present day. It had its garden, and that is all we can be certain about.

The earliest indication of estate improvement occurs almost exactly in the middle of the seventeenth century, when the fourth earl planted two rows of trees round the house and garden, but so close to both that fifty years later they had to be removed. Evelyn's *Silva*, published in 1664, exerted an immediate and stimulating effect on Scottish as well as English landowners; consequently it is by no means strange that we should find the fifth earl, like several other Scottish proprietors, planting, draining, and enclosing 'to good purpose.' But the labours of this earl had an ending no less unfortunate than those of his father. His wife being the eldest daughter and heiress of the notorious Duke of Rothes, she became, on the death of that nobleman in 1681, Countess of Rothes; and the Haddington family immediately went to reside at Leslie, in Fife, the earl dying there four years later. Meanwhile Tynninghame was leased to a tenant who, in the nineteen years of his occupancy, uprooted all the hedges, ploughed level the mounds or banks on which they were planted, and allowed the drains to fill up; and when Thomas the sixth earl went to reside there in December 1700 he found the place in 'ruins.' This nobleman was a second son (his elder brother having succeeded to the Rothes dignities and estates); and his elevation when still a boy to the dignity of Earl of Haddington was followed shortly afterwards by the restoration of some of the dignities of which his father had been deprived on his refusal to take the Test.

The young earl, when only sixteen, married his cousin Hellen Hope, and on his own confession, in a short time nearly dissipated his already

small fortune on horses, dogs, and sports. His wife, however, soon led him to take an interest in rural pursuits, and they entered—or rather she did, and he followed—on a course of estate improvement that, viewed through the respectably distant vista of two centuries, appears as marvellous to us as it did to their contemporaries. Previous attempts at improvement, as just noted, had terminated in failure, and the country was still virtually a bare waste, almost treeless, innocent of hedges, with infamous roads, and exposed to every gale that swept over it from sea or land. The parties were both young, and everybody prophesied failure as the certain culmination of their unprecedented undertakings, some going so far as to hint that the earl had 'lost his understanding.' Above all, at the beginning of their experiments the earl was somewhat dubious of success, but his countess not a whit.

The several improvements then effected are recorded in a letter the earl wrote his grandson in 1733, the year Lord Binning, father of the latter, died in Naples. This letter was published in book-form in 1761, and extends to seventy-seven pages. It is entitled *On the Manner of Raising Forest Trees, &c.* Already *A Short Treatise on Forest Trees*, a pamphlet of forty-eight pages, written by the earl for the 'use of his friends,' had appeared in 1756, and later was twice reprinted. It appears to be largely an abstract of the first-named, but lacks all the details, personal and local, which make that so intensely interesting. The countess, it may be mentioned, had already commenced planting trees before her husband caught her enthusiasm, and the earliest work he undertook was by no means extensive; but the trees still alive attest its thoroughness. A popular kind of pleasure-ground in connection with gardens at that time was called a 'wilderness.' In it trees, shrubs, and common flowers were arranged together; and there were straight walks generally carpeted with grassy turf, their sides being lined with closely trimmed hedges mostly of deciduous trees, a favourite of the earl's having been composed of the pease-cod-tree (laburnum) and quickbeam (mountain-ash). The Tynninghame 'wilderness' was laid out with fourteen straight walks radiating from a common centre in close proximity to the bowling-green. It was, however, thought to be too contracted, and was enlarged a few years later by Lord Binning, when, perhaps, the bowling-green was made.

Meanwhile another scheme had been projected: no less an undertaking than the formation of a large wood. Towards the realisation of this scheme the earl and countess proceeded with laudable precaution; and, instead of encroaching on ground near the house, rights by purchase were acquired over the Muir of Tynninghame, and a small farm adjoining it, about three hundred and sixty acres of land being secured on which to experiment. The countess had already

begun operations when Lord Haddington thought some definite plan ought to be adopted, and they determined to arrange the ground in avenues radiating in all directions from one common centre. At this stage lord and lady disagreed as to the most favourable spot to locate this centre, and they finally determined to submit the matter to the arbitration of some friends expected on a visit. As we all know, interference in conjugal disputes is, at the best, a thankless matter, and it was perhaps with some such thought in his mind that Sir James Bruce, one of the parties, boldly chose a position differing from the parts fixed on by both the earl and his lady. It was ultimately decided to retain all three circles, thus pleasing all. 'Bruce's Circle' is still the name of the northmost, and certainly of the three it is not the best placed. That chosen by the countess is the southmost; while nearer the middle of the wood is that of the earl, which appeals to us at the present day as the correct position. An avenue extending east and west two miles runs through its centre, and as Charleston Walk forms a marked feature of the estate.

The methods of the earl, strange as it may appear, have always been a mystery to the people of the locality. The writer has been assured, for instance, that the avenues are exact reproductions of the streets of Paris; on another occasion the streets of London were reproduced. More startling still is the legend that the earl, on the eve of his departure on a journey, gave his son, Lord Binning, permission to plant the ground as he chose; with the result that the earl found trees had been chosen, and Binning Wood, as it was thereafter called, an accomplished fact! It is, however, only fair to say that a modicum of truth may be discovered in each of these errors—for example, the method of planting was the same as that first introduced by Le Notre in the production of the Bois de Boulogne; and Lord Binning, though only a boy of ten, arranged and planted some 'walks and figures.' A lime-lined walk led from the wood to the house, about three-quarters of a mile distant, on the north side of which a broad avenue with diagonal branches still remains to perpetuate a style of the period, 1707.

Shortly afterwards Lady Haddington planted from sixty to seventy acres of pure sand close to the seashore with trees. These also proved a success, and many more acres of the same unlikely rooting-medium have since been utilised for timber production.

Next to Binning Wood, the undertaking that has attracted the greatest amount of attention was the formation of a series of magnificent holly-hedges, extending as a whole to five miles in length. Plans appended to the 1761 treatise already referred to attest the more than ordinary care expended on this project. Perhaps no hedges equal to these have ever existed; and by 1775, when Boucher wrote on forestry, they

had already attained dimensions which led that very sober writer into language of extravagant praise. In height the hedges ranged from fourteen to twenty feet, and at each annual clipping, which was a very expensive operation, their thickness was sensibly increased. When, as it occasionally happened, a keeper had to examine the banks on which the hollies were planted, in pursuit of rabbits, once an entrance had been effected, the only means of exit was through the aperture at the further end, whither the searcher wended his weary way on hands and knees and in twilight gloom. Unfortunately about forty years ago the hollies were attacked by a fungoid growth in the main stems, which has proved terribly destructive to these truly wonderful creations.

It is only possible here to glance at the steps the earl took to shelter the fields he had enclosed, by means of 'strips' of trees, some of which are now noble avenues of great magnificence. In agriculture he introduced the cultivation of artificial grasses; and, though his cousin John Ormiston is credited with the introduction of red clover, it is certain it was cultivated at Tynninghame at an earlier date. He also 'modernised' the house, which once had narrowly escaped destruction by fire through the carelessness of a maidservant. An old picture shows the house to have been purely Scotch, many gabled, with pointed towers, and a balcony with steps leading to the garden, close to which was the ground devoted to vegetables, and just beyond that the 'wilderness.'

When this nobleman died in 1735, the estate he inherited was not only transformed, but he had given an impulse to estate improvement all over Scotland, and was therefore not only the 'Father of Scottish Planting,' as he has been truly called, but in many other ways was a national benefactor, boldly experimenting, and always successfully, not only with trees, but also in other matters pertaining to rural economy. He made long journeys specially to secure information, and read all the literature published on the subjects that engaged his attention. His own books, unlike so many dissertations of the period on forestry and agriculture, are original, that of 1761 being certain to increase in value with the march of time.

It would appear that this earl, although a national benefactor, failed to free his estates from the burdens they carried on his accession. At least the appearance of an advertisement in the *Caledonian Mercury*, in the numbers published from 22nd April to 10th May 1736 inclusive, points to such a conclusion. It is not necessary to give the advertisement *in extenso*; but with the exception of books, the household effects as a whole were offered for sale. The concluding sentence states that 'Printed Inventories, with the Entries annexed, are to be had of James Home, Writer to the Signet, and

at the Place of Sale.' The writer has had the pleasure of inspecting one of these 'Printed Inventories,' and a very few of the entries will show the value in 1736 of goods sold by public roup: 'A Coach, with six compleat Harness, £20;' 'A Chaise with the Harness, £2, 10s.;' 'Portrait of Sir Thos. More, by Holbein, 1s.' Portraits by Vandyke were, however, considered ten times more valuable, and the lowest bid accepted was ten shillings. Sir Godfrey Kneller occupied the same high level as Vandyke; but Jameson and Aikman sank as low as five shillings, the latter being the amount generally asked for the pictures, which, with not a few other articles of value, were bought in. The pictures still adorn the walls of the mansion-house. One item, for '3 English Ploughs and a Turnep Plough without wheels, £1, 9s.,' proves that the deceased nobleman had cultivated turnips long previous to their general introduction as a field-crop.

He was succeeded by his grandson, a boy of thirteen, whose grandparents on the maternal side are even better known than he is. They were the patriot George Baillie of Jerviswood and Lady Grisel Hume, whose heroism as a child is known to every Scottish boy and girl. His father, Lord Binning, entertained the liveliest affection for his wife's parents; and he entrusted his children to their sole care after his death. One of the tutors engaged for them was the poet Thomson; and so conscientious were the guardians in performing the duties undertaken that the family resided at Oxford all the time the boys were there; and again, after their return from travelling on the Continent, Lady Grisel Baillie, then a widow, made a home for them in London.

During this period there is a slight hiatus in the history of the estate; but in 1750 we find the young lord married and settled at Tynninghame, and not long afterwards putting into execution a scheme that seems to have been proposed by the Earl of Mar thirty years previously. It included the removal of the beautiful Norman church which stood within a stone's-throw of the mansion, and also the village, to another site, levelling and sowing with grass the corn-fields in its near vicinity, and the excavation of a canal, at that time a popular adjunct to a country-house, on the opposite side of the river Tyne, which flows past at a short distance. What the earl did effect was the removal of the village to its present site, and the dismantling of the church, on the parish becoming united to Whitekirk in 1761. Two fine arches of the church only were left, the space between them being the last resting-place of most of the Haddington family of the past. The fields, moreover, were transformed into grass-parks; but beyond that Lord Mar's proposals were not carried out. The old glebe formed part of the site of a new walled garden, the chief feature of which was a cross-wall heated by means of flues and several fires,

for the production of peaches and figs. A fine old mulberry-tree, which still produces vigorous shoots and immense crops of fruit annually, was perhaps planted at this date. Of other fruit-trees the only one remaining is a somewhat decrepit apple-tree of the Ribston Pippin variety planted in 1759. A grape-vine called Tyninghame Muscat, still fruitful, dates from about the same period. Hothouses were also erected in the garden by this earl, and a pane of glass, preserved when one of these old structures was rebuilt about twenty years ago, shows the following memorandum scratched on it by a diamond: 'Sow'd cucumbers for the hott-house, Sept. 8, 1789.'

Tree-planting seems to have proceeded almost uninterruptedly, for shortly following the accession of the eighth earl to the property in 1794 it was estimated that eight hundred acres were covered by woods, and sales of timber were annually effected to the value of five hundred pounds. This earl, by means of a deep cutting, drained a marshy piece of ground near Binning Wood, having, it is said, employed as excavators the volunteers gathered at Belhaven to await Napoleon Bonaparte's appearance.

Early last century we find steam in use as a means of heating the garden hothouses, and in the house he appears to have effected some alterations, particularly in the library. Raeburn painted a head of Dr Carlyle of Inveresk specially for this room in 1796.

Thomas, the only son, succeeded as ninth earl in 1828, and at once began a thorough renovation of the house, employing Burn of Edinburgh as architect. The old walls were retained as far as possible, a new balcony with its broad flight of steps leading to the garden being a very fine piece of work. The library is a handsome apartment; but books overflow into other rooms. The dining-room is remarkable for its family portraits, some being of great value. Of these, mention may be made of the second earl by Vandyke; the eighth earl, by Sir Joshua Reynolds; and his countess, by Romney. A notable addition to the art treasures is a striking likeness in bronze of the present earl, by Stevenson, presented by the Scottish Freemasons when Lord Haddington was forced by advancing years to resign his official connection with that body three years ago. In the corridors and elsewhere are also displayed portraits of many historical personages. The alterations occupied about four years, and at the same time the flower-gardens were rearranged and extended, two stone beds being noteworthy examples of this kind of garden architecture.

The earl, as a recreation, furnished the hitherto treeless parks with large specimens that were transplanted by a method perfected by Sir H. Stuart of Allanton. We find the earl in December of the same year 'undermining trees' preparatory to their removal two years afterwards, and he continued this system during many years.

Round the base of many of these trees large stones, originally laid over the roots to steady the tops, are still to be seen, and are a source of wonderment to strangers.

Garleton Walk has been mentioned already, and one of the most happily conceived improvements of this time was planting rhododendrons along its two sides. These became huge bushes, and the present earl having introduced many of the finest varieties, the beauty of this lengthened avenue has been considerably enhanced. In the long June evenings, when almost every twig contributes its bunch of blossom, it truly defies description for brilliancy of effect.

The woods have been repeatedly devastated by gales, in that of 1881 over nine thousand trees, some of which had attained extraordinary dimensions, having been uprooted. Perhaps the largest, though not the handsomest, trees at present on the estate are sycamores, the girth of one of which about four feet from the ground is twenty-two feet. Dr Walker and Mr Sang, of Kirkcaldy, published lists of the largest trees in Scotland about a century ago, few of which approach these. A silver fir in Binning Wood is mentioned as a notable example, its girth being only ten feet four inches.

Space does not permit of much being said of the present aspect of the featureless country-side of two centuries ago. Binning Wood is naturally more forest-like than formerly, and in late spring, when the lace-like, half-expanded, tender green foliage of the beeches, called by White of Selborne 'the loveliest of all forest trees,' shimmers in the sunny light, and 'blackbird and thrush, with their melodious voices, bid welcome to the cheery spring,' one is content to rest satisfied nothing more delightful exists in nature. The 'wilderness,' too, changed as it is, can boast of its living mantle of flowers, chief of which are tens of thousands of coloured primroses, some nestling close under the shelter of friendly shrubs, others flowing in broad masses adown sloping banks or jostling each other round the base of some mighty tree.

The walled garden also has experienced its changes, some the effect of time, which has toned the red-brick walls with gray and golden-tinted lichens, while stray snapdragons and red valerians have found rooting-places here and there in open chinks. Other changes are due to the art that doth mend nature. Such are its grassy walks, one of which is planted on both sides with roses and arched with woodbine. A curious knotted garden fills one corner, and little orchards, carpeted with turf through which daffodils peer in spring, occupy other portions. Broad borders backed by close-clipped hedges of yew overflow with old-fashioned flowers: stately hollyhocks, brave daffodils, iris of all hues, spicy marigolds, red amaranthus, sweet-william, and roses reigning in the pride of June are only a

few. But the great feature of the garden is the lengthened vista of arched apple-trees, said to have no rival in the country. Statues, fountains, vases, and gateways are accessories that deepen the old-world impression which seems to linger in every alley.

It is impossible to do more than mention the uncommon shrubs that thrive alone in kindly spots. Such are the tall bamboos, the spiny *Gleditsia*

horrida, and *clerodendron* with sweetest bloom and fetid leaves. Many of the rarer coniferæ, too, have been planted; but the close proximity of the sea has perhaps prevented these from succeeding so well as they do in positions more inland. On the other hand, the masses of sea-buckthorn, in winter smothered with orange-coloured berries, are a feature that is rarely seen elsewhere in such perfection as here.

THE PEARL NECKLACE.

CHAPTER XVII.—THE LORD PROTECTOR.



CORPORAL FLINT, who had some rude skill in such matters, bound up my wound, and I was carried, still unconscious, to my own house, which was much nearer than the Hall. Coming to myself for a moment, I had a glimpse of the wrinkled, tremulous face and the loving, tear-filled eyes of my poor mother, and the white, scared face of Patience. They believed me, as indeed did the others, to be at the very point of death. Then I fainted again, and was scarce conscious till the morning was far advanced, and I found myself lying in my own familiar room, very weak, but with a clear brain, and remembering distinctly all that had taken place. Some hours before, during a brief interval of consciousness, I had told the corporal where the gold was to be found, and had desired him to take some men with him and carry it instantly to the Protector. He had obeyed me, though somewhat reluctantly; and when I came fully to myself I was alone.

It was but a dismal awakening for me. When I thought of the past, and what awaited me in the future, I groaned aloud in the bitterness of my spirit, almost wishing that Colonel Montague's sword had put an end to all my troubles. Frank, I did not doubt, was dead, and it was through me that he had fallen out with Montague, and so come by his untimely death. Never again could I look his sister or father in the face. It mattered nothing that I had avenged his death. That could not restore him to life. I knew well that Mistress Dorothy and I should never meet again.

Then, sooner or later, if I recovered, I must stand face to face with Cromwell, and my heart sank within me as I pictured to myself his grim countenance and bitter reproaches. I have said that if necessity appeared to call for it none could be more ruthless than he, and I knew not what punishment he might deem fitting for those who had striven to embroil the country in civil war, even though they had taken no part in the conspiracy against his person. For the first time I doubted his love of justice. Why had he ordered the arrest of those who had preserved his life at the risk of their own? Sure they had atoned by coming to his rescue for

any part they had taken in a plot to restore the king. Yet if he believed that by making an example of them he could stamp out the smouldering embers of rebellion, and so avert untold misery and bloodshed in the future, I trembled to think what he might consider it his duty to do.

And what would become of Mistress Dorothy? Would she escape or suffer with the rest? He had declared that those who had taken part in the conspiracy, man or woman, should receive the punishment due to their offence. I thought of her, poor child! with infinite pity. Her brother was dead, her father a prisoner in the Tower, and she perhaps alone and friendless in the hands of enemies. Well, come of it what would, my lips were sealed. Trusting in his magnanimity, I had intended to make a full confession to the Protector; but, finding him disposed to be so pitiless, I resolved, at all costs, to remain silent. If she were convicted of having taken any part in the conspiracy, it should be through no words of mine.

In any case, whether I spoke or held my peace, I had no doubt that my career was at an end. As it was I who had struck up Montague's pistol, and so saved the life of the Protector, I might be dealt with leniently; but I could hope for no promotion in the future. Out of mere personal gratitude, Cromwell was the last man to advance one who had proved unfaithful to the cause. He might even decide to dismiss me from the army. That thought, however, troubled me but little, for I had already determined, if I could secure his consent, to resign my commission.

I scarce knew how it came to pass, but that last grim struggle in the oak-glade and the dead face of my enemy had sickened me of bloodshed. I was resolved that I would fight no more. I would go back to the books I had loved ere I buckled on the sword for conscience' sake, and it might be that in a quiet, studious life in the country I might regain the peace of mind I had lost, forget the foolish hopes I had cherished, and grow old with such fortitude as might come to me from the study of great men's thoughts and the consolations of religion. But I knew well by the pain that gnawed at my heart, though I tried to flatter myself with

such prospects, that the wound in my body was like to be healed long before the wound that had been given me by the eyes that for one brief, happy hour had looked upon me kindly, but would never do so again. So I lay sick and sad at heart, without, God forgive me! one impulse of gratitude that my life had been spared to me, that I had not been sent to appear before the Judge of all the earth with rage and hatred in my heart and blood upon my hands. While I brooded thus there came a trampling of hoofs in the courtyard, and presently a step I knew well mounted slowly up the stairs, and alone and unannounced His Highness the Lord Protector entered the room. He wore a very stern and forbidding expression as, with a curt greeting, he seated himself opposite to me. I would have struggled to raise myself, but he motioned to me to lie still.

'I would have waited until you had somewhat recovered from the effects of your wound,' he said presently, 'but that business of importance calls me elsewhere, and I must proceed upon my way within the hour. Have you aught to communicate to me before I go?'

My eyes fell, and I half-turned away my head that he might not see my face.

'Little, I fear, with which your Highness is not already acquainted,' I answered.

For a few moments he remained silent.

'I owe you my life,' he said at length, 'and but for you the assassin would have escaped, and carried off the gold which Corporal Flint brought to the Hall this morning. These things are to your credit, and shall not be overlooked; and yet I may tell you, Captain Hawthorne, that I have heard strange stories with regard to the part you have played in this business. I have heard that this Montague might have been seized the very night you took possession of the Hall if some one from within had not warned him of your presence. Do you know who it was that warned him? You will not answer, eh? Well, I have heard more than this. I have heard of the midnight alarm, of the gold strewn upon the stairs; but I have not heard, for none could tell me, who it was that carried the gold, and what became of him. Can you tell me, Captain Hawthorne?'

Still I remained speechless. To tell him the truth might be to condemn Mistress Dorothy to prison or exile, and that I could not and would not do; and to him, of all men, I would not tell a lie even had my slow wits been capable of framing a plausible one.

'Can you also tell me,' he continued, 'why you absented yourself from the Hall, though you knew I was coming, and knew, moreover, that some of those under your command were in league with the conspirators, and that an attempt might be made to seize it? Well, have you nought to say?'

'Nay, your Highness,' said I sadly.

Again there was a moment's silence, during

which I could hear the birds chirping and fluttering, and even the rustling of the leaves in the garden.

'Did you find any papers relating to the conspiracy?' he asked suddenly.

'Yes, sir.'

'Where are they?'

The papers were in my doublet, which lay on a chair near the bed; but how could I give them up when Dorothy's name was still to be seen in the list of the conspirators? Duty bade me speak; but the thought of her I loved closed my lips, and I was ready to face imprisonment, exile, or even death itself before I would betray her.

'If you will not speak,' he continued harshly, 'I have no choice but to believe what seemed well-nigh incredible when reported to me, that though you repented at the eleventh hour, you were in very truth leagued with the Malignants, or, at least, that you did all that lay in your power to shield them from the punishment due to their offence.'

'Your Highness,' said I, well-nigh beside myself with pain and grief, 'there are indeed matters with regard to which I must needs, though infinitely against my will, remain silent; but I beseech you to believe that no earthly consideration would have induced me to join in any plot against your person. Of that I am wholly guiltless.'

'And you have nothing more to say? Take heed what you are about, Captain Hawthorne. I am in no mood to be trifled with.'

'God help me, I can say no more,' said I, and turned my face to the wall.

He rose from his seat, and for a little while paced to and fro about the room. For my part, I pictured myself in prison, my estates confiscated, my poor mother and Patience thrown, it might be, upon the grudging charity of distant relatives, and asked myself again and again whether I was justified in remaining silent, and yet could not choose but do so.

Presently he sat down again, and I turned to look at him. To my astonishment I perceived that his countenance was no longer grim and threatening, but that he was regarding me with the old friendly smile.

'John,' said he, 'I have known you since your boyhood, and known you for one devoted to the cause, walking uprightly in the sight of all men, and, though of a studious nature, drawing the sword and risking your life for conscience' sake; and truly I may say that I have loved you as mine own son. Without more proof than is now in my possession I will not believe you capable of treachery to one who, whatever his shortcomings, hath ever been your friend, or to that cause which, in truth, I think you hold dearer than life. Nay, let me conclude. As I trust you, so trust me, John Hawthorne. Have I ever dealt unjustly by you?'

'Never, your Highness.'

'Ever been cruel and merciless where reason and conscience bade me be otherwise?'

'Nay, sir.'

'Then tell me the whole truth, John; conceal nothing. And as I believe you would do naught unworthy of a gentleman and a man of honour and integrity, believe that I will use such authority as God hath placed in my hands with all gentleness and forbearance, tempering justice with mercy, and making much allowance for the weaknesses of the flesh. Come, you will best serve the interests of those you desire to protect by concealing nothing from me.'

It hath been my privilege to know many of those placed in authority over us, including kings and princes and great nobles; but never have I met one who was so clearly a born ruler of men as Oliver Cromwell. At a word from him men faced death as readily as though they went to a feast; and when the grim countenance softened and the harsh voice spoke in the kindly tones of a friend, what man who had ever loved and trusted him could refuse him aught? Not I, for one. My faith in his justice and magnanimity came back to me as strong as ever, and, in spite of my previous resolutions, I was moved to speak out all that was in my mind.

So I told him everything; told him of my duel with Frank, of the gold on the stairs, of the mutiny, of the death of Jacob Watkins, and—even though it cost me some blushes and confusion—of my affection for Mistress Dorothy and all the sufferings I had undergone in my efforts to struggle against it. To this he appeared to listen with a very severe countenance, though once when I glanced up quickly I was well-nigh certain that his eyes were twinkling merrily. But they grew cold and cruel enough when a moment later I took the papers from my doublet and laid them before him.

'Proceed,' said he sternly, when he had glanced through them, and I went on in fear and trembling.

It was not until I came to tell of how Mistress Dorothy's brave words had induced her brother and his friends to aid me in regaining possession of the Hall that the frown passed from his face, and was succeeded by a more kindly expression. Finally, I told him of my parting with Dorothy, and could scarce stifle a groan as I did so.

'The rest is known to your Highness,' said I, 'and I thank God we arrived in time to prevent that which would have made me the most miserable wretch on earth and plunged all England into mourning. For myself I offer no excuse; but I beseech your Highness to deal mercifully with those who have given such clear proof that when they joined the conspiracy they had no notion of the object of it.'

There was a short pause, during which Cromwell sat drumming on the papers with his fingers.

'You may spare your breath, John,' said he at last in so mild a voice that I well-nigh started; 'they are already released.'

'Thank God,' said I fervently.

'Some of these particulars I heard from their own lips,' he continued, 'and as they proved by coming to my rescue that they had no hand or part in the plot to assassinate me, I released them within the hour. I marvel that you should have supposed that I would do otherwise. I would ever strive to make such brave and honourable foes my friends, if it lay within my power to do so. As for Mistress Dorothy, she is now with her brother at the Hall, and a messenger hath been sent to bring Sir John post-haste from London.'

'Poor Frank,' said I, 'tis a sad ending for so noble and gallant a youth.'

'Nay, I trust the end is still far distant,' said he.

I half-rose on my elbow with a cry of astonishment.

'Why, is he not dead?' I asked.

'Nay, grievously wounded, but not beyond hope of recovery.'

I sank back with a sigh of relief.

'This is more, far more than I had hoped for,' I said. 'You have taken a heavy load off my heart, sir. May God reward you for your clemency and for the kindness you have ever shown to one who has done little to merit it.'

His eyes twinkled again, and he shook his head at me.

'Ah, John, John,' said he, 'truly I thought I had not a more devoted follower than yourself in all the world, yet a glance from the bright eyes of a maid, and what becomes of your loyalty and attachment? And now it is reported to me that you desire to lay aside your sword and fight no more for the good cause for which so many noble and worthy gentlemen have sacrificed life and fortune. Is this so?'

'Yea, your Highness,' said I; 'but not, believe me, because I am any less devoted to yourself and the cause. In truth, sir, I am weary of bloodshed, and, if I might do so with a clear conscience, would desire henceforth to live quietly in my own house, and at peace with my fellow-men.'

He leaned his head on his hand and remained silent for a little while.

'I do not blame you,' he said presently. 'Nay, were I in your place I would do even as you do. I too, God knows, am weary, and would fain have rest. I sought not this place—I declare before God, angels, and men, I did not; but, being called to it, I will do my duty in the sight of God until such time as He sees fit to release me. You shall have your wish, John.'

'I thank you most heartily, sir,' said I; 'yet I beg you to believe that if the time should come when you or the cause should be imperilled and stand in need of such aid as I can render, I will again most willingly buckle on my sword and

strike a blow for him I have ever regarded as the greatest and noblest of men.'

At that he smiled, though a little sadly.

'Ah, John,' said he, 'you speak already like a courtier, and not like the blunt soldier I loved hitherto; and yet in my hour of need I know you will not fail me. Well, I must depart; and I may tell you, for your comfort, that none will incur punishment for the part they have played in this conspiracy save the accomplices of the man Montague and the ringleaders of the mutiny.'

'I have no words in which to thank you, sir,' I replied.

He rose to his feet as if about to go, but still lingered. 'This Mistress Dorothy is a brave and comely maid,' he said presently. 'You have much affection for her, and would make her your wife, John?'

'Ay, sir,' I answered; 'but I pray you speak no

more of it. All is over between us, and it may well be that it is better so.'

He stood looking at me with a very quaint expression.

'Ah, well!' said he, 'you are no longer a boy; but there are many things you have yet to learn in this world, John. Have you heard the story of King Bruce and the spider?'

'Ay, sir,' said I wonderingly; 'but indeed I see not what'—

'Tut-tut!' said he, 'you are but slow-witted, my good friend. In your place I would follow the example of the King of Scots and try again. Farewell, and God be with you!'

So saying, he pressed my hand kindly and went forth, and I scarce ever saw that great, weary, noble-hearted man again. But, instead of the gloom and sadness which had oppressed me at his coming, he left behind him naught but peace and gladness.

FAMOUS DISUSED ROADS.



HERE is something peculiarly suggestive and pathetic about a disused highway. When, at some lone spot where we have made up our minds to the far-awayness of human life, and have given ourselves up entirely to the contemplation and consideration of nature, we light upon the remains of an ancient road, there is almost weirdness in the unexpected reminder of the transient nature of human grandeur; and, unendowed as we may be with sentiment, we cannot help picturing the past thus suggested, and calling up some visions of that active world of which old roads such as these are among the last shadows.

For instance, we were lately in that region of solitary, wind-swept hills which form the Northumbrian border-line between England and Scotland. There was not a token of human life within sight or hearing. We were absolutely alone in a still world of grass, heather, and sky; and yet, up to the spot where we stood, and away from us like a strip of dark-green ribbon towards the hills, ran Watling Street—the same Watling Street which passes through the heart of the City of London on its way from Dover to Chester, and into Scotland by Manchester, the Tyne river, and north-west Northumberland.

Sixteen hundred years ago this faint track, in many places only discernible by the practised eye, was a magnificent, paved, imperial highway, alive with the constant traffic of officials and messengers and tramping legions and tributary natives on their business or pleasure between the great fortresses by which the road was dotted, a strong and jealously guarded chain linking the Eternal City with her remotest northern possession. To this day, although in places it is insignificant, in others it has dis-

appeared, and in others again it is disappearing, it runs under many of our most important roads, and in many places where it has become solitary and disused it is still a remarkable and striking feature in the landscape. Probably at no great depth the original paving would be revealed in such a place as Redesdale; indeed, during our tramp along it we found, especially in boggy places and where burns crossed its course, patches of stonework clearly of human origin.

Although long years have elapsed since in this particular part of the country it was used, the natives still know it as Watling Street. For many years after the withdrawal of the Romans it no doubt remained unused; but during the long period of Border warfare it was of the greatest convenience to the raiders and reivers of both sides; and after the Union and the consequent gradual establishment of peace it became once more bustling and animated with the passage of huge droves of cattle from Scotland into England. Then came railways, and the old road, which had been much injured by the cattle traffic, sank into the sleep from which it has never been awakened. A busy road it must have been from first to last if only because it was, until the construction of the turnpike road from Newcastle to Jedburgh, actually the only means of communication between the two countries for many miles around. Between the hill-fortress of Breconium, now High Rochester, and the important station of Ad Fines, now called the Makendon Camps, the traffic must have been constant. In later days it was used day and night, chiefly at night by moss-troopers and smugglers; and, lastly, the cattle traffic was immense. Hence it demands no very great exercise of the imagination to picture the stirring and romantic scenes of which this old road was the centre.

There are also many other roads in England which, once famous, are more justly called 'disused' than Watling Street. Go where we will, we come across mutely eloquent relics of a condition of life which has passed away for ever. Just as there is not a county which cannot show one or more stretches of Roman Road, so do we find everywhere the lines of old highways which have fallen into disuse because their *raison d'être* has ceased. Prominent among these were the Pilgrim Roads, of which that between Southampton and Canterbury is the best preserved and the least altered, although traces of the old ways to Walsingham, Glastonbury, and Beverley are still notable. There are still marked on all decent maps Moat Ways, followed by our ancestors when they attended the Hundred Môt or Moot, and usually leading to a tree or a stone; Salt Ways, Rush Ways, Pack-Horse Roads, Bullock Ways, Sand Ways, and Tin Ways, all of which took their names from the chief traffic along them. In Kent we have Keg Ways, which speak of the old smuggling industry, which occupied the entire country-side around Romney Marsh; and Hog Ways, which were used for the traffic in swine from the great forest of the Weald. Finally, in all remote districts, such as the Lake Country, Dartmoor, and Exmoor, the names still exist of Corpse Ways or Lyke Ways, along which bodies were brought for burial, often a distance of many miles.

Let us now go farther afield.

Thirty years ago there was probably not a busier or more important road in the world than the Tocaïdo, or Road of the Eastern Sea, which runs from Tôkyô to Kyôtô in Japan. When the writer first saw it in 1871 it was but a shadow of its former self, and yet might rank amongst the busiest of roads. When we revisited it some four years ago, the silence and solitude of it was even more striking than the silence and solitude of Northumbrian Watling Street, inasmuch as we had personally known it so very different. In 1871 the traffic of the Tocaïdo was purely of business and pleasure; but there are many 'old Japan hands' who can remember when the chief feature of the Tocaïdo life was the constant passage along it of the great feudal lords with their armies of retainers. Such men, for instance, as Satsuma or Mito or Tosa would travel with a retinue of a couple of thousand men each, so that it can easily be imagined what the passage along a none too broad road of a dozen such companies in a day meant. Even in 1871, when only a few shadows of feudalism lingered in the shapes of half-a-dozen proud, sullen old gentlemen who shut themselves up in their castles and refused to move with the times, the Tocaïdo might be considered as the main artery of Japanese life. Here the foreign observer could see every type of the nation as he could not see it elsewhere. From early morn to late at night, especially during the summer season, the Tocaïdo from end to end was one long, closely packed, slowly moving, riding, driving, tramping mass of many-coloured humanity.

Then it was that every alternate building was a house of entertainment, that the temple-bells boomed incessantly, that merry was the tinkle of coppers tumbling into the offering-boxes, that a very babel of sound rose from the dust-enveloped ranks of travellers and resters and pilgrims and itinerant traders on the road, from the floors of the tea-houses, and the cool, dark recesses of the wine-shops. More than this, along the Tocaïdo passed half the inland commerce of the island, so that a group of young bloods rollicking along with song and jest would be succeeded by a string of pack-horses laden with wine, oil, charcoal, rice, or tobacco, and following a party of good citizens out for a day's pleasure would be a grave, quiet quartette of merchants discussing the fall in exchange or the latest news from the mulberry-plains.

As the railway crushed the last life out of Watling Street, so did the railway ruin the Tocaïdo. On the occasion of our last visit we purposely visited a village on the road most distinctly associated in our mind with the bustle and animation of thirty years ago. To say that the effect was to sadden us beyond expression hardly describes it. There was absolutely nothing to remind us of what was. We could not recognise a single feature in the village itself; the railway embankment shut out the view of field, hill, wood, valley, and beyond all the glorious cone of Fuji Yama, which was one of the attractions of a certain tea-house; half the houses were shut up; the other half seemed uninhabited; there was not a human being in sight, and, until the Nagasaki express came tearing along the embankment, not a sound but the croaking of frogs to break the silence. It was as absolutely dead a road as the Street of Tombs in Pompeii, and we were not sorry to take advantage of the very instrument which had killed it, and get back to Yokohama.

Both Northumbrian Watling Street and Japan's Tocaïdo are sad memories of departed life; but the old Appian Way between Rome and Albano is a sermon in stones on the transient character of human grandeur. Quitting Rome by the Porta San Sebastiano, we follow the usual tourist drive as far as the tomb of Cecilia Metella. Beyond this, until about half a century ago, the ancient road had been lost sight of and allowed to be overgrown with grass. It was cleared and the roadside tombs examined, identified, and in some cases restored; but it is rapidly drifting back into its old neglected condition, it is beyond the conventional tourist limits, the solitude and silence are complete, and altogether it is perhaps more inspiring of reflection and soliloquy than if the heaps of stone, brick, tufa, and rubble on either side were nicely rebuilt and numbered, and the paving of great slate-coloured slabs were cleared of grass. After a nine-mile tramp along the absolutely shadeless road, we are glad to sit on the broken shaft of a column and give a loose rein to our fancy. What a procession of historical shadows pass along this old road, so thickly grown with grass that in one place a wild

looking native is cutting a crop, but still clearly defined by an almost unbroken border of stones set edge upwards. Horace on his famous journey to Brundisium, emperors and generals returning with their spoil of booty and captives from distant campaigns, the belted chivalry of the Middle Ages, fair-haired Goths on their way to sack and pillage, Christians on their way to martyrdom, statesmen, soldiers, politicians, priests, the best, the worst, the greatest, the most learned of all climes and of all conditions, all the Popes, all the crowned heads of Europe, most of the giants in art and science, and last, but not least notable, the brethren who came out of Rome to meet Paul and his companions. To-day, the only visitors to this land of the dead are the shepherd, the grass-cutter, and the very occasional foreign traveller.

Apart from the sentimental associations with this spot, there is history all around us. Close to the stone which marks, or is placed to mark, the ninth mile from the walls of Rome, is the reputed site of the Three Taverns. Not far away are the mounds which traditionally mark the tombs of the two Horatii and the three Curatii who fell in the famous fight so familiar to us as schoolboys. Here too, it is said, was buried Alexander Severus, a peculiarly interesting individual to the Englishman, who, connecting him rightly or wrongly with the building of the Great Wall, cannot help wondering if he was familiar with the old Northumbrian road we first described. Not until the tenth milestone from Rome is reached is our day-dream, covering so many centuries and peopled with so many famous figures, dispelled by modern influences. Here the old road is crossed by a railway bridge, and soon after, as if in deference to the reigning order of things, it begins to assume a more prosaic appearance, and presently joins the New Appian Way—a pretty old construction, but a mere thing of yesterday compared with the object of our attention—and so brings us to Albano.

Road-making and empire have always gone hand-in-hand, although it cannot be said that our national efforts in the work of conquering by the spade have ever been at all comparable to the work of the

Romans, the Spaniards of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, or the modern French. Possibly one very pregnant reason for the slow progress of our West Indian islands since the abolition of the slave-trade and the decay of the cane-sugar industry may be found in the almost complete absence of inland roads in these most fertile and beautiful islands. Jamaica has now good roads; but until within the last half-century it almost entirely depended upon roads made by the Spaniards during their tenancy. Some of these roads, constructed in the straight, assertive Roman fashion, have, since the transfer of the capital from Spanish Town to Kingston, fallen into disuse, and are already, thanks to the extraordinary exuberance of destructive vegetation, becoming obliterated. On one of these there used to be milestones upon which the distances were figured from Spanish Town under its original name, Santiago de la Vega. In Dominica we have come across, high up in the mountains, stretches of well-paved and barrelled roads constructed during the French occupation, but allowed to fall into decay during ours, the result being that upon the outcry that the island was not given a chance to get rid of its magnificent products for the want of means of communication between the coast and the inland districts, Government is being put to heavy expense to make new roads and repair the old ones.

Europe, of course, shows the most striking specimens of famous disused roads. Practically the Mont Cenis and St Gothard tunnels have dealt the death-blow to those splendid transalpine roads which so strongly impressed the traveller of half a century ago. We have ourselves tramped along the Corniche Road on the Mediterranean coast between Fréjus and Genoa, and, except in the neighbourhood of the great pleasure-resorts, have had it so entirely to ourselves as to be able at intervals to drop down to the beach for a swim and to sit drying in the sun without a solitary soul to shock by our behaviour. The automobile and the bicycle have wakened up this and other dead roads from their long sleep; but, were it not for them, they might fairly be classed amongst famous disused roads.

COMEDY EAST AND TRAGEDY WEST.

CHAPTER II.



ALTHOUGH Mr Eardley was only thirty-five, his nerves were shaken and his digestion unsatisfactory. The *Journal of Commerce* had called the latest of his business transactions more profitable than creditable; but it had not reckoned against the profit certain sleepless nights and trembling days. Mr Eardley had not the necessary grit for a raider of the market. He had decided that his next important venture should be in a line in which he

had reason to feel some confidence in his powers. A very slight thinning of the hair on his crown and a quite trifling expansion of his waist had not yet materially impaired his satisfaction in his personal fascinations. So he had resolved to marry the rich Miss Carter.

As the *Etruria* backed out into the North River and turned her head down the Bay, he went to his office in Pearl Street. There he found his partner and his letters. The first letter he opened bore the post-mark of Blue Forks, Colorado.

'I'm off this afternoon, Jim,' he said as he laid it down.

'To Colorado, old man?'

'Yes.'

'What kind of people are these cousins of yours out there?'

'I don't know. Never saw them. Never wished to see them. But the doctor says I must get out of this altogether for a couple of months if my nerves are ever to be worth a cent again. The thing's over, Jim; but this break-up is an item in the bill I didn't include, and it's got to be footed. I want rest, and perhaps the least bit of nursing. I remembered the folks west, and wrote; and here's their answer. They'll be happy to have me for as long as I like. I'll get my sleep again out there.'

'No doubt. But you might have slept on the *Etruria*, and improved the shining hour when you happened to be awake.'

The partners had no secrets.

'No, Jim,' said Eardley. 'You forget that her father goes with her, and he's rather shy of me just at present.'

'That's unlucky.'

'Of course it's not a thing he's likely to think of telling her; unless'—

'Unless he sees you around too much.'

'That's so. I can meet her at lots of places after they come back. Things don't take long to get forgotten in New York, and—well, it's like this'—

'I know. If once you secure the girl, eh? And I guess you can be left alone to attend to that part of the business.' He looked Eardley over from head to foot with smiling approval. 'Old man Carter will have to come round like a good American poppa.'

'Well, that's the idea.'

Meanwhile the fair breeze blew, the white foam flew, and the *Etruria* sped on her way eastward; and by the time she had ceased to dash aside the broken packing-cases and empty bottles which the brown stream of the majestic Hudson carries far out to sea, and was meeting the scraps of orange-yellow seaweed that float on the dark-blue rollers of the Gulf Stream, Eardley was flying towards the passes of the Alleghanies in a Pennsylvania Line Pullman-car.

After a comfortable dinner he strolled into the 'smoker.' He sat down, lit a cigar, rang for the attendant, told him to bring the library catalogue, and selected a novel. His cigar finished, he went to bed in a reserved section, drew the curtains, and turned on the light of the electric lamp behind his head to read a little before falling asleep. The car flew over the well-ballasted track like a bird in the air. He had never been 'west' before. He had never been to Europe either. He thought of the tossing ship and of what he had heard, and, like a good American, believed, of the antiquated dis-

comforts of European travel. And though he had, as he knew, several days' railroad journey to make before reaching his destination, he congratulated himself on having remained in his own country—'God's country' the patriotic writer of the novel he was reading (a domestic product) called it, with characteristic complacency.

After a while he had to change to a railroad on which the Pullman-cars were older, and the passengers were no longer accommodated with bath, library, 'tonsorial parlour,' and electric reading-lamps; and before the end of his journey he had been bumped and jerked for many hours along an ill-laid line on a worse-made road, in unalleviated heat and dust. Eardley knew very well that, even in 'God's country,' the 'wild and woolly west' is rude. The conditions of his own early life had been far from luxurious; but he had lived for some years among a set in New York with whom luxury was indispensable to 'good form,' and now he had an invalid's sensitiveness to discomfort in addition to an underbred man's impatience. His satisfaction with his holiday-plan had evaporated before he drew near his destination. Nor did the prospect tend to recall it when he arrived on a hot afternoon at the unplatformed station of a western village, and climbed stiffly down from the car to the cindered roadway.

There were the muddy wagons, with their rough little horses and harness that is never cleaned; the unwashed cowboys on ungroomed ponies; the waste-paper, battered preserve-tins, and empty barrels; the telegraph wires overhead with the bills of quack medicines on their weather-gray posts; the ugly buildings with their glaring signs; and there were the lounging men in blue shirt-sleeves and broken elastic-sided boots, whites and negroes alike slovenly, shabby, and disreputable.

As Eardley stared around him a tall, bronzed and bearded young man, dressed in a suit of ready-made homespun, who was scanning the arriving passengers from an unwashed buggy, caught sight of him, and, after looking him over attentively, came out from the crowd and drove up with his team.

'You Mr Eardley?' he inquired, with a friendly smile. 'Yes? Then get right in. Give me your checks. I'll get your baggage, and then we'll start. We've got to call for Miss Winans at the store.'

Eardley's relatives were the widowed Mrs Winans and her only daughter.

The store was not far from the station, and there they were joined by a slender young lady in a fresh muslin gown. Eardley became vividly conscious of his dusty boots and his pulpy shirt-collar.

His driver introduced him, saying as he jumped down, 'Mary, I believe this is your cousin from New York.—Don't get down, Mr Eardley; Miss Winans will sit behind us.—And now, Mary, perhaps you had better introduce me to your cousin.'

'Mr Edward Ross, Mr Eardley,' said Mary.
'Mr Eardley,' said Ross, holding out his hand,
'I am happy to meet you.'

Eardley shook hands.

Ross helped the girl to her seat, stowed a number of parcels into the wagon, and resumed his place.

The streets of Blue Forks are wide and straight; but, like those of the northern half of the city of Washington, they belong to the future rather than the present. Meantime they are staked off accurately, provided with two-plank side-walks, and furnished at each crossing with an unpainted pine-mast that carries an electric lamp whose milky globe is enclosed in wire. The roadway is a strip of unmacadamised prairie, which the traffic has turned into bottomless dust when dry, bottomless mud when wet; and the rains have diversified it with 'wash-outs' here and there, in the bottom of which lie big stones and patches of mud that remain sticky a week longer than the surface. In the centre of the town there are one or two stone and brick buildings as plain as packing-cases, and some of these have a bit of concrete pavement in front. But presently brick is succeeded by wood, the houses grow sparser, the vacant lots frequent, fences become more and more trivial, the side-walk breaks off at the last 'frame' shanty, and the village merges into the prairie.

The Winans homestead was not far outside the village, and the drive was too short, dusty, and rough for conversation. With cat-like activity, Ross's team whirled the light carriage into and out of holes, over boulders and round corners. American steel axles and hickory wheels are made to stand this kind of work; but Eardley was unpractised in the art of keeping his seat under such conditions. It was all he could do to avoid flying off into space. A light conversation with the young lady behind him seemed called for; but it was out of the question.

There are persons who seem to become disintegrated in the presence of the opposite sex. Eardley was one of those men on whom introduction to a pretty girl acts like a pinch of salt dropped on a snail. They melt, they languish and squirm, their solid flesh dissolves itself into a dew, and they become bodily a froth of speech and gesture.

Eardley held on to the rail, feeling that his involuntary movements must seem ridiculous. He was not the kind of man who can join in mirth at his own expense, and so he promptly received into the brotherhood of good fellows. He held on and suffered.

To Miss Winans, however, he did not appear at all ridiculous. She had no great sense of humour, and she even suspected, with a little indignation, that Ned Ross was giving the 'tenderfoot' more jolts than he need have done. If so, Ned did not act with the wisdom of the serpent. While woman in all ages has admired the strong, by the blessing of God she has also pitied the suffering. Mary

knew that this cousin from the unknown magical east had come to the barbarian land in search of rest and health, and she was prepared to be very good to him, not doubting that he should prove worthy. She cherished hopes of learning from him, of getting glimpses into eastern culture. There would be little chance of that if he were to dislike them all from the first, thinking the men rude and the girls vulgar. She had made a little effort (with circumspection, for she did not wish Ned to notice it) to be specially smart in her dress. She wished that not only herself but everything and everybody in Blue Forks should make an agreeable impression on the New York cousin. It was for this reason she had asked the minister to supper. Ned Ross, though every bit as intelligent, had an abominable habit of sitting silent when he had nothing to say. She was a little disappointed with Ned, although she stood somewhat in awe of him, and accordingly she rewarded Eardley with one of her best smiles when they stopped and he jumped down and offered his hand to assist her to alight. Ned sat still in his seat, holding his horses, while Mary's mother welcomed the visitor, and the coloured boy shuffled into the house with the baggage.

CHAPTER III.

PRACTICES introduced by an artificial and self-conscious civilisation have obscured to the casual eye many characteristics which man still possesses in common with the lower animals. One is the fact that the male of every species is naturally the more ornamental, while the female is the more useful; and that he is prompted by instinct and aided by nature to adorn himself for her captivation. Striking examples are common among bipeds both with and without feathers. In the fowl and in the savage the thing is conspicuous; but even among the advanced nations of mankind, where the male civilian, or working bee of the human hive, has degenerated to dingy broadcloth, and the fair sex and the military alone array themselves with the glory of Solomon, the attentive eye can see it, and, on occasion, it is obvious to the meanest comprehension.

When Mr Eardley appeared at supper he had made his toilet and cleansed himself from the stains of travel; and his coat, his linen, his hair, his hands, and his jewellery were of an elegance new to Blue Forks.

Besides his hostess and her daughter, and Ross—who, as Eardley afterwards learned, boarded in the house and assisted Mrs Winans in the management of her farm, which adjoined his own—there was present another young man who was introduced to him as Mr Walsh. He was a bright-eyed little fellow, who held his head as if he were always trying to make himself taller, and gave Eardley's hand a grip that made him wince. The two women

vied with each other in hospitable attention to the stranger. Mary brought the dishes to the table, and her mother pressed him to eat.

'Cousin Walter,' she said, 'I want to say again that I'm real glad to see you. This is your first visit west?'

'I suppose Chicago isn't west any more?' said he.

'No, indeed! You've got to cross the Mississippi now, I reckon, before you can say you've been west.'

'Then this is my first visit. I generally go to Europe of course, and my friends the Carters—I dare say you've heard of Tom Carter the Produce King, as we call him in New York?—they pressed me to go with them on the *Etruria*; but I had decided to come here, and I never care to change my plans.'

'That has been fortunate for us. Here are Mary and I who have never been east, never across the Mississippi from this side. We hear about you eastern folks from Mr Walsh.'

Eardley started and glanced at Walsh.

'He's a New Englander himself,' she continued, 'and I believe Connecticut ain't very far from New York.'

'Now, Mrs Winans,' said Walsh, 'you know very well I'm a citizen of this State, and a true westerner,—by adoption.'

'And we're proud to have you, sir.'

'Mr Walsh came west, like you,' she added, turning to Eardley, 'in search of health.'

'And never managed to get back again,' said Walsh, with a smile.

'Ah!' said Eardley, 'is that so? Well, I can understand it.' He made a little bow to Mrs Winans, but glanced at Mary. The faintest wave of colour rose in Mary's face and subsided again. Ross's breath came audibly through his nostrils, and Walsh looked down at the table.

Mrs Winans stared at Eardley through her spectacles.

'Mr Walsh is our pastor,' she said.

Again Eardley looked at Walsh, and this time in evident surprise.

The younger man, whose clothes, though dark in colour, were of no clerical cut, laughed and said, 'I won't ask you to say your catechism, Mr Eardley—at least not without giving you notice, so that you may get posted.'

'Very good,' said Eardley. 'I guess if you'll let me know in time I'll get Miss Mary to give me a few pointers and be ready for you.'

Walsh made no answer to this, though he was a man by nature inclined to talk.

Ross sat silent also. It was his habit to hold his tongue, but not because he became abstracted when other people were talking. On the contrary, he was such a good listener that as a rule nobody noticed he spoke but little. Thus he was an immense favourite; for those who liked to talk were not interrupted, and they always believed that he agreed with them. They had a feeling that they were saying just what Ned would have said if he had only had their gift of eloquence.

After the meal Mrs Winans rose.

'Now, Cousin Walter,' she said, 'Mary and I will say good-night. A'n't you tired? Don't you want a long sleep after your journey? You go right to bed as soon as you want to. We must send you back to New York strong and well, you know.'

'What if I shouldn't wish to go?' This was addressed frankly to Mary. Eardley had risen and turned his back without ceremony on her mother.

Mrs Winans was displeased.

'In that case,' she said, 'you'd best learn our ways, and we keep early hours here. Ned will get you anything you want. Good-night.'

'A cigar, Mr Eardley?' politely suggested the young minister.

But it appeared that Eardley did not care to sit up after the women had gone.

Left alone together, the two young men smoked their pipes in silence, and for some time did not even look at each other. After a while the parson shrugged his shoulders.

'"Boulder" is a good American word, I guess?' he said interrogatively.

Ross nodded without removing his pipe from his mouth.

When Mary went to bed she lay awake a long time and thought of Eardley's blue eyes and their frequent glances at herself. She thought of his beautiful hair, of his moustache, his hands, even of his patent-leather shoes. She could remember everything he had said—the very words. She did not wish to go to sleep, her thoughts were too interesting. But it takes a good deal to interfere for long with the sleep of a healthy and busy girl. When she became sleepy she told herself she would see him again in the morning. Then she shut her eyes and turned her face to the pillow with a happy little sigh.



REARING CHICKENS WITH AN INCUBATOR.



WE hear a great deal about poultry-farming nowadays, and the question is often asked, 'Does it pay?'—poultry-farming, that is, where ground has to be leased for the purpose, and every scrap of food bought and paid for in hard cash. I do not intend to try to answer that vexed question. So much depends on climate and situation, the value and extent of the ground taken up, the facilities for disposing of the produce at good prices, and other similar considerations. I merely wish to give some information, based on practical experience, which may help others who think they might with advantage reorganise their modes of procedure, and perhaps make their poultry pay better.

Most people are the better of a hobby; and let any lady living in the country, with a little leisure on her hands and unlimited ground at her disposal, or a girl just home from school and looking about for 'something to do,' begin to bestow a little attention on the hitherto unheeded barn-door fowl, and she will be astonished to find how interesting as well as profitable the pastime will become.

It is no wonder that we hear the oft-repeated remark that hens don't pay if we leave them to be looked after in the hap-hazard way they generally are: hatched at any time from May till July, according to the time the 'cluckers' choose to sit, carelessly fed by a servant, and kept until they are four or five years old. With a little care and attention they can be made a profitable branch of domestic economy, even if nothing further be attempted than to have a plentiful supply of eggs and of fowls for the table.

'I would like to get more eggs; but I hate hens,' I hear some fair reader exclaim. I can entirely sympathise with her. I, too, hated hens until driven by sheer necessity to invest in an incubator; for, living in an exposed situation seven hundred feet above sea-level, I found that my hens resolutely refused to 'cluck' at all until it was far too late to rear chickens intended for laying purposes. An incubator was purchased, also a foster-mother, and soon my hatred of hens began to vanish.

There is no doubt that hatching chickens in this way saves both time and trouble. The chickens can be brought out as early in the season as desired, in January and February if good shelter can be obtained; and early chickens fetch very high prices in April and May. Then a large number of eggs can be set together, thus saving the trouble of attending to eight or nine sitting hens; and when hatched the chickens can be carefully fed with small quantities of good food, without the risk of the mother-hen eating the most of it, as generally happens.

There are many good incubators now in the

market. Hearson's perhaps stands first; but it is also first in price. I have worked with Tamlin's 'Nonpareil,' and have found it most successful. It is not advisable to buy a very cheap machine, or a second-hand one, unless the purchaser knows that it is in thorough working order, as a fault in the working might ruin a whole drawerful of eggs. If economy must be studied, it is better to confine it to other things, such as runs, coops, &c.

When the incubator has been bought and placed on the floor or on a steady table in a cool, quiet place—such as an unused room or empty attic, where there is not likely to be any great variation of temperature—it should be worked for a day or two empty, to see that the temperature is keeping at the desired point, and that the art of regulating it is clearly understood, before the eggs are placed inside.

The eggs should be quite fresh. Even if gathered for any special purpose, they ought never to be more than a week old. Eggs sent from a distance should always be allowed to lie for twenty-four hours after arrival before they are put into the machine; and, as they require to be turned night and morning, it is a good plan to mark each egg with a cross on one side and a circle on the other, as it can thus be seen at a glance if all the eggs have been turned.

The lamp should be filled with oil every morning, and the wick trimmed both night and morning. Some people only trim it once a day; but this is a great mistake. Last summer I nearly lost a setting of sixty eggs through my own carelessness in this respect. After attending to the wick night and morning for three weeks, I had been out on the last evening before the chicks were due, and returning home at a somewhat late hour, and seeing that the lamp was burning clearly, I went to bed without trimming it. What was my horror when I was rudely awakened in the small hours of the following morning—a Sunday—by the housemaid bursting into my room with the appalling announcement that 'the house is fu' o' smoke, an' I'm feared there's something wrang wi' the incubator.' I rushed out without waiting to don many garments, and found that the lobbies were indeed suspiciously full of smoke. When I threw open the door of the room—fortunately not furnished—where the incubator was, I found it black with smoke and festooned with soot. The untrimmed lamp had begun to smoke, and soon the tiny chimney became blocked, and this was the result. Opening the window, I drew out the incubator-drawer, to find that the thermometer registered over one hundred and ten degrees—a fatal point. Here let me add a word of warning to all who possess incubators: never give up a case as hopeless at the first glance.

Temperatures have gone up and temperatures have gone down, drawers have been left open and eggs have been chilled, and yet they have hatched out all right in the end.

I cleaned my flues, relit my lamp, and went off to church in a chastened mood, certain that the sixty chickens I had been counting in my mind the night before, regardless of the proverb, were either roasted or suffocated in their shells. Needless to say, my delight was great when I found on my return an egg chipped, the forerunner of many more.

At the end of a week the eggs should be tested and all the unfertile ones removed, to be laid aside and boiled for the chickens when they appear. Egg-testers can be bought from any poultry-appliance agent; but perfectly good ones can be made at home by taking a large piece of cardboard and cutting an oval hole in the centre of it, a little smaller than an egg. By darkening the room and holding this cardboard up in front of a lamp, with the egg placed against the hole, the contents can be clearly seen. If it is fertile the germ will be seen floating about, like a spider with long arms; if unfertile the egg will be quite clear, and ought to be removed at once. The vacant places should then be filled up with fresh eggs; but care must be taken to place a thick piece of cardboard for twenty-four hours between these eggs and the others already in the incubator, otherwise the latter would be apt to be chilled. It should always be kept in mind that the drawer should be drawn out as carefully and steadily as possible, as sudden jars may kill the chickens in the shell or cause deformity, while all sudden loud noises, such as the violent banging of the door of the room, should be avoided. I find that brown eggs, those laid by Rocks or Orpingtons or Wyandottes (Golden Wyandottes in particular), seem to have thicker shells or thicker membranes inside their shells than other eggs, and hatch out better if they are sprinkled with tepid water once a day for a few days before hatching.

Chickens intended for the market cannot be hatched too early, while those intended for laying purposes ought to be hatched in March or the early part of April. If they are hatched earlier than this they are apt to lay a few eggs in September, then moult like adult birds; while if they are hatched later they may not begin to lay until the following spring. Of course the great object to be aimed at is to rear young birds which will lay in winter when eggs are scarce.

A good business can be done by hatching pure-bred chickens and selling them when a day or two old to be given to clucking hens. Some ladies dispose of large numbers of chicks in this way.

If the incubator has worked well the chickens will begin to chip their shells about the twentieth day. When one puts the ear to the machine and hears numerous little tappings going on inside, like fairy hammers, there is a great temptation to open

the drawer very often, just to see how matters are progressing. This is a mistake, however, for at this point a draught of cold air will kill a weakly chicken struggling to get out of its shell. The drawer should be opened every six hours, not oftener, and then all chipped eggs should be turned with the chipped side uppermost, and all chickens which are fully hatched taken out and placed in the drying-box, and the shells removed. It is not advisable to help any chicken out of its shell unless the shell has been chipped for twelve hours and its little occupant seems to be making no further progress.

When the chickens are perfectly dry the next thing to be done is to place them in the foster-mother, which should previously have been heated to ninety-five degrees. I may here explain, for the benefit of those unacquainted with poultry terms, that a foster-mother is a box or closed-in coop with a lamp inside, not a special kind of hen, as some friends of mine imagined. I always keep my foster-mother in the house for the first two days, in the scullery, as tiny chicks need constant attention. There are two compartments in it, so that they can be fed inside, making no mess on the floor, and my cook is good-natured.

The little creatures require no food for the first twenty-four hours; after that comes the time to use the unfertile eggs which were removed from the incubator at the end of the first week. They must be boiled very hard, chopped up very finely, and mixed with bread-crumbs. This is the best food that can be given to chickens for the first two days. It should be given every two hours. If sprinkled down before them they soon learn to pick it up greedily; but never throw down more than they want, as it soon sours and becomes unfit to eat.

After two days I have the foster-mother carried outside and placed on a sheltered stretch of grass, and the door opened so that the chicks can run outside. I ought to mention that they require no water for the first three days; after that a plentiful supply should be given, and, if possible, a little skim-milk.

It is a great protection against cats, crows, &c. to have a variety of little wire-netted runs, under which the chickens can be out on the grass and yet be free from harm. These can easily be made at home, and cost next to nothing. I made the first ones I used out of strong cardboard dress-boxes, cutting out the bottom so as to leave only the framework. I covered them with wire netting, and cut little openings in the ends. By placing three or four of these together a splendid run can be obtained; and in very cold or wet weather pieces of glass from old picture-frames or broken windows can be laid on the netting, thus keeping the chicks warm and dry. For the first fortnight the staple food may be oatmeal mixed to a crumbly consistency with cold water—warm water makes it sticky—varied by bread-crumbs, boiled rice, soaked chicken-meal, and scraps from the table

cut up very finely. Grass, dandelions, and lettuce ought also to be given, cut across into small pieces with scissors, care being taken not to give any long, stringy pieces.

Grit should always be added to the soft food. This is most important, as it aids digestion and also prevents liver-disease. A piece of sandstone crushed down makes excellent grit for the tiny chickens, and afterwards crushed shells or flint grit, which may be bought very cheap, can be used. A pinch of salt should always be given, but only a pinch. As a child I killed a whole brood of chickens by serving them up a highly spiced meal. I had been told that they ought always to have salt in their food; but I did not temper zeal with discretion, and many bitter tears did not bring those birdies back to life again.

As soon as the chickens are big enough to swallow it, a little grain should be thrown down—not too much at first. 'Tail wheat' is admirable for this purpose; the grains are much smaller than ordinary wheat, and a little goes a long way, and it can be bought from any grain-importer. I must warn my readers against buying 'broken grain,' so often advertised at low prices; it is neither good nor economical, generally consisting of little more than husks, and may be most injurious to poultry.

After three or four weeks, chickens may be fed with a mixture of maize, gray meal, and sharps, mixed to a crumbling consistency with boiling water, alternated with grain. At this age a teaspoonful of bone-meal (Spratt's) mixed with their soft food is a great help in rearing strong, well-grown birds.

About this age the fowls begin to grow their feathers, and often chicks which have been quite healthy up till now begin to droop and die off. It helps to prevent this if a little sulphur and soot—say half-a-teaspoonful of each—is added to their soft food twice a week; but this ought not to be given on cold or rainy days. It is not generally known that feathers consist largely of sulphur and carbon, and if these ingredients be supplied to the birds they feather much easier. This applies also to moulting hens.

Fresh water should be supplied twice a day, and never allowed to stand in the sun. There is no more productive cause of 'gapes' than stagnant water.

At the end of five weeks the lamp in the foster-mother can be dispensed with during the day, and when the chickens are six or seven weeks old, according to the state of the weather, they can be put in an ordinary house, with plenty of straw to nestle amongst.

Gapes and croup are the ailments most to be guarded against, and the great preventive is thorough cleanliness. If the chickens are crowded on a small piece of ground, sprinkle it over with dry lime and water it after they have gone to roost, or choose a wet night, so that the lime may be slaked and washed into the soil. Keep the

foster-mother scrupulously clean. I brush mine out every other day with an ordinary heather scrubber, and renew the litter; and once a week I dredge it out thoroughly with sulphur, chickens and all.

For litter, dry earth mixed with soft moss, chaff, peat, or sawdust is much preferable to hay or straw, as it can be raked over. Dry earth and ashes, too, make a most sanitary bed; but the chicks are apt to look black and woebegone after sleeping in it. Anything is better, however, than vermin and dirt, which soon bring disease and death.

A word as to the different breeds. For egg-production it is generally agreed that the lightly feathered, non-sitting varieties are best: Minorcas, Leghorns, Andalusians, Aneonas, and Campines. This is perfectly true; but it must always be kept in mind that these birds do not lay well in winter and are very susceptible to cold, especially Minorcas. I ought perhaps to except Aneonas, which thrive and lay well in exposed positions and on cold clayey soil, and which are splendid foragers. On the other hand, the heavily feathered breeds—Orpingtons, Wyandottes, and Rocks—which lay well in winter and are good birds for the table, are keen brooders, and one does not wish to have the nests filled with clucking hens all summer when there is no need for them. For all-round purposes I think it is best to keep a stock of each kind—say Minorcas and Leghorns—for summer laying, and Orpingtons and Wyandottes for winter eggs and for table purposes. If these birds are pure-bred, a good supply of crosses can always be obtained, and it is well to remember that first crosses are always the strongest birds and the best layers. No bird should be kept longer than three years. If the stock can be kept up, it is better to kill or sell all old birds just before they moult in their second year, thus obtaining two good laying seasons from them; after this age their laying powers grow less every year, and they certainly do not improve for table purposes.

IN MEMORIAM:

NURSE MAUD,

Who died from blood-poisoning, contracted while nursing a patient in the Kent and Canterbury Hospital, 3rd May 1903.

ONE of the Great White Army*

Which fights with disease and death,
Wounded, but fighting bravely,
Nigh to her latest breath.

ONE of His bravest soldiers,

Though she wore but a nurse's gown,
Fighting under the blood-red Cross,
Winning a martyr's crown.

Only a hospital nurse!

Only a frail, sweet girl;
But she wore the white robe, and she bore the palm,
As she passed through the Gate of Pearl!

* *The Two Armies* (Oliver Wendell Holmes).



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

THE SONG OF HYACINTH.

By JOHN OXENHAM,

Author of *Barbe of Grand Bayou*, *Bondman Free*, *John of Gerisau*, *Under the Iron Flail*, &c.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

KATHERINE caught her breath. For a measureless moment, which had in it the elements of eternity, it seemed to her that her heart stopped beating and fluttered in her throat. Then her breath came again in a sigh whose only expression was the quick rise and the long, slow fall of her bosom.

Her husband, bending over her with the official letter crumpled in his hand, saw it, and the twist of pain which wrung his heart for her was like the thrust of a bayonet. He bent lower and kissed her tenderly. His face was very grave, lips tight-set under the thick moustache, jaws squared to the facing of odds. The gentler face below bore the same signs, on a softer scale but with no less determination. The tightening of the sweet lips threw into prominence the traces of her northern descent, and disturbed the delicate sweep from eye to chin, which was one of Captain Charles's memories of the early days when he used to sit and worship her at a distance. He caught the pathetic foreboding in her dark eyes; and, soldier though he was, and fearless for himself, his own eyes were misty for a moment as he kissed her again, and said:

'It is hard on us, dearest; but the past will always be ours, and we will hope for the best. Promise me, Kate, to hope for the best;' and his manner implied how much the past had held for them. Of the hope he urged upon her he himself showed little sign.

'If only'—she began. Then she shook off her useless longings, and said more valiantly, 'Yes, dear, we will live upon the past until—until we are together again.' And the thought in both their hearts was that in this world that might never be.

They had been married close on eight months.

He had that moment received orders to proceed to the front with his regiment.

And she—she was looking forward, with such

No. 303.—VOL. VI.

spirit as she could muster, to a campaign of her own of quite a different character—its object the giving, not the taking, of life—she herself the sole campaigner, and likely now, she said to herself, to be the certain victim. She had looked for the comfort and heartening of his nearness when the time came; and now—he must go and she must face it all alone.

If she had looked forward with anxiety before, now her fears were doubled; for her mind would be full of forebodings on his account, and if anything happened to him, truly her only desire would be to join him as quickly as might be. Nay, she had, in her thoughts, already discounted the worst. Already she was saying to herself that when they parted now they parted for ever, until they all three met where partings have no place. She knew that it was as hard for him to leave her to face it alone as it was for her; that the dangers of the field would be to him as nothing compared with the anguish of anxiety he would suffer all the time on her account.

But in becoming a soldier's wife she had accepted all the possibilities. Her own fears for herself must not add to the burden of his fears for her. He would carry weight enough as it was. A leader of men must wear no doleful face. She would do her best to bear herself bravely during the days that remained to them. She would have days enough when he was gone to grieve for his going and to gaze into the hollow face of the future. Happy the warrior who carries his family inside his helmet! So, for the few days that were left to them—full, busy days for him; and, for her, treasures priceless as waning drops to shipwrecked sailors—she wore a brave mask and bore herself cheerfully.

He, amid all the bustle of his preparations—for the call had been an unexpected one consequent on a distant disaster—found time to bring her in thing after thing that caught his eye as he sped to and

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fro, and which he thought would cheer and amuse her in his absence.

She wanted no single one of them. Of what slightest avail was any earthly thing to afford her one infinitesimal morsel of comfort for the loss of him? But she would have bitten her tongue through sooner than whisper it to the wall. It pleased him to think he was giving her pleasure, and so she allowed herself to be pleased.

Of all the things he brought her we are concerned with only one.

She was passionately fond of flowers. Winter was coming. Of all the winter blooms her favourite was the hyacinth, growing on the window-ledge while all the outside world was bound in ice and snow or smothered in fog and mud. He would fit her out with the finest hyacinths he could find, and they should whisper of him when he was gone.

As he sped one day through the purlieus that lie betwixt Piccadilly and the Strand, with hyacinths lurking in a cranny of his brain, his eye lighted suddenly on a row of glasses, which looked to him like something new in hyacinth-glasses, in the window of a shabby little curio-shop. He stopped his cab and went in.

'Those,' he said, pointing to them. 'What are they for, and how much?'

'Ah!' said the old man in charge, 'they're unky, they are—quite unky!'

'I beg your pardon?'

'Quite unky! Not another set like 'em in the world's far's I know.'

'I see. What are they for?'

'Growing things in, I reckon. They come from Holland, where they're great on that kind of thing, I'm told.'

'How much?'

'There's eight of 'em. I want five bob apiece. As I say, they're unky. Take the set, and we'll call it thirty shillings.'

'All sound?' and Captain Charles flicked one lightly here and there with his finger.

They rang true and sound—full, sweet, long-drawn tuneful notes which still hummed on the air of the dark little shop while the two men went on talking.

'All sound,' said the old man. 'Take 'em?'

'Yes, I'll take them if you can pack them so that they won't break.'

'Right!' and the old man hauled out a flat wooden box, and packed the glasses with much precaution and an ample supply of fine wood shavings.

Katherine had expressed the pleasure she had done her best to feel on receiving many of the things he had brought her. But when he carefully unpacked those old glasses and set them up in a row before her there was no slightest reservation in the genuineness of her enjoyment.

'Oh, how beautiful!' she cried. 'And how very odd! Where on earth did you get them, Charlie?'

'Picked them up in a curio-shop. Odd, aren't they? I thought you'd like them.'

'I have never seen anything like them. They are delicious.'

'The old chap said they were unky, quite unky. I thought they'd please you. Listen!' and he rang them one after another with a flick of the finger.

Katherine sat listening to the sweet, quavering notes. Then she swiftly changed the positions of the glasses, and said, 'Now again, please!'

He tapped them one by one all down the row, and said, 'Well, I'm blowed!' and stood staring at them. For the glasses sang the notes of a perfect octave, and the sweet tones rang out soft and round, and seemed to rise and fall in slowly lengthening, slowly dwindling vibrations, till at last they died away; and the silence they left seemed the sweeter for their having filled it.

Captain Charles, drawing a pencil from his pocket, proceeded to pick out on the row of glasses, with a stumble here and there, the one tune he knew on the piano, 'Home, Sweet Home,' and before he got through he regretted that he had begun; for his own eyes were misty at thought of it all, and he did not dare to look at Katherine, and the last notes got somewhat mixed in consequence.

'I am so glad you got them,' she said at last, when the mellow tremors of the maltreated tune had died away. 'They are quite the dearest things you could have got me. How very odd they are!'

And truly they were odd. Down below they spread out in beautiful flowing curves widening at the base into globes of size, all fluted with tiny volutions, which swept round and round and upwards towards the neck, where they were no more than the trailings of a hair. Above the neck the delicate flutings grew again, widened and deepened, and swept round and round the waving curves of the cup till they swirled out of sight and were lost in the convolutions of the down-turned rim. No two of the cups were alike in shape, and all the glasses were distinct in colour. They looked so like great southern sea-shells, with their whorlings and flutings, that Captain Charles placed one to his ear and heard therein the sound of the tireless sea.

As they stood in their octave the one that sang the highest note was white—clear white, not opaque—and flecked with silvery notes like unexpected snow-flakes falling through the thin white sunshine of a young spring day. The next was clear, bright yellow—not the faded yellow of age, but a vivid, vital blaze like the early morning sunbeams; the next was sweet pale-green, like the first tender flushing of the woods in the spring; the next was blue, like the cloudless sky of summer; the next was blue, like the Mediterranean Sea; the next was orange, like the amber glow of sunset; the next was royal ruby-red; and the eighth and last was glowing purple.

'They are wonderful,' said Katherine. 'They grow upon you the more you look at them. Will you get me bulbs for them, dear?'

'I've got them,' he said—'the very best they had. I hope they'll do well, and you'll think of me every time you look at them.'

'I'll think of you in any case,' she said, with an April smile which held the hint of tears.

He had been gone six weeks, and her spirits had descended as steadily as the thermometer from the moment of their parting.

She had had a cheery letter from him at Madeira—God knows how he managed to write it, for his spirits were as low as hers—in which he strenuously insisted on her keeping her heart up, both for her own sake and Somebody Else's. Then the papers notified the ship's arrival at Capetown, and now she was looking forward to his first letter after landing. After that she knew that letters might be few and far between. He would write whenever opportunity offered—that she was sure of. But the mischances of war might prevent what he wrote from ever reaching her, and her fears would fill all the gaps in their correspondence with the most dreadful possibilities. She would strive against it; but she knew it would be so. She was only human, and in circumstances such as these poor humanity has a bias towards the shadowy side of the road.

With his last kiss on her working lips, which would not keep straight for all her efforts, and the thrill of his passionate embrace still about her, and that long, deep, longing look in his eyes, which was more of a prayer for her than any words that ever were uttered, she had said to herself, 'It is good-bye for ever. I shall never see him again, until—until'—

When, in spite of herself, she could not but think of all he was going to, it seemed to her impossible that it could be otherwise. How could a man possibly come through it all alive? Some did—some few; but how very many did not! Half her acquaintances were in mourning. She had seen Jessie Carmichael drive past within an hour of Charlie's parting from her. They were married the same day; and Jack Carmichael lay under the veldt, and Jessie lay back in her carriage, deadly white under her little black bonnet, with great black circles under her eyes, and her eyes themselves such wells of hopeless grief that even casual passers-by when they saw them said to themselves, 'Poor young thing! The war again!' And Katherine said to herself, 'Any day, any day, and I shall be like that. Poor Jessie! Poor Jack! My poor, poor Charlie! And my poor little baby that is not born! Oh, the war! the war! God have mercy on us all!' and then she would lie down on her couch and cry her heart out for the bitterness of it all.

The baby hyacinths in their brave, gay cradles were weaned at last from their seclusion in the dark, and gladdened her eyes with their vigorous rootings. The lower globes were filled with the meshed entanglement of twining white coils and tendrils, and the bulbs themselves showed prospective stirrings of life up above. In the two days they had been out of limbo she had learnt their facial characteristics by heart, and had got on friendly terms with them.

Charlie's letter was long of coming. Hour after hour and day after day she lay on her couch listening wistfully for the postman. She heard his official knock far up the quiet square. She heard him rap-rapping himself nearer. He stopped at her door—with everything but the one thing she wanted. Then on he tramped in blissful ignorance of the hungry heart which his passage left a little more empty and hungry still.

Many letters she had, for they had many friends and crowds of acquaintances. Of relatives, as it happened, they were, on both sides, singularly free.

Her father had died years ago, fighting turbulent tribesmen and combing out the farthest fringes of the Empire. His father had died comfortably in his bed, leaving to his eldest son, with whom he was not on good terms, the title and estates which the law demanded, and making such provision for his favourite Charles as an almost unlimited capacity for squandering upon himself had permitted. The boys' mother had died when they were children; and when Katherine's mother faded quietly away in the spring, leaving her all alone in the world also, Charles married her out of hand, and the two had never lacked companionship since.

So happy had they been together that they had allowed the outside world to flow past them unheeded; and now less than ever did Katherine incline towards it. It was a world of masks and faces at best; and when the heart is sick it craves something very much more and very much less.

Fortunately for Katherine she had at hand the next best thing to a mother: her own old nurse, Mrs Pinnefer, who had carried her as a baby, who tyrannised her still, and still regarded the man of war as something of an interloper. The one great desire of Pinnefer's old age was to nurse Katherine's children as she had nursed Katherine herself, and she fluttered about her and mothered her as an aged hen might mother a baby swan.

That long-delayed letter began to get upon Katherine's nerves. Her imagination limned the darkest reasons for the delay: He had had an accident on board ship. The ship had gone down. He was dead. She would never see him again.

She was lying on her couch before the fire thinking doleful thoughts such as these very late one night, for there was a post still to come, when a faint sound fell on her ear, the faintest of sounds, no more than a tiny scratch on the rim of the silence and the darkness; and yet hardly a scratch, for there was in it a faint, sweet resonance, the merest impression of a musical tone. It was like the fine, thin piping of a very small insect, but on a very much higher note than she had ever heard insect pipe before. Besides, there were no insects at this time of year. She thought at first that it must be the infiltrating of some far-distant music. And then it seemed to her that it was certainly inside the room.

She sat up and listened. It died away at times,

and then began again, faint, fine, long-drawn, rising and falling, just one high sweet note, thin and clear and hardly to be heard, and yet she missed it when it sank below her hearing.

It was certainly in the room. She decided that it was one of the strings of her zither in its wooden box singing sympathetically to some unseen, unheard vibration too fine for her senses to detect.

She listened intently. But she was in that state of high-strung nerves in which even so small a thing as this may not be passed over unexplained.

The infinitesimal piping died away and left the darkness void. It came again, and to her straining ear seemed to swell louder than before.

She got up and moved slowly to and fro. To the piano. She laid her ear against it. It was mute. To her zither. She opened the case and bent over it. The sound was outside it.

To and fro she went, slowly following the enticement of the tiny piping. To and fro, till she stood at last before her row of hyacinths, their great globes swelling with the intermeshed coils of roots and tendrils, the bulbs above swelling in their cradles with all the hopes of sweetness and brightness and beauty that was in them.

The sound she had followed came from the white glass, the glass with the silvery motes like flakes of snow on a clear spring day, and she stood before it entranced. The life within the bulb had burst its trammels; and there, among the disconcerted ridges of its purple-bronze armour, a tiny green shoot lay nestling, and peeped slyly up at her—a tiny green shoot of confident hope. There was a surprised and conscious look about it, and yet withal a quiet persistence of hopeful intention which ministered to her aching heart.

As she stood gazing down at it, the faint, sweet

song of the newly stirring life, communicated in some mysterious way to the resonant cup in which it lay, and by it transmitted to the ear, broke out again, faint and fine and ineffably sweet. She bent and softly kissed the nestling hope, and said aloud, 'Dear little teacher! I too will hope.' And just then the postman's knock rang through the house, and in a moment Charlie's missing letter was in her hand, and everything else was forgotten.

How many times she read that letter! Till she knew it off by heart almost and some parts of it quite. In between times the ugly thought would come, now and again, that four weeks and more had elapsed since the letter was written, and in four weeks much may happen at the front. Four weeks! Ah, God!—four hours!—four minutes!—four seconds!—and any second of them all-sufficient to end that dear life. He might be lying dead even now as she read his words of hope and cheer for the hundredth time, and his spirit might be watching her as she read.

Yet surely, if anything had befallen him, they would have told her! She, indeed, searched the papers herself each day for evil tidings; but the torment of her fear was so great that her eyes failed her at times, the letters became no more than unmeaning blurs, and the lines were serried ranks of men swarming to their doom. His name might well have been there and she not have seen it. Perhaps he was dead, and they had not dared to tell her.

It was very terrible: the thousands of miles and weeks of time that lay between them, the crowding dangers that beset his every step, and that other inevitable, mysterious, and appalling trial that awaited her. The thought of it all was too much for her at times, and all she could do was to lie and weep and pray.

RECIPES THAT ARE GOLD-MINES.



HERE is money, big money sometimes, in secret recipes. That for the making of a particular kind of pill was disposed of recently at public auction in London for the good round sum of five thousand pounds. Nor does this by any means establish a record. The original recipe for the making of absinthe, first sold by its inventor, a French chemist named Ordinaire, for a few hundred francs, changed hands shortly afterwards for ten thousand pounds, a rich distiller paying that sum for it; and he made a profit of over two hundred thousand pounds on his investment. The Oxford Press Syndicate values the formula for making the thin, tough paper used in printing their Bibles at a quarter of a million sterling, it having cost them over twenty-five years of hard work and twenty thousand pounds in cash to discover and perfect the process. Even more valuable, probably, is the secret

of the manufacture of the paper upon which the notes of the Bank of England are printed, which belongs, as is pretty generally known, to the Portals of Laverstoke, who have accumulated a fortune from it inside of a couple of generations. The brilliant crimson cloth of which the cardinals' robes at the Vatican are made has been supplied for generations past by the same family of cloth-merchants at Bertscheid, near Aix-la-Chapelle, the secret process by which the dye is distilled having been handed down from father to son. The family, curiously enough, is of Huguenot descent, and its members are to this day staunch Protestants.

It was the daughter of Catharine de' Medici, afterwards Queen of Navarre, who, according to tradition, invented the lace which is called, after her, 'Reine Margot.' To her favourite serving-maid, Marie Courtalade, she bequeathed the sealed pattern, and with it also—although of course all-unwittingly—a death-warrant; for poor Marie was murdered

for the sake of her paper treasure by a Neapolitan adventurer—some say she was married to him—who realised a fortune from his blood-gotten knowledge. Barbara Ullmann elaborated the pattern of the now world-famous pillow-lace while spending sleepless nights sitting up waiting for a drunken husband. She lived to see her eldest son sell the product of her ingenuity for twelve thousand five hundred pounds.

Twice the last-mentioned sum, it is averred, has been offered in vain for the secret of the ingredients and method of manufacture of a widely advertised medicinal syrup. A Wiltshire firm of bacon-curers paid no less than ten thousand pounds for the Brandenburg method of curing hams; while a certain special chutney, or rather the method of mixing it, originally bought for a few rupees from a poor Hindu trader, changed hands a few months back for seven thousand five hundred pounds. The famous Worcester sauce is made according to a recipe hundreds of years old, which was bought 'for a song' from the butler of a county family by the then head of the firm of Lea & Perrins, of Worcester. To-day the little faded scrap of yellow paper, with its almost indecipherable hieroglyphics, is valued by its owners at many thousands of pounds sterling.

About a hundred and fifty years ago there resided in the town of Doncaster a certain barber named Martin. To him there came one day to be shaved a soldier, who mentioned in the course of conversation that he was obliged to return to his regiment at York on foot, as he had not the wherewithal to pay his coach-fare. Mr Martin, having himself known poverty in his younger days, lent the man sufficient money for his purpose, and a little while later received it back according to promise; but there was something else in the envelope: a crumpled paper on which was written a recipe for a certain preparation, which, explained the sender in a covering letter, he had long used with very good results upon the boots of the men of his corps. The barber at once made a small quantity according to directions, found it excellent, entered into partnership with a friend of his named Day, a harness-maker of Tavistock Street, London; and was rewarded for his enterprise by seeing before he died the firm of Day & Martin, blacking manufacturers, blossom forth into one of the biggest businesses of its kind in the world.

The recipe for Banbury cakes dates from the time of the Civil War, when the now familiar dainties were invented by an old dame, and disposed of with level impartiality to Royalist and Roundhead alike. Tradition has it that she bequeathed the secret as a dowry to her daughter, whose husband amassed a fortune by their sale while still a young man. Since then their manufacture has enriched quite a score of people, and they are now made in enormous quantities and exported to the ends of the earth. In a single year, it is recorded, one Banbury baker alone disposed of no fewer than one hundred and thirty-nine thousand five hundred twopenny ones.

When, a few months ago, the monks of La Grande Chartreuse were expelled from France, the senior abbot carried with him a tiny casket of tempered steel which never left his possession for a single instant. Other treasures—pictures, tapestries, jewels even—might go by ordinary goods-train, but not this! For therein reposed the recipe for the world-famous twin-liqueurs—the chartreuses green and yellow—that was to fetch shortly afterwards in the open market no less than three hundred and thirty thousand pounds. For centuries the precious script had lain secure in the monastery's strong-room. Originally it consisted of a single fragment of parchment six inches by nine. But as time went by other ingredients were discovered—there are said to be no fewer than one hundred and thirty-seven of them now—and supplementary directions and instructions were continually being added until the one bit of skin has grown to a volume of over one hundred pages. It is, without doubt, the most valuable book in the world; for its lucky possessor, supposing he were a private individual, would be more secure from want than if he owned the mines of De Beers or the fee-simple of 'the crushings of all the Rand.' And the queer part of the business is that the mendicant friar who first invented chartreuse thought but little of his new liqueur.

So, too, did the originators of many other recipes that have since proved veritable gold-mines to their heirs and successors. It is said, for example, that Giovanni Farina, the inventor of eau de Cologne, once offered to sell outright the formula of its preparation for the equivalent, in English money, of about seven hundred and fifty pounds. Since then it is estimated that the value of the famous scent sold has amounted to some fifty million pounds; and the estimate is probably under the mark.

Herein is a hint for readers of this article. Fortunes undoubtedly await exhumation from the culinary archives and still-room books of our grandmothers. Has your family a special cake or pudding, a spiced sauce, a chutney made according to an ancestral recipe, or a perfume compounded of aromatic herbs the like of which is not to be found elsewhere? If so, manufactured and placed upon the market, there is likely to be money in it. The Sprules, who supply lavender-water by special appointment to King Edward VII., as they did aforetime to Her Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria, owe the foundation of their fortunes to just such a recipe. So, too, do the Nanis, of Zara in Dalmatia, one of whose ancestors used to distil from the maraseo (or wild cherry) a drink which he named maraschino. He bequeathed the secret to his son, and he in turn to his son, who disposed of it to a syndicate for a very large sum in ready cash and several thousand acres of land.

But the value of all recipes, whether of ancient or modern times, sinks into insignificance beside that of a formula which has just been evolved by a French chemist for the manufacture of genuine rubies, or of rubies which at all events are quite

indistinguishable from genuine ones. For this no less a sum than one hundred and twelve million five hundred thousand francs, equivalent to four and a half millions of pounds sterling, is said to have been refused. The formula covers three large sheets of parchment. It is written out in elaborate cipher, the key to which exists in the inventor's brain, and nowhere else. And each of the three sheets is deposited separately: one in the strong-room of a

Parisian bank; another in a steel vault underneath a London Safe Deposit Company's premises; and the third in some place of security the locality of which varies from month to month, and is always kept a profound secret. Moreover, each of these three sheets is useless without the other two, even assuming—which is extremely improbable—that the cipher in which the meaning of the writing is shrouded could be decoded.

THE PEARL NECKLACE.

CHAPTER XVIII.—CONCLUSION.



A MONTH later I mounted my horse for the first time since I had been wounded, and rode over to the Hall. Sir John had called more than once to inquire after my health, and I knew that I should at least be received as a friend. Frank, though still weak and confined to his chamber, was making steady progress, and was like to be about again in the course of a few weeks.

I had attired myself in a new suit of clothes which I had ordered to be sent from London, and I noticed that my poor mother sighed as she gazed at them, and followed me with kind, sad eyes as I rode away. I could not understand it, or why Patience had become more friendly than ever, and could scarce do enough to please me. In truth, my mind was occupied with other matters, and I took but little notice of what was passing around me. My heart beat quickly as I rode along, and there were times when I was half-afraid to go on, and others when I could scarce keep from riding forward at full gallop in order to put an end to the suspense that had been torturing me for so many weary days. Yet, in spite of my preoccupation, I felt that it was good to be alive, the sun was shining so brightly, the birds chirping merrily, the grass so green, the sky so blue. Ah! if it were not for grief and sickness, we should never know the blessedness of joy and health.

Presently the gray, ivy-covered Hall came in sight, and all that had taken place in it a month before came back to me as clearly as though it had happened but yesterday. Once more I saw Mistress Dorothy standing amid the scattered pearls, and beheld the gold glimmering upon the stairs, and the gleam of Montague's rapier, and Frank falling, with what seemed his death-cry, upon the floor; and now all was calm and peaceful. White-winged pigeons were wheeling round and round the gray towers, and I could hear the merry voices and gay laughter of the men and maids who were working in the fields among the hay.

I was walking my horse slowly up the avenue, my eyes cast down, brooding over the past, and thinking sadly that my visit was like to bring me more grief than joy, when, chancing to raise my

head, I saw Mistress Dorothy coming towards me. When I first perceived her she was hurrying forward with outstretched hands, flushed cheeks, and eager, sparkling eyes. My heart gave a great leap of joy, and I was out of the saddle and hastening to meet her ere I knew what I was about. And then I was utterly abashed and knew not what to say or do, for she suddenly stopped and drew herself up, and her eyes grew cold, and she acknowledged my profound bow with frigid politeness.

'I am glad to see that you are recovered, Captain Hawthorne,' said she. 'I trust that you are now quite restored to health.'

As for me, I knew not which way to look, realising the utter folly of my hopes as she stood before me in the sweet freshness of her youth and beauty. Never had I felt so old, so plain and uncouth and slow-witted.

'I am well, I thank you, Mistress Dorothy,' I answered huskily. 'I trust your brother continues to make good progress.'

'He hopes to take the air within a week,' said she, and then there was a long silence, during which I could find not one word to say, and she kept her eyes on the ground. Presently I saw her glance at me sideways, and her lips twitch, and a dimple steal into her cheek.

'Are you aware, sir,' said she, 'that your horse is returning home without you?'

I looked up, and saw my charger walking down the avenue, cropping at the bushes as he passed.

'It matters not,' I said stupidly.

Indeed, it seemed to me at that moment that nothing in the whole world mattered, so sad at heart did I feel. Then she glanced full at me, and her eyes grew a little anxious.

'I think you are scarce so well as you imagine,' said she. 'You are very pale. Had you not better sit down? There is a bench close at hand.'

She led me down a narrow path which branched out of the avenue, and presently we came to a bench, on which I meekly seated myself while she stood before me. For a few moments I remained silent, wondering what I ought to say, and devoutly wishing that I had remained at home.

'I think I am indeed scarce so strong as I thought,' said I at length, 'and therefore I will

not venture to call upon your brother as I had intended. If you will be so good as to send a servant after my horse I think I will return home forthwith. A friend in Cornwall hath asked me to pay him a visit, and it may be that before I go we shall not meet again. Therefore I will ask you, Mistress Dorothy, to be pleased to take back something of yours which came, you know how, into my possession. I am grieved that I should have kept it so long. I trust my illness will excuse me.'

Thereupon I drew from my pouch the little pearl necklace she had thrown so scornfully at my feet, and so sad and weak was I that my hand trembled and a mist gathered before my eyes. As I gave it her I turned away my head, fearing once more to hear some bitter speech, and having no strength to bear it. But no answer came. The leaves moved gently in the breeze, the birds chirped and whistled; but those were the only sounds that broke the silence. At last I looked up and found her gazing at me very wistfully, and with tears on her pale cheeks.

Then at length I perceived that a man, if God see fit, may remain a fool though there be gray hairs in his beard and he puffed up with no small conceit of his own wisdom. In another moment I had her hands in mine, and she hid her face upon my breast, and my tongue was loosed, and I spoke as I never did before and never shall again, marveling at my own eloquence, and wondering if I were indeed sober, staid John Hawthorne, who till that hour had never spoken to a comely young maid without stammering and blushing. By my faith! 'twas on the other side that most of the blushing was done before all was over, for I did not use my lips for the making of pretty speeches alone, let me tell you. And when a long time afterwards we walked arm-in-arm towards the Hall I held my head very high in the air, feeling as gallant a young spark as ever trod the brave green grass with his sweetheart by his side. I had yet to see Sir John; but the prospect did not appal me. With that little hand upon my arm, with that shy, sweet, blushing, smiling face looking up into mine, I would have faced fifty Sir Johns, so full of strength and courage did I feel.

As we moved through the garden to the Hall a thing happened which I cannot to this day recall without infinite merriment. There were hedges running here and there, and behind that along which we were passing we heard the sound of voices. Whereupon Dorothy, with a roguish smile, put her finger on her lips, and we stopped, and—I confess it with shame—listened to what followed.

'Mistress Barbara,' said a voice I knew well, 'I am not as it were a giddy-pated youth, but a man of years and discretion, no longer young, and yet not old, well provided with this world's goods, and with a mind stored with much ripe thought and experience. Think well before you refuse an offer the like of which it is scarce probable you will ever receive again.'

Dorothy, who hath ever loved to make merry at my expense, has since told me that I stood there with my eyes and mouth wide open, the very picture of amazement. Indeed, I could scarce believe my ears, for it was none other than the voice of Corporal Flint.

'Indeed, sir,' came Barbara's reply, 'it is but the sense of my own unworthiness that keeps me silent. I fear greatly that I should scarce prove a fitting helpmate for so grave and wise a man as you.'

'Let not that trouble you, child,' replied the corporal. 'I trust in time, by exhortation and a word in season, to supply that wisdom and discretion which must in some degree be lacking in one of such tender years, who hath hitherto given herself up wholly to the vanities of this world. In the meantime, this humility is a sign of grace. Fret not yourself because of your folly and ignorance, child, for, with one like me at your side, you will, I doubt not, grow in wisdom and soberness every day of your life.'

'Yet it is an honour of which I cannot but deem myself unworthy,' replied Barbara meekly.

'Yet you consent?' asked the corporal, and verily his voice trembled with eagerness.

'If it please you, sir,' answered Barbara.

And then there was a sound I should scarce have recognised but for what had happened in my own case so short a time before; and, pushing hastily through a gap in the hedge, we perceived the corporal saluting his mistress with one long ungainly arm clasped about her trim waist. He looked up and saw us, and I beheld a sight that I think no man ever saw before, or hath ever seen since, for the corporal blushed—ay, truly blushed like a schoolmaid—while Barbara, with a little shriek of dismay, covered her face with her hands and ran full-speed to the house.

'Ah, corporal, corporal!' said I, 'let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall. I have known those who were puffed up with vanity, over-confident in their ability to resist temptation, become backsliders in the end.' And so I was going on, quoting his own words against him, while he stood writhing before us, knowing not which way to look or which foot to stand on, when Dorothy put her little hand on my mouth, and laughingly bade me be silent.

'Nay, nay, John,' said she, 'you shall bait him no more, and indeed have no cause to do so, being a backslider yourself.'

Then she stepped up to the corporal, holding out her hand with that winning smile which I think no man could resist.

'I congratulate you, corporal,' said she. 'I have known Barbara for years, and though she may have a sharp tongue, and appear at times somewhat light-minded, she has a heart of gold, and is a most brave and virtuous maid.'

'And if she were the best maid in all England,' said I, holding out my hand in turn, 'she might well be proud to become the wife of so brave a

soldier and so upright and wise and honourable a man as Corporal Flint.'

As he shook hands with us, the corporal blushed again, but it was with pride and pleasure; and, strange as it may seem, the match proved a happy one, neither having any cause to regret it.

Well, well, my story is almost done. Sir John pulled a wry face when I explained the nature of my business with him.

'I would you were not a Roundhead, lad,' said he; and then he caught a glimpse of Dorothy's face, and the frown on his own melted away. 'But, Roundhead or Cavalier, you are a good, honest lad, and there is not a man breathing with whom I would sooner trustlier. There, there! say no more. Away with you. Consider the matter settled.'

Soon we were wedded; and, if the early portion of my life was rough and stormy, truly I have enjoyed much peace and happiness in my later years, thanks to that dear companion who is still at my side, and hath ever been my stay and comfort and consolation, more especially as the years go by and the infirmities of age begin to creep upon me.

Frank, as soon as he had fully recovered from his

wound, was a frequent visitor, and it came to pass that one day I learned why Patience had been so cold to me after the duel in the oak-wood; but it was not until Frank and she were wedded that she confessed the whole truth to me.

Many things have happened since the days I have been writing of. The Lord Protector is dead, and more than one king hath sat upon the throne; and though, for my part, I think England hath had no king equal to him who never wore a crown, I have come to believe that God rules all things for the best. Yet when I sit by the fire on winter evenings, and think of the times that are gone, of the battles and sieges through which I passed at his side, and of all that he did to give us liberty and freedom of conscience, I cannot but mourn that he was cut off ere—to human eyes—his work was accomplished. But in the hearts of those who knew and loved him he will never die; and I think the time will surely come—the voices of envy and hatred being silent—when all Englishmen will be proud of him who made England great in the eyes of the whole world.

THE END.

DARK STARS.

By ALEXANDER W. ROBERTS, D.Sc., F.R.A.S., F.R.S.E., Lovedale College, South Africa.



SCATTERED through space are innumerable stars that give forth very little light or heat. Either they never, at any period of their history, were bright and glowing like the myriad stars that make the midnight sky so beautiful, or in the course of countless ages the heat they once possessed has radiated away from them into the depth of space, and now they are, as their name describes them, 'dark' stars. No eye has ever seen them, or probably ever will see them; yet we know that they are there as surely as if they shone with the brightness of the sun, as certainly as if the imprint of their rays appeared on many a photographic plate. Indeed, so manifest, though unseen, are these remarkable bodies that a definite section of the new astronomy deals with them: with their number, size, and relation to other stars, and with the many problems that a study of their nature and evident life-history gives rise to.

What some of the more important of these problems are will be indicated as we proceed. The first question to be considered is, How are we made aware of the existence of such bodies, and how, if we have never seen them, do we gather information about them?

We know that no heavenly body is ever at rest. No sooner does one star come within range of the attraction of another than orbital motion is begotten; and thus some stars circle round one another in pairs, frequently forming binary systems of majestic beauty and stateliness. One binary

system may also draw into its sphere of influence other systems, or even groups of systems, the whole forming an aggregation or cluster of stars of the greatest complexity, all the members of which wheel in and out in an orderly maze, the full threading out of which may take unnumbered ages to accomplish. Indeed, there are not wanting astronomers at the present day who regard the whole visible universe as partaking of one vast rotary motion round a common centre; as, indeed, a whirlpool of stars, a maelstrom in which the drops are worlds.

Our immediate concern is with the fact that two stars—to take the simplest combination—will, if near enough, move in a certain well-defined orbit under the compulsion of their mutual attraction. They will, indeed, circle round one another as a binary system. Their orbital motion, of course, will be altogether independent of the brightness of the two stars. If, however, one of the stars forming such a dual companionship be dark, and if the two stars circle round one another in such a manner that at each revolution the dark star comes between the bright star and the earth, then we shall have at regular intervals that not uncommon phenomenon in the sky, the eclipse of a star. The dark body will, once every revolution, obscure the light of its luminous companion; and in this case the amount and character of the eclipse will, to a large extent, be dependent on the relative brightness of the two stars. Now, although the light-changes of every such binary system will have an individual character of their own, because no two systems in the

heavens are alike in size and brightness, there will be a general family likeness connecting all stars of this type of variation, a likeness depending simply upon the mechanical conditions of all eclipses.

First, there will be a relatively long stationary period, during which the star will shine out in undimmed brightness. This may be called the constant phase. Then eclipse will set in. At first the diminution in light will be slow; but as eclipse proceeds and the dark companion moves right athwart the rays of the brighter star, the rate of decrease will be more and more rapid till the minimum phase is reached. After this has been passed the light of the star will begin to increase, at first rapidly, then more and more slowly, till the constant phase is again reached, when the star will once more shine out with all its wonted brightness. The eclipse will be over for a season.

Such is the general type of light-changes due to the eclipsing of the light of a bright star by a dark neighbour; and had astronomers never witnessed an eclipse of a star such as we have described, they would still wait in patient and confident expectation that one day some fortunate observer would discover a variable star of this peculiar character. But, instead of this, the phenomenon is by no means an uncommon one. There are, indeed, at the present time no fewer than twenty-five stars whose light fluctuates in such a manner as to indicate unmistakably that their variation is due to eclipse, and this number is steadily increasing as the search for stars of this type of variation is carried out in a more rigorous and systematic manner.

First in order of time as regards discovery, and first in order of importance, if we consider the fullness of our knowledge regarding it, is the star that gives its name to all other stars of this eclipse type of variation. More than two hundred years ago the light of Algol, the second brightest star in the constellation of Perseus, was found to vary in brightness in a perplexing manner. For a hundred years and more its apparent anomalous light-changes remained a mystery. In 1783, after a year of patient observation, the English astronomer Goodricke solved the riddle. He found that the anomalies and perplexities would all be reconciled if we considered the variation of Algol to be due to the revolution of a dark star round a bright one. The importance of this discovery was at once evident to the scientific men of Goodricke's day; and so, from this time until now, generation after generation of astronomers have made this star a peculiar subject of study. As the years came and went other stars similar in character were discovered; but Algol has always remained the typical Algol variable star. We have already indicated what the main features of this type are: first, a constant phase, then a period of decreasing brightness, and then the ascent up to the normal magnitude.

In the case of Algol the constant phase lasts two days and fourteen hours, the decreasing phase is accomplished in three and a half hours, and it takes

the star three and a half hours more to reach its usual brightness. Thus a full cycle of light-changes is completed in two days and twenty-one hours. We conclude, therefore, that the two stars which make up Algol circle round one another in this time, and that the stars are near enough to one another to permit of an eclipse lasting seven hours out of the sixty-nine.

We come now to what may reasonably be considered as belonging to the romantic portion of astronomical discovery. Every science has its romance, and none is so rich in the charm of wonderful story as the first of all the sciences.

There are three ways in which we may become aware of the binary character of any star. We may look through a large telescope and actually see the two stars which form one system. The star may be so far away, or one of the companions so faint, that no telescope will divide it, yet its regularly changing light may indicate that it is not single; or the spectroscope may, by revealing the changing velocity of the star from hour to hour, prove that it is circling in an orbit of a certain size and form.

In 1889, a hundred years after Goodricke announced that the changes in the light of Algol could be explained by assuming that the star was double, Professor Vogel found that the new Potsdam spectroscope gave unmistakable evidence that Algol was composed of two stars circling round one another in two days and twenty-one hours. The measurements obtained by the spectroscope were not only in complete accord with the conclusions come to by those who had photometrically studied the light-changes of Algol, but the results obtained from two such diverse modes of research were so supplementary to one another that to-day we know more about this remarkable star than we do about any other star or system of stars in the sky; and our knowledge can be represented in exact figures: in miles and tons and foot-pounds.

It is, indeed, passing strange that the human mind is able to apprehend a system so vast as Algol—a system that lies at least two hundred million million miles remote from us—and cast its huge bulk into scales, place a measuring-line along its diameter, test its density, judge its mass, sift out its component elements. Yet all this has been done.

The spectroscope and the photometer tell us that Algol consists of two stars, one bright and the other dark. The bright star is a little over a million miles in diameter; the dark star a little less. A space of two million miles divides the two stars, so that they are in truth twin-fellows; indeed, when we consider the vastness of their bulk they are practically in touch with one another. Although each of the stars that goes to make up Algol is as large as the sun, their combined weight is only half the sun's weight. Algol must, therefore, be composed of material far less dense than that which is found in the sun; indeed, the density of Algol is only one-eighth that of water—a remarkable result, and still more so when we know that this 'thin-

ness' of structure is common to every star of the Algol class.

We come at this point face to face with two important problems: How is it that, of two stars so near one another as the component stars of Algol, one should be bright and the other quite dark? and How is it that not only Algol but all close double stars should have such a small density? The importance of these two questions lies in their intimate connection with the still more important problem of the birth and evolution of a stellar system.

Let us consider a great sphere of vapour revolving on its axis, the centre or nucleus of this mass being eccentric. Such spiral masses of gaseous substance are frequently seen in astronomical photographs. In the course of ages, ages, and yet more ages, this globular eccentric mass would tend to subdivide, the brighter and denser portion gathering round the nucleus and forming a central sun, and the less luminous and more tenuous matter aggregating towards the outer rim. Thus at the very birth of such a system there would be two orbs of unequal brightness. Not only so; but the matter forming the darker orb, being gathered in from a wider area, would in all probability be the larger but not the heavier of the two. This, I take it, is the explanation of the curious circumstance that in the case of four Algol stars the dark companion is many times larger than the ventral and brighter orb.

In one of these four systems—a southern—the dark eclipsing body is ten times larger than the bright star, which accordingly is totally obscured for a considerable period by its bulky satellite. At first sight it seems an impossibility that such a system could exist; yet, if we accept the initial condition of things that we have in imagination portrayed, such a disparity in size and brightness as we know does exist in at least four stars is not only possible but reasonable.

We are witnessing here the infancy of worlds, the first beginnings of stellar systems. Stars of the Algol type are in the very morning of their days. As ages pass on the two stars, now so near, will, by an inflexible law of celestial mechanics, drift farther and farther apart, their orbits widening out in an eternal spiral. As this evolution proceeds, the matter forming the dark body will in all probability contract, and in process of time will become solid enough to bear upon its then planetary surface the pressure and passion of life. And then? Well, such systems may grow old and cold, and the shadow of death envelop them, central sun and distant planet alike chill and desolate; but we think not. There is, we are sure, lying in the lap of Nature some restoring process by which old, worn-out worlds, like old, worn-out lamps, may be made new again.

Another way in which dark stars may reveal themselves is by eclipse of a different character. Frequently astronomers are puzzled by the anomalies found in catalogues of star magnitudes. For example, an observer whose skill and accuracy are

beyond question records that a certain star is of the sixth magnitude. Subsequent to his observation other observers equally skilful, equally accurate, find it to be of the fifth degree of brightness; and although the most careful watch is kept on the star, not a trace of variation is to be detected. The explanation of such discordant observations—and they are too numerous to be set aside as errors of judgment—is a simple enough one if we consider space to be tenanted by as large, if not larger, a number of dark stars as there is of bright ones. In such a case every now and again a dark star will come in front of some bright one, and for a brief interval of time—say for a few days—will obscure its light. There will be no regular return of eclipse; indeed, eclipse may never occur again, as the obscuring star will forge on in its rectilinear way through space. The difficulty of this theory lies in this: that it assumes the existence of a greater number of dark stars than astronomers are willing to concede. But, after all, there is no reason to hold that the bulk of stars are bright; the greater bulk may be dark. We have got so accustomed, however, to the belief that the universe is made up solely of bright stars—or, to put it the other way, that the bright stars we see make up the universe—that any other thought produces a mental repulsion. Yet there is just as good evidence for holding that there are as many stars in the sky that we do not see, and cannot see, because they are not luminous, as there is for holding that the only bodies that exist in the sky are those that we can see.

There is no more interesting story in scientific annals than that which surrounds the discovery of Neptune: how by the aberrations of Uranus from a certain fixed path two famous astronomers predicted the existence, position, and dimensions of the disturbing planet. If one were to put another tale of equal significance alongside this, it would be that which relates to the discovery of the companion of Sirius. In both cases, long before the disturbing cause was seen, its character and position were defined with marvellous accuracy.

These tests of the trustworthiness of astronomical prediction are instanced as good reasons for our accepting other and similar conclusions. Both the telescope and the spectroscope have revealed to us changes in the motion of stars which can only be due to the presence of some disturbing body. Diligent search has not discovered one out of every hundred of these disturbing bodies; but we know they are there, in the very place assigned to them by astronomical calculation, as surely as if we saw them. We see, we measure, we test effects, and we know that they are infallible witnesses of that which produces them. We observe certain movements, and we know that only certain causes can give rise to them. Thus, when the telescope and the spectroscope record movements of a definite character, we know what produces them. In this manner it has been ascertained that many of the stars, and also some of the more complex stellar systems, have near to them

a controlling dark body round which they circle. In one or two cases recent research, aided by instrumental equipment of the highest degree of excellence, has revealed some of these bodies—that is, of course, those that have not lost all their light and heat; but the great bulk of dark stars have as yet eluded detection.

We have not fully answered—because we cannot—the pertinent question, Are these bodies dark by reason of age, or have they never been bright? In

the case of the dark companion of Algol stars, it is evident that they have never had any light of their own; but we cannot speak with the same certainty of the rest.

In a boundless universe a wealth of worlds must of necessity be found: bright suns, glowing, effulgent, radiating; orbs whose first glory has departed, whose light is dim, their heat chilled, their lustre dulled; and dark worlds with never a ray to brighten the gloom that has enshrouded them.

COMEDY EAST AND TRAGEDY WEST.

CHAPTER IV.



It was natural that during the next week or two Mary should have the principal charge of Eardley's entertainment. Ross was busy, Mrs Winans had her household affairs, and the minister had his flock to care for and his sermons to compose.

In composing his sermons Walsh was in the habit of addressing them mentally to himself, for he thought himself no better than other people, and judged that the spiritual needs of his congregation were probably very much the same as his own. His discourses had thus the merit of dealing with a subject which he knew, and were generally practical and to the point. He exhorted himself next Sunday to the charity which thinketh no evil; and Ned Ross, when he heard the sermon, understood. But the good minister, though he schooled himself to charity, was a shrewd American as well as a humble Christian, and believed that the pastor should guard the flock from wolves. He therefore did not think it inconsistent with his Sunday's sermon to write on Monday to his brother in New York, 'Do you happen to know anything of a Walter Eardley in business connected with the Produce Exchange? I should like to know what character he bears. He is here just now visiting the Winans family, who are members of my church.'

A few weeks passed before he received a reply.

Meanwhile Mary tried to amuse her New York cousin, so that the time of his sojourn should not hang heavily on his hands, and to profit herself by the society of a man so superior. On Wednesday she took him to Mrs Hamil's 'sociable,' where they met the minister, who was present *ex officio*, and where Eardley stood by the hostess's side while the leading members of Blue Forks First Presbyterian Church were presented to him in turn, and each welcomed him to the community with formal cordiality. She took him with her on Friday to call on her dearest friend Rhoda MacDermott, and on Saturday to call on her dear friend Belle Queckberger. On Sunday he heard Mr Walsh preach the sermon already mentioned. On the following Tuesday Mary took him to the monthly picnic of the Blue Forks Outing Club. By the end of that

week they were on terms of such cousinly intimacy that she invited him to go with her in a buggy (hired from Green's livery stables) to the Culebra Falls, where they had tea at the Falls Hotel, driving home afterwards by moonlight.

The *blasé* New Yorker cared for none of these things. It cost him a severe effort not to be unsociable at the 'sociable;' but Mary was so charming that he made that effort, and made it successfully, to please her. When he was taken to call on Miss MacDermott and Miss Queckberger, these young ladies did not interest him; but by that time he cared enough for Mary's good opinion to do all he knew to gain that of her friends. He thought they would be sure to talk him over in feminine confidence afterwards, and he wished for their favourable judgment. A picnic, and the picnic of a club of people about whom he knew nothing and cared less than nothing, was to Eardley the concurrence of every type of discomfort, even when his health was good. Now his health was bad. But before the day of that picnic came round he would have gone to a Methodist clam-bake, and carried a pail and a spade, to be by Mary's side. As for a hot and dusty drive to see a fourth-rate waterfall and drink tea at a western hotel, Mr Eardley would, for his own pleasure, as soon have thought of treating himself to a twenty-five cent excursion to Coney Island on Labour Day. But now he was so genuinely in love that he would have cheerfully descended a coal-pit with Mary for his companion. When her sleeve touched his arm in the buggy he felt a difficulty with his breath and such a flutter that he dropped the whip, and as they drove on again when he had picked it up he even had a fleeting vision of the relinquishment of those sordid ambitions which depended on his marriage with the rich Miss Carter.

In his private reflections at night, while taking credit to himself for this generous fancy, he of course dismissed it as extravagant. He knew by experience the evanescent nature of his emotions. He had enjoyed himself before, and had found it convenient to 'love and to ride away.' It was a far cry from Blue Forks to New York.

Yet, if it be true that some sort of affinity must

exist in order to mutual attraction, that, as the proverb says, 'Like draws to like,' then there must have been a generous vein somewhere even in the construction of this selfish dog, although it was invisible to all eyes but those of love. A good woman could scarcely love a wholly bad man. A goddess does not kiss carrion. But love, with divine insight, discovers—perhaps is just the discovery of—qualities, or at any rate possibilities, in its object which indifference, and even justice itself, will never see. Love sees them, and love gives them a hope of development, if they ever have it.

In the sunshine of Mary's eyes such better qualities as Eardley possessed peeped into view for a little, because a man must indeed be in a bad case when he is past trying to justify the good opinion of a girl who believes in him. In her society he at first felt an honest impulse prick him now and then, and sometimes it even seemed as if perhaps, after all, the world might be well lost for love. But each impression grew fainter. It fell out as with the baby monkey in Alton Locke's dream, which at first was almost like a human baby, till the brute in it gradually overcame the man, and the faint spark of a soul flickered and went out.

As for Mary, to her Eardley had become, by the end of the third week of his visit, so dear and intimate a friend that she took him with her to the meeting of the Society of Christian Endeavour, and let him sit on a back seat while she piously and modestly took her little share in the 'exercises.'

As they strolled home together that evening she was silent and shy. After they had walked some distance she pointed out a house to him. It stood away by itself on the higher ground at the edge of the woods. A light twinkled in a window, and there was a streak of moonlight on the shingle roof.

'That is Mr Walsh's house,' she said.

'Does he live there alone?' he asked.

'Oh no, he has a housekeeper; but he is going to be married soon. I am longing to know his wife. She lives in Connecticut. They have been engaged ever since he was at college, and they are to be married in the Fall.'

Eardley's interest in Mary had been stimulated by speculation as to whether there did not exist

tender relations between her and one of the two young men who were so intimate in the house. One of them was disposed of then. He inquired about the other.

'And Mr Ross; is he also going to be married?' He tried to ask it in an off-hand way.

She shook her head. 'I don't think Ned cares about girls at all.'

Eardley came a little closer to her. They had reached the bridge over the river. It was no picturesque, ivy-clad old arch, but an ugly, modern, useful iron-girder affair, with tramway lines and a painted hand-rail. But the muddy water glittered quite beautifully in the moonlight, and its gurgling mixed harmoniously with the croaking of the frogs and the crackling hum of crickets and katydids in the elms and maples. A light twinkled here and there in a distant cottage, and a blazing planet hung low over the horizon.

By a common impulse they stopped to look down on the scene. The exaltation of Mary's spirits at the meeting had not yet subsided, and perhaps was in some degree communicated to Eardley. The moonlight, the murmuring water, the solitude *à deux* were too much for him. He drew her to his side.

'And you, Mary,' he said, 'have you never had a lover—before?' The last word was a whisper, and slipped out almost against his will. But he could not resist the temptation. He put his arm round her, and as he bent down his face close to hers she breathed, 'No, Walter.'

A footstep approached, and they turned from the bridge. They walked home as lovers. She ran quickly to her room. He entered the parlour. She did not come down for some time; but when she did he wondered at her loveliness. Mary was a pretty girl, but to-night she looked transfigured. She moved about setting the supper, but she seemed to float rather than walk. She never raised her eyes; but a faint flush came and went in her cheeks, which seemed transparent in their delicate colour. Her mother looked at her attentively and then at Eardley, but said nothing. After supper Ross and Eardley went out on the veranda; Mary helped her mother to clear the table as usual, and then appeared no more for the night.

THE GLASS-TRADE IN BOHEMIA.

By JAMES BAKER, F.R.G.S.

THE glass-trade in England is in a bad way' was the kind of comment we met with lately whilst travelling in the Potteries and the glass-producing districts in England. Upon inquiring the reason for this decay of a once flourishing trade, the usual replies were 'foreign competition' and 'strikes.' I was about to revisit the country which is one of the

greatest competitors in the glass-trade, so the opportunity seemed a fitting one to study as far as possible their method of training workmen and their ways of working, and to find out, if possible, the reason why they can pour their goods into our English shops and into the shops of our colonies and of our American cousins, whilst the glass-manufacturers of England cry out that trade is bad and profits nil.

That Bohemia does a vast trade with England can be proved by every householder: 'Made in Austria' is clearly indicated upon his glass-globes and chimneys and upon his cups and saucers. England and her colonies are full of Bohemia's manufactures. How, it may be asked, is it that a country which the untravelling Englishman deems only half-civilised invades our homes with its tasteful and varied—nay, oftentimes luxuriously beautiful—designs in table and ornamental glass?

Of the quantity of glass sent out of Austria during the last two or three years there are at present no statistics; but glass goods amounting to nearly twenty-three millions of gulden were manufactured in 1897 for exportation; and England was by far the largest buyer. The trade has slightly decreased during the last two years, owing, the Austrian manufacturers say, to the Cuban and Boer wars; but they are expecting a great increase of orders now, and are prepared on all hands for their execution.

It is pleasant and interesting to visit the great factories where some hundreds of hands are employed on every kind of work, or to start out in the early morning up the mountain-valleys and visit the glass-workers, who carry home upon their shoulders bundles of long rods of glass supplied by their employers, which they there make into articles of commerce for the English market.

The articles manufactured in Bohemia lately for export include table-glass, glass dishes and vases, looking-glasses, window-glass, glass for lamps and candelabra, gold and coloured and *email* glass, glass buttons and pearls and ornaments, glass for electric fittings, siphons, the globes in railway carriages, &c.; and these goods go to England, British India, Egypt and the East, Australia, America, and Africa. Depôts for samples are established abroad, and all the travellers can speak the language of the country in which they are employed; but a great deal of the trade is also done through German and English agents.

It was in one of the towns almost unknown to the English tourist that we went to visit one of the factories of a firm possessing several works and producing glass to the value of a million gulden a year. It is an old historic town, with its ancient castle still dominating the place and telling of Bohemia's history back in the time when her glass was produced in the glass-blower's hut in the lonely forest; and when she was engaged in her fierce struggles for freedom. The glass-blower of to-day is an alert, well-educated, intelligent workman; and as we passed through the works watching all the processes of manufacture, from mixing the raw materials to packing the finished articles, the thoughts of a visit to a factory in Staffordshire where similar work was done made us understand to a certain extent why foreign labour was superseding the English.

The whole of the work, including the making of the wood moulds for modelling the forms, is done in these works; and we passed on from room to

room, where men were grinding down the rough edges of railway carriage-lamps, or with freehand work cutting in the decorations on plainly ornamented drinking-glasses, or preparing the colours for the delicate tints.

One important branch of the work here is the manufacture of siphons; and these were to be seen in every stage, in every colour, and in many a form. We saw goods with Russian, English, American, and Dutch names upon them; several new forms and colours of siphon-bottles, and others with a patented improvement, were being produced. The testing of these siphons is done by women. One siphon snapped at a pressure of five atmospheres; but most bore the pressure of forty. Several went up to forty-seven, and all must bear a pressure of thirty. The one that snapped at five was found to have a small stone in the glass.

Young girls were employed in putting india-rubber rings in mineral-water bottles; and women and girls were doing the packing, with marvellous dexterity and speed.

The pay here is nearly all by piecework. The women and girls earn up to a gulden a day, and the men up to even four guildens a day; but at the ovens or furnaces the men work in threes: a master-workman, a helper, and a learner or apprentice, the apprentice (*Lehrling*) not being always a young lad. These three take one hundred to one hundred and twenty gulden a month; so that the wage of four gulden a day is only for the very highest workman. A gulden may be taken as one shilling and sevenpence.

At the ovens or furnaces, heated up to four thousand degrees Réaumur, the scene was very interesting. The men are here divided by race, the Czechs working at one oven, the Germans at another. All types of glass were being blown, including wine-glasses and water-jugs, both plain and coloured; at one furnace the colour being added at the blowing, at another the glass was being blown with the colour added to the raw material. The men work on until the furnace is cleared—namely, from eighteen hours upwards—and then rest perhaps for two days; and they must need it, for to us it was a sufficient task to step up to the furnace, take up some glass to blow it, and stand there for only a few minutes.

Throughout the works the order and cleanliness, in spite of the dirty work, was excellent; and the same smartness was found in the cottage-homes in other parts of Bohemia where the system of home-labour is adopted.

In the south of Bohemia the wages are lower than in the north, and two gulden a day is good pay. In many districts the people have small holdings of land. The women, and also the children after school hours, look after the geese, cows, goats, fowls, or ducks; but the eggs and the butter are sold, and the family live largely upon potatoes and bread, having meat only on Sundays and fête-days. Their house-rents vary from half a gulden to a

gulden per week for a room, and many persons live in one room. The hours of labour are generally ten a day—that is, sixty per week, as there is no half-holiday on Saturdays.

In the cottages in the north of Bohemia, where so much work is done, the existence is much healthier than in the towns. The air is pure mountain air, and all up the valley are dotted the clean white cottages, with the pink bedding, put out of the window to air beneath the fruit-trees that are planted everywhere. Here an employer or factor often has a whole family working for him for a pound to twenty-five shillings a week. Money is advanced for the necessary machines and stamps, and sometimes these workers own their own machines and tools up to the value of a hundred pounds. In the poorest homes the rooms serve as workshops as well as living and sleeping rooms; but they are kept clean and tidy. The beds are covered with a lace coverlet, and there is no sense of squalor or neglect. Over the door there is generally a religious salutation, and often pet philosophic quotations are put up in the two to four rooms of the cottage.

Some of the latest developments—what are called novelties in the trade—are the crystal chameleon-glass with inlaid colours, chamois-glass, imitation-marble glass, Pompeian vases, silver iris-glass with a yellow underground, antique Roman iris-glass; and in form there is a continual striving for novelty, either taking the design from the antique or creating novelty by combination or invention.

But how is this artistic taste and faculty for development of design arrived at by a body of work-people who earn wages far below those of the same class of work-people in England? A glance at the schools especially established for the glass and pottery industries will quickly show how all innate talent is fostered and developed. On leaving the *Volksschule* (primary school) the lad of fourteen is

just beginning his education as a craftsman, and at the *Fortbildungsschule* (continuation school) or the *Werkmeister- or Gewerbekunst-schule* (workmen's or trade-art-school) he goes on until he has an intelligent artistic and historic knowledge of his trade; and if he has any genius, he has learnt how to develop and make use of it. In most districts the lads must attend these schools in the evenings and two afternoons a week, and the masters must see that they do so. Unless the lads pass through their classes their apprenticeship is lengthened. If the masters neglect their duty, the right to have apprentices can be taken from them.

In all the *Volksschulen* drawing is taught, giving the step to artistic feeling; and in the trade-schools this is applied to the trade to be followed. In the glass-trade, models from Egypt, Rome, Greece, and the East are studied; and examples of antique glass are ground down and their composition analysed, and then test-studies are made and combinations of raw material tested. In the trade-museums are examples of glass from Phœnician days to the manufactures of England and America. The designs of all lands for engraving or ornamentation are studied, and then the pupil is set to create designs.

These are the methods adopted in Bohemia to maintain the continual flow of novelties, some commonplace, some grotesque, but many thoroughly artistic in design, form, and colour. What are we doing in England to develop the glass-trade? A new form or a richer colour often commands the market; and modernised methods and machinery might assist in competing against the lower wage of the Continental artisan. The Bohemians complain that the French and Belgian glass-workers have recently outstepped them in creating novelties. May the time soon come when all three countries shall make the same complaint of the English artist in glass.

RISE AND FALL OF 'THE GREAT FRENCHMAN'

SUEZ AND PANAMÁ.

By TANKERVILLE CHAMBERLAINE-BEY.



WHEN so much is being written and said about the Panamá Canal, it may be interesting and instructive to compare the Suez Canal with that great undertaking, as the comparison brings before us once more the zenith and wane of the man whom France surnamed 'Le Grand Français.'

I was present at the construction of the Suez Canal from start to finish, and assisted at its inauguration in 1869. There were no real physical difficulties in the building of this canal. The arm-chair engineers and critics pretended that it was an impossible task on account of the silting sands of the isthmus and the clouds of

dust and fine gravel conveyed by the great *Khamsin* (similar to the sirocco) winds from the desert in March and April, and deposited during their passage in the bed of the canal—that these phenomena would tend to obstruct its navigation; but the wise men of the East and West prophesied falsely.

The surveys were commenced in 1860, and the best engineering skill in France was called into requisition to discuss the selection of the most practicable line of waterway and the necessary means and measures for its construction.

The work offered no insuperable difficulties, as does the Panamá Canal. There were no marked differences in the levels of the Mediterranean and

Red Seas, nor startling variations in the rise and fall of their tides. A firm of well-known and able contractors, MM. Borel Lavalley & Co., were chosen, and at the final stage MM. Couvreux Hersent & Co. were called in to give their aid and the benefit of their experience in the removal of a patch of rocks between Kintara and Port Said. There were no mountains to remove, as was the case at Culebra, Emperador, and Obispo on the Isthmus of Panamá; there was no river to dam or deviate; there were no torrential rains to guard against, no revolutions to fear, nor disease to scare and cripple the labouring element. The climate was normal and healthy, rain very seldom fell, and all the year round could be called a dry season. It is well to remark here that this continuous aridity has ceased since the piercing of the canal through the isthmus. The absorption of water by the thirsty tracks through which the canal passes, and the evaporation of the water in the hot season, which lasts eight months, form moisture and rain-clouds which occasionally condense and fall. Ismailia, Kintara, and Suez were healthy desert-villages, where the atmosphere was so clear and rarefied that mirages were frequently seen. Labour was plentiful and cheap, and in the first period of the construction it cost nothing, as forced labour was furnished by the Viceroy Said Pasha, until Nubar Pasha, during Ismail Pasha's khedivate, pleaded its abolition, and succeeded in obtaining it. As many as ten thousand 'fellahs' were employed. This was termed *la corvée* in the clause of the contract, which clause was cancelled. There were lakes to cross, such as the Bitter Lakes and Lake Mareotis, which facilitated instead of impeding the construction. These sheets of water were made navigable on the line of canal, and dredged to the same depth as the bed.

With regard to the Panamá Canal, sickness is rife, and labour is expensive and has to be imported. The Colombians will not settle down to pick and shovel. They have an aversion to labourers' work, and consider themselves above such menial tasks. They glory in politics and revolutions, and are not fit for toil of that description; nevertheless they are experts at handling their machetes or entlasses, in clearing bush and jungle, and felling shrubs and small trees. Chinamen were formerly employed; but they were found to be expensive, and their habits and customs preclude them from hard and rough labour. The number that died during the construction of the railway across the isthmus is incredible; the saying is that every railway sleeper covers the body of a Chinaman. They are subject to disease, and especially fevers, through living in concentrated camps and using scanty and cheap food. The West Indian negro is the only labourer suitable. He understands earthwork and is proof against yellow-fever. There were as many as fifteen thousand West Indians from Jamaica, Barbadoes, Trinidad, and other British islands in 1884, and no cases of yellow-fever existed amongst them. A negro is seldom attacked by malignant fevers;

his diseases are more of a pulmonary and abdominal nature, and contracted generally from imprudence, either by exposure or excess in food or drink.

Then you have to face climatic variations in the shape of heavy rains during six months of the year, and abnormal heat and dryness during the remaining period. There was scarcely any rain during the construction of the Suez Canal, but water was plentiful owing to a fresh-water canal built between Cairo and Suez by the French engineer Larousse. The fevers on the Isthmus of Suez were of the ordinary intermittent and periodical nature, and cases of dysentery occurred among the European element. The great complaint with the 'fellahs' was stone and gravel. There were no seismic disturbances, and the region is entirely free from volcanic action. The ports of Port Said and Suez offered no salient engineering difficulties, whilst in Panamá and Colon the depth of water at both the termini is shallow, and in many places the bottom is composed of coral-reefs and hard conglomerates. All these stony substances have to be blasted and dredged. The canal at the Panamá terminus will have to be extended to the islands of Naos and Flamenco, a distance of three or four miles from the Rio Grande, the proposed mouth of the canal. Breakwaters of considerable size and strength will have to be thrown up to compete with the rise and fall of the Pacific tides, which vary from eighteen to twenty-two feet. On the Atlantic terminus ground must be reclaimed from the sea—termed *terres-pleines*—so as to allow buildings, quays, wharfs, and other accommodation to be built.

Our readers will, I think, understand the comparative work of these two canals: Panamá offering most serious difficulties in various ways, whilst Suez was a simple matter of time and money.

M. Ferdinand de Lesseps, the founder and promoter of the Suez Canal, was, of course, exultant at his success. The inauguration took place with lavish expenditure. His Highness Ismail Pasha distributed his invitations and favours indiscriminately. Emperors, empresses, kings, princes, nobility, gentry, and the world at large were invited to assist at the inauguration. An *invite* had only to set foot on the isthmus to become a *persona grata*. He was granted free passages to and fro on the isthmus. His hotel bills were paid, and all ordinary expenses were met without question. He had only to produce his card of invitation, and all was accorded. The festivities and entertainments were on a regal scale. *Dahabeeahs* (Nile boats) were transformed into dwellings, and made fast along the banks of the canal to accommodate guests. An anecdote which I think will not be out of place here will amuse our readers. A specially sumptuous *dahabeeah* was reserved and put at the disposal of a foreign Sovereign. His Majesty was attending the ball given at Ismailia Palace, purposely built for this occasion, and on his return to his *dahabeeah* in the early hours of the morning he found that a

guest of minor importance had wrapped himself up in his fur coat and taken possession of his imperial berth. It was not long before the intruder was ousted out of his comfortable dormitory and escorted overboard with a volley of unparliamentary language. M. de Lesseps was the pivot on which turned all these feasts and hospitalities. He was congratulated effusively by all present, and was considered the spoilt child of the world. The ball was opened by a royal quadrille, in which M. de Lesseps had for his partner the Empress Eugenie, who was then in the zenith of her beauty and glory. Decorations and orders were heaped upon him. His return to France was heralded with compliments, receptions, speeches, and banquets. England invested him with a G.C.S.I.; France conferred on him a Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour and made him a Member of the Institute; and stars and ribbons were lavishly bestowed upon him by other countries. He was looked upon as the man of the day, and every month hailed him as 'Le Grand Français.' He was also styled 'the Great Engineer,' which he never was. He never professed to be an engineer. He was a diplomatist, having filled several posts in the French diplomatic service, and was a popular figure everywhere. He was a brilliant orator, whose language was persuasive and sanguine, and he possessed courteous and winning manners. He was the idol of the *beau-sexe*, and always had a good word for everybody. He listened attentively to the rich and poor, and conversed with all classes with perfect ease and freedom. His star was in the ascendant, and all classes in France looked upon him as a great and incomparable genius. His prestige was magnetic, and gained him the absolute confidence of the French nation. It was at this period that he conceived the plan of a canal across the Central American isthmus.

A congress was held in Paris in 1878, at which assisted all the great men of different nationalities, convened to discuss and select a route across one of the isthmuses of the Spanish republics. The places brought before the commission for selection were Tehuantepec, Darien, Atrato, Nicaragua, and Panama. The majority of the commission gave the preference to another route than Panama, which is not mentioned here to avoid partiality. M. de Lesseps clung obstinately to his idea of Panama, observing that it was the shortest. That was really the only feature in its favour.

In 1880 an Interoceanic Canal Company was formed to construct this waterway. Lesseps' popularity was so universal that his appeal for funds was immediately and generously responded to by the French nation, especially by the thrifty and labouring classes. The pioneers left in 1881. The work commenced in that year, and continued until 1887, when the crash took place. Money was spent profusely on the isthmus during those six years, and no real, substantial, and useful work adequate to the expenditure could be shown. The work accom-

plished was not equal to half of the construction. None of the great engineering difficulties were mastered; in reality there was not sufficient visible work to account for the enormous expenditure of nearly eighty million pounds sterling. Then came the revolt of the shareholders, the incriminations of persons in high positions, the clamour of the press, the incredulity of the public as to the reports on the progress of the works. France was up in arms against the promoters, and demanded that a legal inquiry should be instituted. This was done. One or two directors were imprisoned, and others disappeared. The only gentlemen who got scot-free were some engineers and contractors who, in the harvest of money, reaped their profits and retired into private life.

The curtain fell on an ever-memorable and tragic scene. M. de Lesseps, crushed by this great catastrophe, retired to his villa at Vaten. The result of this misfortune preyed on his mind. He had hallucinations in which he fancied everybody was deceiving him—which was partly true. His state of mind and health becoming worse, he spent his days in silent sorrow; and France, at that moment sympathising with their great citizen, left him undisturbed to end his days in peace; but some hard-hearted speculators clamoured for his prosecution. They had forgotten Suez, and only remembered Panama! On the 7th of December 1894 his cruel and harassing troubles were ended with his sad death.

The great success of the Suez Canal, with its eulogies, dignities, and honours, was forgotten in presence of the failure of the Panama. His lucky star disappeared beneath the horizon, behind a dense black cloud of irreparable losses. The savings of the thrifty and the poor were squandered on the unfinished work of a gigantic folly. His name was forgotten by the selfish and ungrateful; but his memory nevertheless remained as dear to his admirers and friends on his downfall as it was in the heyday of his glory. The name of Ferdinand de Lesseps was formerly a talisman, but is now only mentioned with sentiments of pity or reproach, few remembering the profits they derived from the success of the Suez enterprise. France, whom he fondly loved, forgot the benefactor who gifted her with the glory of the Suez Canal, by allowing this great Frenchman's obsequies to assume the private ceremonial of an ordinary individual, instead of the doleful pomp of a national function.

A SONG.

WITHIN her garden Love first spake;
And still with Love we keep
A tryst 'mong roses wide awake
And roses half-asleep.

And, oh! I think the passing flowers
Bequeath her all their grace,
While each new bud with sweetness dowers
Her spirit and her face.

J. J. BELL.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

IN SCUTARI.

By REGINALD WYON, Author of *The Land of the Black Mountain, &c.*

NO,' says the captain of the *Danitza*, contradicting me, 'the situation is not usual. The discontent of the Miriditi is greater than I have known it to be for the last five years.'

We are finishing our breakfast in the early morning shade before the little Greek's hotel. He shall be nameless, for he is a man of oily tongue and preposterous bills, a Greek of the Greeks. The Austrian professor is toying with an egg, and an empty soda-water bottle proclaims that the previous night's impromptu sing-song in the Greek's courtyard in the sultry climate of the Albanian plain has not agreed with him. We had forgathered here the day before at dusk, and the stars had paled ere we sought our respective couches.

Yesterday the burly captain had brought the professor and a German on board his little steamer. During the evening Austrian consulate officials joined us, then the little Turk who is responsible to the *vah* for the antecedents of every stranger who sets foot in Scutari. Later came the Italian schoolmaster, with Djakovo the civilised Albanian, and a Turkish captain of artillery. It was just such a polyglot assembly as can be met with only in the Orient, and my head was buzzing still at the memory of that babel of tongues, each man relapsing into his mother-tongue as the hours had worn on.

'Will it be safe to visit the bazaar?' hazarded the professor through his handkerchief. A battalion of ragged Turkish infantry was just swinging by to the tune of a wild Oriental march, and the road was dusty.

'If the captain takes us, we shall be in very good hands,' I answer with memories of other visits, under his efficient guidance, to the evil-smelling, many-coloured market of the Albanian capital.

'Let us go,' says the captain.—'Later, the heat will be unbearable for you, professor,' he adds, with a wink at me.

Across the Turkish cemetery the clock from Paget's house chimes the hour of five, and the professor starts, looking hastily at his watch. Then he shakes it sadly.

'Must have dropped it,' he murmurs.

'Turkish time, four hours of difference,' remarks the captain laconically, and whistles for a cab.

An antiquated vehicle, swaying alarmingly over the atrocious road, dashes up, the wild-looking driver yelling as he whips the attenuated and sore-backed horses, and pulls them up on their haunches a yard away from us.

'It would be an interesting study, professor, to trace the origin of the cab,' I say. 'An essay on the subject might prove'—

'Will it hold together till we reach the bazaar?' interrupted the professor, somewhat rudely, for he has hurt himself against a mysterious corner skilfully concealed under a ragged covering.

Another yell and we are off, butting each other and finding more corners alternately. The pleasure of carriage-driving in Scutari is not that of London or Vienna, and is attended with much physical and mental suffering. In twenty minutes the horses come to a standstill abruptly, after plunging through a foot of sand with all eight legs planted at an angle before them. The professor uses an unacademical word as he pushes me back to my seat, and when the captain has found his hat we emerge on the glaring road.

Thousands of Albanians—men, women, and girls—cover a desolate waste of ground. It is the wood-market, and mules, donkeys, and small horses stand patiently under their enormous loads swishing off the myriads of flies with a clock-work regularity. All around us jostle great men in every costume of the odd score of the Albanian mountain clans, unarmed but with the inevitable bandolier of cartridges round their waists; handsome, well-grown men they are, head and shoulders taller than the everlasting patrols of disreputable Turkish soldiers who, with rifles at every angle

of the slope, follow unhappily a wretched-looking corporal.

We enter the bazaar, a maze of badly cobbled alleys, between rude wooden booths displaying a confusing medley of wares, gaudy sashes, old carbines and rifles, Oriental embroidery, Albanian clothing, powerful-smelling meats, and cheap imitation jewellery. The projecting roofs meet overhead in the narrow alleys, just disclosing a strip of blue sky, through which the sun cuts harshly, as with a knife, into the steaming atmosphere below. Negroes, Asiatics, all the unclean elements of the Turkish Empire, are crowded into these narrow ways: gorgeous Scutari merchants in jackets gaily embroidered in gold, silk shirts, red skull-caps with enormous blue tassels, voluminous black breeches of marvellous cut, and white stockings; their women-folk in scarlet cloaks and hoods; and, everywhere predominating in stature and numbers, the white-clad, lean hillmen, their revolver-belts empty for a few hours of their lives. The law insists on all arms being left at the guard-houses which surround the city; and could we peep inside one of those solitary block-houses we should see the walls hung with firearms of every description and make of the last thirty years.

Threading their way slowly but surely down every alley tramps a patrol. The Turks are obviously nervous, and the police on point-duty have one and all their revolver-cases unbuttoned. It was only recently that Turkish soldiers burnt a church of the most powerful clan of Northern Albania, that of the Miriditi. Officially the Turks are blockading them, but in reality it is the clansmen who have closed the roads to the sea, causing weeping and gnashing of teeth amongst the merchants and traders of Scutari. Retaliation is expected, and many are the voices raised this day clamouring that the bazaar should be closed, for the Miriditi have sworn to come and take their lawful revenge.

In a little square we enter a *café*, tired, hot, and bewildered. A solitary tree occupies the centre, and under its shade lie men and women snatching a little rest from the turmoil around them. At one end of the square an alley leads over the open plain beyond, for we are on the outskirts of the bazaar, which ends abruptly as if it were a walled-in town.

Six men in the Albanian serge swagger past. The black-bordering and embroidery of their clothes is more elaborate than that of the simpler costume of the hillmen.

'Watch these men,' says the captain. 'They are men of the Miriditi.'

'What effrontery!' ejaculates the professor, who has been drinking in the story of their doings during the past few hours. 'Do the Turks allow it?'

The captain shrugs his shoulders expressively as the clansmen, with an indescribable air of bravado, disappear in the crowded alley, eyed askance by

the chattering Turks. A patrol follows them at a discreet distance.

We sip our delicious coffee and gaze our fill at the ever-changing scene, when the captain murmurs an oath under his breath. His body has become rigid, and instinctively we follow the direction of his eyes.

In the middle of the square stands a man of enormous stature, clad in the garb of the Miriditi. One hand is carelessly placed in his open shirt; the other rests on his empty sash, thumb in bandoleer: a magnificent man, and a chief of his clan. As he thus stands a patrol slouches past, the corporal eyeing him keenly. With a nonchalance worthy of the highest civilisation, the chief withdraws his hand from his bosom and rolls a cigarette, spitting on the track of the departing soldiers.

'That is Adhem Beg, one of the most important leaders of the Miriditi,' I explain to the professor.

The captain interrupts. 'Watch him. He means mischief.'

Scarcely are the words uttered when the Albanian has drawn a silver-mounted revolver from his shirt. *Crash!* A Turk basking idly in the sun gasps and slides in a heap to the ground; and ere one of the petrified loungers can move, that revolver speaks sharply once more. With a scream, another Turk throws up his hands and rolls sideways in the filth-laden gutter, snatching at the burning cobbles as he rolls. All is confusion in a second now; men rush hither and thither, some up the alleys, others darting into the bazaar doorways, colliding with each other, shouting and cursing. The peaceful scene of a minute before, typical of Oriental laziness, is transformed into a yelling inferno. Unmoved only is the Albanian; and see! his pistol is raised once more as he deliberately selects another victim. *Crash!* and a third Moslem bites the dust. But now down an alley comes another babel of shouts. A patrol is literally cleaving its way with rifle-butt and bayonet through the panic-stricken fugitives. The Albanian sees them coming, smiles, and darts for the open country. It is not flight—he is too dignified for that; but, like a deer, he courses, running in zigzags towards a low wall a hundred yards away. It is obvious that if he reaches that he is safe; but twenty yards fail him to his goal as the soldiers come into the square and quickly drop on their knees. Five rifles ring out with a deafening crash almost simultaneously.

With hearts beating to suffocation we watch the fugitive. He swerves, but runs on. His hand is on the wall. He bends to vault it while the magazines click crisply as the second cartridge is shot home. Again the rifles speak, and the Albanian slowly, very slowly, slips down on this side of the wall. It looks as if the strength of his knees gave way at the moment of his spring. A puff of blue smoke comes from the now prostrate man, a chip of wood hits the captain in the face, and then all is still.

Five minutes later we learn that Adhem Beg was shot in five places, and with his last dying breath he fired his farewell shot.

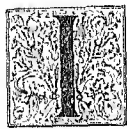
The bazaar is in an uproar as we with difficulty force our way homeward to the cab-stand. Bugles

are pealing from the barracks as the troops hastily muster; but it is finished. Adhem Beg has avenged the affront to his clan, and died as a hero.

An hour later merchants and buyers discuss the incident over cups of coffee and cigarettes.

COMEDY EAST AND TRAGEDY WEST.

CHAPTER V.



T is not always the first step that costs.

In love affairs, for example, the first step is often delightfully easy, and it is only after he has got a certain distance on the road that the responsibilities of the journey are forced upon the traveller. If one could kiss a young lady and whisper a word in her ear on the way home from prayer-meeting, and then meet her next morning as if nothing had occurred, this would be an easier world. But having taken one little step, so easy, so inevitable when all the forces of nature within and without are kindly impelling him, a man, or at least a gentleman, must continue on the road, and even press the pace. Well for him if his first impulse holds and gathers force, so that he may gallantly meet the difficulties of the way. But if it dies down he must make shift to pump it up. He has to go on all the same, unless he is prepared to acknowledge to his companion and the world that he is a villain and no honest traveller.

Eardley had neither courage to tell the truth nor self-denial to run away; and so he stayed on at Blue Forks and made love to Mary as opportunity offered, with the full intention of playing the rascal when the time should come for his departure. He only wanted to pass his holiday and have a good time. It was a delightful amusement to make experiments with this exquisitely responsive toy. There is an old story of a frog that came out of the pond to remonstrate with some boys. 'When you throw stones,' said the frog, 'it may be sport to you, but it is death to us.' Eardley liked to throw in the stones and watch the ripples. He liked to say such things to Mary as should bring a certain look into her eyes or call the colour into her happy face. He liked to feel the warm pressure of her fingers on his, and her shy kiss. He professed all the love she could desire, and exacted a hundred repetitions of her tender confession in answer. It was sport to him.

For a while she was too happy to observe that he made no allusion to the future. New and tumultuous emotions filled her inexperienced heart. 'I love, and he loves me again,' was the refrain to which all her pulses beat; and as it sang through her frame she heard nothing else. And at first this was enough.

But, as it has been remarked, woman is in the long-run practical. Man is driven violently hither and thither by vanity and sentiment, but woman in

all ages and countries has, when she could, kept an anchor fixed firmly on the main chance. Whether we go three thousand miles into the west, or three thousand years back into the past, it is the same. The Queen of Sheba was more practical than Solomon; and her contemporary, the Princess of Phæacia, and one of the nicest girls ever known, was no whit behind her: when she saw Ulysses in his clean clothes, though she thought him the handsomest man she had ever seen, her thoughts did not run to flirting on the beach, but directly to 'sweet marriage,' to be brought about through a proper introduction to her parents. It is recorded that Nausicaa's maiden-dreams about matrimony immediately reminded her of the family washing.

Mary, being a woman, was practical by right of birth. Her steps did not intentionally diverge towards blind alleys; her love was in the main highway of her life, and her first transports had scarcely time to calm a little before her aspirations were modestly turning towards housekeeping.

But she was not exacting, and Eardley was cautious. He could not deny himself the indulgence of a love-affair to relieve the tedium of his visit; but he had no idea of passing his life with Mary in a Brooklyn flat, still less of settling down in the West for her sake. What he did he did yielding to the impulse of the moment, knowing it would have to be undone, so far as it ever could be undone, with loss and sorrow. To be sure he was at first infatuated about the girl; but even at first there was a method in his madness. His love was hot, but not with the heat which kindles the fire on the domestic hearth. He was full of protestations to Mary that his love for her would endure through all eternity; but he said nothing about taking the usual means to secure her companionship for their common share of time.

In cases like this a man, however desirous of making himself comfortable by keeping a clean slate, is in fact compelled to tell a lie or two. But he may manage, if the lady is sufficiently trustful, to make his lies for the most part rather inferential than direct, and thus secure a lighter judgment at the bar of a properly educated conscience, and even at the bars of county courts, where matter-of-fact juries look for direct evidence. Accordingly Mr Eardley, while he was profuse in words, and even oaths, of love, entirely omitted all mention of marriage; and Mary at first never noticed the omission, and then regarded it as purely accidental

and temporary. She did so, of course, at her proper risk and peril; but she was a weak girl, and it was the first time she had ever been in love.

After Eardley's words on the bridge Mary had felt an impulse to tell her mother. But what was she to tell? If Eardley had been a generous youth, proposing to her in orthodox fashion, joining trembling with his hopes, and determined that his sweetheart's family should see in him an honest man—unworthy indeed, yet as worthy as any other man might be, to have their treasure entrusted to him—then he would have so spoken that she should have been able to go to her mother with happy blushes and caresses and whisper to her, 'Mamma, Walter has asked me to be engaged to him,' and then to pour into sympathetic ears Walter's tale of himself and his income, and his plans and prospects, and to talk it all over twenty times with uncloying interest and wonder ever new.

But Walter had said never a word of being engaged or of marrying, nor had he vouchsafed to give one particle of information about himself. Mary's mother knew as much as she did. Kisses, whispered words of love, and sweet demands for a confession in return are good so far as they go, and no doubt are fitting and almost indispensable in their proper place; but documents of a less volatile character should be furnished for transmission to parents and guardians, and the honest lover makes haste to supply them according to the measure of his powers.

Mary was not troubled about this at first. All was too blissful; there had been no time for anything but love. Next day they would begin to talk of plans. It was almost too happy to think of. But somehow next day, and next week, and next, and the next again went past. Nearly all their waking hours were spent together in an intimacy that grew 'with favours secret, sweet and precious,' and yet no definite word was said as to the future.

If they had been nearer each other in age and experience Mary would probably have brought her lover to an explanation; but she was a novice in the game, while he had 'been there before,' and was skilful to put aside inconvenient topics. He was sixteen years her senior, and it was easy for him to become the dominant partner. She grew anxious to please and fearful to offend him. To be his was all she asked. Not having questioned him at first, she did not dare to begin. She fancied he grew cold to her whenever in his presence she so much as thought about plans. She trusted him absolutely. She told herself that he was true and that she was happy, and all was well. She denied to herself that there was anything strange in his delaying to speak of their marriage. He knew best, and would speak in good time. But she was unhappy, though she loved none the less. It had been her habit to sing to herself as she went about her house-work. Now she tried to sing, lest her mother should notice the difference; but she could not sing herself into

happiness. The kitten purrs when it is pleased, but it must be pleased first. It is not possible to bring sunshine by pushing up the mercury in the barometer.

Who can say how long Mary might have lived in feverish joy in her fool's paradise and Eardley continued to indulge himself in irresponsible kisses? Not longer than the approaching date of his departure for New York; for, though Mary did not know it, her fine lover was resolved to discharge his moral obligations with an express locomotive, as Marryat's sailors paid their port debts with the main-topsail. Old Time with his scythe was on his way to drive her from her Eden as effectually as an angel with a flaming sword.

Meantime the operation of natural forces was to be reckoned with, and particularly the working of that great and universal law which acts in all the inhabited world, and which philosophers have named the Law of the Solidarity of the Human Race. It manifested itself in Blue Forks exactly as it does in Boston and in Bohemia, by the anxiety of parents, the interest of neighbours, the gossip of the town, and the comments of a public-spirited local press; all of which are no more than healthy symptoms of the said Solidarity of the Race, by virtue of whose inexorable laws no member can experience joy or sorrow without all the others feeling a thrill in unison inversely proportioned to the square of their distance. This shows that those persons who find fault with the *Court Circular* or the village tattle are flying in the face of Nature, and would substitute paralytic numbness for vigorous social life.

Blue Forks, and especially the members and adherents of the First Presbyterian Church, had the proper nervous organism of feelers moving about in all directions, each one sensitive to the most delicate touch and prompt to transmit its sensation to the central ganglion. Contact with any new object stimulated a nerve's normal activity. It was, therefore, inevitable that every walk or ride the distinguished stranger took with Mary Winans, the hour in the morning at which the lovers turned the corner of the path from Independence Avenue up towards the woods, and the hour at which they emerged into public view on their way home again in the afternoon, together with the sallies of Mrs Winans from her porch to watch for the absentees at the approach of supper-time, should be accurately recorded and commented on, and heads wagged over the total. If Eardley and Mary strolled along the street, there was always a sharp matron issuing from the corner store, on whose trained memory every particular engraved itself; or a village maiden on her way to the circulating library with the latest volume of the Golden West Library of Select Fiction, who, under her demurely cast-down eyelashes, noted with scientific accuracy their attitude, looks, gestures, in fact everything about the pair, interpreting and understanding them infallibly, by the aid of female instinct and that minute knowledge of the

heart which is acquired by the study of novels borrowed at two cents per night.

When Houdin, the Maskelyne and Cook of our grandfathers, was a boy, his father, it is said, trained his faculty of observation by making him describe the contents of the shop-windows after a single glance as he passed along the street, till he learned to fix in his memory in an instant an accurate picture of whatever he looked at. The skill which Houdin acquired by lifelong practice is the natural-born inheritance of every woman, and she develops it into a fine art before she is put into long frocks. The demurest girl is, in the things that interest her, a detective by intuition, and, while she is talking of the weather or the sermon, will, with one idle look at another woman, take in and store up in her brain without an effort not only the meaning expressed in her face, her eyes, and each of her movements, but the colour, shape, age, history, and present condition of every article she wears, from the toe of her shoe to the topmost feather in her hat. Every woman is one of the nerve-fibres of the Social Body.

Mrs Winans knew perfectly well that her daughter and Mr Eardley were talked about wherever two or three met together, and that things were said of them which she would not have liked to hear. She did not hear what was said; but she knew it by intuition, which is another word for previous experience. She knew that other people would be saying what she herself would have been saying if Mary had been some other woman's daughter. It would have been all right if she could have gone about among her friends and announced her daughter's engagement, giving the information about her prospective son-in-law which is looked for in such cases, and boasting as a proud mother of the dear girl's good fortune. But she could say nothing, for she knew less than any one, not having the advantage of comparing notes with a dozen other observers, and being without information from headquarters. She disliked and distrusted Eardley—which was bad, for a mother is generally willing to take a son-in-law to her heart if she can. And she disliked and distrusted him the more that no communication had been made to her, while she saw that her daughter was suffering.

For by this time Mary was suffering. She saw that her mother was vexed at receiving no confidence from her child; but she was ashamed to tell her mother of her love without telling her that she had been definitely asked in marriage. A coldness grew up between her and her dear friends Miss MacDermott and Miss Queckberger; for each of these young ladies felt hurt that she had received no news from Mary herself of what everybody was talking about. They had not yet, indeed, compared notes on the subject, for each feared to approach it lest she should thus betray that she had been denied a confidence with which the other had perhaps been favoured.

As far as interference by her relatives is concerned,

the American girl is allowed very much to manage her own love-affairs; and, with the help of the general public sentiment in a country where 'every woman is a lady and every lady a queen,' and every man every woman's eager servant and protector, she succeeds on the whole pretty well. In the larger social centres she has reduced the process to a science. But they are further advanced at Newport and Saratoga than at Blue Forks. Mary, too, was an exceptionally timid and loving girl. She hoped from day to day that Walter would make it possible for her to announce their engagement; and as day after day passed and she only received caresses and heard protestations of love and praises of her beauty, she grew nervously anxious. He was placing her in a false position. She could not help thinking sometimes, loyal as she was, that he intentionally avoided all mention of the future. She could not bring herself to speak to him of marriage; but she sometimes made little plans which she hoped might lead him to say something of it. One day she said, 'Oh Walter, I dare not think of the thirtieth, when you are going!'

'We won't speak of it, Mary. Time enough when it comes. Tell me, you are happy now, are you not, dear?'

'Yes, Walter, perfectly happy if you were not going away.'

'Well, you know, I'm not going to the mines or to fight Indians.'

'No, Walter.'

'I'm only going back to wicked old Gotham for a spell, and I'll have the thought of my own best girl to keep me all right.'

'And you will write me often?'

'Write you, Mary! It will be my only pleasure!'

'And, Walter,' she whispered, 'what will you say?'

'What shall I say! Why, that you're the dearest and best and loveliest girl in the whole world.'

A month ago this would have been enough. Now it was not what she wanted. She could not help a sigh.

'And you will tell me, Walter,' she faltered, 'you will tell me when'—

'Tell you what, Mary?' His voice had a very little hardness in its tone. She felt it and almost trembled.

'Oh Walter, you will tell me when you will come back?'

'Of course, dear. It won't be long. You know that, Mary. No longer than I can help. I wish I didn't have to go. Confound business! But a man must live, you know, dear.'

'Yes, Walter,' she said.

'And now, don't let us fret about it. We can't be unhappy while we're together, anyway. Can we? And my little girl will have plenty of patience, will she not?'

'Yes, Walter.'

(To be continued.)

CROCODILE-HUNTING IN JAMAICA.



LOOK 'pon him, sah! Shoot quick, sah!

My negro boatman pointed excitedly through an opening in the mangrove-bushes; and there, upon the slimy bank of the creek, I saw a big crocodile basking in the sun, inert as a log of wood, and looking very much like one. But for the wicked twinkle in its black, beady eyes, one could hardly have told that it was alive. Resting my Winchester on the gunwale of the boat, I took careful aim, and sent a heavy bullet crashing through the creature's skull. After a few struggles it slipped off the edge of the bank in its death-agony, and sank in the muddy waters of the creek.

'Confound it! Lost the skin again,' I muttered savagely. 'We'll never fish that fellow up.'

So it proved. After several vain attempts, my boatman had to give up the task, and we returned home disgusted, without any trophy of our hunting.

This is a fair example of a crocodile-hunt in Jamaica. There are a good many crocodiles in the swamps and creeks adjoining Kingston Harbour and in some of the Jamaican rivers; but they are exceedingly wary, and the hunter has to stalk them carefully to get near enough for a successful shot. A small, black-headed plover may usually be found perched upon the thick ridge running along the crocodile's back. This bird plays to the crocodile very much the same part as the pilot-fish to the shark: leading it to its prey, and warning it of the approach of danger by fluttering into the air and uttering a shrill cry. Then the crocodile dives to the bottom, and you may sit in your boat and nurse your rifle for half-an-hour or more without a chance of a shot. The Jamaican crocodile is shier of man than most of its kind. One may spend the whole day rowing up creeks and catching malaria in mosquito-haunted swamps without coming within rifle-shot.

There are many ways of shooting crocodiles; but all of them demand the best qualities of the sportsman: patience, vigilance, and instant readiness to seize the occasion when it offers. Some men believe in stalking through the mangrove-bushes that line the lagoons, others in waiting up a tree with their rifles ready to shoot at the first snout that comes above the water, and others again believe in paddling silently through the creeks in a dugout-canoe until they come upon the quarry. The crocodile is immensely fond of little puppy-dogs, and if you throw a dead one in the stream to serve as a bait you may be pretty sure of getting a shot. I have known persons calling themselves sportsmen tie up a live puppy to a tree in order that its yelps may bring a crocodile to the spot; but such cruelty is detestable. The puppy knows the danger full well, and suffers agonies of terror. The crocodile's craving for puppies is remarkable. Negro fisher-

men who live on the creeks have told me that very often crocodiles will come prowling around their huts at night after their dogs. Fish and land-crabs are also favourite articles of diet; now and then a horse or cow is attacked while drinking in a shallow river; and cases are on record of negresses and their pieceannies being carried off while washing clothes in a stream. Fortunately, such cases are very rare in Jamaica, the black people having a wholesome dread of crocodiles.

In an old translation of Pliny the crocodile is described as 'a venomous creature, four-footed, as dangerous on water as land. This beast alone, of all others that keep the land, hath no use of a tongue; he only moveth the upper jaw or mandible, wherewith he biteth hard; and otherwise terrible he is by reason of the course and ranke of his teeth, which close one within the other, as if two combs grew together. Ordinarily he is about eightene cubits in length. His feet be armed with claws for offence, and his skin so hard that it will abide any injury and not be pierced.' This description may not be correct in all its details, but it is certainly true that 'he biteth hard.' Many writers have drawn attention to the popular delusion that crocodiles weep, and 'crocodile's tears' have passed into proverbial philosophy. Shakespeare says:

The mournful crocodile
With sorrow snares relenting passengers;

while that truthful Christian knight Sir John Mandeville tells us: 'In many places of Inde are many crocodiles—that is, a manner of a long serpent. These serpents do slay men and eat them weeping.' Good old Sir John does not say whether the men or the crocodiles weep; but no doubt he means the latter.

In Pliny's day the crocodile's skin may have been able to 'abide any injury and not be pierced'; but a modern rifle-bullet will drill a hole through the toughest hide. The mistaken idea is common that only the eye and the throat are mortal parts. As a matter of fact, the crocodile is not very hard to kill, once one gets at it; the trouble is to get within range. It does not possess, as a rule, anything like the marvellous vitality of the shark, which will struggle furiously for an hour after it has been covered with apparently mortal wounds. I have known some cases, however, in which crocodiles have struggled for life most gamely. There was a patriarchal brute, reputed to be about thirty feet long and a hundred years old, which used to spread terror along the banks of one of the Jamaican rivers, carrying off cattle, scaring washerwomen, and even taking a stroll now and then down the main street of a river-side village and driving everybody helter-skelter indoors. A party of Englishmen at last tracked it to its lair, and slew it after a Homeric fight. When it was dragged to land its

hide was found to be covered with barnacles, just like the bottom of a ship, so venerable was it. One of its slayers told me that it did not give up the ghost until it had been pierced by over twenty bullets.

Another famous old Jamaican crocodile was caught in a peculiar manner. A planter whose favourite dog had been gobbled up by this crocodile swore that he would have vengeance. After diligent search, the crocodile was found in a shallow part of the river; but it dived into the mud at the bottom before the hunters could get near enough to shoot. The planter sent hurriedly for all his negro labourers, and set them to work to construct two barriers of bamboo-poles across the stream, enclosing the crocodile in a prison from which it could find no means of escape. Then a goat was brought and tied near the edge of the water. The goat bleated loudly, and the crocodile presently crept from its hiding-place and advanced towards the poor animal; but before it could reach its prey it was lassoed and dragged towards the bank by scores of willing hands. Too surprised to offer resistance, the beast was at first almost dragged on to the bank; but it caught on the edge with its fore-paws and struggled desperately. All the negroes on the plantation could not drag it up; they could only prevent it from flopping back into the water again. Eventually the planter sent for a yoke of eight oxen, and they were hitched on to the rope and got it out. While it was flopping about furiously on the ground a negro cleverly lassoed its tail; and, having it secured at both ends, they dragged it to a tree, round which they fastened the tail-rope, and then fastened the head-rope round another tree. When this was done the crocodile's back was broken by blows with axes and machetes. It may be asked why they did not shoot it; but the only gun possessed by the party was a small shot-gun, which was quite ineffective against the crocodile's hide.

In another case in which I was concerned the crocodile had the better of the encounter. We were a party of ten, searching the creeks in a small yacht under sail. Finding nothing, we tied the yacht to a tree and landed to do some stalking through the mangroves. Two of us took one path; the remaining eight went in a different direction. My friend and I sought vainly for an hour or two, and then

returned towards the boat. About a hundred yards from the bank we came across eight rifles lying about in all directions, but not a sign of the men. Filled with alarm, we hurried to the bank. The yacht was out in mid-stream, with our friends, pale as ghosts, safe aboard. They were eagerly scanning the creek, and standing on guard with oars and boat-hooks. Later they explained in reply to our impatient inquiries, that, feeling tired with the hot sun, they took a siesta under a tree, leaving one man on guard; but he also fell asleep. One fellow, waking up, observed a huge crocodile making for them evidently with murderous intentions, and he roused the rest with a wild yell, and rushed for the boat. They had no time to snatch their rifles or stand upon the order of their going. So the crocodile was balked of its prey, and all the records for the hundred yards must have been broken on that occasion.

I have never hunted crocodiles at night; but I am told that the best sport is obtained at that time. An English naval officer, formerly stationed at Port Royal, Jamaica, says that it is the most exciting, because the strangest, method of shooting them. He tells how he used to be paddled round the lagoons at night by a negro crew in a dugout-canoe, with a bright bull's-eye lantern tied by a band round his forehead. By slowly moving his head from side to side, he could make the light search all the surface of the water. 'Suddenly,' he says, 'a bright spark is seen about twenty yards away. This is the eye of the crocodile, and so the light must be kept steadily on it, and the canoe cautiously paddled towards the spark. Up comes the rifle to the shoulder, and when as close as it is judged safe without scaring the quarry, the trigger is pulled, and the report is often followed by the welcome sound to the sportsman of the great beast clashing its jaws and wallowing round in the mud and water in its death-throes. Wait till it is quiet, then approach cautiously. Make sure that it is dead, for a single blow of that great tail can break a man's leg, and a bite from that hideous jaw, with its grinning fangs, might be more serious still. As soon as it is dead a rope can be slung round it, its body dragged ashore to where it can be cut up next morning, and its head and skin taken home as a trophy of a night's adventure in the tropics.'

THE SONG OF HYACINTH.

PART II.

BY nature and by upbringing Katherine was of a prayerful habit. All her life she had prayed; but she had never prayed as she prayed now. She had always had faith in the goodness of God, as her mother had implanted and nourished it in her. She found it anew for herself in the dark gropings of these broken-hearted

days, when she would bury her head in cushion or pillow, and lie by the hour, outwardly silent, but crying with all the vehemence of her troubled soul, 'God have mercy on us! God have mercy on us! And oh, guard him from all harm!'

The human cross is of shapes and sizes as various as the bodies to be nailed thereon; but surely none exceeds in torture this long-drawn agony of waiting,

this dreadful anticipation of that which we fear may come to pass.

She had faith in the goodness of God. But this new faith to which she groped in the dark had open eyes. Whereas she had been blind, now she saw—dimly, perhaps, even yet. But see she did that the path before her might be rough and steep, and strewn with thorns and briars; that it might be God's inscrutable will that she should walk therein alone, without murmur or complaint; that the joyful reunion for which her sick soul craved might be not of this world, but of the next. And though her spirit came at times to the point of quiet acceptance and meek resignation, the faltering flesh no less at times drew back sharply, and all her cry was for deliverance from this cross that was too heavy for her.

'Oh God!' she cried, 'it is not heaven I want, but Charlie and my baby.'

The days dragged on and brought no news. He had told her not to be disappointed if no letters reached her. But she lay expecting them even while she told herself they would not come, and in spite of her faith and her prayers her spirits drooped daily. For the shadow of the valley towards which her pulses were racing lay heavy on her, and at times almost overwhelmed her.

She was lying so on her couch one night, with an unopened book to her hand, thinking, thinking, thinking—and praying at times, when her thoughts got too much for her and swung away and left her clinging to reason by a prayerful thread. Outside, the world was fog-bound, and the room was as still as though it had been packed in cotton-wool and buried deep below ground.

Suddenly she caught once more that fine, sweet thread of sound which had tantalised her so that other night. This time it was a pure delight. She lay listening intently and scarcely dared to breathe. For it was not a single note she heard now, but several; and she knew that in others of the bulbs the struggling life had broken its trammels and was striving hopefully upwards to the light. The sweet tones rose and fell in tiny chords and harmonies, now swelling, now sinking, now one clear pipe alone in a tiny recitative, then others joining in to swell the tiny chorus; but, thin and fine as were the notes, they were, to her tuned ear, round and full and strenuous, strong with the gladness of growing life, full of the confident hope of complete fulfilment.

She lay for a long time listening, till the meanings of those wordless songs worked into her soul, and she knew that they were good; and she said to herself, 'If these can be grateful, shall not I? If these can have hope and confidence, shall not I?' And that night she slept as she had not slept for many weary nights.

The next day her sick heart was rejoiced with a letter from the front, written by scraps as the exigencies of war permitted, by light of flickering camp-fire, on his knee as he sat in the saddle for a momentary halt; but, no matter how and when,

telling in every word of his thought for her, his longing for her, his love for her, and full of brave and cheerful words for her help and comfort. So far he was untouched—'Thank God! thank God!'—though many of his friends had fallen. The work was rough and heavy, and left him little time for thinking, except of that which was under his hand from moment to moment. But every outside thought he had was for her alone, and he told her—and she could see the strong face redden under the tan as he wrote the words, for he was of a repressive nature and spoke with difficulty of such matters—he told her how, day and night, whenever he thought of her, he prayed God's mercy for them both as he had never prayed before. And he assured her that, so far as his duty to his men permitted, he took, and would take, every care of himself for her sake. He felt within him, he told her, a strong belief that he would come through all right—'God grant it! God grant it!' He begged her not to worry either about herself or him; but to keep her heart high, and trust in God, who held them all in the hollow of His hand.

How she treasured his roughly written words, written with his heart's blood! How she rejoiced in the evidences of his love for her, in the deepening and widening of all that was best in him, in that uplifting of his higher nature even though it came through constant companionship with death!

Each night now the stirrings of life in the hyacinth-glasses sang to her. Every one of the eight had burst its bonds and joined the chorus; and hour after hour she lay listening to them, and never in her life had she heard music half so sweet.

The green shoots grew in height and developed into leaves which enfolded the beautiful soul within. Some clasped it tight to ward off every breath of danger; and some, grown stalwart in the service, stood round like guardian angels, with their backs to the world and their faces to their charge, anxious at once for their duty and their reward; and some, grown older still, levelled their points at the world and bade it keep at a distance. And as the sweet souls of the plants grew larger and larger, and swelled to bursting with that which was within them, the sound of their singing grew louder and louder to her accustomed ear, though no one else seemed able to catch it.

Time after time would Pinnefer come tiptoeing in to look after her welfare, and would stand surprised to find her lying with wide-open eyes and a look of fixed attention when she had supposed her asleep; and still more surprised was Pinnefer to find herself coerced into silence and waved out of the room with a peremptory little hand that would brook no remonstrance.

So Katherine drew nearer and nearer to the Valley of Shadows—the valley into which she must descend alone, hoping by God's mercy to come through into the sunlight beyond. For a cloud hangs ever in that valley, and none this side may pierce it. Most who go down into the cloud to battle for lives

win safely through; some come forth chastened and crowned into the full glory of perfected motherhood; some escape barely with their lives; and some pass through the darkness into that higher rest which, though it cut short greatest earthly happiness, is still a more joyful estate. But at best the Valley of Shadows is a mystery and a thing to look forward to with dread and foreboding. Motherhood is surely one of the keys to the gate of Heaven. Possibly in the Greater Charity, even a soiled key may not be counted unavailing to unlock that gate at times.

Katherine's sitting-room, where the hyacinths lived and sang, was next to her bedroom. She had many long and sleepless nights, thinking, fearing, praying. She took to leaving the door between the rooms open, and in the long, soft silences of the night the jubilant singing of the flowers brought comfort and hope to her soul; for their song was ever a glad one—of hope and faith and trust, and the joys of perfect accomplishment in the fulfilling.

Nearer and nearer she drew down towards the valley, and her old nurse grew ever more anxious on her account, lest any untoward happening might tend to her undoing—for now a very little thing, a very small mischance, and life might be spoiled in the making—and all her devotions were doubled.

One morning Katherine's paper was not in its usual place alongside her eup.

'Why, what has become of my paper?' she asked, and caught a tremulous look on Pinnefer's gray face which was not usually there. 'Get it for me, please,' said Katherine gently; and to herself she said, 'He is dead!'

'Dearie!' said the old nurse as she reluctantly brought her the paper, 'he is'—

'I know,' said Katherine calmly. 'He is dead!'

'No, no, not dead!' cried Pinnefer, amazed at her composure. 'Wounded, dearie, only wounded, and it doesn't even say severely. Maybe it will bring him home. I do hope it's just bad enough to bring him home.'

'Now leave me, Pinny dear, and let me read it for myself;' and she sent the old woman away, and read the account of his wounding as if it had been a chapter in the Bible.

She was surprised herself at her own calmness; but truly she had been daily expecting news of his death. Since the day he started she had said to herself that she would never see him again; and now the blow when it came was so much lighter than she had feared that it left her steady and almost unmoved. Nay, her first feeling was one of grateful exultation. He was no longer exposed to the deadly risks of the field. In hospital, surely, the chances were in his favour. It was no longer thousands of treacherous bullets seeking his life, and any one of them sufficient to end it; but careful doctors and patient Sisters striving diligently to ward off death. Oh, surely the chances were in his favour now! Then she thought of the many deaths in hospital, and she began to doubt, after all, if he would not have been safer in the field.

The tossing to and fro of her troubled mind was rapidly working her into a fever, when her doctor came in to see her, at the instigation of the anxious Pinnefer.

He pooh-pooled the idea of greater risks in hospital than in the field, gave it as his opinion that the war was almost over, that Captain Charles had seen the worst, and that he would be home in no time. At which Katherine clasped her hands ecstatically. Still more to the point, seeing the state she was in, he offered to cable at once for fuller news, and left her eager and hopeful.

But the hours passed and no answer came, and that night was surely the longest she had ever passed. Her thoughts swung back to their lowest depths of fearful foreboding. He was dead. He must be dead, or he would surely have replied; and now all she had to do was to follow him as quickly as possible. Her feet were slipping quickly towards the valley. It would not be hard, she thought, to lie down in the shadows, and, striving and hoping no more, just float quietly into rest.

Twice during the evening the doctor called *sub rosa* to learn if any reply had come to his cable. He did not go up to see her lest his face should betray his anxiety; for he said to himself, and Mrs Pinnefer saw it in him, though he did not say it in words to her: 'If good news comes she will get through all right. If bad news comes it will kill her. And in this case no news is bad news.'

Pinnefer wanted to sit up with her, but she would not have it. She had the bulb of an electric bell on the chair by her bedside, and could summon her in a moment.

'Leave me, Pinny dear; I am better alone. I will call you if I want anything. And leave the sitting-room door wide open—as wide as it will go.'

She lay back on her pillows and watched the dancing flames and shadows till all the house was still; and in the stark stillness, when all her fears hovered round her and grew till they almost took shape and became tangible, she heard again the sweet, soft singing of the flowers. Louder than before, louder than ever before, it rose and fell, swelling in volume after each long cadence, higher and higher, and fuller and fuller, like the song of a lark trilling upwards to the sun, a very psalm of jubilant exultation. It soothed her as nothing else in the world could have done—save perhaps one thing, or two things.

The hyacinths stood high now, each shapely pillar a very queen of beauty, upright and perfect, exquisite in form and colour, exquisite in the delicate perfume distilled throughout the room from their myriad wide-mouthed bells. So subtle was the flavour that it penetrated even to Katherine's bedroom, and bore in to her on the darkness so perfect a vision of the stately beauties that she felt as though it needed but the stretching of a hand to gather them.

It pleased her fancy to imagine the exquisite music and the exquisite scent distilling together

from the wide-mouthed bells, even though the music had been there long before the first bell was born. And as the music rose and fell, and waxed ever more sweetly jubilant, and travelled to her on scented waves of sound, she lay back in the dark and said to herself, 'They are glad and fearless; and I, who know of God, am full of fears. The touch of a careless hand and they were gone; but they have sung since the day they were born.'

And the careless hand had never fallen on them. They had lived to sing—she thought they would live to sing their song out. What was it Charlie wrote about a hand—the hollow of a hand? Trust in God, who held them in the hollow of His hand. A strong hand surely—and a loving; and, cradled in the hand of Love, she fell asleep.

She woke with a start in the gray of the dawn with the echoes of a hasty knock on the street-door in her ears. And presently Pinnefer came in, on heavy tiptoes, in a wonderful dressing-gown, and after a searching glance at her face, handed her a half-stuck yellow envelope, with a hand that shook in spite of herself.

And Katherine tore it open with a steady hand and read:

'Wounded, but doing well. Home soon as can travel.'

'Thank God!' she said, and then went white to the lips and fell back on her pillows. And Pinnefer ran to the door, where the doctor was waiting as if he had never been out of the house; and he nodded cheerfully as much as to say:

'All's well, Pinnefer! All's well! God's in His Heaven, after all, Pinnefer!' as though he knew perfectly well all that was in that telegram—which, indeed, he did.

And Katherine slipped gently down into the Valley of Shadows.

Six weeks later Colonel Charles sat by Katherine's couch looking worshipfully down on his little daughter, and the baby stared back at him with eyes like velvet pansies, and apparently found it very difficult to account for him.

He was lean and brown of face, and thin and worn of body; and one of his arms was permanently out of action, the sleeve looped up to his button, never to be used again. And Katherine herself was thinner, he thought, than he ever remembered her. But the sweet, thin face, fined and chiselled to a still rarer delicacy by its passage through the valley, shone with a radiance the like of which he had never seen before.

As he looked on mother and child there was that within him which made his own lean face soften—to breaking-point almost. The grim lines which the close companionship of death had wrought there smoothed themselves out before this wonder of creation, and a glory akin to hers shone dimly through.

'What shall we call her?' he asked as his daughter clutched amicably at the brown finger he tendered her.

'Her name is Hyacinth,' said Katherine softly.

THE END.

FOOTPRINTS OF 'THE FIFTEEN.'

By the Hon. S. R. ERSKINE.



THE movements of the Earl of Mar on the eve of the rising of 1715 have never been accurately set forth or detailed with that degree of minuteness which they deserve, considering the importance of the undertaking in which he was subsequently engaged. Our historians dismiss this topic in the briefest fashion, or (where they attempt to be particular) they fall into error. Indeed, contrasted with the well-trodden field of 'the Forty-five,' the rising of 1715 is almost unknown, so far as historian and public are concerned. The events of Prince Charles's adventurous campaign have, in the popular imagination, entirely eclipsed those which characterised the progress of his father, when that Prince went personally in quest of a throne. Even the novelists have sadly neglected 'the Fifteen,' which, perhaps, is scarcely to be wondered at, seeing that, with comparatively few exceptions, story and romance writers are accustomed to look for their themes upon familiar ground rather than in quarters where exploration might draw down upon themselves the dangerous charge of novelty or originality. From time to

time, indeed, we hear of persons who are about to turn their attention to this unfrequented field. But, in spite of busy rumour, the rich historical harvest which awaits whoever turns his attention to the affairs of 1715 remains ungathered. Meantime material goes on accumulating as documents are published and evidence is disclosed, so that what has been the case in so many historical regions, which have been so much gleaned of late that almost nothing now remains to be gathered from them, applies with particular force with regard to 'the Fifteen'—namely, that the existing accounts of that undertaking are now largely out of date, and require to be supplemented by others written entirely in, and with, the light of recent historical research. In the following remarks relating to the Earl of Mar's passage from England and arrival in Scotland in 1715, it is not intended to do more than to correct some errors that have crept into the published accounts referring to the Jacobite leader's movements at that time. It is intended merely to give chapter and verse for his journeyings from the time that he left England till the raising of the Royal Standard on the braes of Mar in

September 1715. Hitherto his movements in the interval betwixt those two periods have been wrapped in considerable obscurity.

The Earl of Mar left London for the north on 2nd August 1715, having attended on the previous day a levee of the new-come Prince of Hanover. He left his house in Whitehall disguised, and under the name of Maule took passage in a small coasting-vessel of only a few tons burden. 'My Lord Mar had his passage from South to North Britain in John Spence of Leith his boat, having only in company with him General Hamilton and his own menial servants. The boat was sailed by two seamen.* His design was to have landed at or near by St Andrews; but he was forced into the south-east part of Fife, where he went on shore near to the Elie.† In the hurry he landed with, one of his principall servants dropped over a plank which was laid from the boat on a rock, and was drowned in the sea.‡

Mar stayed a few days in Fife, beating up the quarters of the Jacobite gentry of 'the kingdom,' and concerting measures with them for the success of the rising which was to follow. He visited the house of Malcolm of Grange (whose indiscreet conduct is said to have been responsible for the failure of 1708, and of whose parts Mar entertained a very low opinion), induced him and others to take part in his measures, and thence passed eastwards to Crail and other small Fifeshire seaports, where the Jacobite interest was strong. From Fife, Mar, attended by a few persons only, travelled 'on foot overland to his father-in-law, my Lord Kinnoul, his house, being supplied of horses by him'§ for his journey to the north. On 17th August he crossed the Tay with forty horse, at a ford (now no longer a ford, owing to recent dredging operations) about two miles below Perth, and not far from the residence of one 'Craigie' Paterson, a zealous and discreet Jacobite of his day. After crossing the Tay, Mar and his retinue proceeded by the old road on the north side of the river, through Seone, then dismantled and unoccupied, towards Coupar-Angus, where some of his companions left him, he himself taking his way 'towards the country of Mar; and the first night thereafter came to Thomas Rattray of Craighall,|| near to Blair of Gowrie, his house; and having communicated to him his design of taking up arms and serving for the Pretender, and concerting measures with him for the accomplishment, thence he passed from Craighall towards Strathardle, where the informer had occasion to see him by the way, being accompanied with eighteen horsemen; and some of his vassals in Mar, having intelligence of his approach, some waited on him to Spalding of

Ashentulle his house; and, knowing him to be firm for the interest he was to set up for, he [Mar] talked very freely and in publishment of his designs; and knowing he [Spalding] could raise some two or three hundred men, promised him [Spalding] a colonel's commission in the Pretender's service; and withal told him that whether the Pretender landed or not, General Hamilton and he were to lead an army south for the dissolution of the Union, and to have the grievances of the nation redressed. For he [Mar] was at pain all the way as he passed to spread a false report of the Parliament being designed to lay unsupportable taxes upon the nation, on lands, corn, cattle, meal, malt, not only so, but even on cocks and hens; and that this was no mean reason for him to take up arms, since otherwise, in a very short time, the nation would sink under such burdens. This took so heavily with the common people, and animated them to take up arms. He [Mar] passed two days with that gentleman in great jollity, and as [when] they were merry together, told him that at every house he had touched by the way he had borrowed something, and he must needs borrow something of him also; and being demanded what that might be, he [Mar] told him that it was his [Spalding's] fiddler, which that gentleman readily granted. From thence he went to Spittal of Glen Shee, where he lodged at a publick house, and from thence to Mar; and having no house of his own in that country under repair,¶ he lodged in Farquerson of Invercauld, a vassal of his own, his house; and having assured him of invasion to be made of the three kingdoms at once, and that he [Mar] was to head the Pretender's force till the Duke of Berwick's arrival, who was to command them in chief; so likewise agreed upon the day he was to land. Howbeit his [the king's] landing being once again reported, and they [the Jacobites] as frequently disappointed, my Lord Mar pretended the French king's death had occasioned the delay, and agreed upon another time for his [the king's] landing; but likewise failing in that, and yet instantly pressing the gentleman to take up arms and put his men in order, he [Invercauld] told him that might he see the authority of the Pretender himself or any who bore his commission he was ready to go all lengths to do him service; and might [could] the Earl of Mar show him the Pretender's commission he was satisfied. My Lord Mar answered was not his word sufficient? The gentleman answered he was not to hazard his life and fortune on any man's word; and that night, when he had got my Lord Mar and his company in bed, he went off,** leaving order for his servant to convey

* It is said that both Lord Mar and General Hamilton assisted in the navigation of the vessel.

† The exact spot where he landed is a moot point; but it was possibly at Earlsferry, nearly opposite the house of Malcolm of Grange.

‡ Spies' evidence, Record Office, London.

§ Additional evidence, Record Office, London.

|| Craighall, however, did not take up arms in 1715.

¶ Mar Castle, the existing building, erected (1628) on the site of an older one, had been gutted by fire during the troubles in Scotland in 1689, and was not then habitable. Kildrummie and Corgarff, Mar's other two castles in Aberdeenshire, had shared much the same fate.

** Invercauld, who was by no means a warm Jacobite, as subsequent events proved, took refuge in Aberdeen, where he remained till a peremptory message from Mar threaten-

out some stands of arms of which he had good store in his house, as the generality of gentlemen in that country have, having been a providing themselves ever since Queen Anne's death. Howbeit, when my Lord Mar found Invercauld gone, and likewise missed the stand of arms, he called his [Invercauld's] principall servant, and threatened him for taking away those stands of arms without his knowledge; and coming to know that one other of the meanest of his [Fatquharson's] servants had been assistant to him in so doing, he caused tye him neck and heel, and let him so lye for ten or twelve hours.*

From the same source, the Hanoverian Government was informed that 'their [the Jacobites'] design was immediately upon the setting up of the Standard to march south to the shire of Perth, where they were to encamp on the moor of Blairgowrie; and that they were to have a general rendezvous there, and from thence they were to send off detachments to Perth, Dundee, and Montrose, to go proclaim the Pretender.† This intelligence the spy states that he received from 'one of their own party;' but it was not the arrangement which was actually followed, the way to the south *via* Dunkeld, &c., where Athole had shut himself up in his castle expecting attack, being that which was eventually followed.

Mar left Invercauld on Monday, 28th August, and crossing the hills betwixt Dee and Don sides, came down upon the latter a few miles above Skellater. 'There was in company with his lordship,' says another spy,‡ 'the Marquis of Tullibardine, the Earl Marshall, Lieutenant-Generall Hamilton, the Laird of Glendaruell,§ who all lodged that night in

the house of John brother to the Laird of Skellater,|| and were guarded by about forty men. The next day, being Tuesday, the Laird of Glengarry came to them, and they went all down the country three miles [eight would be nearer the mark] to the Castle of Glenbucket, being met on their way by two hundred men in arms [doubtless under the leadership of Gordon of Glenbucket], who conducted them thither, where the Earl of Sonthesque and the Tutor of Aboyne came to them; and having stayed two hours with them, went off. There came, also, the Marquis of Huntly,¶ with one Generall Gordon,** who staid with the Earl of Mar at the said castle all night, being guarded with the said two hundred men. Upon Wednesday about 10 o'clock they went without any guard to the Castle of Aboyne, where they met the Earl of Sonthesque, and stayed there all night, being also guarded there with about two hundred men. The next day, being Thursday, the Marquis of Huntly, the Earls Marshall and Southesque went off. The rest stayed there all that day and night, still guarded, and on Friday all those who went from Invercauld returned, accompanied with Glengarry, Invercauld himself, and the Laird of Abergeldie, and arrived at Invercauld that night. They had no guard with them that day; but so soon as they arrived there were guards placed on them, which still continue. They found at Invercauld, Colonel Hay†† and one Mr Bruce.‡‡

On the 6th September following, the Earl of Mar, in presence of an army of about one thousand, raised the Standard of James VIII. at the Castle-town of Mar, when the rising passed from its initial stages, and so entered upon its brief and inglorious career.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

MEMORIAL TO THE FIRST OBSERVER OF THE TRANSIT OF VENUS.



HE meeting of the British Association at Southport, which it revisited after a lapse of twenty years, is to be taken advantage of by the residents in order to collect subscriptions for a memorial in honour of Jeremiah Horrocks, who was curate for some time in the village of Hoole. His name will always be remembered as that of the first astronomer to note

ing him with the destruction of his house unless he at once returned, draw him forth from his place of concealment. Invercauld took part in the rising; but, pleading constraint by his superior, was released by the Hanoverian Government after a short imprisonment. He was alive in 1745, but refused to 'come out' on that occasion; and there being no one to oblige him—the earldom of Mar being attainted and the estates forfeited—he was suffered to have his own way.

* Spies' evidence, Record Office.

† *Ibid.*

‡ Record Office.

§ Colin Campbell of Glendaruell.

the transit of Venus, which he did with very primitive apparatus, turning his room for the nonce into a kind of camera-obscura, and receiving the image of the sun upon a screen. The incident forms the subject of a picture which, if we remember rightly, hangs in the Walker Art Gallery at Liverpool, where he was born. His life was cut short at the age of twenty-two; but his work has always been regarded as most valuable, and his name will be remembered by astronomers. It may be mentioned that the transit of Venus over the sun's disc was referred to by Kepler, but he never observed it. In 1633

|| 'Black Jock' Forbes, Bailie of Kildrummie, the same to whom the Earl addressed his famous letter. The family of Inverearn were official servants of the Earl.

¶ Huntly and Sinclair

They both played the tinkler

at Sheriffmuir, the former on the back of the celebrated 'Florence.'

** Gordon of Auchintoul. He subsequently commanded that body of Highlanders which Mar despatched to the west to create a diversion there.

†† Son of the Earl of Kinnoul, and afterwards Earl of Inverness.

‡‡ The Record Office.

Horrocks predicted that the transit would take place six years later, and on 24th November 1639 he and his friend Crabtree witnessed the phenomenon, as already described. To observe a transit of Venus was the prime object of Captain Cook's first voyage to Tahiti in June 1769.

SMOKE CONSUMPTION.

Cases are not infrequent in our police courts of manufacturing firms being fined for discharging clouds of smoke into the atmosphere to the discomfort and annoyance of the public. There are now many appliances by which furnaces can be made to consume their smoke; but these prosecutions show that some of them at least are by no means perfect. In the Belgian factories a new method has been introduced which seems to promise good results. The smoke from the furnace is driven by fans into a porous chamber, and over this flows a stream of petroleum or other inflammable liquid, and the smoke-particles mingle with it and are totally consumed. The heat generated in the operation is of course utilised, so that the process represents an economy rather than an additional expense.

CHIPPED GLASS.

Sheets of glass which are covered with a shell-like raised pattern are now in common use for screens, partitions, electric-light lanterns, and other purposes. The material is known technically as chipped glass, for the pattern is actually chipped out of the surface by a process which is at once strange and interesting. In the first place, the sheet of glass to be treated is placed under a sand-blast in order to give it a grain. This ground surface is next treated with a solution of good glue, and the glass is placed in a drying-room on a rack, and remains there some hours. Next the sheets of glass are removed to the chipping-room, where they are placed on edge, back to back, with the coated surfaces outward. This apartment is heated by steam-coils; and when the heat is turned on the glue reaches its utmost degree of desiccation, and curls off the glass in pieces from the size of a sixpence to that of a florin; but it adheres so closely to the glass that in its effort to get free it tears a piece off the surface, the result being a beautiful pattern. The glue must be of the best quality; and after separation from the chips of glass it can be melted up and used again and again.

SOUND EXPERIMENTS.

The Rev. J. M. Bacon—surely the most enthusiastic scientific balloonist ever known, who seems to spend half his life up in the air—has been making some interesting observations regarding sound-phenomena. He corroborates the statements of Tyndall and others to the effect that there is a kind of selective power of the atmosphere, sometimes the sound of a gun being more intense than that of a train, and *vice versa*. He noted when a thousand feet above the earth that the clashing together of

trucks during shunting operations, which is so distressing to the ears of people on the earth, is but feebly heard overhead. On the other hand, the sound of a puffing locomotive starting with its load is a tremendous noise aloft. He also noticed that the humming of a thrashing-machine, which would hardly be noticed at the surface of the earth, grows into a sound of extraordinary penetration when heard in cloudland. Referring to the musical hooters used on river-craft, and their peculiar power and penetration, he expresses a wish, which many will echo, that these instruments were made to replace the screeching whistles at present in use. He remarks incidentally upon the circumstance that a sound coming from the earth, with the surface as a big sound-board to reinforce it, is naturally much better heard by a balloonist than a noise from the balloon is heard by those below it.

BORAX IN FOOD.

It will be remembered that some time ago the chief chemist to the United States Department of Agriculture undertook a series of experiments with a number of volunteers who consented to be fed with food containing borax as a preservative, in order that it might be ascertained how far that substance affected the general health of those who consumed it. He now states that it will take some months to determine the exact effect of these experiments on the human body; but two facts at least have been conclusively settled: first, that the use of such preservatives as borax and boracic acid diminishes the natural weight, and the persons partaking of food so contaminated do not, on relinquishing it, at once regain their former weight; secondly, that the use of borax tends to reduce the amount of nitrogen in the human body, and that its volume will not retain the heat existing before the experiments. How far such changes are likely to affect the general health remains to be determined.

FIREPROOF WOOD.

Various processes for rendering wood fireproof have been introduced from time to time, and have received notice in these columns. Experience shows that such inventions are not so readily taken up as they should be by builders, architects, &c. There have occurred within quite recent times disastrous fires: one at Colney Hatch Asylum, where buildings of a temporary nature were destroyed, with a loss of about fifty lives; one in the Liverpool railway tunnel, in which lives were sacrificed; and now we hear of the terrible holocaust on the Paris tubular railway. It may be safely asserted that the terrible loss of life in all these cases might have been mitigated if fireproof wood had been employed in the constructions involved. County Councils and other public bodies have passed regulations as to buildings under their supervision, with a view to make them as far as possible fireproof; but the question arises whether Government should not institute an inquiry into methods of fireproofing.

wood. If wood can, by a practicable process, be rendered unflammable, it should be thus protected before being used in any kind of building construction. It would be interesting to ascertain the percentage of the houses now in course of erection in which fireproof joists, flooring, &c. will be used.

TREE-FELLING BY ELECTRICITY.

It is well known that if an electric current of a certain intensity is made to pass through a conductor of high resistance it will cause that conductor to become highly heated, and upon this principle depend all the electric-heating arrangements which are now brought forward. As an example we may point to the carbon filament in an ordinary glow-lamp, which becomes incandescent owing to the resistance which it offers to the current. Some time ago it became necessary to cut through the timbers of an old bridge in course of removal, and the plan was adopted of doing the work with a wire rendered red-hot by the electric-current. The system is now employed in France, says *Electricity*, for the purpose of felling trees, the hot wire being used as a saw. We are told that by this system a tree can be felled in one-fourth the time usually occupied by the operation; but, of course, this must entirely depend upon the facilities for obtaining the necessary current.

BACTERIA FOR FARMERS.

For the past hundred years agricultural chemists have been asking the question whether it were possible to utilise the free nitrogen of the atmosphere as the food of plants, and they all seem to have come to the conclusion that the nitrogen of the air is not assimilated by plants. But it was discovered that certain leguminous crops (peas, beans, &c.) had an excess of nitrogen over that which could be accounted for as coming from the rain-water and from the manures supplied to the land. Experiments subsequently proved that this assimilation of nitrogen depends upon the presence of certain bacteria which cause swellings on the roots of the plants, and that each particular leguminous plant can be identified with a certain micro-organism which thus beneficially affects its growth. Photographs have been published showing how plants which have been inoculated with suitable bacteria have benefited by the operation. The agricultural department of the United States has for a long time been in the habit of distributing rare seeds gratuitously to farmers; now it is announced that it is prepared in like manner to place at the disposal of agriculturists bacteria for enriching the soil.

RADIUM AND CANCER.

The opinion of an eminent scientific authority like Dr Graham Bell, the inventor of the telephone, must always be entitled to respectful attention, whatever may be the subject under consideration. Our readers already know that radium has, with encouraging results, been applied

to the cure of external forms of cancer, but that satisfactory results have failed in the case of deep-seated tumours. The same effects have been recorded with regard to the use of the Röntgen rays. Commenting upon these reports, Dr Graham Bell, in a letter to Dr Sowers of Washington, which has been published, observes that 'the Crookes tube, from which the Röntgen rays are emitted, is, of course, too bulky to be admitted into the middle of the mass of cancer; but there is no reason why a tiny fragment of radium sealed up in a fine glass tube should not be inserted into the very heart of the cancer, thus acting directly upon the diseased material. Would it not be worth while making the experiment along this line?'

ELECTRIC BATH-CHAIRS.

Automobile chairs propelled by electricity will be used at the World's Fair at St Louis next year, and a picture of the contrivance taken from a photograph was published in a recent issue of the *Scientific American*. Its inventor is Mr Semple S. Scott, who has for some years been working at the problem of producing a self-propelling chair for the use of invalids and others. The chair carries batteries by which the current is supplied; but it is obvious that such vehicles will be of no use except in situations where charging-stations for the exchange of charged batteries for exhausted ones are installed. A noteworthy feature of the new chair, the speed of which is limited to three miles an hour—a comfortable walking-pace—is a sensitive horizontal bar which extends in front six inches above the ground. We use the word sensitive because directly this guard comes into contact with any obstruction it is pressed backward, and the wheels of the chair are immediately locked. The chair will carry two passengers, one to act as driver; but at the St Louis Exhibition the chairs will be provided with a detachable seat at the back for a driver, who will also act as guide to the exhibition.

SEA-BREEZES WITHOUT THE SEA.

The Paris correspondent of one of the London newspapers tells of a member of the Academy of Sciences of that city who is enjoying sea-breezes at home by manufacturing a liquid which he diffuses through the air of his apartment. The recipe for the compound is given as follows: In ten volumes of oxygenated water containing a hundredth part of ether charged with ozone he dissolves a small quantity of sea-salt. By means of a vaporiser, this liquid is distributed in the air at the rate of one hundred and twenty grammes per hour. It is said that by this means the apartment becomes saturated with the scent of the sea, and that a draught of air produces the sensation of a sea-breeze. Our faith is somewhat shaken when we read that this ingenious scientist while inhaling this mixture seats himself in his arm-chair, with his eyes closed, and 'listens to the lapping of the waves while breathing their odour,' for he holds to his ear a shell in which he

can hear the murmur of the sea. As to the compound described, we should think that much the same result would be brought about by vaporising some sea-water. The plan is not likely to commend itself to many who are seeking change of air.

IMITATION SILK.

Wood-pulp, which is now used to such a wonderful extent for paper-making, is, according to report, being employed at a factory in North Germany for making artificial silk. The plant is turning out about fifty pounds of skein-silk per day, but the output is soon to be increased to two thousand pounds. The material is said to be soft in texture, and of a cream-white colour, each thread being made up of eighteen single strands, which by themselves are so fine as to be almost invisible to the unaided eye. When woven, this wood-silk is said to have all the appearance of genuine silk, although it is not so strong as the real product of the silkworm. Little is known as to the details of manufacture; but it is believed that the pulp undergoes a certain chemical treatment, and is then forced by hydraulic pressure through very fine orifices or tubes. Equally reticent are its promoters with regard to price and resistance to wear and tear.

WANTED, A RESPIRATOR.

The council of the Society of Arts, London, are offering, under the terms of the Benjamin Shaw Trust, a prize of twenty pounds or a gold medal for the best dust-arresting respirator designed for those engaged in dangerous trades. The council calls attention to the circumstance that as far back as 1822 the Society awarded a medal for a magnetic guard to protect the workers during the process of dry-grinding—such, for instance, as that involved in the pointing of needles. But the contrivance, although it appeared to meet the conditions desired, never came into common use, the opposition to its employment coming from those for whose benefit it was devised. The work-people thought that if their occupation were made less risky to health wages would decline, and therefore they would have nothing to do with the magnetic guard. The council of the Society believe that such short-sighted considerations would have less weight now, and they invite inventors to send in specimens of suitable apparatus before the last day of the year. The appliance must be light in weight, simple in construction, not unsightly, it must offer no impediment to respiration, and the filtering material must be capable of easy renewal.

FILE-CUTTING BY HAND.

The action by the Society of Arts synchronises, curiously enough, with a report which has just been issued as a parliamentary paper on certain draft regulations made for the government of factories where file-cutting by hand is carried on. Mr Chester Jones, who is responsible for this report, held an inquiry last autumn both at Sheffield and

Birmingham, and made himself acquainted with the actual conditions under which this dangerous business is conducted. There are more than seven hundred shops in which the proposed regulations would apply, about five hundred of these being in Sheffield and its neighbourhood. We learn from the report that the trade is carried on under most insanitary conditions. The principal danger to the worker arises from the handling of the leaden bed on which the files are manipulated and the lead-dust from that bed when the files are cut, and also from the files when they are brushed. The worker is peculiarly liable to 'plumbism,' or lead-poisoning, and to nervous and other diseases; while general insanitary surroundings induce phthisis in a system already enfeebled by the mischief wrought by the lead. Appended to the report are extracts from the Registrar-General's returns, which show conclusively that the risks run by file-cutters are of no ordinary kind.

COST OF TOURING AT HOME AND ABROAD.

The walking craze may possibly be an evanescent one, but there will always be a select few who, in their secret soul, and as often as possible in actual fact, will prefer gentle walking to all other forms of exercise. The cycle and the motor-car cover the ground more swiftly, not to speak of the railway, and as time is money to many people, and life is short, the swifter method of locomotion is preferred. As an illustration of what may be done in the way of carrying out a steadfast purpose, we mention the example of three gentlemen who walked from London to Edinburgh about thirty years ago, and that of two cyclists who rode round the north of Scotland this year, with the relative cost of these walking and cycling tours; also the expense of a three weeks' trip in Holland. The cyclists did five hundred and thirty-three and a half miles in eleven cycling days, and also did some loafing, with the ascent of Ben Nevis thrown in. The walkers accomplished about four hundred miles in sixteen days, at a cost of five pounds each. The cyclists each did the whole thirteen days for three pounds eight shillings and ninepence, or an average of five shillings and threepence a day; that of the walkers was six shillings and threepence a day. In neither case could it well be possible to cover this distance of time and mileage at a less figure unless by sleeping out of doors. The route taken by Mr George Cowan, S.S.C., of Edinburgh, and his two companions in walking from London to Edinburgh was by Edmonton, Ware, Cambridge, Huntingdon, Stamford, Grantham, Newark, Doncaster, Northallerton, Durham, Newcastle, Otterburn, Jedburgh, Melrose, and Stow. The route of the cyclists was from Edinburgh, by Dundee, Arbroath, to Aberdeen, Elgin, Inverness, Fort-William, Ballachulish, Lochgilphead, Dunoon, Helensburgh, and Stirling, back to Edinburgh. On different days eighty-four, seventy, and seventy-five miles had been covered on the wheel; an average of forty-eight miles a day was

done in the eleven days. The walkers' average was twenty-six miles a day, so to cover the same distance as the cyclists would have taken them twenty days at least. But both parties thoroughly enjoyed their respective outings, and came back refreshed and in good spirits, which was the chief thing, and eminently satisfactory. Here is a comparison with the past. When Thomas Sopwith the engineer travelled in 1830, just before the advent of the railway, the inside fare of the 'Wellington' coach from Newcastle to London was four pounds ten shillings; breakfast at Ruthyford, two shillings; dinner at different stages, seven shillings; tea at Doncaster and breakfast at Stamford, two shillings and threepence and two shillings and sixpence; fees to guards and drivers, seventeen shillings—total, six pounds and ninepence for travelling two hundred and seventy-three miles in thirty-three hours. Two later journeys cost six pounds nineteen shillings and seven pence two shillings respectively. The mean of these journeys was six pounds seventeen shillings and sixpence, or at the rate of sixpence per mile, and the mean time, including stoppages, about eight miles an hour. This may be compared with a return fare of two pounds ten shillings, from Edinburgh to London, a distance of four hundred miles, accomplished in about eight and a half hours. A party of four ladies, two of them over seventy years of age, came back from a three weeks' tour in Holland in excellent health and spirits, having done all they started to do in an economical and exceedingly well-planned way. The places visited were Rotterdam, Dordrecht, Gouda, Delft, the Hague, Scheveningen, Amsterdam, Alkmaar, Hoorn, Ymuiden, Haarlem, Maarsse, Utrecht, and Zeist. Here is the total expense for one person for three weeks in Holland, including return fare from Leith to Rotterdam: Fares by steamer, rail, and car, three pounds fifteen shillings and threepence; tips, seven shillings and fivepence; board and lodging, two pounds fourteen shillings and sixpence halfpenny—total, six pounds seventeen shillings and twopence halfpenny. The item for board and lodging could hardly be done at this rate in the United Kingdom. Many a 'week-ender' runs up as large a bill for three days as each lady of this party did in three weeks.

MODERN WHALING.

A third contributor (see *Journal* for February and April), who has had considerable whaling experience in the Southern Hemisphere, writes to us that it is not generally known to the average reader that the 'right' whale is now reported to be somewhat plentiful in New Zealand waters; while in the Pacific the 'sperm,' the 'hump-back,' and the swift 'finback' have increased enormously. This is, of course, due to the decadence of the American whaling industry. 'Twenty years ago,' he says, 'I have seen forty ships lying at anchor in Honolulu harbour (Hawaiian Islands); to-day only very occasionally does one meet an American

sailing-whaler south of these islands. Even from Hobart Town in Tasmania, once the centre of the Australasian whaling industry, only a single ship now sails. As to "finbacks:" during their migration northward along the eastern coast of Australia, these great creatures can literally be counted by hundreds, day after day, for many weeks. Their breeding-grounds are the Bampton Shoals, near New Caledonia. A loose "finback" is never attacked by boats. He is too dangerous; for he would take out nearly a thousand fathoms of line, and yet not abate his speed. On rare occasions "finbacks" have been killed by bombs. I saw one killed from the deck by a bomb fired into it at a distance of twenty yards. Their layer of blubber is thin, and their plates of baleen (owing to its shortness) would not be worth more than two hundred and fifty or three hundred pounds per ton. At Twofold Bay, New South Wales, there is a shore whaling-station which maintains itself principally by "finbacking." As the "pods" or parties of "finbacks" cross the bay on their way northward they are assailed by droves of "killers" (minor toothed-whales), and these extraordinary creatures actually seize the monstrous "finbacks," worry them as a fox-terrier will a rat, and thus enable the boats to come up and despatch them with a bomb. No whaler will ever hurt a "killer;" he is the whaler's friend.'

THE MICHAELMAS MOON.

The moss-troopers and raiders of the Border began their nightly depredations at the time of the Michaelmas moon.

When the corn in the Lowlands is sickled and set,
When the mists of the autumn creep chilly and wet,
When beeches are golden and rowans are red,
And plaids of the purple on Cheviot spread,
Comes the lilt of a tune, saying: 'Saddles! and soon
We'll be over the March with the Michaelmas moon!

'There is gear upon Eden, there's gold upon Tyne,
And the stirke of Rede Water are liftable kine;
So we'll buckle the bridle on sorrel and gray,
Set foot to the stirrup, and up and away,
To the ripple and croon of old Teviot's tune,
And the ring of hot hoofs, in a Michaelmas moon!

Good luck to you, raiders, and rich spoil of war!
There's a road through the Carter oft ridden before;
And every fat steer on the haughs of the Rede
Shall be dower for a daughter you've left on the Tweed!
So, saddle! and soon! with your bold hearts a-tune
To the red crossing blades in a Michaelmas moon!

WILL H. OGILVIE.

* * TO CONTRIBUTORS.

- 1st. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 330 High Street, Edinburgh.'
- 2nd. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.
- 3rd. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them IN FULL.
- 4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

JEZEBEL AND THE GENERAL.

By MARY STUART BOYD, Author of *Our Stolen Summer*, *Clipped Wings*, &c.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

A GOOD soldier rarely possesses that cheaper quality which is known as the business faculty. Major-General Macnaught, in his busy career, had gained much honour and but little gold. Throughout his active years the memory of the boyhood passed with his brother in the gray castle among the Highland hills haunted his thoughts like some golden dream. A life it had been of glorious freedom, with only the infrequent tasks imposed by an over-indulgent tutor to make their truancy the sweeter.

For many generations Glen-na-Grual, although not entailed, had passed in unbroken line from father to son; and the boys would sooner have expected the skies to fall than that other than a Macnaught should rule at the castle.

Unfortunately for them, their father—the Red Hamish, as he was affectionately termed by the cottars—added to the lavish hospitality common to his forefathers a partiality for games of chance peculiar to himself; thus it came that in the latter days of the Red Hamish birds of queer feather began to roost in the turret chambers, and unseen but all too actual mortgages to accumulate upon the estate. Thereafter came a day when the two lads were summoned in hot haste—Colin (the elder) from Oxford, Hamish from the Highland regiment he had just joined—to meet by the deathbed of their father.

However manifold his failings, the Red Hamish had ever been adored by his boys; and though their faith was shaken to its foundations by the knowledge that through his prodigality their birthright had been squandered, neither uttered a disloyal word.

As they stood in the moonlight looking across the shimmering loch towards the sombre burying-place whither that day they had borne the body of a father who had robbed them of all heritage save youth and health, Colin solemnly registered a vow to go forth into the world and to wrest therefrom a

fortune wherewith to buy back the home of his ancestors. Hamish, eager to share his labours, spoke of throwing up the career as a soldier that was opening before him, and joining in the race for wealth; but Colin met that proposal with a resolute refusal.

‘There has always been a fighter among the Macnaughts. You are to be the fighter, Hamish. It was our father’s wish, and we must try to keep up the traditions of the family. In a few days we must leave Glen-na-Grual to strangers; but, please God, we’ll both live to walk the heather again knowing that the place is ours.’

A few weeks later Glen-na-Grual passed into the hands of a moneyed Southron who fancied adding the name of a Highland estate to the list of his abodes in the *Court Guide*. Colin was on his way to Hong-kong to join the shipping-house of a brother of his late mother; and Hamish was back in barracks trying to solve the problem set before every impecunious young officer of living on his pay.

Years passed on. Colin, hard at work in the East, remained unwed. Hamish, on getting his rank as major, married a pretty girl of good family but no fortune, who died leaving him with the younger Colin, a boy of five; and him the father reared after an original man-fashion that made matrons of orthodox views predict disastrous failure, but which had the unexpected result of developing him into a fine, manly young fellow.

At regular intervals laconic epistles crossed the ocean from Hong-kong. They told briefly of continued success; and, though he rarely mentioned their old home, Hamish knew that his brother’s resolution to regain it had never flattered. Many were his interested inquiries regarding his nephew and namesake, Colin, whom he particularly desired should not follow his father’s profession.

Nearly twoscore years had slipped by since the brothers had left the old home. The General, now on retired pay, was feeling his enforced idleness

irksome; and Colin, who had finished his Oxford course, was discussing the advisability of reading for the Bar, when a letter from the exile at Hong-kong sent a ripple of pleasant anticipation over the tranquillity of their lives. In his epistle Mr Macnaught said that, having heard through an agent at Inverness of Glen-na-Grual being in the market, he had become the purchaser, and that by the time his letter reached London he would be on his way home to take possession.

Nothing is harder than, in the absence of ocular evidence, to realise the passage of years. Standing on the wharf that bleak Jannary day, impatiently waiting while the liner ponderously sidled her huge bulk against the landing-stage, General Macnaught found himself all-unwittingly scanning the youthful male faces among the passengers for some trace of that brother from whom since they were both lads continents had divided him. He was still looking with a growing sense of disappointment when a voice that even long separation had not rendered unfamiliar exclaimed, 'Hamish! Hamish! you haven't changed a bit.' And, turning, the General discovered a traveller, enwrapped in half-a-dozen tope coats and muffled to the chin, shaking Colin vigorously by the hand.

'Tut, man!' cried the General, choking down a lump that had risen unaccountably in his throat, 'this is I. That's only my boy!'

The most distasteful moment in a man's life is the one wherein he realises that he ranks as old—that his still youthful soul looks out on the world from the mask of an old body, a gradually decaying husk that at no very distant date will assuredly cease to be a fitting receptacle for the spirit that now inhabits it. The brothers, who had retained vivid recollections of each other in early manhood, felt a depressing sense of blight fall upon them with the visible token of the passage of years. The knowledge that in outward appearance at least they were complete strangers marked a tragic moment in both their lives.

The returned exile could not identify the handsome boyish soldier he remembered in the form of the portly General whose big moustache showed white against his sun-tanned skin; and in the jaundiced traveller who already had begun to complain of the fog-ridden atmosphere of his native country the General failed to discover a trace of his heroic brother.

Mr Macnaught had no desire to tarry in a London that had few associations for him. His one craving was to journey northwards. It was bitter January weather; but in vain did the General urge him to wait a few days to accustom himself to the change of climate before setting forth. A journey of six hundred miles ranks as a mere excursion with one who has just traversed many thousands.

'I must reach home before I can really feel that I am resting. I have come from China to end my days at Glen-na-Grual, and I grudge every moment till I get there.'

After dinner on the night of his arrival, when Colin had retired, leaving his elders to have a confidential chat over their cigars, Mr Macnaught spoke in warm terms of his satisfaction in his nephew.

'We are old men now, Hamish; but I'd like to think that when we are gone Colin's children will run about the braes as we used to do. If I could see him married to the right person and settled in the old house I'd feel my life-work had not been in vain.'

'Tut, man, tut!' the General interposed hastily, 'it's too soon to talk of Colin's bairns. You yourself may marry yet.'

'I might have thought of that once,' Mr Macnaught confessed sadly; 'but the ambition to win back the old place interfered until it was too late. She married somebody else, and died unhappy. I was able to do a little to lighten her last days; but I have always regretted—always regretted'—

He spoke the last words dreamily, as though, being much alone, he had fallen into the habit of talking to himself. 'But Colin—has he any thought of a wife?' he added more cheerfully.

'I've sometimes had a fancy he might do worse than choose Jean Crichton. She's his second-cousin on the mother's side, you know.'

With the suggestion a shadow had fallen upon Mr Macnaught's face. 'Is anything settled yet? Are they engaged?' he asked anxiously.

'No, no. Just a fancy of my own. I don't know whether the idea has ever occurred to the boy.'

With the General's denial the shadow passed; but Mr Macnaught looked oddly worn and exhausted.

'There's something I want to talk to you about: a plan I've been making; but I'm tired to-night. We'll have plenty of time to consult about it at Glen-na-Grual,' he said. 'Good-night.'

Certain eccentricities of manner seemed to have developed during Mr Macnaught's exile. He had always been reserved of speech and tenacious of purpose; so, when next morning he announced his intention of travelling alone to Scotland, the General knew his brother well enough to refrain from offering any opposition.

'You and Colin will join me next week. By that time I'll have got the old place to look like itself again, and will be able to welcome you as I would like.'

At the departure of the afternoon express for the north, the Chinese servant Mr Macnaught had brought from Hong-kong was in attendance, and Colin could have sworn he overheard him say something about 'Missce Lulu,' pointing as he spoke to an adjacent carriage. Mr Macnaught had waved the man away impatiently; but the compartment indicated was the one he ultimately entered, and in the dusk of its interior Colin caught a glimpse of a female figure.

'Next week, then, Friday, I'll expect you both. And Colin, my boy, I've a surprise in store for you—a big one!'

The train was already in motion when the concluding words were uttered; and for a day Colin puzzled over their import both with his father and in secret. His uncle had smiled affectionately as he spoke, so the surprise must be a pleasant one, he concluded. In any case, Friday was not far distant.

But the nature of his promised surprise Mr Macnaught was fated never to reveal.

The General and Colin, chancing to call at the

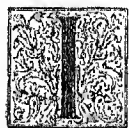
United Service Club on Tuesday morning on their return from a week-end visit to the Crightons at Clamber Court, found a batch of telegrams from Scotland awaiting them.

Those dated Friday and Saturday were couched in the same terms: Mr Macnaught was dangerously ill; would they come at once! The last message stated that he had died on Sunday night. All were signed with a woman's name: Laura Gorman.

JAMES ABBOT M'NEILL WHISTLER.

A MEMORY AND A CRITICISM.

By HARRY QUILTER.



IN future years everything relating to the late James Abbot McNeill Whistler will become of interest: the accretions of legend will be many, the verifiable facts few. The artist was singularly reticent as to the facts of his life, though voluble enough as to his opinions, his prejudices, and his deserts; and of the various accounts of him which have appeared since his death, no two quite agree even in main details. But that which renders it difficult to believe he is dead at all—his rich, varied, militant personality—is universally admitted. His loss is not chiefly the loss of an artist, but of a man: one with good red fighting-blood in him, equally ready, as Rossetti put it, for 'a tube of white lead or a smack on the head;' and Rossetti was an intimate personal friend, and hit him off with both rhyme and reason as 'a bristler.' His controversies were many, and each was accompanied by a war-dance: victory and the taking of scalps were celebrated alike in defeat and conquest. 'I fought, he fell, by the Wurra-Gurra River,' or words to that effect, was the artist's chorus after every encounter. And all the little journalists echoed the refrain; for, at his weakest, Whistler was 'splendid copy,' not less because he was equally unscrupulous and acute in controversy, and almost fiendishly ingenious in insult. He made friends readily, used them unsparingly, and abused them heartily when they had served his turn or incurred his displeasure; and especially rough was he to those who bought his pictures. From Leyland to Eden few of these escaped castigation; and castigation from Whistler was no light affair: he laid on with a will and like a workman.

But of all those who were dowered with his 'hate of hate and scorn of scorn,' the present writer was the most richly favoured. For more years than he can remember, the painter at shorter or longer intervals crusaded against him, sometimes in his own person in full war-paint, so to speak, with due pomp and ceremony; sometimes in side-blows during other controversies; in letters, articles, pamphlets, books, and speeches did the 'master' seek my 'scalp' to adorn his 'wigwam.' For some

years—I was very young—I confess this pertinacious animosity worried me exceedingly (no one likes to have a hornet ceaselessly and viciously buzzing about his head), and no doubt injured me to some extent; but I early discovered that the one thing which enraged Whistler beyond all else was to take no notice of his attacks, and thenceforward I allowed him to say what he pleased uncontradicted; and as I could not write of his work without suspicion of being influenced by partisanship, I ceased to mention it at all.

For about twenty years this silence has been preserved, and it seems to me the time has come when it may be fitly broken. Partly because it is only fair to myself that those interested in the matter should know the facts of the case, the reason why the painter attacked and went on attacking a public writer who was neither unfriendly nor inconsiderate of his art; and partly also because I can now set down my full opinion of Mr Whistler's art without fear of misconstruction—that opinion being, I may say at once, a high one, and one which has not changed in any essential particular during the last twenty years.

From the first the row was not between Mr Whistler and myself only. Two other men were mixed up with it: Edmund Yates and Oscar Wilde. The origin of the latter's animus was quite evident, for I had from the very beginning riddled the æsthetic movement with ridicule and sarcasm, tried my very best to knock it on the head. I thought and said, as I think and say now, that the craze was unmanly, pernicious, and absurd; that it was inconsistent with a real feeling for art; that in life it tended towards everything that was insincere, futile, and despicable. My articles were well known, and, I may say at this length of time, were widely read and quoted; the only attempt at answering them was once in the *Cornhill*, by Grant Allen, and that only dealt with a side-issue. Oscar Wilde was, of course, the high-priest of the æsthetic, and, very unfortunately, the most intimate friend of Whistler. Both were friends of Mr Edmund Yates, the editor of the *World*. Why this gentleman, whom I had never spoken to, should have disliked me I never

understood. Perhaps it was only from friendship with the poet and the painter above-named; but in any case he not only admitted their attacks, which always took the form of personalities, but identified himself with them whenever occasion served. As I shall not mention Mr Yates again, I may add here that in 1888, when I first edited the *Universal Review*, he apologised to me privately and very completely for his share in these attacks, and offered to write for my *Review*. He also inserted a quasi apology in the *World* for the amount of *persiflage* which had appeared in his columns concerning Mr Harry Quilter.

The following letters will give some idea of the kind of *persiflage* which used to appear in the *World*. The date of the first is 17th November 1880; that of the second, 17th October 1883. The subject of each is sufficiently apparent from the letters themselves. The second is a good specimen of Whistler's style.

What the *World* says:

'There is no blunder of which the *Times* has not lately shown itself to be capable; but surely it can hardly be true that the successor to Tom Taylor in the art department of that journal is to be Mr Harry Quilter? [sic]. This young gentleman, I believe, was brought up among a collection of water-colours, and lives in the house which was formerly Mr Whistler's; but if he possesses any other qualification for his task he has yet to show it. True, Mr Quilter has written a *Life of Giotto*, and contributed some articles on art-subjects to the magazines. But his book was shown to be full of blunders; and his articles have unfortunately been distinguished by nothing so much as their egotism and violence. It seems to be Mr Quilter's ambition to be known as the scourge of the "intense;" and he writes like one suffering under a nightmare, after going through a course of Mr Du Maurier's caricatures. Now, there is plenty to laugh at in the æsthetic revival of the day; but to scream, as Mr Quilter does, alike at what is best and what is worst in the movement, is to become both ridiculous and offensive yourself. I see, by the way, that only in last week's *Athenæum* attention is called to an error of fact, for which this spirited young gentleman had declined to apologise when called upon.'

'To the Editor of the "*World*."

'O Atlas! what of the "Society for the Preservation of Beautiful Buildings"?

'Where is Ruskin? and what do Morris and Sir William Drake?

'For behold! beside the Thames the work of desecration continues, and the "White House" swarms with the mason of contract.

'The architectural *galbe* that was the joy of the few and the bedazzlement of "the Board" crumbles beneath the pick (as did the north side of St Mark's), and History is wiped from the face of Chelsea.

'Shall no one interfere? Shall the interloper, even after his death, prevail?

'Shall 'Arry, whom I have hewn down, still live among us by outrage of this kind, and impose his memory upon our pavement by the public perpetration of his posthumous Philistinism?

'Shall the birthplace of Art become the tomb of its parasite in Tite Street?

'See to it, Atlas! lest, when Time, the healer of all the wounds I have inflicted, shall for me have exacted those honours the prophet may not expect while alive, and the inevitable blue disc embedded in the walls shall proclaim that "Here once dwelt" the gentle master of all that is flippant and fine in Art, some anxious student, reading, fall out with Providence in his vain effort to reconcile such joyous reputation with the dank and hopeless appearance of this "model lodging," bequeathed to the people by the arrogance of "'Arry."

'J. McNEILL WHISTLER.

'TITE STREET, Oct. 14.'

So much for the *persiflage*. What had I done to inspire it? Well, the cause was of more complicated origin than in the case of Oscar Wilde, and was *not* due—though this the public has never known—to anything I wrote about Whistler's painting. As a matter of fact, the only public critic who took his work in the celebrated Grosvenor Exhibition of 1877 seriously was myself. Readers may be interested to refer to the *Spectator* of that date in proof of the assertion.

No; the real dispute between Mr Whistler and myself, the matter which lay at the root of the whole unpleasantness, was not a matter of art-criticism at all, but simply one of personal friendship. I was, in the early days, a devoted admirer of John Ruskin, and was unutterably disgusted when, after the celebrated trial of Whistler *versus* Ruskin, which resulted, it will be remembered, in a verdict for the plaintiff—damages one farthing—the painter wrote a very bitter pamphlet attacking the author of *Modern Painters*. This was entitled *Art and Art-Critics*, and raised the whole question of the latter's necessity and use. This would have been permissible enough; but what was not permissible was that Mr Whistler made various insulting and inaccurate statements about Ruskin, and begged the whole question. A young man, who had only lately entered the ranks of criticism, I saw the writer whom I admired more than any other, as I thought unfairly derided and entirely misrepresented. The columns of the *Spectator* were opened to me by my friend and editor, Mr Hutton, and I wrote a rather strong sub-leader, entitled 'Mr Whistler's Revenge,' explaining his misstatements and, at all events in my own opinion, proving the animus and *mala-fides* of his pamphlet.

This was the true origin of the Whistler-Quilter squabble. But worse was to come. As one result of the trial, in which each party had to bear his own costs, the painter was sold up, and his pet plaything, the White House, Tite Street, came to the

hammer. Quite innocently, I bought the house, and this was my second crime. In truth, I see now that the episode was a little irritating: to have your fallacies exposed one week and your dwelling-place bought the next by the same individual, and that individual a boy almost raw from college, was enough to make any artist savage, and Whistler cried out bitterly in a letter addressed to the *World*. Still, the catalogue of my malpractices is not complete. Over the doorway of the White House, at the time when it passed into my hands, was an inscription passably irreverent, but decidedly amusing, which had been painted up by Mr Whistler himself, mainly for the purpose of annoying his friend and architect, Mr E. W. Godwin: 'Except the Lord build the house they labour but in vain that build it.—E. W. Godwin, F.S.A., built this one.' This pearl of wit I had chipped off the stone, and again the artist cried out in the same journal. Thus 'bad begins, but worse remains behind;' for, finding that there was little sleeping accommodation in the house, and certainly no means of washing, I altered the huge studio at the top, and made bed and bath rooms and other necessities, and in so doing changed slightly the front elevation—considerably for the better, as I thought. But Whistler, who still seemed to imagine he had some seigniorial rights over the building, was more aggrieved than ever at this desecration, as he called it; and again the columns of the *World* (v.s.) bore witness to his wrath. I did not answer any of these letters, and his anger would probably have died out in a year or two had not fate so willed it that I should offend again, and this time beyond all hope of pardon.

In the spring of 1880 I was, as usual in those days, in Italy, and spent a few weeks at Venice. I had been drawing for about five days in one of the back canals a specially beautiful doorway, when one morning I heard a sort of war-whoop, and there was Whistler, in a gondola close by, shouting out, as nearly as I can remember, 'Hi! hi! What, what! Here, I say, you've got my doorway.' 'Your doorway? Confound your doorway!' I replied. 'It's my doorway. I've been here for the last week.' 'I don't care a straw. I found it out first. I got that grating put up.' 'Very much obliged to you, I'm sure; it's very nice. It was very good of you.' And so for a few minutes we wrangled; but, seeing that the canal was very narrow, and that there was no room for two gondolas to be moored in front of the chosen spot, mine being already tied up exactly opposite, I asked him if he would not come and work in my gondola. He did so; and, I am bound to say, turned the tables on me cleverly. For, pretending not to know who I was, he described me to myself, and recounted the iniquities of the art-critic of the *Times*, one Harry Quilter—he always wrote my name 'Arry in his letters—and this at great length and with much gusto. So he sat and etched and chattered, and to the best of my remembrance I enjoyed the situation, and certainly

bore him no ill-will. But a few months afterwards, when his first set of Venetian etchings was exhibited at the Fine Art Society, this plate of the doorway appeared amongst them, and on the private view-day, full of his well-merited triumph, Whistler rushed up to me as I was standing in front of this doorway-plate with, 'Eh! eh! what do you think of that now?' His triumph was so unfeigned and so vehement, his desire to be unpleasant so manifest, that the devil entered into me—he was always round the corner in those days if there was the prospect of a fight—and I said very loud, and in the hearing, I should think, of about thirty people, 'Very nice indeed; but what a pity it's all wrong!' For once the master had no reply ready, he was so utterly astounded; and he only stammered feebly, 'Wrong—wrong? What's wrong with it?' and so delivered himself into my hands. For I had not spent twelve days drawing that blessed gateway for nothing, and knew every stone of the sculpture, every line of the ironwork. That's one merit of the Ruskin method of study: it may not make you a painter, it may even hinder you from being an artist; but it does make you abominably, pragmatically accurate in detail. Whistler's etching was a little masterpiece; I knew that well enough even then, and said so imperturbably in the *Spectator* a day or two later; and my drawing was—well, one of my drawings, and scarcely a work of art at all, but as far as fidelity went, the last was as superior to the first as it was inferior in all the finer and more individual qualities of art.

This was the last time I ever spoke to Whistler, and from that day his attacks upon me, which were very numerous, were so offensively personal that I found it better to cease writing about his art altogether.

The above is the simple, and I believe absolutely unadulterated, truth, and it accounts for my never having attempted to give an estimate of Mr Whistler's art from 1880 to the present time. The row was a foolish, unnecessary, and mistaken one; and though I think I suffered most from the many-sidedness of the attacks which the trimvirate made against me—attacks which their followers in the press frequently re-echoed and elaborated—yet Whistler lost something also, for I very early came to admire greatly many characteristics of his art; and many years before the erities were converted to adulation I understood how genuine an artist he was, and could, I feel sure, have caused a considerable section of the public to see it long before the revulsion in his favour actually did take place.

Those who will take the trouble to refer to the articles in the *Spectator* of 1877 on the Grosvenor Gallery, and of 1880 on the Venetian etchings at the Fine Art Society, will see that from the very first I took Mr Whistler's art quite seriously, and was by no means deficient in my appreciation of either the landscape paintings or the etchings. I did not, however, like the portraits exhibited in either the first or second Grosvenor, and I can only

console myself for not doing so by remembering that these are seldom alluded to now by any of the artist's admirers, and have never been quoted as good specimens of his art. The celebrated portrait of his mother had been exhibited in 1872, when I was travelling in America, and the works known as the 'White Girl' and the 'Piano Picture' had been shown a good many years earlier, when I was still a boy at school. So it was that the Grosvenor portraits came upon me quite unpreparedly; and as they exhibited in a very marked degree the artist's peculiarities, I am not surprised that I failed to appreciate them, though I did *not* dispraise them. It must be remembered also that at that time the Pre-Raphaelites, and especially the work of Sir Edward Burne-Jones, were the subjects of my warmest admiration, and no doubt this to some extent prevented my fully estimating work of such alien quality as Whistler's.

Every one knows by this time how Whistler gradually rose in public estimation; but few realise how exclusively that reputation, for very many years, was what may be called a professional one, and it is a fact that even now it is to some extent confined to a clique. The Whistler critics were very strong on the Press from 1888 onwards. In a few papers it was almost impossible to take up a notice of any exhibition without finding the artist's name dragged in and his work mentioned in terms of most excessive laudation; but during the whole of this time there was scarcely any buying public for his larger pictures, though a very considerable one for his etchings, pastels, and lithographs, and the large prices that he occasionally obtained were all in the nature of special commissions from personal friends. The great masterpiece of his life, the very large and beautiful portrait of his mother, after being unsold for years, was ultimately disposed of to the Luxembourg for one hundred and twenty pounds—at least that is the sum generally quoted, and which I have never seen contradicted.

I shall now endeavour to make plain to the lay public some reasons which lead me to think that Mr Whistler, though undoubtedly an artist of genuine power and originality, is not to be ranked with the greatest painters, and what appear to me to be the chief defects and excellences of his art. If it be thought that this is a rather technical subject for *Chambers's Journal*, I would remind readers that the painter's career has been in this respect an unique one, that no man of our time has received such vehement blame and extravagant praise, and that to the present day his rank in art is by no means determined. No public gallery in England holds one of his pictures; he has not even been purchased by the Chantrey Trustees.

I will make my brief words on the qualities of Whistler's art as little technical as possible, at the risk of being hauled over the coals by more learned critics. It will be remembered that the critical world passed, after a considerable period of inde-

cision, from a contemptuous denial of the painter's ability, through successive periods of appreciation, eulogy, adulation, and ultimately indifference. The critics found a newer Franco-Transatlantic deity to put out of joint the noses of Michelangelo and Leonardo, and are at the present time sighing after some one newer still. The time is coming, therefore, when, the heat of partisanship having passed away, Whistler's real achievement can be soberly discussed and sanely estimated; and the subject appears to divide itself naturally into the following three questions: (1) what the artist intended to do; (2) what he did do; (3) what that doing was worth. Every artist whose work is worth much consideration demands it because of some one or two new things which he alone has done—new members, so to speak, whom he has introduced into the ultra-select club of art. Now, in considering Whistler's work we are met by one great difficulty—the difficulty that what is most apparently characteristic of his painting does not constitute its chief claim to our admiration. The typically Whistlerian pictures, those which every young lady from an Art School would hail with acclaim as by the hand of the master, are not by any means the artist's best productions—nay! are very nearly his worst. The 'Harmonies,' the 'Nocturnes,' the various 'arrangements' in flesh-colour and mud-colour—metallic, botanical, or what not—are at the best inconsiderable, the mere trifling of a clever man with the easily gulled admiration of his disciples. Had he done nothing but such work, the painter might easily have been left to such shallow admirers; but in at least two other directions Whistler has achieved very notable things. He has now and again in portraiture produced paintings of such impressiveness, such grasp of subject and strength of conception, as to be almost unique in this department of modern painting; and he has also executed some of the most suggestive etchings of city-life which have been produced in our time. To these a third quality, a purely technical one, must be added—that is, his mastery in the management of paint: a mastery difficult to define to the amateur, but which may perhaps be hinted at by saying that he gets rid of paint altogether. His works do not suggest and hardly reveal it, but seem to attain their end without its medium. What praise is to be given to this special achievement is a difficult question; but there is no doubt that it is one which appeals extraordinarily to artists, and indeed to all who have ever struggled with the *technique* of oil-painting.

Another point which excites much admiration—but, as it seems to me, with less justification—is the manner in which Whistler withdraws the subject of his picture within its frame. He withdraws it securely to such distance as he sees fit, and in such placing he appears to work with the most felicitously decorative faculty. I hardly know a single picture by this artist in which the subject could have been better placed with regard to its sur-

roundings and the boundary of the picture. These are great merits: the work is also not without corresponding limitations. Though decoratively admirable, too many of Mr Whistler's pictures lack solidity and realisation; they are to be accepted only in certain moods and under certain conditions; they need a preconceived opinion; they compel only admiration which has been, so to speak, previously given—nor, I think, can they be said ever, with one notable exception, to shed any new light on the character of the sitter: not only Cæsar and Pompey, but their wives and children, are very much alike to Mr Whistler. They are patches of decorative ornament, useful for the mosaic of the painting; for, note that although the divisions of the tesserae are wanting, Whistler's painting is essentially a mosaic, a flat decoration of tints and forms.

The praise, therefore, I think, which must be given to him is that of having subdued alike the nature, the form, and the colours of his figure-subjects into harmonies of line and tint original to himself. He has treated contour in a new way; he has produced an illusion of modelling without the apparent use of any of the means by which that illusion is obtained; or, rather, he does not produce that illusion at all, but has induced us to do without it by a cunning substitution of his own. This is what he has done, and very probably what he intended to do; though on this point the artist has been wisely dumb, or at least so enigmatic as to be unintelligible. The single exception to the above is to be found in almost the first celebrated picture Mr Whistler exhibited, and one which, I may here state for the first time, I had the ill-fortune not to see till more than a dozen years after its production. This was the portrait of the artist's mother, now in the Luxembourg Gallery. There is no question that this is one of the great portraits of modern days. It would be difficult to praise it too highly; it is unnecessary, at this time of day, to praise it at all. I mention it here because the qualities that render it great are indisputably those which have distinguished all great art since painting began. In subject, not superficial delineation or suggestiveness, but realisation and penetration; in colour, subdued yet glowing harmony, not surface prettiness of tint; in form, nobility and repose, not antic or insignificance. As it seems to me, this is Mr Whistler's finest work, and all that he has done since this, admirable or the reverse in the degree that he has approached or receded from this excellence.

That he did recede from it, and very quickly, is indisputable; that he played with his talent and strove to impose eccentricities of rendering upon the public, which he might have conquered by faithful work. The root of the matter was always in him; but year after year it has become overgrown more and more. It is not enough that the painter should give us, in this or that portion of his picture, hints of form and colour and inten-

tion; we cannot accept such as complete work. Though we are willing to take from him, as Mr Swinburne rightly said, what he has in him to give, it must be *all* he has in him, not such small change as he can most readily spare.

In all probability Whistler might have been one of the greatest artists of our day. As it is he has only proved to us that genius itself requires for its full development sincerity and work. The reasons for his falling away, his decadence, have always appeared to me to be very simple and evident. The change coincided with, and was in all probability due to, the painter's changed manner of life, his personal popularity, his social ambitions, his increased expenditure—in a word, his attempt to serve those incompatible masters, Art and Society. Herein lay the secret of his life and art, this and not any special peculiarity of vision or mysterious aim; and this too was why criticism enraged him beyond endurance. He had grown impatient, possibly incapable, of prolonged effort, of quietly considered work; he was intoxicated with the sense of power; he thought whatever he chose to do was good enough because he did it. This may be the wrong explanation; but if so, the facts of the case are to me inexplicable. Besides, all the circumstances point in the same direction. Whistler was notoriously extravagant and always short of money; notoriously his prices were high in the extreme, and on the money-question his disputes with the buyers of his pictures were bitter and frequent. Even his etchings were sold, and in the case of one famous set paid for before they were exhibited; and the work was only ultimately obtained from him by the stoppage of pecuniary supplies. These facts are not new or in any sense private, nor do I mention them in disparagement of the artist, but simply to account for the fact that, genius as he was, his best, finest work was that done in his earlier years, and inspired by so simple and *bourgeois* a sentiment as love for his mother. In this picture there is not only the artistic accomplishment, but the seriousness, the dignity, and the tenderness which are not to be found elsewhere; and if he had continued to work in such a manner and in such a spirit, he might and would have given us a score of other masterpieces such as English painting has never possessed. Of course, he was a great artist—an artist in everything he touched, an artist from first to last—but he was an artist *maigre*—wrecked, despite his long life and his thousand admirers, by his own recklessness and persistent abuse of his powers. Personally I never knew him, and only came in contact with him on the occasions above mentioned, when I gave him a place in my gondola in Venice, and when he addressed me in the gallery of the Fine Art Society when his Venetian etchings were being exhibited. Though we disagreed on both occasions, I can well understand the charm he had for his friends, and their enthusiasm for his work being largely due to the personal equation. There was something child-like (an *enfant terrible*) about his

vanity, his preoccupation with himself, his contempt for established opinion. But his asserted indifference to criticism and praise was the merest bluff: never was genius more sensitive; his rejoinders were really howls of anguish. He must have been, in gentle mood, very lovable, and in every mood he was intensely stimulating, and alive to the tips of his delicate fingers. Such a beautiful hand it was, too; look else at Signor Boldini's portrait. It seems incredible that he should be dead. Unjust, even a little absurd, though he was, I would he were back again to gibe at my ignorance,

to poke me up with a paragraph in the *World*, and try to make me roar with anger as of old. The days pass on, and the old controversies and animosities die with them; but while remembrance lasts there lasts too—or rather comes in the years of change—a fondness for those with whom we measured swords, and gave and took the lusty blows of youth. Friends and enemies, are they not really the same? Shall we not know them as such in the days to come? At all events, the shaping of our lives is due in equal measure to foe and friend.

COMEDY EAST AND TRAGEDY WEST.

By ANDREW MARSHALL.

CHAPTER VI.

IT was already the last week of Eardley's visit when the minister got a reply from his brother, the New York lawyer. It said:

'The man you ask about is well known down town, and does not seem to bear the best of characters, though there is nothing definite against him that I can learn, except that he is said to have had the luck to pull safely out of an adventure which, but for a fortuitous turn of the market in his favour, would have landed him not only in bankruptcy but on the Island. He gives out that he is going to marry millionaire Carter's daughter, and that the engagement will be announced when she returns from Europe in the fall. If so, that will probably set him on his legs; but you had better be cautious.'

The minister gave the letter to Ross, who asked leave to take it with him, and—if, on consideration, he should judge it advisable—to show it to Mrs Winans. In the meantime he kept it to himself. He had not failed to notice the glow of happiness that this stranger had brought into Mary's life, nor the pale cheeks and languid steps that had already succeeded it. But the man would be gone in a few days, and perhaps it would be better to say nothing to Mary or her mother. He resolved, however, to have an explanation with Eardley; and, to avoid trouble, he determined to have it out of reach of the women. He therefore invited Eardley to spend a day with him at his farm. He told him if he brought his gun they might get a wild turkey or a deer, or even, with luck, a bear; and Eardley, already finding his time less light upon his hands than at first, and glad of the chance to have some 'sport' to talk of on his return to New York, readily agreed to go.

The New York lawyer was wrong in one detail. Eardley had not given out that he was engaged to Miss Carter. He had only contrived that it should be rumoured among people not in the Carters' set,

and contradicted it in that well-known manner which is accepted as confirmation.

Ned re-read the letter and pondered over it, and every time he read it Eardley seemed to him a greater blackguard. Ned Ross's code of morals was a simple and a severe one. He could not fail in the rude West to meet with scoundrels of many types; but he kept a rather austere virtue himself, and never even pretended to tolerate the shortcomings of his neighbours. He was a good farmer and a first-rate shot, but no casuist. For him there were no white lies, no innocent sins. He had few intimate friends; but those he had leaned on him as on a rock. Though reticent and even exclusive, he was extremely popular. His character was very simple and very strong, and people trusted him. It was not always known what he would do, but it was always known what he would not do. The worst of him was that he made no compromises, and when he thought anything his duty, he did it regardless of consequences to himself or others. He was of Puritan ancestry and wilderness training. He had learned, like the ancient Persians, to ride, to shoot straight, and to speak the truth. Once at least he had thought proper to break the law; but the pioneers of civilisation get more conveniently down to first principles than those who live the conventional life of the older settlements, and he had been justified by public opinion. The right of the people to make their own laws is jealously guarded in the West, and the right of the people to change them at will, and to administer them as it chooses, is regarded as an indisputable corollary. On the evening before the visit to the farm Ross had not made up his mind what he should say to Eardley, when an incident happened which led him to a swift decision.

Miss MacDermott had asked Mary and Eardley to tea, and they were on their way home. She was hanging affectionately on his arm. She knew he was going in three more days, and no word had been spoken of the future. When she had timidly

approached the subject he had put her off with jokes and caresses; but now, almost in desperation, the poor girl resolved she would come to an understanding with her lover. He was to be away shooting with Ross on the morrow, and she would not see him all day.

'You are going out with Ned to-morrow to Shelby, Walter?' she said.

'Yes, Mary. You know I brought a lot of shooting-irons, thinking I might get some sport after big game in the West, and I haven't had as much as a shot at a jack-rabbit. I told Ross that, and he said if I came out to his place I would get at least a turkey or two. I don't want to carry all my ammunition home again.'

'And then, Walter—and then,' she hesitated, 'there will be just one more day.' She wondered he could take from her one of the poor two that remained, but she was too timid to say so.

'Ah!' he answered, 'don't let us think about it. How sweet these daisies look on your shoulder! You have such perfect taste, Mary, in wearing flowers! You must give me one of them. Won't you? And I'll wear it to-morrow for luck.'

But this time she would not be led aside. She screwed up her courage.

'Walter, oh, Walter! I may not have another opportunity to speak before you go. You know, dear, I trust you—oh, so perfectly!—but if you could—for mamma's sake too, Walter—oh, I'll be so terribly lonely when you're gone! You will forgive me, Walter; but if I had only something fixed, some definite'—She broke down with a sob, though she was not crying. She could not go on. She was ashamed for herself, and half-unconsciously for him too. Surely he would understand her and speak.

Now was Eardley's time for a good solid lie. Nothing else could serve his turn; but he had hoped to get off without it, and he had not one just ready.

He stammered, 'Mary, you trust me, dear, don't you? You'll see all will come right, and what a happy pair you and I will be. You just leave it to me, and above all don't fret. What is a bit of a separation?'

'Walter,' she said—she could not let herself think he was purposely evading her, and yet it seemed so. She leaned heavily on his arm, and, in words that half-choked her, as she hoped against hope that she would draw from him some definite word, some fixed promise on which she could rest—'Walter,' she said in words he could scarcely hear, 'you have never said—you have never asked—that I—that we were to be married. Oh, how can you make me say it?'

She stopped. If he did not want to break her heart he should not have hesitated. But he had planned to go without making a promise in words. He had some confused notion that he would be a little less of a blackguard if he had no such promise to break. He had even in some dim way imagined

himself profiting by forcing her to confess that nothing had been said about marriage. He hesitated, and at last resolved that there was no help for it.

'Mary,' he began, 'how could you doubt?'

But it was too late. The strain on the poor girl's nerves had reached breaking-point. She trembled violently, and as they reached the garden-gate her self-control gave way. She grasped his arm convulsively with both her hands.

'Oh! oh!' she sobbed, 'what am I to do—what am I to do?'

Ross had been as quiet as usual at supper. The letter of the New York lawyer was in his pocket. He said nothing about it to Mrs Winans, who looked anxious and preoccupied. The sun was setting as he went out on the veranda and lit his pipe. Mrs Winans retired to her duties in the kitchen. Ned sat and smoked alone. The short American twilight passed quickly, and he was in darkness. The chorus of crickets and katydids chirped and crackled, and the twinkling fireflies spangled the blackness of the garden. He could hear the sounds of Mrs Winans' occupations in the kitchen, a distant rattle of crockery, the shutting of a door, and now and then the footsteps of passers-by in the street. He thought of the letter in his pocket, of Mary's sinking cheeks and feverish eyes, and of her mother's anxious looks. He cursed in his heart the vain easterner whose presence had disturbed the happy current of their lives, and his blood boiled at the thought of Mary's suffering wrong at Eardley's hands.

Suddenly a sound disturbed him. On the garden path below and hidden in the darkness some one was hysterically weeping. He held his breath to listen, and heard Mary's voice in heart-broken accents crying, 'Oh, Walter, Walter, what am I to do—what am I to do?'

Ross was no eavesdropper. He jumped up, knocking over his chair and dropping his pipe. He saw the red glow in the bowl as it lay at his feet, and picking it up, turned quickly into the house. As he went he heard a half-smothered oath from Eardley, who guessed from the noise that some one had overheard.

Ross did not sleep. Before the morning his fury had condensed into a plan. He rose early; and, leaving word with Mrs Winans that his man Dick would come with the buggy to drive Mr Eardley out to Shelby, where he would meet him, he went to the minister's house.

'Jack,' he said, 'I have come over to arrange with you about that marriage.'

'That marriage?' said the minister, with a smile. 'Am I to congratulate you at last, old man?'

'No, Jack, you can't congratulate me. It ain't my sacrifice yet. Mister Eardley and Mary are going to be married.'

'Oh, well, of course I'm not surprised. I've expected that.'

'Yes. And the New Yorker isn't quite used to our ways out here, and I have undertaken to arrange it with you. See?'

Ned's grave face was even graver than usual. He was pale, and spoke very quietly and deliberately.

There was a pause. Then the minister said, 'Well, Ned, and when is it to be?'

'To-day.'

The minister's eyes opened wider, but the other man kept looking at him with a steady and almost hypnotising gaze. That look seemed to warn him against any expression of surprise at the shortness of the notice or any needless question.

'Now, Jack,' continued Ross, 'you and I can trust each other any time without an argument. Is that so?'

'That is so, Ned, or it would be a pity.'

'Well, Mary does not know yet. Her mother does not know either. The fact is, this is a little arrangement between Mr Eardley and me. It is to be a surprise to them. I want you to go and tell them.'

'You want me to go and tell them?'

'Yes, to tell them just what I have been saying.'

You will have to get them to be here at twelve o'clock, Mary ready to be married. The arrangements were not completed when Mrs Winans and Mary retired last night, and as Mr Eardley,' continued Ross with still greater deliberation—'as Mr Eardley has made all his plans to leave for New York to-morrow, it just had to be to-day. You understand?'

'I'm not quite sure that I do. But I'll take it from you that you do. Of course there is something in this beyond what you are telling me. I won't ask what. I won't even think what it may be. You are their friend, and mine too. I trust you implicitly. I know you will do what is right.'

Ross grasped his hand.

'Thank you, Jack,' he said. 'You will not have to say more than I have told you, I think. With my message carried by you, Mary and her mother will come. They know us both. I'll be here at twelve o'clock with the bridegroom, and you may ask any one else you choose to come in, for this thing is to be public. You had better go over soon, that they may have time to get ready.'

'All right, Ned.'

'Till twelve, then.'

ON THE ROOF OF THE NEW WORLD.



SINCE the first rough ties and rails were laid down upon the pioneer of railways, which opened with such a tragic episode, the iron road has penetrated into many regions, over shifting sands and eternal snows, in advance of civilisation, in advance of settlement, sometimes only preceded by the hurrying feet of its own engineers. In an earlier period of construction in the western states of America, lines were built as pawns are moved upon the board. Hardly had the idea of some new connection or advance been conceived by one railroad president or manager, when another would discover that that particular connection or route was in his territory. In such cases prompt action was taken. The chief engineer would have his instructions within a few hours of the decision, and within twenty-four hours a surveying party would be *en route* for the nearest railroad point to the projected extension, to spend a summer among the Rosebuds, the Dacotas, or the Santees, and play a pawn's part in the great game carried on in New York, London, or Chicago.

In these later days there is no room for such sharp-shooting. Gigantic systems control immense areas, and no stolen marches are possible; but in South America the conditions are similar to those of California before 1849. The old Spanish life is turning over in its grave, and whether it will be revived or smothered in the coming

years only the future can tell. Argentina and Chili are already being rapidly developed, and as regards railways, the former has more mileage than Italy; but from the twenty-third southern parallel north to Panamá we have four countries with an aggregate area of one million three hundred thousand square miles, or an area equal to that of European Russia, and a population of over eight millions served by one thousand one hundred miles of railway, largely narrow-gauge.

As may be imagined, surveying among the Andes is a very different thing from the work on a western prairie, where the greatest impediment is a slough, and where the United States surveyors have marked every section corner with a stone.

It is not only because these countries are backward and undeveloped that railways are wanting; the great natural difficulties have their share. When speaking of new works nowadays, things are no longer 'impossible,' they are only 'too costly' or 'premature'—classifications which have hitherto been very truly applied to all railway enterprise in these countries.

Immediately to the north of the comparatively well-developed Argentine pampas lies Bolivia, larger than France, with a population of over two millions, one of the four countries included in our comparison. It has five hundred miles of narrow-gauge railway, part of a line extending from the Pacific coast, running mainly through barren deserts, and although it is solely available for the

importation of foreign goods and the export of minerals from a few mines, it is yet a valuable property.

Since the Liberals have come into power, after many years of stagnation under a reactionist rule, some progress has been made in this country, the 'Garden of South America.' A Franco-Belgian company has applied for and been granted extensive concessions, including over fifty thousand square miles of rich forest-land, and has undertaken the construction of a railway from the river Paraguay westward to the city of Santa Cruz, with projected extensions to Sucre and Cochabamba; the Argentine line which now terminates in Jujuy has been surveyed to the Bolivian frontier, there to meet the Government survey made from Uyuni on the line now open; a short line is now under construction from Lake Titicaca to La Paz, to connect with the steamers which cross that lake to the Peruvian side and the railway to Mollendo on the Pacific; and an English syndicate, headed by Sir Martin Conway, has applied for concessions in the north-west of the country for the purpose of developing those almost unknown regions. There are general signs of awakening and progress, and surely not too soon. For it cannot be said there is much enterprise in a country which, though it contains millions of acres of some of the finest sugar-producing land in the world, within two hundred miles of its principal markets, imports its sugar from Hamburg and Peru, paying fivepence and sixpence a pound for what the people could themselves produce at half the price. Again, though it possesses great valleys in which the grape grows freely and ripens well, it imports largely a composition from Germany labelled Bordeaux or Chablis, and pays exorbitant prices for it. These concoctions possess only one advantage: the brand makes no difference in the price; a plain claret and a so-called Mouton Rothschild or Château Lafite cost exactly the same, and are equally terrible. Upon a recent trip to carry out one of the before-mentioned surveys, we took, as something rather special, some highly recommended Scotch whisky, and after a heavy day's work in bitterly cold weather, got it out with pleasant anticipations of a seasonable toddy. The smell, however, was enough! If a low-grade of kerosene could be mixed with a cheap fusel-oil, and then heated, it might perhaps compete with that 'Heather Dew,' as the bottle unblushingly called it. It was reserved for the *peones*, and even they received it without thanks.

In such surveys as these the expedition cuts loose from its base, and must be completely self-contained. The chief must have absolute power and be implicitly obeyed, as an order misunderstood or disregarded may cost the lives of more than one of the party. During a recent flying survey for a railway extension on the *alta planicie*, the *arriero* with the cargo-mules and

peones, including the bedding and provisions, was ordered to go forward to a locality the name of which, Confital, sounded like some confectionery. The day's work proved longer and more intricate than had been expected, and it was already dark before we had got into the neighbourhood of the rendezvous.

As the night settled down we found ourselves in a district broken with steep, narrow valleys and great, bare mountain-sides, and fifteen thousand feet high. It was soon completely dark, and we were painfully crawling up an apparently long valley; to our left the sharply rising mountain; to our right an abyss which we could neither see nor guess at the depth of, but towards which the led mules were perpetually edging, and away from which we scrambled sometimes on our hands and knees, hardly knowing from one moment to another if by some false step we should not lose our footing and fall to the bottom of some deep ravine, to be smashed on the rocks below. When at last the top was reached we saw a sharp drop, more dim, barren valleys, and dusky mountains; but we found neither *arriero* nor any Indian hut. It was decided to wait for the day. The *mozos* found an overhanging rock, and squatted under it, looking like the sitting mummies of their ancestors. A snowstorm came on; and as the temperature at these elevations during the night, in a snowstorm, is not exactly vernal, the two blankets available were quite insufficient, with the result that one man slept, while the other—the chief of the expedition, who had the bad habit of always thinking of others first and himself last—marked time upon a flat rock to avoid doing likewise. When, at four in the morning, the writer awoke, with a feeling of having been unutterably mean, he found his blankets covered with some inches of snow, and that solitary figure outlined against the white background still marking time.

What a dawn that was that came at last, so reluctantly and slowly, as the gray light sifted through the heavy clouds that covered the sky, and the great white slopes one by one shouldered their masses out of the gloom! The *nevada* had been general; we were alone up there in a world of dim clouds, white mountain-slopes, and whirling wreaths of snow. The mules were hurriedly saddled and mounted; and in a few hours, in a tiny Indian hut loosely built of rough stones and mud, a coarse meal of potatoes and *quinua* was obtained. In the meantime the *arriero* had failed to find the rendezvous, and, by a course of reasoning peculiar to himself, argued that it did not exist. We had inspired him with a wholesome dread of failing to obey orders; so, arguing, in a way complimentary to our energy, that we must certainly be in advance of him, he scurried forward to the next *posta* on the route. As he failed to hear of us there, his anxiety turned

to fright, his advance to a stampede, and he was only stopped at last, by a mounted messenger, over thirty miles away, still hurrying forward.

Some weeks later the writer returned to pick up the line and connect up with the rest of the survey. The sleeping-place was easily found; but that valley with the abyss on the right was absolutely non-existent. By sunlight it was resolved into a gentle mountain-slope, and where we had imagined was a chasm was a little pampa or plain covered with young grass, which was what the mules were edging away after. In this district we came across some remarkable natural monuments or series of monuments. It was the night we were destined to spend in the open, and it had already begun to grow dark when we came to a small valley perhaps half a mile long by a quarter broad. The formation was a reddish sandstone, and in the centre was a level green with a tiny stream of water running through it, the water ice-cold, for the height was about fourteen thousand feet. On the south side, lying north and south and extending for some hundreds of yards, lay scores of colossal stone figures side by side, some a hundred feet long, some fifty or sixty, but all lying at the same angle and in the same direction and all different. Some appeared to be robed, others nude, and one had his leg drawn up as if quietly sleeping. The general effect in the twilight in that lonely little valley was as though one had suddenly receded thousands or tens of thousands of years into some earlier period of the world's history.

At such heights clouds are sometimes very annoying, and the traveller is suddenly enveloped in a dense white fog, and every precaution has to be taken not to get hopelessly lost. An account of the technical difficulties of pioneer work would not probably be of much interest, but they are not inconsiderable. The country is, perhaps, well adapted for ballooning; but, looking out from some lofty points upon the rugged and erratic masses, probably lying at right angles to the course to be taken, and through or across which it is proposed to run a railway with a gradient of 3 or 4 per cent., at first one can only feel despair mingling with laughter. Still, by patient work, covering the ground thoroughly, routes have been found which are possible, though involving some engineering feats. As was observed during a recent survey, 'If this railway is built, it will be the eighth wonder of the world.' A great difficulty always is that no local information is to be relied on in the least. The white owners of the land know nothing of their own country, but will say anything they think will please. Much valuable time is lost in following up routes that, after perhaps days of possible gradients, suddenly end in some enormous *quebrada* or *cañon* at right angles to the line, or in some precipitous cliff that towers a thousand feet or more above the baffled explorer. It was after acting

upon some information received from an old *caballero* who had a house beautifully situated on the river Ayopaya that we remonstrated at the inexactness, to put it mildly, of the account of the country. We had been told that we should find *pura pampa* (a level plain), whereas we had actually found it a horrible tangle of precipitous ravines running at all angles, and finally an ascent of more than two thousand feet at about 25 per cent. Our expostulations were received with surprise. 'But,' we were told, 'the *llameros* always take that path'—a *llamero* being a keeper of llamas, and the llama is capable of climbing an almost precipitous ascent with a load on its back.

The air at such heights is, of course, wonderfully pure; but a strong and healthy heart is necessary for the work, as the wear and tear is tremendous. The lungs of a healthy person soon accustom themselves to the rarefied air; but any one subject to *siro-chi* (mountain sickness) suffers very much; and if the journey is persisted in, dangerous symptoms sometimes supervene. Walking and climbing are not easy. The two golden rules are: take plenty of time, and keep your mouth shut. The height of the *alta-planicie* varies from ten thousand to fifteen thousand feet, and the elevated tract, which can only technically be called a plateau, supports mountains which are still higher. In fine weather—that is, for three-fourths of the year—the brilliantly clear atmosphere renders objects clearly visible at great distances. Usually for many days in succession the Cerro Hermoso, above Colquechaca, is visible from Tunari, above the Ayopaya, a distance of at least one hundred and fifty miles, and the dazzling white cone of Illimani can be seen from still greater distances.

Travelling off the main roads, such as a surveying party has to undertake, is not without its dangers. On a recent trip of two months' duration, out of a total of nine horses and mules all in good condition, six were killed, usually by falling over precipices or in crossing swollen rivers. Some of the little-used paths which must be traversed require strong nerves. The path is never more than barely wide enough for a foothold, with a fall beneath of anything from a hundred to a thousand feet; and it sometimes happens that a heavy rain will carry away ten or twenty yards of the roadway, and you suddenly find yourself, on turning some sharp corner, on the narrow edge, with vacancy ahead and the mules pressing on from behind as though determined to push you and your beast off that two-foot road down a few hundred feet of perpendicular fall.

On one occasion, when we lost more than one mule and cargo, we were following one of those 'razor-backs' occasionally met with when a narrow and lofty ridge joins two mountain groups. It was among heavy clouds, and the ridge became

narrower and narrower and the slopes beneath took a sharper angle, until at last we were crawling along the uneven crest of a rotten and crumbling schist, wet and slippery, not more than a metre wide, and at the sides having twenty or thirty feet of almost perpendicular fall, the clouds hiding the rest. A frantic scramble, succeeded by a long slide, told us that a mule had gone over; and cautiously advancing, we found that the ridge had broken away under the mule's feet, and as we stood there was crumbling under our own. To turn the rest of the animals round on that narrow, slippery path, with death on either side, was no easy task; but after a couple of hours' hard work it was accomplished, and we all breathed more freely, probably including the mules, when we reached the mountain flank and were out of that treacherous ridge.

The inhabitants of the *alta-plunicie* are as strange as their country. The two tribes or nations of Quichua and Aimara Indians divide it not unequally between them. If there could be any preference between two lots of cruel, treacherous savages, it might be given to the Quichuas, who are capable of being civilised, and if uniformly well treated are useful labourers; but for the Aimaras it is not easy to say a single word of praise. Insolent, cunning, treacherous, fiends of cruelty, filthy in their habits, drunkards, and when drunk capable of any crime, it is difficult to find any redeeming feature among their characteristics. In a late revolution a party of soldiers were sent to an outlying village, where—deceived by the friendliness of the *cura* (the resident Catholic priest) and the *corregidor*, an Indian—they allowed themselves to be decoyed

into the church, leaving their arms, by the *cura's* directions, at the entrance. The doors were then secretly fastened from outside, and the church set on fire; the whole party perishing in the flames. That the *cura* was never punished for this infamous trick, although the soldiers belonged to the party since in power, is evidence of the power of the Roman Catholic Church in that country.

In this connection may be mentioned a remarkable episode that occurred more recently in Sucre, the capital. A Protestant missionary had for some time been working among the people with enough success to alarm the priests. The matter was brought to the notice of the archbishop, who, under some ancient law never repealed, actually petitioned the supreme court that the missionary might be executed—decapitated or shot—for teaching false and pernicious doctrines. The affair ended in the court denying his prayer and casting the reverend prelate in costs; but, legally speaking, the decision was not above criticism. The constant policy of the Romish Church has been to keep the people in total ignorance, and even to discourage any education among the white population except when directed by themselves. The consequence is that general education is so defective as to be practically non-existent, and the schools that are now being started by a Canadian society have a wide field of usefulness before them, for the people are naturally quick to learn, and, probably owing to the great altitude of the country, are a robust, wiry race, capable and, for South Americans, energetic, but hitherto ignorant to an inconceivable degree.

THE EVOLUTION OF TRINITY HOUSE.

By HENRY LEACH.



HERE is a man whom you very often meet on the deck of a steamer when you are upon a short voyage, and with whom you inevitably fall into conversation as you both lean upon the rails and watch the blinking lights and the buoys as they weirdly bob up from the gloom and go back to it as they are dropped astern. The peculiarities of these lights and buoys as they are studied while your ship is steaming away in the dark from Dover, Harwich, or other harbour are an obviously excellent subject with which to speculate in the opening of a talk; and it is a strange thing if you have not met this man, omniscient in matters maritime when he is afloat, who at the flagging moment in this deck-chat, as if to dispel the mystery which surrounds the working of these ocean guides, remarks that, of course, it is Trinity House which attends to all such things. Not for the richest cargo of an argosy would you

then expose yourself to the righteous contempt of this authority by asking such a simple question as how that should be, or what is this Trinity House, or whence does it come, and why. And so is the sum of the voyager's knowledge that there is a Trinity House somewhere which in some mysterious manner has something to do with the lights and buoys, and one or two other such indispensables to the traffic of the sea.

It has, indeed, been suspected by some good folks that there is no such thing in reality as a Trinity House; that it is but a maritime Mrs Harris, existing only in the imaginations of superior people for the purpose of being quoted as an authority. Anyhow, it is probable that there is no public institution at the present time of anything like equal importance about which the public are so ignorant, and concerning which, therefore, there is so little disposition on the part of the captious taxpayer to meddle. If he knew more of Trinity House

and its origin and methods, he would, indeed, be tolerably certain, with that reforming spirit which is so characteristic of him, to make more or less numerous suggestions for the mending or ending thereof, just as they have been made of other ancient institutions upon which there beats a fiercer light of publicity; but not for a world shall it be a purpose of this writer to question here the right and fitness of Trinity House to go on attending to its lights and buoys, and seeing to it that its pilots do their duty. That may be the concern of others. The more interesting point for the moment is that this is one of the most curious and mysterious survivals of an old institution governing an important section of the national life. If Trinity House had followed the normal rule of development it would have lost itself ere this in a plain, matter-of-fact Government department, going by some such absurdly simple title as a Coast and Harbour Office. Instead of which it is an old-fashioned body with much that is autocratic in its ways, and resentful to a degree of the interference of the land laity outside. Neither Governments nor taxpayers elect it; it elects itself; and it adds something to the awe-inspiring mystery surrounding the whole institution when we find that the ruling spirits are not members, nor even ministers—prosaic designations—but Brethren, if you please. There are Elder Brethren and there are Younger Brethren, and there is Royalty among them. Imagine, if you can, a Home or Foreign Office or a Board of Trade being ruled by 'Brethren,' and then you will have arrived approximately at an idea of the extent of the achievement of Trinity House in its perpetuation of the picturesque past.

Some degree of doubt and mystery overhang its inception. We are speaking now of the London Trinity House, which, with all due respect to others bearing a similar title, is the chief and of the greatest historic interest. Actually, it should be explained, there are no fewer than five institutions bearing such a title, and their functions are similar. Besides that which has its headquarters on Tower Hill, hard by the Royal Mint, there are the Trinity Houses of Hull, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Leith, and Dundee. It is the general and no doubt correct impression that the origin of the society in each case must be attributed to seamen inspired with motives of self-preservation, with which were naturally blended others of a religious character. There was something of the secret society about them at the beginning, and it is one of the amazing facts of the present day that such an administrative department as it has resolved itself into in the course of time should be in some respects a secret society still. Certainly the London Trinity House was at the commencement of its career primarily a religious order; and the first thing we hear of it—a knowledge which is more traditional than otherwise—is that in the days of King Alfred there was a philanthropic institution which in some of its functions bore a resemblance to the Trinity House which came later. Then,

early in the fifteenth century, there is mention of a society coming into existence which took to itself the imposing title of 'The Guild or Fraternity or Brotherhood of the most glorious and undividable Trinity of St Clement, in the parish of Deptford Strond, in the county of Kent.' This was Trinity House without a doubt, and the Guild came formally to receive a charter in the year 1514, and had its headquarters at Deptford. At the outset the powers which were conferred upon it were wonderfully comprehensive, and the crafty manner in which it managed to get them enlarged from time to time is such as to excite one's admiration. If but a little of the tenacity and astuteness which characterised the early Brethren has passed along the line from them to their modern successors, the whole mystery as to the continued existence and power of Trinity House is explained. The main object of the charter which was granted by Henry VIII. was to improve the breed of seamen; and in order that it might be abundantly achieved, powers were granted wholesale. The Guild was given 'power and authority for ever of granting and making laws and ordinances' for the benefit of shipping interests; and it is not to be wondered at that later on this and other provisions of the charter were made the subject of attack and inquiry. In Elizabeth's reign the corporation enjoyed a notable acquisition of powers when the Lord High Admiral Howard surrendered to Her Majesty a number of rights, the chief of which were those relating to beaconage and buoyage, at the same time advising her to bestow them again upon Trinity House; and thus it came to pass that by the time of Charles I. the duties of this Trinity House were so extensive as to make it difficult to discover any maritime matter in which it had not more or less of a controlling authority. It was its business to erect beacons; to lay buoys; to be responsible for the naval stores and for the ship-building-yards at Deptford; to control the purchase of ships for the navy; to inspect the provisions, cordage, ordnance, and ammunition both of royal and naval ships; to grant certificates to pilots; to examine and recommend masters for the navy; and even when occasion demanded to act the part of an auxiliary press-gang. More than this, it is clear that Trinity House had the power even of appointing English consuls at foreign ports.

Apparently the ambition of the corporation was not as yet by any means satiated, and events moved in its favour so that it was enabled to effect another great coup when James II. was on the throne—a coup, moreover, from which it derives advantage to this day. Suddenly the corporation surrendered its charter to the king, a move which would have been inexplicable but for the fact that the next moment it begged His Majesty to grant it back again, and the king obligingly agreed—with a whole batch of additional privileges included in it! The new charter added eighteen Elder Brethren to the list; and though the king at first reserved to himself the right to nominate them, their election came

from the Younger Brethren in the ordinary course. This title of Younger Brethren had been bestowed upon the members generally by James I. One of the new privileges of the corporation was the somewhat curious one of being authorised to examine the boys of Christ's Hospital in mathematics. Trinity House at last built a lighthouse; and though for different reasons many of the lighthouses which followed it were subject to private ownership, an Act of Parliament was passed in the reign of William IV. by which all these private rights were purchased by Trinity House.

Surely in the zenith of its power this was indeed a most 'glorious' corporation. The master-mariner and the seaman had the utmost respect for it. It made a law that every man who swore, cursed, or blasphemed on board ship was to be taxed a shilling for the offence, which shilling went as a contribution to charity. Every man who got drunk was similarly fined, and a smaller toll was exacted from the sailor who missed his prayers. Trinity House, further, could punish him for mutiny and desertion, and it could prevent the foreign sailor from serving on board the British ship without a license; and, ever with a foremost thought for charity, it gave licenses to poor, aged, and maimed mariners 'to row upon the river Thames without license from the Watermen's Company.' Lest the populace should ever be in danger of forgetting the greatness of this wonderful corporation, the Master and Brethren used once a year to visit in grand procession their hospital at Deptford.

Alas for the changes of time! The hospital has long since been disestablished, and Trinity House in the course of the nineteenth century was shorn of much of its glory. One of the greatest blows it suffered was the result of the inquiry which was held in 1853 into its powers and its lofty way of doing things. From that time all funds which were derived from light-dues, with those of the Scottish and Irish Lighthouse Boards, had to be paid to the Paymaster-General, and were put towards the formation of the Mercantile Marine Fund; whilst, on the other hand, all disbursements in connection with the lighthouses, it was decided, should be paid out of that fund, but not until the Board of Trade had given its sanction. Thus for the first time did a mere Government department, and one of a painfully modern type, exercise a virtual suzerainty in at least one respect over this corporation of history and tradition. One may in passing remark upon the astonishing effect which this decision had upon the charitable propensities and capabilities of the corporation. In 1852, the year preceding the inquiry, the corporation pensioners received among them the handsome sum of thirty-six thousand pounds. Three years later the total amount which was distributed among them was under nine thousand pounds. Nowadays Trinity House simply collects the dues, and they pass from its hands to the Mercantile Marine Fund.

However, despite such little prunings of its power,

it is still a wonderful, even an unique authority; and with its pilotage, its lighthouses, its buoys, its beacons, its charity, and the other matters of varying importance to which it gives its attention, has quite sufficient to do. It is an important duty of the Elder Brethren also to attend at the Admiralty Court, where in the capacity of assessors they assist the judge in coming to a proper decision in matters which would otherwise be beyond the depth of even the quickest lawyer; and furthermore they give the Board of Trade the benefit of their experience and advice whenever circumstances arise which suggest their doing so. As for their present constitution, there are thirteen acting Elder Brethren, of whom two are officers of the Royal Navy and the other eleven officers of the mercantile marine. Besides these there are thirteen Honorary Elder Brethren, chosen because of their eminence or distinction. Thus Mr Chamberlain was the last Honorary Elder Brother upon whom Trinity House conferred its degree. Control is vested in the Acting Elder Brethren, and at the head of the whole corporation is a Master (the Prince of Wales is the present Master), with a Deputy-Master to act for him. The general body of members are still called the Younger Brethren, and it is the prime condition of their admission to this ancient institution by the Court of Elder Brethren that they must belong either to the Royal Navy or to the mercantile marine. Whenever the Deputy-Mastership falls vacant, or there is a place to be filled among the Acting Elder Brethren, it is again the court of the latter who perform the duty, making their choice from such of the Younger Brethren who, on the one hand, may have obtained the rank of commander in the navy not less than four years previously, or, on the other, may have served as master in a merchant-vessel engaged in foreign trade for at least four years. Thus you see that to-day Trinity House constitutes itself just to its own liking for the purpose of exercising its control over the important maritime matters which come within its jurisdiction.

It might well be imagined that this administration of such matters is not a simple task; but Trinity House executes it with a varying degree of satisfaction by a system of decentralisation. It divides itself into committees and sub-committees for special purposes; and the Trinity House map of the coast is divided into several sections, over each section being placed a superintendent in charge, the latter being responsible for the effective discharge of his duties to the Elder Brethren, and to them alone. The Brethren make surprise visits periodically to the lighthouses and the lightships for the purpose of inspecting them. Since there are other maritime societies bearing the name of Trinity House, as has been mentioned, it may be well to point out that, whereas the duties of the London Trinity House are national in character, those of the others are more or less local and limited. The London institution has the management of the general lighthouse and buoyage systems of England and Wales, a super-

vising authority over local lights and buoys, and a partial control over the corresponding systems of Scotland and Ireland. Leith, Newcastle, and Hull Trinity Houses are still local pilotage authorities, and the Hull institution has the Humber under its wing; but in these days the Trinity House of Dundee is a benefit society only.

Trinity House—the house and not the institution—up on Tower Hill is a quaint place; and he who looks it over with some knowledge of the glorious past of the society may feel that there is something of the pathetic in its lingering existence among the vandals of the twentieth century. It might be compared to a penurious family of ancient lineage clinging in the days of its decadence and when all others about know not and care not for its quondam glory—clinging still to the old homestead, and retaining all the forms and customs of the old family life such as were handed down from generation to generation. Trinity House may be a Government department; but there is not the smallest suggestion of Downing Street about it. Instead of the usually blue-washed walls of the state official we have here nothing but the most handsome oak panelling, and there are high and wide doors for entrance to the chief apartments, which are made of the most exquisitely polished Spanish mahogany, and which Trinity House is inclined to tell you have not their superior in London. There is no vulgar lift, but a winding staircase; and the landing overlooking it is so situated that the Brethren, sea-dogs as they are, not inaptly call it their quarterdeck. In walking it they may gaze upon the pictures and marble busts of their most worthy predecessors, and upon a screen which immortalises the good people who in quitting the world have not failed to remember this noble institution, and the work it has still to do. The fine library has something of the appearance of a ship's saloon, and indeed all about us there is a flavour of the ocean—the ocean of yesterday more than of to-day. Of curios appertaining to lighting and buoyage there are many. We have, for example, Smeaton's Eddystone clock which once was in the famous lighthouse, and which was designed to ring every half-hour to warn the keeper of the necessary changes in the light. In the entrance-hall there are model buoys and model lightships by the dozen. It is a place in which a pilot or an ambitious coastguard might spend an instructive afternoon. Notices of a somewhat ominous character are affixed to the walls for the benefit of these pilots when they enter. To the pilot as to no other person Trinity House is the centre of the universe, and he approaches and enters it in an uncommonly humble and obedient frame of mind. In these days when the methods of using our old Father Thames are coming in for strong and hostile criticism, and the clarion cry of 'Wake up!' sounded all over the kingdom, has reached the keepers of the great port of London, it is realised that the pilotage of the great river is in many respects not what it ought to be, and there are

those who prophesy that in the reforms which are pending Trinity House must needs be concerned. It is an odd life the pilot's, and Trinity House has hedged it round with many curious restrictions. By pilot law it is enacted that the individual must on no account be guilty ever of selling tea or keeping an inn or a place of amusement, under pain of a severe penalty, nor, as it is declared he must in no way be interested in doing any of these things, may his wife do them.

It is in the Court-Room upstairs, and the little Master's Room adjoining, that we are perhaps most impressed with Trinity House. The former is a handsome hall, most handsomely furnished, and there is a horseshoe table around which the Elder Brethren are wont to sit, with their chief on a dais in the middle, on those board days and court days—distinguished by their periods and the class of business in hand—when there is work to be done. On the court days the Elder Brethren come in uniform, each with the red cuffs of Trinity House upon his sleeves. Royalty has sat at the head of this court many a time ere this, and will again; and when the Brethren are assembled they seem to have looking down upon them the giants of the glorious past, for there upon the walls are life-size pictures of the Duke of Wellington, of Lord Palmerston, of William IV., of the Prince Consort, and of King Edward himself (as the Prince of Wales), each in his red-cuffed uniform, for they were Masters all. For such as these were, there is that little room adjoining where Masters sit before going into court, and to which they retire when its solemn proceedings are over. It is a tasteful little apartment; and that the Master may be ever mindful of his duty, there are here for his contemplation not merely busts of men of royal blood, but a few picked specimens of lighthouse models.

Such is our old-fashioned Trinity House. The day will very likely come when it will be swept aside, that something more modern and up-to-date may take its place; but until it does, the ancient society will remain one of the few links connecting the public departmental life of the old England with the public departmental life of the new.

SONNET.

I SAT on Michael's Mount one summer eve,
And watched the sun sink rosily to rest
Behind the hills beyond Penzance, and leave
Its golden traces over all the west,
Till afterglow died down. Still there was Light.
I, eastward turning, mused how this might be:
A scene of wondrous beauty met my sight!
The silver moon uprising o'er the sea,
And there was Light! Yea, Lord, for Thou hast will'd
That none should here in darkness live—or die;
And, that Thy promise be to us fulfilled,
Thou orderest thus Thy creatures of the sky:
The greater sun to rule the day in might,
The lesser moon more peacefully the night.

ROSE BOWRING.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

LETTERS OF A PEER AND A PORK-PACKER.

By KATHARINE BURRILL.

IN the year 1774 were published the Letters of the Earl of Chesterfield to his Son: letters which are now an English classic, and contain much sound, good advice underlying a mass of eighteenth-century flummery. The sword-knots may be ornamental and superfluous, but they do not blunt the steel. This year there has appeared a most entertaining book,* but written by an American pork-packer, not by an English peer. The first collection of letters were fact; these later letters are fiction—very amusing fiction it is. They also have a broad, deep stratum of hard-headed, solid common-sense underneath all the American slang, the fun, and the amusing anecdotes with which Mr John Graham 'points his moral and adorns his tale.' At first it hardly seems possible that there could be even the slightest resemblance in the two collections of letters. Lord Chesterfield would have considered John Graham an impossible person, his pork terribly vulgar, and his letters beneath contempt. Our worthy pork-packer would have looked upon his lordship, with his Latin quotations, his poetry, his elegance and grace, as very silly, if not a complete fool. Yet they both give much the same good advice.

Where My Lord glides, Mr Graham hustles; but they both 'git right there.' The former writes his letters to an embryo politician, and the latter to an embryo pork-packer; but many of their maxims are the same.

Take this sentence as applied to a politician: 'You must have dexterity enough to conceal the truth, sagacity enough to read other people's countenances, and serenity enough not to let them discover anything in yours.'

Now for the pork-packer. Mr Graham tells his 'Dear Pierrepont' to have something to say, to say it, and then stop talking; and he goes on to the

following, 'Remember, too, that it's easier to look wise than to talk wisdom; say less than the other fellow, and listen more than you talk, and keep your eye open all the time.'

We hardly think Pierrepont would be told to have dancing-lessons; and even Chesterfield says, though necessary, they are ridiculous. But when it comes to dress they are both agreed.

Under date 4th October 1746 we read: 'You must dress; therefore attend to it, not in order to rival or to excel a fop in it, but in order to avoid singularity and consequently ridicule.'

From Chicago, on 10th May 189-, comes a letter in which Pierrepont is told that though 'clothes don't make the man, they make all of him except his hands and face during business hours, and that's a pretty considerable area of the human animal.' In the same letter he is told not to wear 'blue-and-white striped pants and a red necktie,' and not to look as if he had slept in his clothes. In another letter old Graham indulges in some canstic remarks about 'sporty clerks' and checked suits, which looks as if our young friend Pierrepont, as well as looking 'blamed important and chesty,' had blossomed into gorgeous raiment. Large checks and brilliant ties seem to have attracted the youth of all ages; even in Denmark there must have been something that took the place of our 'fancy checks' and striped suitings, for Polonius sticks it into Laertes—the Americanisms seem to have come to stay—about his clothes. Poor Mr Pepys must have wished he had taken the old courtier's advice, 'Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,' for he always seems to have been buying clothes that he could not pay for: 'This morning came home my fine camlett cloak with gold buttons, and a silk suit, which cost me much money, and I pray God to make me able to pay for it.' This pious wish or prayer was, we suppose, answered, for he shortly starts off and purchases a velvet coat and cap. Periwigs also he could not resist, and the wig-maker could always persuade him into a purchase, though he had

* *Letters from a Self-made Merchant to his Son*, by George Horace Lorimer (Methuen & Co.).

many wigs and they cost much money, and were, as he himself says, honest man, 'mighty fine, indeed too fine for me.' Samuel might have agreed with old Graham that 'appearances are deceitful, but so long as they are, there's nothing like having them deceive for us instead of against us;' and he must have passed for a rich man when he peacocked about the town in his shaggy purple gown with gold buttons and hoop lace. Though we none of us deliberately set out to deceive, there is no need to put the hole in the carpet in the middle of the room and the only unfaded bit of pattern under the sofa. People pretty well go by appearances, and the man who hires or borrows or owes for a tall hat and a frock-coat is more likely to get the job than the man whose bowler is green and gone in the rim—which is perhaps unfair on the excellent head covered by the bowler. The world is hurrying along at great speed, and, sad to say, very often there is only time to look at the outside; and though 'a dirty shirt may hide a pure heart,' all we have time for is the fact that the shirt is far from clean.

On one point the peer and the pork-merchant are entirely at variance. Mr Graham sets no store on foreign travel. The grand tour does not appeal to him. He has no time for 'this European foolishness,' and when Pierrepont tries to impress on his father the importance of spending two or three months in Europe, he is plainly and firmly told to turn his attention to pork. Europe can wait, but pork cannot. While Pierrepont was sunning himself in Hyde Park or imbibing 'atmosphere' at Oxford, some other man would be chipping into the pork business, and old Graham does not mean to lose one red cent by waste of time. He has worked hard and made a big business, and he does not mean his son to fool it away. No, Pierrepont must learn when young all there is to learn about pigs. He must study the hog in the rough: watch him fattening, see him killed, and keep an eye on him till the last pork-trimmings are turned into 'country-fed sausages' at twenty cents a pound. Pierrepont must learn all about lard; all about hams, those that are drysalted for the niggers in the South and those that are sugar-cured for the white folks in the North. He has to come into the house in a very subordinate position, and work his way up; as his father says, 'There is plenty of room at the top, but no elevator in the building.'

At first our young friend is not altogether satisfactory. He writes letters to charming young ladies during office hours, and, unfortunately for him, puts the wrong letters in the wrong envelopes, so that Jim Donnelly of Donnelly's Provision Store calls on the head of the firm 'with a fool smile on his fat face,' and says that though he does not object to being addressed as 'Dearest,' an invitation to the theatre has no bearing on his claim for shortage on the last car-load of sweet-pickled hams. This makes old Graham pretty mad, and he tells

Pierrepont that though he may write as many letters as he likes before eight or after six, the stretch between these hours has been bought by the firm, and when half-an-hour is used for any other purpose but the business of the firm it is 'a petty form of petty larceny.' This little affair of the letter must have caused Pierrepont to sulk, for he writes a complaining letter to his father. He does not like the man who is over him, and cannot work under him. From Omaha, in a letter very much to the point, his father tells him that if any one is sacked it will not be Milligan, and that 'there isn't such a thing as being your own boss in this world, unless you are a tramp, and then there's a constable.'

Pierrepont now goes on peacefully, being promoted to the 'billing-desk' and a rise of salary. But, alas! his florist's bill of fifty-two dollars for roses is sent to his father, and he receives a sharp letter regarding extravagance. Also his father does not quite approve of the young lady who received the roses. He thinks ten thousand dollars' worth of diamonds too much money for any girl to hang round her neck. But he comforts himself with the reflection that when Miss Mabel Dashkam knows Pierrepont's only source of income is the twelve dollars a week he has to earn, she will not have much to do with him. He hopes Pierrepont is not so foolish as to think of getting engaged, for 'a twelve-dollar clerk who owes fifty-two dollars for roses needs a keeper more than a wife.'

From first to last he gives his son the most excellent advice, all told in racy, virile sentences, straight to the point, full of grit and sense. His anecdotes, which he 'merely mentions' to impress things, are most amusing. Doc Hoover the old deacon; the widow's boy Clarence; Jim Durham, who forced the sale of 'Graham's Extract' by sheer cheek and advertising; even 'my old acquaintance Doctor Paracelsus von Munsterberg,' all help to show Pierrepont the right road to travel to bring him out at the top 'clean and sweet all through,' like one of Graham's best hams.

Old Graham was not a great reader, or he might have suggested Pierrepont's studying *The Empire of Business*, which Mr Carnegie has found time to write in moments snatched from piling up a colossal fortune and giving Free Libraries. Like the pork-merchant, Carnegie says there is 'plenty of room at the top,' but you won't get there unless you start at the very bottom. He himself began by sweeping out the office. But think of all the office-boys who start sweeping, and never rise to anything higher than a twenty-five-shillings-a-week clerk! You may sweep and sweep, and all you raise is dust, not dollars. Every one is not a Carnegie; and though you may fix your eyes on the top, and climb for all you are worth, the chances are you never get higher up the ladder than the fourth rung, and thank your lucky stars if you are allowed to stay there, and not knocked off. In

the chapter headed 'Business,' Mr Carnegie tells us that the wise man puts all his eggs in one basket: what happens when the handle breaks we are not told. If you are in steel, stick to steel, and do not touch copper; if you are in coffee, don't worry about sugar. One thing is enough for any man. Like Pierrepont's papa, who was impregnated with pork, fix your mind on one article and think of that only, till you are a millionaire, and then you can think of what you like.

Mr Carnegie lays down some golden rules for young men entering on a business career. 'Aim for the highest;' 'Make the firm's interests your own;' 'Never enter a bar-room;' 'Never speculate;' and, last and most important, 'Expenditure within income.' This last appeals to every one, whether we are in business or drive a cab or live on what is known as 'private means.' Wilkins Micawber laid down the following precept, which we all remember and all forget: 'Annual income, twenty pounds; annual expenditure, nineteen pounds nineteen six: result—Happiness. Annual income, twenty pounds; annual expenditure, twenty pounds ought and six: result—Misery.' Micawber should have known, for no one suffered more than he did from the sixpence on the wrong side. Keeping accounts does not help you, so many things go into 'sundries.' The only way to keep within your income is to go without everything you want to buy. This last would hardly appeal to Carnegie; but it strikes home to most of us who are sitting on the ground watching the multi-millionaires enjoying the view at the top of the ladder. Mr Carnegie is not like Rudyard Kipling: he does not think 'he travels the swiftest who rides all alone.' He advises all the young men to look around and find a real nice girl to marry and set up house with; only, he says, a man, especially if he is in business, must marry a woman with plenty of common-sense. *Uncommon-sense* would be a better name for it, you meet it so seldom.

It is a satisfaction to know that we leave the self-made merchant rejoicing over his son's approaching marriage with Helen Heath, 'a mighty eligible young woman—pretty, bright, and sensible;' in fact, as he tells Pierrepont, 'You'd have to sit up nights to make yourself good enough for her if you brought her a million instead of fifty a week.' But he raises Pierrepont's salary to seventy-five dollars, and will not write any more letters, for he will not require them with a wife to look after him and keep him from making a fool of himself. Like David Garrick, old Graham and Mr Carnegie think 'a good woman is an understudy for an angel.' Stevenson calls her another kind of angel, a Recording one. But in any case, whether in business or doing nothing, a man is better to have a woman to look after him. Indeed, if she's worth anything, she won't let him be idle, but will give him something to do, if it is only weeding the garden.

Farther on in his book Mr Carnegie asks

questions like Mr Chadband. 'What is wealth?' Like Nelson's answer when interrogated about *fear*, we can truthfully say we never saw it, and are not likely to. But if any ever comes our way we will hold on to it. Mr Carnegie assures us that it is being distributed; that all the new inventions and the great businesses help money to circulate. Well, if it *is* circulating, it is in a whirlpool, and we are on the outside and cannot catch any. By wealth Mr Carnegie does not mean the great fortunes which have been piled up by the few, but 'the revenue sufficient for modest independent living.' And it is the duty of every young man to acquire that wealth. The great fortunes, if rightly spent, must be expended for the benefit of the people, for the community. In fact, Mr Carnegie goes so far as to say that the millionaire cannot get out of spending his money for the people. He must give; he must endow; he must spend. He lays up honey in the industrial hive, which all the community in general will enjoy, and he lives simply and sparingly himself. Mr Carnegie regards his wealth as a sacred trust; he believes in educating men by placing in their hands the books that they could not buy, and he gives Free Libraries. He says that it is no disparagement of Free Libraries that the books chiefly read are fiction; and he is quite right. It will do no man anything but good to read Dickens and Thackeray, George Eliot and Hawthorne, Stevenson and Sir Walter Scott. In fact, good modern fiction, even minor fiction, will do no harm. Nothing but good will result from reading *The Virginians* or *Mrs Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch*, and we strongly advise all the young men who have studied *The Empire of Business* to lie them to the nearest bookseller's and buy or borrow *The Letters of a Self-made Merchant to his Son*. With these two books they are bound to make a success. Indeed, from Mr Carnegie's book it sounds so easy to make a fortune (if you only begin poor enough) that in a short time every one will be rich. But it is the beginning poor enough that is the difficulty. If only you enter a town with three-halfpence in your pocket you will leave it a millionaire. Go into the world with an allowance of fifty pounds a year, and you don't seem ever to be able to add more to it than a couple of hundred; and though two hundred and fifty pounds a year may be a competency, it is not affluence.

All this talk of money-making and dollars would seem terribly vulgar to My Lord of Chesterfield, and yet he and John Graham and Mr Carnegie are all aiming at the same thing. In one of his letters he writes: 'My object is to have you fit to live; which, if you are not, I do not desire that you *should* live.' Has not that 'fit to live' a true Transatlantic ring? Mr Carnegie wants the young men to be 'fit to live' as honest, hard-working, capable citizens. He thinks and knows that books and colleges will help to train the youth of the cities, even though Mr Dooley says 'ye can send

a land to college, but ye can't make him think.' John Graham wanted Pierrepont to be 'fit to live,' a good sensible man and a keen hand at the pork-packing business. And My Lord Chesterfield says more than either: 'If you are not fit to live I do not desire that you should live at all.'

Come wealth or want, come good or ill,
Let young and old accept their part,
And bow before the Awful Will,
And bear it with an honest heart.
Who misses or who wins the prize,
Go, lose or conquer as you can;
But if you fail, or if you rise,
Be each, pray God, a gentleman.

COMEDY EAST AND TRAGEDY WEST.

CHAPTER VII.

IMMEDIATELY after breakfast Ross's man, Dick, appeared at Mrs Winans' door with the buggy. Eardley came out in appropriate costume as understood by his New York tailor, and carried a large Colt's revolver in a leather belt. The black boy followed him with a brand-new gun-case. Eardley had rather ostentatiously purchased his firearms before leaving New York, and had taken care that they lay carelessly about in his room for his friends to see.

He had a moment's private interview with Mary in the hall. He would have gladly avoided that; but it was inevitable. He feared and disliked a scene, and so he decided this time to lie boldly. By to-morrow afternoon he would be in the express for New York, so what did it matter? The sponge would go over this with the rest after he was out of reach.

'Now, Mary, wish me luck,' he said.

She looked wistfully at him and tried to say something, but no words would come. She was thinking only that it was their last day, and he was leaving her. He read her thoughts, and, afraid she would cry, put his arm round her and whispered, 'Do you think I would leave you if it were really our last day?'

He meant nothing. What he intended her to understand, vague as it was, was false. But when the minister came she remembered the words and interpreted them with trembling joy.

The drive to Shelby farm occupied an hour or so. It was uphill, and the pace was not forced. Dick was talkative, and gave his opinions on politics and social questions with the freedom and self-confidence of the true American. He recounted his own personal history, and told his plans for the future, described the part he had taken in the past elections, and gave character-sketches of such prominent citizens as occurred to his memory. Eardley was entertained, though not greatly interested till it occurred to him to lead his communicative charioteer to talk of Ross. He really knew very little of the grave and quiet young man who had lived so many weeks in the same house with him, and whose guest he was now going to be. Dick needed no urging on the theme.

'Ned Ross? He's a bully boy, and a right good sort. Why, the boys would run him for Governor;

but he won't go into politics. Too good for them, you may think, and I won't say you're wrong. What Ned says *goes* in this state, or anyway in the western half of it. Yes, sir, he's a straight man, Ned is, and he shoots straight too, though he don't shoot often. He don't go about heeled like a "blanked" cowboy; but when a gun's wanted Ned has his handy, you can bet your life, and he don't need to use it twice. Ned don't know the meanin' of bein' afraid either. You know how he killed big Joe Jackson? That was in the Fall before last.'

'No, I have not heard. You forget that I'm a stranger here,' said Eardley.

'That's so. Still, perhaps you might have heard. Well, he shot Big Joe, sir. It was a fair, stand-up fight, for he knew that Joe would lay for him. Ned had got him convicted and sent to the penitentiary for swindlin' widow Hendricks out of her husband's money, and Joe had sworn he would shoot him on sight when he got out if he swung for it. Ned's friends advised him to carry a gun while Joe was in town, and it was well he did, for Joe heard he was in the bank, and waited for him outside. Joe was mounted. Some of his gang had lent him a good horse, so he could escape. And sure enough he drew a bead on Ned just as he was leavin' the bank. But you don't catch our Ned asleep. For all he looks so quiet and simple and polite, he's about the quickest man with his hands this side of Cincinnati. Folks in the street said he seemed to fire without liftin' his arm. Joe fired too; but his aim was spoilt, for Ned's ball had struck fair, and he was fallin' before he could draw the trigger.'

'Was there a trial?' asked Eardley, who was beginning to see Ross in a new light.

'Trial? No, *sir*! There was an inquest. There *was* a trial when he killed lawyer Gary last year. Maybe you read it in the newspapers? No? Well, that's strange. Gary was a pretty mean man, good-lookin' though, and a fav'rite with the galls. Well, I reckon he'd gone back on a young lady that Ned knew. Who she was and what it was Ned never said. We might know, and again we might not. Ned let it be understood pretty clear that it was nobody else's business, and there wasn't anybody willin' to disoblige him by talkin' about it. The women might whisper a little among themselves, but not much, for they like Ned. For all he's so

serious now, he was as gay as a colt when he came as a lad and boarded at the Winans' homestead. He thought he had to kill Gary. It was when he found out that Gary had a wife in Philadelphia.

'It was in open court. He just stepped in while business was going on in some water-rights case, and says he to Judge Frisbee, "Your Honour, will you grant me indulgence for a moment. There's a man in this court who has committed a great crime. Unfortunately the laws of this state don't provide a punishment for him. I have determined to take the responsibility, Judge." When he said that he looked over at lawyer Gary, who was busy with his papers, for he was one of the attorneys in the case before the court. By this time the reporters had got on to Ned, seein' that there was somethin' sensational comin', and were takin' down his words. Well, sir, whether Judge Frisbee, though he was a great friend of Ned's, wouldn't have stopped him then, as bein' out of order in interruptin' the business of the court, I don't know; but when Ned turned and looked at Gary, somehow the whole court, Judge and all, turned their eyes that way too. Gary started up from his seat as white as death, and his risin' just gave Ned the chance he wanted without the risk of hurtin' anybody else, though no doubt Ned could ha' done it quite neat all the same supposin' Gary had sat still or tried to go under the table. Ned never takes a second to fire, and never makes a mistake. While speakin' to the Judge his arms was hangin' down by his sides, and he had a little ridin'-switch in his right hand. They say Ned shoots ekally well with his right or his left. Anyway, when they all looked at Gary, Ned, lookin' steady at him too, just shifted his switch from his right to his left hand, and in a flash he had drawn his six-shooter and shot Gary stone dead. Then he laid down his gun on the desk in front of him, and he says to Judge Frisbee, "Your Honour, I had to kill this man. There was no other way." Then he turned to the sheriff, and says, "Mr Sheriff, you

will arrest me, I suppose." And he held up his hands.

'Well, of course, the sheriff arrested him, and he was held for trial and set free on bail that afternoon. He said almost nothin', never told anybody why he had killed Gary. But everybody knew enough and guessed the rest. At the trial he wouldn't let Frank Carson—that was his lawyer—tell anythin' either; but Frank made all the more of it, for he said to the jury that if Ned *had* told, there wasn't a man of them that wouldn't have been prond to be in Ned's shoes that day. Oh, Frank made a great oration about protectin' the honour of their daughters and their homes. And the jury brought in a verdict of Not Guilty without leaving the box, and the Bench told Ned that he left the court without a stain upon his character.'

'Your western juries are very independent,' said Eardley. He was thinking how little he had known of Ross's character.

'Well,' said Dick, 'I don't know that they're more independent than they ought to be. There was a Britisher at that time boardin' at the Forks House, and he went to the trial; and that night when we were all talkin' it over in Denovan's saloon he said that this was all very well, and it might be good western rough-and-ready justice, but that the verdict was clean contrary to the evidence, and that in England the Judge wouldn't have accepted it. In England, he said, the Judge would have charged the jury, and pointed out to them that there was only evidence of premeditated killing, and no other evidence whatever. The boys didn't receive this very well. But Frank Carson said he reckoned it was so in England, but that in the United States a Judge was not allowed to charge on the evidence; he could only explain the law to the jury. And I guess Judge Frisbee knew what he was doing. He was unanimously re-elected for another term two months later. Well, here we are at Shelby Farm, and there's Ned himself waitin'.'

THE ABORIGINES OF VICTORIA.

By M. T. HUTCHINSON, Melbourne.



THE survival of the fittest is one of the natural laws which seems most far-reaching in its application; yet those who give any thought to the vanishing of the savage before the civilised man cannot help a feeling of sadness when they see nations, or rather tribes, slowly dying out. This is what is now happening among the Victorian aborigines, in spite of the care and attention bestowed upon them. About the year 1840 competent judges estimated their numbers at from five to seven thousand; but those now collected on the various reservations only slightly exceed four hundred in number. Year by year the deaths outnumber the births;

therefore, long before the present century closes the aborigines of Victoria will have ceased to exist. Under these circumstances it will be interesting, perhaps, to present to British readers a short sketch of their history and customs, and also a statement of their treatment by the Victorian Government.

Our first account of the Victorian aborigines is obtained from the journal of Colonel Collins, who was the governor of a convict settlement for a short time located near the entrance of Port Phillip. The convicts arrived in 1803; but after a few months Collins decided that the site was unsuitable, and removed the settlement to Tasmania. During the few months of their stay

they had dealings with the natives, who were friendly at first; but after a time disputes arose, and on one occasion the English had to use their rifles, and at least one black was shot dead.

Time after time convicts escaped from the settlement. Of these, some grew tired of their savage liberty and soon returned, and the others were probably killed by the blacks; but one, William Buckley, lived among his savage companions for thirty-two years, and was found by Batman's party in 1836, when they landed at Indented Head in Port Phillip, determined to found a new colony. Very glad indeed was Buckley to meet white men once more. For some time he acted as interpreter, though when first found he had forgotten his own name. A year or two afterwards he went to Tasmania, was appointed to a small post in the public service, and died in 1856. He gave a good deal of information to those who questioned him; and an account of his life has been written, which gives a graphic picture of his lonely, miserable existence during the thirty-two years of his isolation.

From the time of Batman's settlement the history of the aborigines may be said to begin. According to the opinion of those who had the best opportunities for judging, there were not ten thousand blacks in Victoria. There were from twenty to thirty principal tribes, varying in numbers from one hundred to five hundred, and also smaller clans. Each tribe had a large tract of country, and required a large expanse, because their sole sustenance was game and fish. They knew nothing of tilling the ground; in fact, their only vegetable foods were yams, rush-roots, pig-face (a kind of *mesembryanthemum*), and the few wild fruits, such as the native cherry, raspberry, and currant. They wandered from place to place, two or three families together, avoiding the thick forest and clinging to the valleys by the creeks and the lightly timbered country.

The chief food of the aborigines was the opossum, an animal about the size of a cat, which sleeps during the day in a hollow tree, and at night comes out to feed. The keen eye of the native told him at once, when he reached a tree, where the animal was likely to be hidden. Then with his stone tomahawk he cut a notch in the bark about three feet from the ground, inserted his big-toe therein, then cut another notch in the bark higher up, and thus he climbed up until he reached the branches. A close examination soon showed him the hollow bough in which the 'possum' was hidden. A stone dropped into the hollow told him by its thud where the victim was, and a few cuts on the branch soon made a hole large enough for him to thrust his hand in and drag forth his struggling prey. The native bear, another important food animal, resembles a sloth more than a bear, and weighs about thirty pounds when

full grown; it spends all its time in the trees, about which it climbs slowly, but with great security. Owing to a strange superstition, the blacks regarded this animal as sacred, though only to a limited extent; for though they might kill and eat him, they considered it impious to deprive him of his skin. The kangaroo (which supplies much better meat from a 'white' point of view) was hunted in several ways, one of the methods being thus described to me by a black at Coranderk: 'When we see kangaroo feeding in a grassy place, we all spread out and creep up till we get pretty close; then one makes a *tap-tap* against a tree. Kangaroo hear noise and sit up; then all throw spear and kill him.' The wallaby, a small species of kangaroo, was killed with the spear. The wombat was the last on their list of large edible animals. This weighs, when full-grown, between fifty and a hundred pounds. It makes huge burrows, and can dig very fast with its strong claws. When the blacks found a burrow, and from the traces decided that the animal was at home, they sent an Australian piccaninny to crawl into the burrow feet-foremost. When he reached the animal he tapped with his fist on the roof of the burrow, and the men above, locating the sound at once, dug down with their yam-sticks till they broke through; then the animal was soon killed, and furnished material for a great feast. The mode of cooking was very coarse. They had no means of boiling, and frequently a carcass was thrown on the fire unskinned, and when just warmed through it was devoured.

The larger game-birds, such as the emu and turkey, were eagerly sought for; swans were caught in great numbers during the moulting-season; and wild-ducks were captured by means of nets spread near the surface of the water, where a creek or rivulet falls into a lake. The ducks during the day are fond of going up quiet little creeks. The blacks, after setting the nets and leaving some of the elders to watch them, would go stealthily up the creek, stationing some of their number at intervals. Others would then take a circuit, get beyond the place where the ducks were, and startle them. The birds, in their flight, usually keep along the course of the creek about the height of the trees which border its banks. Just as they were approaching the place where the nets were spread, one of the hidden blacks would throw into the air a piece of bark shaped like the dreaded hawk, and at the same time send forth an exact imitation of the cry. The ducks, seeing, as they thought, their enemy, and hearing the cry, at once swooped down to the water, were entangled in the meshes of the net, and immediately seized and killed by the watchers. When birds and beasts were scarce, the blacks hunted for the large yellowish grubs which are found in the gum-trees and wattle-trees. These were regarded as a great dainty;

and as they are about as thick and long as a man's little finger, they soon furnished a meal.

The fish-supply was various but uncertain. On the Murray, where the aborigines seem to have been more inventive than in the southern parts of Victoria, they caught great numbers of cod and perch, both with nets and with the spear; but in the vicinity of Melbourne, eels, which they speared, were their chief prey. Of course, along the seashore they got great quantities of mussels and other shellfish, and that was one of the reasons why many of them remained close to the coast.

The well-being of the aborigines was, like those of most savages, very precarious: sometimes they revelled in plenty, and gorged themselves to repletion; then came periods of scarcity, generally in the winter, when they were very near starvation. The native hut (*mia-mia*) was roughly constructed of bark, with holes at the top; but during the summer a break-wind, made of a few bushes, was all the native took the trouble to construct. The customs and manners were rather peculiar. The old men held the chief power in the tribe, and settled things on the broad principle that most of the good things, including wives, were kept for themselves: a wife was always got by purchase, exchange, or capture from another tribe. If a man had a daughter he sold her as soon as she had attained a marriageable age, and her purchaser, if she refused to follow him, promptly knocked her down with his *waddy* and dragged her to his hut. Though this style of wooing may seem rather rough, in many cases a genuine affection seemed to spring up, and there are authentic instances of both husbands and wives dying of grief at the loss of a spouse. The women were regarded as inferior in every way; they did all the work, and carried all the utensils, &c., in the marches from one camp to another, while the men strode along bearing their weapons only. When meal-time came the men fed first, and threw the remains of the feast to their *lubras*.

The blacks had but few notions on the subject of religion. They certainly believed in a great and good spirit, called by some of the tribes Bungil; and they believed also in an evil spirit. Their superstition about death was very peculiar, and caused most of the murders which were constantly going on. When a man died, no matter from what cause, they imagined that his death was due to the evil influence of some person. Their witch-doctors gathered round the body, and, after performing certain rites, announced that the murderer was in a certain place. The relations of the dead man at once seized their spears, went to the place, and killed the first person they met. Thus blood-feuds were perpetually carried on among the various tribes.

It will not be out of place here to give a short account of their weapons, both offensive and defensive. The *boomerang* was specially

notable, because it was one of their own invention, and has never been found anywhere except in Australia. There were two kinds—one the *wongum*, a light sickle-shaped weapon, which the thrower could make return to his feet. Its gyrations were remarkable, and it is perhaps the only weapon which, like Paddy's gun, can shoot round corners. This kind was used principally for amusement, like the *weet-weet*. The latter, a toy-like weapon, was a cone of wood with a long thin handle, which was thrown with a kind of jerk; and the black who made the farthest throw was considered the winner. Another kind of *boomerang* was made of much heavier wood, and was used in war and hunting. In shape it was not so much curved as the *wongum*, and as the edges were sharp it must have inflicted a severe wound. There were several kinds of spears in use, and the *waddy* (club) varied in size. Some were short and used for missiles; others were held in the hand to give a knock-down blow.

The shields were oval in shape, about three feet in length and one foot in breadth, with a hole through which the left hand was inserted. Though these were comparatively narrow, the blacks were wonderfully clever in using them, and could ward off spears with the greatest ease. A splendid exhibition of quickness used to be given by Dick-a-Dick, one of the aboriginal cricketers who visited England more than twenty years ago. He allowed cricketers to throw the ball at him from a distance of only fifteen yards. They threw their hardest and straightest; but the shield was an invincible barrier, and no one ever hit him.

We will next consider how the Government of Victoria have treated the dispossessed natives. From the outset the leading colonists recognised in some degree their responsibility in the matter, and as early as 1836—that is, only one year after Batman's landing—a protectorate was formed to look after and care for the natives. The site of the station was the ground now utilised for the splendid Botanical Gardens of Melbourne. The first protector was Mr. G. Langhorne, and the first teacher Mr. J. T. Smith, who was afterwards seven times Mayor of Melbourne. As the white population increased, further efforts were made to improve and civilise the blacks; but the restless disposition and habits of these wild sons of Nature made them very difficult to deal with. Those who remained in a wild state and committed depredations on the live-stock and homes of the outlying settlers were, in the course of a few years, killed off; and those who became 'tame' blacks eked out a miserable existence in camps, which they formed in various spots. Each of the country districts had its little tribe, which lived mainly on the charity of the chief land-owners or squatters. At times they used to come into the towns and give exhibitions of their skill in throwing the spear or *boomerang*. If

they got a few shillings, there followed a glorious 'drunk,' in which all joined. Of course, from the earliest times white men were forbidden by law to sell intoxicants to a native; but it was easy to get over this difficulty, and when the native had money he could always get grog. Under these circumstances their numbers rapidly dwindled in spite of the efforts of the various protectors—of whom Mr W. Thomas was the most notable—and the many other gentlemen who interested themselves in the fate of the dying race.

At last, about the year 1860, a Royal Commission was appointed to examine the whole question, and a number of meetings were held and evidence from all quarters taken. The Commissioners found that four large reservations of land had already been made, round which were collected some aboriginals. These varied in numbers according to the season, as they usually spent the winter near the stations, but preferred a wandering life during the summer.

After an exhaustive inquiry, the Commission decided to recommend the appointment of a Board, which should control supplies and manage all matters appertaining to the natives; and this recommendation was afterwards adopted by Parliament. At this time (1861) the number of aborigines was estimated at two thousand three hundred and forty-one, distributed among thirty-five tribes. After little more than a year it was found that the site of one station was unsuitable, and it was therefore abandoned, while two new stations were formed. Both these stations are situated in Gippsland, where the blacks were numerous. In the following year a third station was formed about forty miles from Melbourne, and two years later a fourth station was founded near Warrnambool. After the formation of these stations—each presided over by a missionary, and with a large tract of country attached which the natives are induced to tend—the Board used great efforts to attract as many as possible from their wandering life, and induce them to settle down; and these gradually proved successful, especially when the distribution of rations and blankets to those not resident at any station was given up. Some years ago I was staying at the Lakes' Entrance, about five miles from Lake Tyers, and had opportunities of seeing a good deal of the blacks. Lake Tyers is a scene of ideal sylvan beauty; it consists of two narrow arms of water, each more than ten miles in length. From the water's edge on each side rise gently sloping hills, lightly timbered like a park. The two arms join just before the sea is reached, and in flood-time their united waters burst out into the Southern Ocean.

The natives who live in this lacustrine paradise seem quite content with their lot. Every Christmas they used to come to the Lakes' Entrance and play a cricket-match against the whites. I had the pleasure of playing in the whites' team

on one occasion, when we were soundly drubbed by our dusky brethren. Their superiority lay in their fielding, especially in their catching; when we sent a ball flying into the air a keen-eyed, quick-fingered black had it in his clutches in a moment. In the still evenings we used to watch the blacks spear flounders in Lake Bunga, a sheet of water near at hand. Armed with a spear and carrying a torch of bark, the black fisher walked quietly through the shallow water, watching with hawk-like eye till he saw his prey. One quick thrust and the fish was impaled. We also found that they were keen in other ways than eyesight: they knew as well as we did that flounders were expensive, and 'No flounder for tickpence' was their motto. A trait that was very noticeable was their fondness for their children. On one occasion I saw a native who had come in from Lake Tyers that morning, carrying on his back a little boy who could just toddle. He did this rather than part with the child for a day.

Coranderk, which is under the control of the Rev. J. Shaw, is now the principal station; it has the largest population, and is the nearest to Melbourne. The situation on the Badger River is very picturesque, as it is surrounded by some of the finest mountains in Victoria. The natives have a large herd of cattle on the station, from which they derive most of their meat-supply; but the specialty of Coranderk is hop-growing, and some splendid yields have been obtained.

I visited Coranderk last year, and was much pleased with the evidences of comfort and happiness. The houses seemed to be neatly and well kept, and many of them were surrounded by flower-gardens. My principal object in visiting the station was to see King William Barek, aged about seventy, the last of the once famous Yarra tribe. We found him and a friend idling, as the weather was very wet. He did not wear a crown, nor did he present a very majestic appearance, yet it soon appeared that he had some exclusive privileges. We asked that he would make fire in the time-honoured way—that is, by rubbing two sticks together. He consented, and one of the other blacks was at once summoned to do the work while His Majesty superintended. The *modus operandi* is rather interesting. Two sticks are used, one about three feet long and three inches wide, the other also three feet long and as thick as a walking-stick. A small notch is made in the wide piece, and the walking-stick is twirled rapidly round and round, with its point pressed on the notch. The twirling is done by the rapid rubbing of the hands, beginning at the top of the stick and working downwards. When the black has almost reached the bottom, he shifts his hands quickly to the top again, and continues the rotation. In a very short time the lower piece of wood begins to smoke, and then to smoulder; next a piece of stringy bark is applied to the smouldering wood, and a few puffs

from the black's mouth kindle the bark into a flame. The old king supplied the bark, and by so doing seemed to assume the credit of the whole transaction. The natives assured us that there was only one kind of wood which could be ignited in this way. As soon as the fire-making began we had been joined by other two natives, so that there were now four of them present: William Barek, of the Yarra tribe; N. McLellan, of the Dimboola tribe; Major Serjeant, of the Castlemaine tribe; and John Philipps, of Ballarat. They were all able to speak good English, and I think all except the king could read and write. We had a long conversation with them about their previous history and their present condition. At one period of this talk it suddenly seemed to dawn on the old king, who could not speak as volubly as the others, that he was being pushed into the background, as it were, by the superior fluency of his mates. We were at the time talking about the native game and the methods of hunting, when suddenly there was heard an exact imitation of the cry of the swan, followed by the quack of the black duck. The king had asserted himself, and drawn our undivided attention to him. We next inspected the manuscript life of the king. This was a rather incoherent account, taken down verbatim from his lips by some of the younger natives. The event of which he seemed most proud was that when a little boy he had seen Buckley. Mention was also made of the kindness of the various protectors to the poor black fellow. There was a strong religious strain in parts of the narrative.

In conversation with the superintendent of the station, I found that the moral and physical well-being of the natives was carefully attended to, full church services being held every Sunday, and public prayers every morning before work began. About forty acres have been cleared, on which they grow hops, hay, and vegetables. In former years there was a teacher employed


solely for the children at the station; now, however, the number of children is much less, and they attend a state school in company with the white children of the neighbourhood.

In conclusion, the position of affairs may be thus stated: The blacks number only about four hundred and forty-nine, according to the last official return, and the deaths outnumber the births by about twenty per annum. The expense of supporting them on the various reserves is rather more than five thousand pounds a year. Their superintendents are kindly Christian gentlemen, who treat them rather more gently than is consistent with discipline. During the last two years a suggestion was made that the blacks should all be collected into one spot, and thus the cost of management would be greatly reduced. The Board, after careful inquiry, found that the feeling of the blacks was strongly opposed to this, and the idea was at once abandoned. This fact shows more clearly than words that the Government is dealing in a very kindly way with the poor relics of the once numerous aborigines. In fact, it is difficult to see how their condition can be further improved by governmental aid. They live in the beauty-spots of the country, receive a liberal allowance of food and clothing, and are under a very mild system of discipline.

I conclude this sketch with a word in praise of the gentlemen who have devoted their lives to the moral well-being of the aborigines. From a very early period in the history of the colony Moravian missionaries were notable for their endeavours to reclaim and improve the heathen; Mr Hagenauer, who now holds a high official position under the Board, being one of them. Mr Shaw and Mr Bulmer, who have had the charge of stations for many years, must also be mentioned here. There may be doubt as to the value of the work of these men; but there can be none as to their single-heartedness in the vocation they have chosen.

JEZEBEL AND THE GENERAL.

CHAPTER II.

 NOW was lying deep over mountain and valley, but the sky was radiantly blue, when, soon after noon on Wednesday, the mourners alighted at the little wayside station of Moniemore, ten miles from Glen-na-Grual. With the oppression of the sudden sorrow weighting the interminable hours, they had been travelling since the previous evening.

A carriage from the castle was in waiting—had been waiting, the coachman told them, at every train since the news of Mr Macnaught's illness was telegraphed to London.

'The funeral was to be this afternoon if you was come in time for 't,' he said in answer to the General's inquiry. 'An' the morn whether or no'; for if the snow was to come heavier they 'll be feared the roads wouldna be fit.'

'The news of my brother's illness only reached me yesterday. I had been out of town. A Mrs Gorman sent the telegrams. She is the housekeeper, I suppose?'

The man cast a sidelong glance at his interlocutor. 'Na, na, sir. Miss Gorman, she's just the young mistress. She came from Chiney with the master.'

A flash of comprehension shot through Colin's

mind. 'Miss Lulu' he had heard his uncle's Chinese servant say. Then he was not mistaken; there *had* been a woman in the railway carriage.

'Oh, I didn't understand.' The General had paused with his foot on the step of the landau. 'Miss Gorman was taking charge, I suppose?'

'Yes, sir; and she's been terrible put about at your no' comin' sooner.'

General Macnaught made no further inquiry. He was not the man to discuss family affairs with a servant. Seated inside the carriage as it rolled slowly over the heavy roads, he maintained silence. Grief for the loss of his brother ousted all minor concerns from his thoughts, and the sight of each familiar landmark brought a more acute pang of regret for the untimely end of the wanderer who had returned from his long exile only to die.

A much-befathered hearse whose plumage hung flaccid in the frosty air, two mourning-coaches, and an empty carriage sent by the courtesy of a neighbouring landlord were standing in readiness at the castle door when they arrived. There was little time to lose if the funeral was to take place that day. The doctor, meeting them in the hall, at once escorted them to the death-chamber, where stood the closed coffin. The last time the General had entered that darkened room it held all that was mortal of his father. Now there lay in state the body of the brother whose tears had then mingled with his.

Mr Macnaught had been a stranger to his homeland. No floral tributes sent by sorrowing friends brightened the sombre aspect of the surroundings; but Colin noticed that some one had laid a cluster of early snowdrops on the velvet pall.

As they stood with bowed heads, the General filled with conflicting memories that confused past with present, the doctor in a hushed voice was giving details of the illness:

'Chill contracted on the journey north. Acute peritonitis. No hope from the first. Constitution weakened by hot climate. Power of resistance gone. I advised that relatives and man of business should be summoned at once. Miss Gorman telegraphed for you, and to Inverness for Mr Bleloch the solicitor.'

Mr Bleloch, a stout man with bushy gray eyebrows and a sententious manner, who in company with the parish minister was in the library, advanced as they entered that room. He had employed the time of waiting by browsing on the sandwiches and burgundy placed on a side-table, and wiped his lips with a large yellow silk pocket-handkerchief as he came forward.

'Your regretted brother was very ill, sinking fast, when I arrived, though I instantly set forth on reception of the telegraphic message,' he began in a confidential whisper. 'He was able to give me a few instructions, but very few.' Mr Bleloch paused and sighed. 'I am afraid, gentlemen, the disposition of my client's property may surprise you; but I gathered from Mr Macnaught that you would

understand. So I presume he prepared you for the terms of his will? Would you like to see Miss Gorman before we start?'

General Macnaught hesitated. He had no especial wish to see the mysterious lady who evidently held so important a place in his brother's establishment, yet he could not treat a woman rudely. Before he had time to reply, the undertaker bustling in with the suggestion that as all was now in readiness the service might be proceeded with, decided him to postpone the undesired interview.

The short home-service over, the sad little procession followed the snowy path that led to the old burial-place. Among the scattered knots of mourners gathered to pay their respects to the dead it was difficult to distinguish any individual; but as they turned to leave the graveyard Colin caught a glimpse of a slender, crape-bedecked figure entering the second carriage—Miss Gorman, he thought—and experienced a foolish resentment that any stranger should claim the right to wear such deep mourning for his relative.

Miss Gorman, if it were she, did not intrude upon their grief. When the party assembled in the library to hear the reading of the will she sat apart in the shadow thrown by the shaded lamp.

Mr Bleloch, his eyebrows bristling with pride of office, lost no time in reading Mr Macnaught's will. The document proved singularly free from verbiage; for, in the tersest possible language, it stated that the testator, being in his sound mind and judgment, gave and bequeathed Glen-na-Grual and all his other worldly possessions to Laura Gorman.

The ponderous, expressionless voice of the lawyer ceased amid a hush that was broken only by a nervous gasp from the veiled figure in the shadow; but no one paid any heed to her. The eyes of the little company were fixed furtively or boldly, as was the nature of their owners, upon General Macnaught and his son; and the General it was who, rising to his feet, broke the silence.

'Do I understand that what you have just read, Mr Bleloch, is the final disposition of my brother's property?'

'Yes, sir; it is.'

'Then neither my son nor I have further reason for remaining under this roof. I wish you good-evening.'

With the quiet words, the General included those present in a comprehensive bow, and, closely followed by Colin, turned towards the door.

The figure in the shadow made a movement forward.

'No, no. It is all wrong. Please don't go. He really did not mean'—

But the attempted protest fell upon deaf ears. Already the two men had left the room.

The old housekeeper, who had been a second-housemaid when the General was a boy, and who had remained at the castle throughout its change of ownership, filled with genuine concern for the rightful heir whom a passing freak had bereft of

his inheritance, ran after them into the avenue, her black silk gown rustling over the snow.

'Mr Hamish—General, I mean—will ye no' wait? Yon and the young gentleman were expected to stop here. The best rooms are a' aired an' ready. An' the bit miss was that anxious to make ye comfortable—aye runnin' to the butler an' me speirin' what ye would like to eat, an' whatna wines ye would fancy.'

'My good Ross, I appreciate your kindness; but, as you must see, it is impossible for me to stay as a guest in the house where I should be master.'

'But to be leavin' afoot, an' the snow that deep! If ye'd just bide a minnit, sir, Andra would yoke the horses'—

'No; we shall walk down to the inn and hire something there to take us to the station. I wish to get to Inverness to-night. If Mr Bleloch wishes to communicate with me, he knows my London address.

At the turn of the drive the General paused to take a farewell look at the old gray house. It was early gloaming of the winter afternoon. There was no wind. The snow, although trodden underfoot by the passage of the funeral *cortège*, yet outlined the outspread branches of the firs and lay in downy cushions on the bushes of rhododendron and on the heather bordering the drive. Behind the quaintly turreted castle rose the hill he had climbed in his childish days, and he had accounted it a feat to be proud of; across the unruffled lake stood Ben-na-Grual, that giant among mountains, whose majesty even in manhood's years he regarded with something approaching awe.

With the survey of the alienated home of his fathers an exceeding bitter cry broke from the General.

'My boy, all my regret is for you. I am done. My life has been lived. But I coveted the old place for you. And now to see it go to some adventuress'—

They had turned the angle of the road. A rabbit scudding across the path, leaving the track of his woolly pads in the snow, was the only sentient thing in sight.

Colin threw his arm affectionately round his father's shoulders.

'And my regret is all for you, father. I know how you've looked forward. Still, we have lived without the castle, and we can do so again.'

'But, my boy, I may as well tell you I've never succeeded in saving anything to speak of. Your Oxford expenses made money a little tight. There's scarcely anything but my pension to depend on.'

'Oh, that's all right,' responded Colin, who regarded money matters with the easy tolerance of youth. 'I shan't be such an expense to you in the future, dad. Luckily, my college course is ended, and I won't think of the Bar. I'll set about earning money at once.'

'But to think of the old place coming into the family again,' said the General, reverting to his

great grievance, 'only to pass out again after a week's possession. To think that your uncle toiled the greater part of his lifetime only to have everything pounced upon by this Jezebel the moment he was dead.' General Macnaught had all a Scotsman's knowledge of Scripture, and the unrighteous seizure of Naboth's vineyard seemed in his mind a parallel case. 'She must have taken advantage of a temporary delirium caused by his illness. He would never have made that will if he had been in his right mind.'

At the village inn the landlady, who sought to show her sympathy for their bereavement by putting a fire of glowing peats in her parlour, and by gratuitously supplying heaped plates of her New-Year bun and shortbread with the tea they ordered, was consumed with curiosity as to the reason for their premature departure.

'Allisdair, an' will ye no' gang ben an' speir what for they're leavin' in sic a fell hurry?'

'Speir yersel', ma woman, gin ye want to ken,' retorted her laconic spouse.

'There's ane o' the castle carriages comin' down the road, onyway; an' it's Andra M'Phie that's drivin'. Ay, an' we'll soon ken now,' Mrs Stewart announced triumphantly, hastening out to receive the new arrival, who proved to be Mr Bleloch come in quest of General Macnaught.

'I am here by Miss Gorman's express desire,' he began when he had been ushered into the room where the General and Colin impatiently awaited the appearance of the wagonette that was to take them to Moniemore. 'She has asked me to tell you that she is greatly concerned at the contents of Mr Macnaught's will, which were as much a surprise to her as to any one. She trusts you will return with me now, when she hopes the matter may be amicably arranged. She even declares herself willing—I must confess that in the character of her legal adviser I besought my client to act with less precipitancy—to divide the inheritance!'

'Will you convey my thanks to Miss—Gorman, and tell her'—the General had assumed what Colin jokingly called his court-martial manner, and his demeanour was fraught with extreme dignity—'that as my brother had every right to dispose of his property as he thought best, I do not intend to raise the slightest objection to his will.'

Mr Bleloch drew down his bushy brows in perplexity. Even in his wide professional experience it was an unprecedented occurrence to meet in the same day one client who would voluntarily relinquish a goodly portion of a fortune, and another who was resolute in the rejection of that portion when offered.

'But though I told the lassie her offer was unbusiness-like and ill-considered, mind ye, I thought it was real noble-spirited of her to make it,' he said, relinquishing his judicial tone and dropping into the vernacular. 'It's no' everybody that would have been ready to share with you even to the half of her kingdom.'

'Speaking for my son and myself, I have nothing further to add to what I have already said,' General Macnaught replied stiffly. 'And now we must go. The trap is ready. We return to London at once.'

As through the casement-window he watched the wagonette bear them off down the snowy road, Mr

Bleloch, remembering the cosy harbourage prepared for them at the castle, murmured, 'Thrawn, thrawn; a stiff-necked and rebellious generation,' the while he munched a piece of Mrs Stewart's shortbread that in a fit of abstraction he had taken from the plate.

SIDELIGHTS ON THE APPIN MURDER TRIAL.



HOUGH much has been written about the Appin murder and the trial that followed, one valuable source of information seems to have been practically overlooked. It does not, indeed, tell us who fired the shot in the wood of Lettermore—Alan Breck or some other; but it throws a good deal of light upon the circumstances which led up to that incident, and on the extraordinary proceedings which culminated, though they did not end, on that wild November day when James Stewart climbed the gibbet by Loch Leven-side.

After the '15, as everybody knows, there were considerable forfeitures of the estates of those who had been on the losing side; including those of the Earl Marischal, the Earls of Nithsdale, Panmure, Seaforth, Southesk, and many others. The same thing happened after the '45, when great tracts of the Highlands fell to the Crown. These forfeited estates were placed under the management of the Barons of the Court of Exchequer in Scotland, a tribunal that had been set up after the Union, and was to some extent composed of English lawyers. For their administration the Barons of Exchequer were directly responsible to the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury, who seem to have had a very ample belief in their own intelligence and discretion, and to have had little hesitation about interfering with their subordinates as they saw fit.

The Barons had, of course, to act by means of local factors, and the selection of these functionaries was no easy matter. It was necessary that a factor should be well affected to the existing Government; that, as far as possible, he should be honest; that he should know something about the management of Highland estates, and in particular something of the people among whom he was set up as a sort of petty king. Yet the Lords Commissioners, in their wisdom, laid it down that no Highlander should be eligible for the office: a regulation to which the Barons found it impossible to give effect. The Records of the Court of Exchequer, including the correspondence of the Barons with the Treasury on the one hand and the local factors on the other, form a mine of information concerning the state of the Highlands generally at this time, and of the measures which were introduced for their pacification; and they have also a very special bearing on the matter with which we are more immediately concerned. It is, therefore, curious that they have been

so completely ignored. Mr Omond, indeed, refers to these records when dealing with Sir William Grant of Prestongrange in his *Lord Advocates of Scotland*; but he does not appear to have carried his investigations very far. And R. L. Stevenson almost certainly knew nothing about them; just as well perhaps, or we might have been the poorer by want of some dramatic passages from *Catriona*.

Barcaldine, a moderate estate on the Benderloch, that narrow strip of land which lies between Loch Etive and Loch Creran, had, since early in the seventeenth century, been possessed by a cadet branch of the house of Glenorehy. Patrick Campbell of Barcaldine, who died in 1738, had been twice married; his second wife being Lucia Cameron, daughter of the famous old warrior, Sir Ewan Cameron of Lochiel. He was succeeded in Barcaldine by John Campbell, his eldest son and heir; while Colin, the eldest son of the second marriage, was provided with the small property of Glenure, at the top of Loch Creran. Colin, it will be noted, was thus a first cousin of 'the gentle Lochiel' of the '45, and of his brothers John Cameron of Fassifern and Dr Arelibald Cameron—whose fate in its iniquity matched that of James of the Glens—a connection which was not without its influence on the tragedy of Lettermore.

The least imaginative person can understand that the very name of Campbell almost of necessity implied not perhaps fervent loyalty to the Hanoverian monarch, but without doubt hostility to the exiled Stuarts; and these two brothers, Barcaldine and Glenure, appear, moreover, to have been at one time in the military service of the Crown. So it is not surprising that, on 13th August 1747, John was appointed factor on the forfeited estates of Perth, Strathallan, and Gask; while, on 22nd July 1748, Colin was made factor on Ardschiel, Callart, and Mamore, that part of Lochiel's estate which lay between Fort-William and Loch Leven.

People who are acquainted with that romantic country, and know something of its present rental, will hardly believe that at that time the total rent of these three estates was only two hundred and ten pounds thirteen shillings and two and two-thirds pence; but so it was. And as Glenure's remuneration was 5 per cent. thereon, he received as his factor's fee neither more nor less than ten pounds ten shillings and sevenpence halfpenny—rather an object-lesson on the difference in the value of money in the Highlands then and now.

Very soon Glenure found that his was to be no bed of roses. The Mamore tenants refused to pay their rents due at Martinmas 1749, and laughed to scorn all his writs and precepts of removing; Fassifern not merely instigating them to this course, but actually threatening, so Glenure alleged, that if any paid rent it would be 'at their perral.' So he had to apply for military assistance to protect him and his subordinates in the execution of their duty.

Then began trouble, which had far-reaching consequences, about the farm of Achintore. The deputy-governor of the fort at Maryburgh, now Fort-William, Campbell by name, had a son-in-law, one John M'Lauchlan of Greenhall, who was tenant of that farm, which he seems to have got at a very low rent because the buildings had been burned in the '45. The Barons of the Exchequer had the forfeited estates surveyed, and fixed what they termed a 'judicial' rent for the different holdings. M'Lauchlan refused to give the judicial rent for Achintore; and so, by the express directions of the Barons, Glenure put the tenancy up to public roup. M'Lauchlan sent an emissary to the auction; but Fassifern outbid him. The Barons were annoyed to find that they had got Fassifern for a tenant; but M'Lauchlan was furious, and that with both Fassifern and Glenure. He seems to have been a man of considerable resource, and his machinations against the former, as set forth in still extant documents by his victim, would make an interesting story in itself. But that is another matter, and we are at present concerned only with Glenure. Through his father-in-law, the deputy-governor, M'Lauchlan had the ear of Major-General Churchill, then Commander of the Forces in North Britain, and was able to make that somewhat pompous personage dance to any tune he was pleased to pipe. The Barons are suddenly told from London that the Duke of Newcastle has received, through General Churchill, information that reflects very seriously upon their management of the forfeited estates. The factors are disloyal; they show no desire to secure tenants who are well affected to Government; on the contrary, they are supplanting them by persons whose sympathies are notoriously on the other side, and so forth. General Churchill endorses the statements of his informant, whose name, he says, he is unable to disclose, and strongly recommends that no Highlanders of any kind be employed as factors. The information thus forwarded to the Duke of Newcastle is obviously the handiwork of M'Lauchlan, and it is plain from their reply that such was the opinion of the Barons. Without even suggesting that he is the complainer, they very neatly drag him into the discussion and blacken his character with some success. M'Lauchlan, however, achieved this much: in the eyes of the Treasury he certainly discredited Glenure, and to some extent also Barcaldine. The Barons, who put a truer value on General Churchill and his informant, wrote to the Lords Commissioners that while

no doubt Glenure and Fassifern were cousins, yet they 'hate one another as heartily as we could wish.' But they felt bound to show by their acts, and to make their factors also show, that the Treasury were being misinformed. Hence greater rigour in repressing the disaffected should be the order of the day, and instructions from London should be carried out to the letter, if at all possible, however little their wisdom might be apparent to the Barons or to their factor on the spot.

This, then, being the attitude of parties in November 1751, produced by the ingenuity of Mr M'Lauchlan, it is interesting to find that the ejection proceedings, which resulted in the death of Glenure, were not the outcome of his own harshness or of the harshness of the Barons. So far as he was concerned, no doubt it was stated over and over again at the trial that he was merely carrying out instructions; and probably no more weight has been given to that assertion than to many others of the prosecuting counsel. But even if this statement had been accepted, Glenure's vindication was at the expense of the Barons. A very different complexion is, however, put upon matters by the Barons' letter of 21st May 1752, informing the Treasury of the murder of Glenure, in which they use these significant words: 'Pursuant to directions given by your Lordships to us, he was ordered to remove such tenants and possessors upon that estate as were nearly related to the forfeiting person or had been engaged in the late rebellion; and, in obedience to the instructions given him, having taken the legal steps towards removing such tenants, he obtained decrees,' &c. So long as the evictions could be laid to the charge of Glenure personally, it was not impossible to understand that James Stewart, though quite recently on cordial terms with him, might have become so embittered that he originated or fell in with a conspiracy for his murder. But James Stewart was no mere rustic. He was a man of education and intelligence. He had just been in Edinburgh unsuccessfully litigating on behalf of the tenants, and he must have known as well as we do now that as an individual Glenure was no more responsible for the proposed evictions than he was himself. The very facts, therefore, which clear Glenure from this new policy of harshness seem to demonstrate that James Stewart could have had no motive for instigating any one to kill him; and yet, so far as the prosecution made a case at all, it was on motive that it was based.

For the proper understanding of all that followed on the murder, it must be kept in mind that this was not the assassination of a mere estate-factor who had made himself unpopular by the stringency of his administration; still less could it be regarded as the result of some private grudge. To the executive, whose duty it was to preserve the security of life and property, it was an intimation that in spite of all their hopes the pacification of the Highlands was still far from complete; and patriots who, like

Duncan Forbes, had vainly striven to place some limit on the barbarities of Cumberland, might well fear lest such an untoward incident should be seized on by the preachers of a new crusade. The Barons' point of view was somewhat different. Glenure was their servant, killed while carrying out their orders, and they felt that their administration of the forfeited estates—on which so much depended for the Highlands—difficult enough at the best, might now be made impossible. In their own words: 'As the barbarous fact was done when a servant of the public was pursuing the duty incumbent upon him, the crime is not only highly aggravated, but may have consequences extremely pernicious to the Government by intimidating others to take the service in these parts.'

It can be readily understood that both these parties were determined, if possible, to detect and hang the perpetrators of the crime, both as a sacrifice to the *manes* of Glenure and also as a deterrent for the future; but so far there is nothing to suggest that either had any antipathy to James Stewart or knew much about him. To quote again from the Barons' own letter to the Lords of the Treasury: 'Being, therefore, desirous that nothing should be omitted to detect the abominable murderers, and to bring them to condign punishment, we had a meeting with the Lord Justice-Clerk to know what measures had hitherto been taken for the purpose, and he acquainted us that he had received an account of the murder from Mr Campbell of Barcaldine, the poor gentleman's brother, and at the same time a list of the names of some persons who, he suspected, might probably have some hand in this matter, being of the number of those who were to be removed, and who from their characters he judged might be hardy and wicked enough to perpetrate the villainy, and desiring warrants to apprehend them if from circumstances it should appear there was foundation for the suspicion. Such warrants were immediately sent off, and the like warrants were also put in the hands of General Churehill to be despatched to Fort-William. And since that time there is an account that the commanding officer there has sent a strong detachment to support the civil magistrate in taking the inquiry, which no doubt the poor man's friends and relations will push forward with zeal and attention. His lordship likewise acquainted us that other steps were taken which were not so proper to be mentioned at present, and we are fully persuaded that he will do everything in his power with zeal and fidelity to bring the actors and accomplices to justice.'

Present-day notions will hardly approve of such interviews with the Lord Justice-Clerk; but the whole criminal system has been changed since 1752. There is also probably nothing very wrong concealed in the mysterious sentence towards the end of the paragraph. The attitude, therefore, of the executive and of the Barons is what would be described in diplomatic language as correct. It is

obvious, however, that 'the poor man's friends and relations' were being allowed to make the running. There was something to be said for this. They knew the country and the local conditions; they understood the language and the minds of the people; and, if the matter could be cleared up, there was perhaps more chance of its being cleared up by them than by officials from headquarters. Such a delegation of power by the executive was also no uncommon thing in the past. Over and over again commissions of justiciary and letters of fire and sword had been issued to one Highland chief for use against another, and the system of private prosecution still retained its place among the methods of government. Always susceptible of the grossest abuse, this delegation of authority seems in the present case to be responsible for the scandal that ensued. Even if he had no personal enmity against James Stewart, it will be noted that Mr John Campbell, the 'poor gentleman's brother,' had at once made up his mind as to the kind of person who must be guilty, and James Stewart had the bad fortune to fit the description. Indeed, the wonder is not that the prosecution got some evidence—whatever its value—against their victim, but that they got so little.

After the trial was over 'the poor man's friends and relations,' who had financed the whole proceedings, sent in their bill to the Lords of the Treasury. My Lords, who admit that they had all along intended to pay the cost of the prosecution, were startled by the amount asked for—one thousand three hundred and thirty-four pounds nine shillings and twopence halfpenny—and sent the bill down to the Barons to have the different items investigated. And so between the original bill and the explanations given in support of the disputed items it is made plain how the prosecution set about their work; and the animadversions made on their conduct by the counsel for the defence, so far as those were disputed, receive ample justification.

Mungo Campbell, Glenure's nephew, who was with him when he was shot, and who succeeded him in his factorship, naturally took a leading part; and the first item in the bill is his expenses in sending off expresses with the news and 'apprehending and transporting to Fort-William James Stewart in Acharn; Allan Stewart, his son; and John Beg M'Coll, his servant, all suspected to be in the knowledge of the murder or committers thereof'—that is to say, Mr Mungo Campbell at the very outset fixed on James Stewart as his man; and it was but natural that the subsequent inquiry should be directed less to the ascertainment of facts than to the extortion or manufacture of evidence against the selected victim. The next item tells how Mr Mungo Campbell made a pilgrimage to Carlisle in consequence of a story that Alan Breck had been apprehended there. Apparently the 'poor man's friends and relations' descended in force upon the unhappy country, moved thereto either by zeal on

his behalf or by the prospect of free board and lodging. For there is a charge of two hundred and twenty-five pounds—more than the whole yearly rental of the combined estates of Ardshiel, Callart, and Mamore, it will be remembered—as expenses of entertainment of more than sixty persons daily from 18th May to 13th June; and from another item, in which the deputy sheriff-clerk is seeking his remuneration, we learn that over seven hundred persons were precognosed during this dragonnade, the expense of which is impudently justified on the ground that 'it struck a terror into the people of the country, and made them, even against their inclinations, tell so much of the truth as by degrees brought the whole to light.'

One other item is of interest, not so much in itself as by reason of the explanation it required—namely, 'To paid the King's Advocate, Mr James Erskine, Mr Simon Fraser, Mr John Campbell, and Mr Robert Campbell—lawyers, and Mr Alston the Crown's solicitor, for their trouble and pains in going to Inveraray and assisting at the trial, £235.' To this wild expenditure upon legal talent, as it appeared to him, the auditor objected; when it was answered that 'there were only two lawyers carried from Edinburgh by the prosecutors—to wit, the King's Advocate and Mr James Erskine. And as the latter was obliged to go away before the proof was taken, on account of an accident in his own family, the prosecutors were obliged to have recourse to the assistance of such young counsel as were occasionally there, one of whom was absolutely necessary, as he understood the Irish language, and the other two young lawyers became also necessary in order to relieve the Lord Advocate during the course of the trial.' If this explanation, which does not hang together very well, be true, the importance of the part played by Mr Simon Fraser must suffer considerable diminution, although his character does not appear to have been defamed by anything said of him in *Catrina*.

The Records of the Exchequer disclose another matter which throws a lurid light on the tactics of 'the poor man's friends and relations,' and goes near to shaking the opinion one had formed of the good faith and fair dealing of the Barons. In the beginning of August, long after the so-called inquiry had been completed, a memorial is sent in by John Campbell of Barcaldine, stating that though he has been very busy 'in endeavouring to discover the bloody authors of that barbarous assassination,' yet he must confess with regret 'that hitherto the proof appears not so strong as could be wished.' He therefore makes a proposal which he thinks will bring about the desired result. James Drummond, *alias* James More Macgregor, had recently been convicted of abduction, which was a capital offence; but, owing to some specialty in the verdict, sentence was delayed till November. He is prepared to swear that James Stewart visited him in the Tolbooth in April, and made certain proposals to him for procuring the murder of Glenure. But as James

Stewart is to be tried in September, the only way to put James More in a position to give the necessary evidence is that he should receive a pardon before that date. 'In these circumstances,' Campbell concludes, 'it may probably occur that the conviction of the murderer of Glenure will be of more service to the Government than the taking away of the life of James Drummond; so that if the matter be properly represented to the Lords Justices they may possibly be prevailed with to grant James Drummond a remission to enable him to be a witness against the sole contriver of the murder of Glenure.'

Now, the story which James More was willing to tell was this: that James Stewart had proposed that he, James More, should give him a letter to his brother, Robert Campbell, *alias* Macgregor, desiring him to do whatever James Stewart should direct, 'particularly to murder Glenure, for which purpose the said James Stewart was to furnish a very good gun. James Drummond's bribe was to have been a prorogation of a very beneficial tack or lease from a near relation of James Stewart, to whom he was tutor, and the bribe to Robert was to be James Stewart affording him money to carry him to France, where by Ardshiel's interest he was to get a commission in the French service or a pension, whichever he chose.'

The Barons seem to have swallowed this silly stuff, for they passed on the scandalous proposal to the Lords of the Treasury, with the following docket: 'Being persuaded it will be greatly for the service of the publick that James Stewart mentioned in the memorial herewith sent be convicted, we humbly beg,' &c. Whether the Barons realised the turpitude of Barcaldine's scheme and the utter impropriety of their own docket it is hard to say; but one is at all events glad to notice that only two names are appended to the docket, and that neither of them is Scotch. They are J. Idle and Edw. Eden—the Lord Chief-Baron and one of his colleagues. Mr Pelham transmitted the memorial to the Lords Justices—the king apparently being abroad at the time—who conclude a somewhat lengthy letter of refusal by stating that there is not time to get the king's pardon before James Stewart's trial, 'to capacitate James Drummond to give evidence upon that occasion, although the circumstances had been still more strong and persuasive to make their excellencies imagine that the testimony of the one would materially tend to the conviction of the other.' This must have been a nasty blow to the conspirators, for so sure were they of the success of their scheme that they had actually included the name of 'James Drummond, *alias* Macgregor, *alias* James More, late tenant in Inneronachile,' in the list of witnesses annexed to the criminal letters served upon the accused on 21st August 1752.

After this exposure one can hardly refuse credit to the assertion in *Catrina* that a written statement by James More was surreptitiously handed to the jury without the knowledge of the prisoner's

counsel, though after all it probably did him little harm with any of the shameless fifteen.

The sentence, which concluded this 'very long and most impartial trial,' as the Lord Justice-General with quaint lack of humour thought proper to describe it, was obviously intended to gratify 'the poor man's friends and relations' as well as to strike terror into the minds of the disaffected. It would have been simplest to hang James Stewart at Inveraray; but that did not harmonise with the Duke's view of the fitness of things. So My Lords decreed that he should go back to the jail of Inveraray, 'therein to remain till the 5th day of October next, according to the present style, and then to be delivered over by the magistrates of Inveraray and keeper of the said prison to the sheriff-depute of Argyllshire, or his substitutes; and to be by them transported to the shire of Inverness, and delivered over to the sheriff-depute of Inverness, or his substitutes, and to be by them transported to Fort-William, and delivered over to the governor, deputy governor, or commander-in-chief for the time of the said garrison, to be by them committed to prison in the said fort, therein to remain till the 7th day of November next according to the present style, and then again to be delivered over to the sheriff-depute of Inverness or his substitutes, and to be by them transported over the ferry of Ballachulish and delivered over to the sheriff-depute of Argyllshire or his substitutes, to be by them carried to a gibbet to be erected by the said sheriff, on a conspicuous eminence upon the south side of or near to the said ferry—and decern and adjudge the said James Stewart, upon Wednesday the 8th day of November next, according to the present style, betwixt the hours of twelve at noon and two afternoon, to be hanged by the neck upon the said gibbet by the hands of an executioner until he be dead, and thereafter to be hung in chains upon the said gibbet.'

Every detail of this weird and anxiously considered programme was carefully carried out. Tied on a horse and guarded by eighty soldiers, James of the Glens set out from Inveraray on 5th October. At Fort-William he was kept close till 7th November, when the last stage of this sombre pilgrimage began. In the evening the prisoner and his escort came to the north side of the ferry, the march between the two counties of Inverness and Argyll; but there was such a tempest that they could not cross till next morning. A little after midday they reached the place of execution, where was erected a small tent for the use of the prisoner and the two ministers who attended him. After prayer by one of the ministers, James Stewart produced three copies of his dying speech, and gave one to the sheriff-substitute of Argyll, another to the officer in command of the troops, while he read the third aloud before handing it to the sheriff-substitute of Inverness. The speech, which is preserved in the *Scots Magazine* of the time, does not contain anything very extraordinary; but it proved too much

for the sheriff-substitute of Argyll; and, regardless of the time and place, he broke out in indecent contradiction of the prisoner's words. After sundry religious exercises, in which the prisoner took an active part, he bade farewell to his friends and mounted the ladder with great composure and resolution, and read a short prayer in a clear and audible voice. The *Edinburgh Courant* goes on to say: 'The storm was so great all this time that it was with the utmost difficulty one could stand upon the hill, and it was near five before the body was hung in chains. There were a great number of the country-people present, and sixteen men of the command in Appin are stationed at Ballachulish to prevent the gibbet being cut down.'

There is a legend that some years afterwards another violent storm so shook the gibbet that the bones and the chains that kept them together came tumbling to the ground, and that instead of giving them decent burial somebody obtained a warrant from the Lord Justice-Clerk for hanging them up again. But be this grim story true or not, the Exchequer Records show that the authorities were determined that the hanging in chains should be no mere idle form. The country-people would soon have cut down the gibbet and given Christian burial to one who was the kinsman of many and had the sympathy of all; and so, even before the execution, the sheriff of Argyll applied to the General for a guard of soldiers to prevent anything of the kind from taking place. He got his guard on condition that he should see they were somehow provided with decent accommodation—a condition which he seems to have entirely disregarded; and the General has accordingly to apply to the Barons, in the depth of winter, to beg that they will direct Mr Mungo Campbell, their new factor, to do what he can in the way of getting a hut built for the unfortunate 'subaltern, sergeant, corporal, and sixteen men stationed at Ballachulish over the body of Stewart in chains'—not a very engaging duty at any time of the year for the king's troops, but probably a satisfaction to the sheriff of Argyll and the rest of 'the poor man's friends and relations.'

THE QUEST OF HAPPINESS.

FROM 'neath the midnight sun of northern skies
To sunny southern vale and mountain peak
Shrouded deep in mystery it lies,
This happiness that man will ever seek.

The fool in folly, and the wise in wit,
The rich in treasure, e'en the monk in prayer,
Pursue in vain—for so 'tis ever writ—
The quest of happiness, and find but care.

For me: ah, well! I do not wish to roam
In search of gilded baubles such as these;
I find content in two sweet eyes and home.
Drink not too deep, and shun the bitter lees.

O. R. WILSON.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

ROUND AN ACTIVE VOLCANO.

By VIOLET TWEEDALE.

WRITTEN and sung of, dreaded, worshipped and revered, no mountain on earth bears so rich a wreath of laurels upon its snowy brow as does Etna, the 'mountain of fire' of the Saracens, the 'burning mountain' of the Greeks. Virgil has bequeathed to us a graphic description of the volcano; and Ovid's imprisoned Titan, buried beneath, yet contrived to 'vomit its flame from his raging mouth.' Homer lays the scene of one of the adventures of Odysseus at the eastern base, though he makes no mention of the volcanic nature of the 'mountain of the Cyclops.' Pindar vividly describes the eruption of 476 B.C., but it was Dante who first ventured to dispel the belief in the supernatural nature of the phenomena of the crater.

Around and about her, history has woven a wealth of fable and fact, from out all ages, throughout all time. Invaders from every land, conquerors from every shore, have contended for supremacy, and strewn the fair lands stretching at her feet with crumbling ruins of mighty temples dedicated to strange gods, relics of those times when there were giants upon the earth; when the mythology of the present was a vital force in the lives of men, and Vulcan's workshop, Jove's throne, the home of the Cyclops, and the Titans' prison were veritable realities in the days when the Greeks erected their stately theatres, and the Romans listened to the verses of Sophocles or Euripides in their lordly pleasure-houses beneath the fiery monster's frowning brow. From the supreme desolation of her *regione deserta*, Etna, the highest volcano in Europe, surveys her humbler brethren: the smoking peaks of the Lipari Islands, on the north; the island of Malta, a purple speck on the southern horizon; and the Ægadian Isles, beyond Trapani, on the west. Away to the east the blue stretch of Calabria lies wreathed in fleecy cloud-banks.

From her ever-smoking crater, nearly eleven thousand feet high, she looks down over the three seas, Ionian, African, and Italian. From her glit-

tering snow-capped cone, her beautiful lines slope gently away to the base, which forms a circuit of one hundred and eighty miles, the fitful path of lava-streams deeply scarring her sides as they pass through the different zones of snow and ashes, then forest, and lastly riotously luxuriant cultivation.

In winter she forms a battlefield where the elements of fire and snow wildly contend for victory. In summer she draws to her bosom the wrack of thunder-cloud, the lightning from above playing with the ever-raging internal flames which at intervals are belched from out her icy jaws.

Unspeakably grand is she at all times, in her domineering majesty, but appallingly magnificent when in mighty throes her giant shoulders heave in the travail of her impending eruption—a world of avalanche, whirlwind, thunder-roar, and earthquake, when for hundreds of miles around her feet the shuddering earth trembles to its vitals, and awaits its awful doom of fire and annihilation.

In days gone by few travellers were adventurous enough to make their way from Taormina to Catania by the back of Etna. The road was possible for carriages and mules, but the route, though full of interest, was rough in the extreme. The food at the poor little inns was bad, malaria rampant; and the worst drawback, the possibility of hostile natives or marauding bandits, was sufficient to deter all but the most intrepid from making the attempt. Since the opening of the *Ferrovia Circumetnea*, which does the journey in about seven hours, this beautiful tract of country has been opened up, and no traveller in Sicily should miss that which is most worth seeing in the whole island.

The *contadini*, who crowd the stations for the purpose of seeing foreigners and the steam-engine for the first time, make use of the line to a certain extent; but foreigners are still very few and far between, the writer and her husband being on the occasion in question the only passengers, with the

exception of a handful of peasants occupying an open truck.

Leaving the main line at Giarri, one enters this miniature train which is destined to climb three thousand eight hundred and ten feet above the sea-level. There is one first-class compartment, about ten feet long, with glass sides and a stage outside on which one may stand and enjoy the view. The third-class is an open truck fitted with rows of benches.

Slowly at first, by a circuitous route which winds up the face of the hillside, one climbs through forests of lemon-trees, heavily weighted with their sunny fruit, beneath which a riot of pink campion, much deeper in shade than the English variety, luxuriates. Wide tracts of vineyards disclose the blue sea, with Calabria in the purple distance, and the foam-edged breakers rolling in from Greece. Perched like an eyrie on the rocks, Taormina lies to the right, whilst on the left rise the green spurs, veined with their lava-streams, of Etna—billowy, vine-clad hills, with their dominating snow-decked crown glittering against a turquoise sky.

Amid the ruins of old Saracen times the prickly pear throws up its great fleshy clusters, bracken rears its green fronds as vigorously as in a Scottish glen, and every niche of broken masonry is festooned by the tender maidenhair and parsley fern. Over all hover countless sulphur butterflies and Emperor moths. Colour is the predominating note of Sicilian scenery: vivid, daring, and riotous. The almond-trees are the tint of a deep blush-rose, and stand against the blue of the sky with strong brilliancy. The rags of the peasants are of many hues, the head-shawl of the women being as a rule of mandarin yellow; all go to make up a wealth of Southern beauty, brought to perfection by the blazing rays of a tropical sun.

The first town of any importance is reached at Piedimonte Etneo, one thousand one hundred and forty feet high, situated on an old military road, the route followed by Hamilcar in 396 B.C., and by Charles V. in 1534 A.D. The slopes of Monte Calciniera roll away to the right, sterile and gray; round the village, bean-fields flourish and scent the air deliciously; whilst olives and cypresses stand sentinel around the lonely villas.

About ten miles farther on, between Terremorte and Linguagrossa, one crosses the first of the great lava-streams formed by the eruption of 1566. The village of Linguagrossa is built entirely of lava; and one catches glimpses of the peasants sitting in the sunshine, carrying on out-of-doors all the household business of the day—a habit common to all Italians. The walls are adorned by masses of marigolds and huge bushes of spurge, which here grows to the height of six to eight feet, and flowers abundantly. The peasants who throng the platform are all armed with some weapon, no matter how antiquated, and the two solitary policemen have a carbine slung across their shoulders and a revolver in their belts.

Those who are under the impression that brigandage is stamped out find a rude awakening on traversing this country and actually meeting and talking with those who have been captured and ransomed. As will be shown later on, great precautions have still to be taken in many parts; and Mr J. Foster Rose, the proprietor of large sulphur-mines, still lives in Sicily, and carries on his industry, after having been kidnapped and delivered up for the handsome sum of three thousand pounds. For the period of twenty days Mr Rose was kept a close prisoner, though treated with every civility. The Baron Sgadero was another victim whose liberty cost him the nice sum of six hundred and thirty-five pounds.

The reason why the little railway with which we are dealing is so little frequented by strangers is the fact that it is always liable to be held up by a marauding gang. The *Mafia*, the most powerful and wealthy secret society in all Sicily, invariably proves a safeguard to the outlaws. The names of the most powerful and wealthy inhabitants of the country are inscribed upon its roll of membership, and they trust to its protection rather than to that of the State. This society is the dominating power in Sicily; allowed to exist, it is accepted as a matter of course and involves all classes of society. Its power, easily felt, is yet hard to define, and a Sicilian will always hastily change the subject if it is broached. Containing nothing socialistic in its tendencies, it yet governs the land as a king of terrors. Under its despotism no man's soul is his own, and Victor Emmanuel III. and his Government are powerless to suppress it. The society regulates its actions according to a code of ethics known as *omerta*; and this code lifts its members above law, and imposes the obligation to settle all controversies by force and violence. There are two grades, the *alta* and *bassa*. Members of the former arrange their difficulties by means of the sword, the latter by aid of the knife. Members of the *alta Mafia* rarely stoop to the commission of vulgar crimes, but they have only to hint to their retainers in the *Mafia bassa* the violence they desire to see perpetrated. *Maffiosi* have no respect for any law but their own, and there is no department of social life in which this mysterious power, infinitely greater than Government, does not prevail. As the line still mounts one passes through a lovely vista of swelling mountains, with no signs of habitation, save at long intervals a tiny village thrown like a heap of stones upon the frowning brow of some cliff. Flocks of goats and sheep feed and climb about the dizzy heights, and eerily floating on the still warm air comes the pipe of 'Pan' the goat-herd, trilling out some wild Sicilian folksong, as he lies amongst the snow of the blackthorn, the gold of the genista.

Beyond Castiglione, a tiny town famous for its hazel-nuts, the land slopes down to the lovely valley of the Alcantara, above which rises the lofty chain of Monte Nebrodi; and four miles beyond one

traverses part of the lava ejected in 1879. This stream advanced almost to the river, and threatened to overwhelm the village of Moio. Its descent was at first at the rate of fifteen feet per minute, and finally thirty to forty feet per hour. One of the most striking sights in this country is the violent contrast between the lava-fields and the country immediately beyond. The black, gloomy stream, stiffened into death, sullenly brooding under the sunshine, produces an impression never forgotten by those who witness it: the only signs of life a kite motionless in the still air, and a few tall shafts of the pale asphodel, the flower of death.

The train pauses at the sad little station of Posso Alcantara, which is literally cut out of the bare scoriae, lying piled around in hummocky masses destitute of vegetation. Black walls, black houses, black earth. The inhabitants look very much like the soil, gray and unhealthy.

The air is beginning to blow chill as we creep up the long road towards the base of the snowy monster. It is only as one glides on hour after hour that the size of the giant is realised to be that of the highest volcano in Europe. After a run of twenty-five miles Randazzo is reached, a quaint mediæval town founded by a Lombard colony, and surnamed *Etnéa* by the Emperor Frederick II., being the nearest town to the volcano.

From the old ducal palace, now a prison, still protrude the spikes on which the heads of criminals were exposed. The line, still ascending through forests of oak-trees, reaches its culminating height, three thousand eight hundred and ten feet, between Alcantara and Smetto; and beyond, on a conical hill, stands the old castle of Maletto. In the valley is situated the beautiful estate of Bronté, presented to Lord Nelson in 1799 by Ferdinand IV., who created him at the same time Duke of Bronté. This property has now passed through the female line to the present Lord Bridport, and is resided in yearly by his son, Mr Hood. The residence of Maniacc, surrounded by magnificent scenery, is of considerable age, but replete with every modern luxury. Mr Hood's guests are met at the station by a carriage, the driver and groom of which are both armed, a mounted escort riding alongside. Mr Hood never goes beyond his own garden without a mounted escort, nor are his guests permitted to walk without being equally well protected.

The brigands do not always confine their attentions to the rich and influential. Some little time ago no greater a personage than the cook's nephew was abducted, and a ransom of either two or three thousand *lire* demanded. The cook, with the aid of her relatives, gathered together seven hundred, which was accepted by the brigands; and the boy was liberated; but though he is now well and at liberty, it was deemed advisable to send him out of the district, beyond the possibility of recapture.

Almost Alpine in its grandeur, the scenery in the valley is lovely beyond compare, with on one

side the high mountain-ranges slightly snow-capped, and on the other the far more lofty 'Pillar of Heaven, nourisher of the snow,' as Pindar calls Etna. After passing Maletto the line runs through the most impressive of all the lava-fields, that formed by the eruption of 1691. One vast black lake miles in circumference, it lies in mighty, tortured masses, crag on crag, boulder on boulder, piled up as if by giant hands in titanic confusion; the colour, a dead slate-black, adds a weird mournfulness to a landscape so extraordinary that to be comprehended it must be seen. The country, warmed internally and externally, produces perhaps the loveliest wild flowers in Europe; but here the land is arid, frowning, and devoid of life. Like a tempestuous sea struck suddenly into silence, the stern, forbidding grandeur of the scene seems to accord rather with Dante's *Inferno* than the sunny climes of the South. A hidden world of subterranean fire; above, an awe-struck desert, grim, satanic, and black as Erebus, with the horror of extinct flame. The dismal waste spreads for miles in a dead sea of lava, crest on crest, billow on billow, silent, lonesome, barren. As if in its savage devastation the earth scorned the flood of sunshine pouring from above, it refracts none of its loveliness of powdered gold-dust and glowing colour. Mile after mile the little engine toils through the terrible desolation, as if through a sullen nightmare, a veritable hell of dead fire belched forth from the radiant snow-clad dome towering above into the blue sky, with nothing to suggest its awful power save the lazy puff of white smoke issuing from its never-quiescent activities.

Beyond Bronté one gets a fine view of the craters, Monte Lepri, Rovolo, and Minardo, and the lava-streams of 1727, 1763, 1803, 1787, 1810; and beyond Paterno, on the slopes of Etna, lies Belpasso, a town destroyed in the eruption of 1669, and re-erected on a new site. This eruption destroyed Catania; a furious whirlwind shook the island, and earthquakes upheaved the land. The town of Nicoloso rocked like a ship at sea, and in a short space was a heap of ruins. Amid this awful conflict of Nature eight fresh craters opened, and ejected masses of lava, fire, and stones; and from their belching mouths a stream two miles wide poured down the mountain-side, dividing itself midway into two currents, one of which rolled towards Palermo, the other precipitating itself upon Catania.

From Belpasso a road leads to Nicoloso, whence the ascent of Etna is made in summer, as no guide can be induced to face the snow terror in winter. A five hours' ride brings one to the foot of the crater, which must be ascended on foot. At the height of nine thousand six hundred feet the mules begin to flag, and here is situated the Osservatorio. A thousand feet have still to be scaled to reach the summit, a laborious climb through hot ashes.

From time to time the mouth of the crater alters its formation. At one time it is a profound abyss

several miles in circumference, at another it may be bridged over and divided into different cavities; after every slight eruption the configuration is changed, and the guides who visit it must rarely find it as they last saw it.

There are three different zones of vegetation on Etna. The first, which extends beyond Nicoloso, is called the *regione coltivata*, and here Nature is seen in her most prolific mood. The second zone, *regione nemorosa*, extends to six thousand eight hundred feet, and is overgrown with forests. The highest zone, *regione deserta*, has vegetation of the most stunted description. Wolves, boars, hares, and rabbits abound on the lower zones. Above the height of two thousand six hundred feet only a few isolated houses brave the terrors of the volcano. During the eruption of 1891 the lava flowed over that of former eruptions, and a new crater opened near Monte Gemellaro, discharging several streams, the principal of which, flowing about five hundred and forty feet an hour on 6th August, approached within two and a half miles of Nicoloso.

The line now begins its gradual descent into Catania, where it ends. As we pass through little villages, amid scenery which is by far the loveliest in Sicily, the eye is continually arrested by the magnificent contrasts everywhere displayed. The rolling panorama of purple hills; the deep green valleys where the Alcantara winds like a silver thread, and where the blossoming fruit-trees rear their delicate loveliness above the sad gray green of the olives and prickly pears; and leagues of emerald hemp-fields bursting into sapphire flower. Then in sudden, swift transition, as an Inferno thrown down 'mid Paradise, come the seas of silent, sterile lava, black, rugged, and ghastly, dead

witness to the overwhelming powers of Nature's sternest forces.

Along the dazzling white roads the bell-throated goats are being driven from the hills to the villages, where they are milked from door to door as they troop home. Small black asses march sedately along with their double burden, the man in front, the woman seated behind him. Wretched horses, ironically decked out with elaborately embossed harness, plumes of scarlet feathers a foot high, and clusters of silver bells, draw the picturesque Sicilian carts, surely like no other carts on earth. Of strong light oak, they are set on high wheels, the body painted brilliantly with scenes taken from mythology or the Bible. On one panel may be depicted the Last Supper, whilst on another Helen of Troy may be holding forth the apple. A weary, overburdened woman, her nut-brown face shrouded in a yellow kerchief, stops by the wayside shrine, crosses herself and mutters a prayer, whilst she places a rose or a spray of lemons above the weather-beaten figure of the Blessed Virgin.

As the sun sinks the dying beams forsake the glittering summit, and lingering on the mighty flanks, flood the deep ravines and chasms with a violet glow. Yawning gulfs and precipitous cliffs, cavernous grottos, and mighty steeps, loom into view for the first time, only again to sink into the purple shades of the coming twilight. And that twilight in Southern climes, how swift it is, but how beautiful! Scarcely has the sky assumed a mantle of crimson and gold than, like a wine-coloured veil, the night drifts over. From out that indescribable afterglow, neither purple nor ruby, flash out the great planets, reclaiming their splendour from the radiant day, and, fading softly into a field of darkest sapphire, night proclaims her sovereignty.

COMEDY EAST AND TRAGEDY WEST.

CHAPTER VIII.



ED stood at the door of the small wooden house. Eardley looked at him with a new interest.

'I am glad to see you, Mr Eardley,' he said. 'Come right in and we will arrange our plans.'

His tone was quiet and not very cordial; but Eardley was used to his sober ways, and did not expect him to be demonstrative.

'Don't unhitch, Dick,' he added to the man. 'Just walk the team down to the creek and let them wet their mouths—no more. Then come back and wait.'

Eardley got down from the buggy, leaving his gun-case. As he passed into the house Ned's eye caught the new belt and revolver.

'This way, Mr Eardley,' he said.

There were but two rooms in the house. The one they entered was very plainly furnished. It con-

tained a pine table and a chair or two; but Ross did not invite his guest to sit down. Following Eardley into the room, he shut the door, and Eardley ceased to hear the wheels of the departing buggy on the road.

After shutting the door Ross turned to Eardley and looked at him gravely and in silence for two or three seconds. Taken by surprise at this reception, Eardley stared at his host in return, first with astonishment, then a feeling of fear drew the blood from his face, and he instinctively moved back a little.

'Mr Eardley,' said Ross, speaking in a low tone, but very distinctly and slowly, 'I asked you to come out here for a day's sport. But since we arranged that I have altered my plan. My reason for doing so I don't propose to discuss with you. You will form your own conclusion.'

Eardley was about to speak, but changed his mind.

Surprise and apprehension confused his faculties, and Ross continued in the same quiet, monotonous voice. To one who did not see him he might have been repeating with indifference words learned by rote.

'I have formed another plan instead,' he said, 'which I hope you will agree to. It is that you go with me right now to the Reverend Mr Walsh's house. I have arranged for Mrs Winans and Miss Mary to meet us there, and the minister will marry you and Miss Mary. The marriage will be at twelve o'clock to-day.'

Eardley was too astonished to speak at once; but he broke into a rude, forced laugh. Ross never moved a muscle, and kept his eye on Eardley's till the laugh died away in a rather sickly fashion. Not being able to continue laughing, Eardley shrugged his shoulders and tried to think of words sufficiently contemptuous to indicate his refusal of this preposterous and impudent proposal. But Ross proceeded:

'There's an alternative'—

'Oh, there's an alternative, is there?' said Eardley, struggling to keep his voice from shaking.

'But before mentioning it'—Ross went on without paying any attention to the interruption except pausing till it was over—'before mentioning the alternative, I want you to understand clearly what I propose you should do. You will first make up your mind that you are going to marry Miss Winans this morning. She is to understand that the plan is yours, and that you meant it as a surprise to her, with the approval of her mother and her friends. There is to be no playing on the girl's generosity. She will not marry you if she has the least suspicion that it is not by your desire. But she will agree if you tell her in the right way, and that will be left to you. Now, the alternative is this,' and Ross's speech grew a degree slower, but no louder: 'you will agree within five minutes, or I shall kill you right here as I should a rat.' He did not remove his eyes from Eardley's, but took out his watch and laid it on the table.

Eardley shrank back, feeling sick, and trembling in spite of all he could do. There was no sound in the house, and in the silence he presently heard the watch ticking on the table. Then he remembered his revolver. Ross seemed to be unarmed. He cautiously moved his shaking hand towards the pistol, and as he saw that Ross did not stir he said, 'Mr Ross, my marriage is nobody's business but my own—and the lady's. I shall marry Miss Winans, or not marry her, as she and I may decide. I—I allow no man to dictate to me about my private affairs.' His courage grew with the sound of his voice. By this time he had grasped his revolver, and, raising it quickly and pointing it towards Ross, he cried, 'Open the door, sir, and let me pass!'

But he noticed that Ross was no longer looking at him, but past him at something at his back; and as he cried 'Let me pass,' he saw Ross make a little sign with his hand.

Instinctively Eardley turned his head to glance behind him. In the same moment he received a lightning blow behind the ear, and as he fell headlong to the floor the pistol was wrenched from his hand.

It was an old trick, but new and fatal to the unpractised city man. He struggled to his feet half-dazed and wholly cowed; and Ross, now holding the pistol, said in the same calm voice as before, 'You have now three minutes, Mr Eardley.'

Then he carefully examined the weapon, tried the lock, turned round the cylinder, took out and replaced the cartridges. When he had satisfied himself he placed the pistol on the table beside him, and again fixed his eyes upon Eardley. There was something about Ross's look that convinced Eardley he would keep his word. Eardley remembered, too, his driver's stories of the man's daring and of his popularity. He was far from home, and he thought Ross could probably kill him without much risk of punishment from a local court.

'You have now one minute and a half,' said Ross, and he took up the pistol. 'Understand, I kill you now if before the end of that minute and a half you have not given me your promise to marry Miss Winans at twelve o'clock to-day.'

The watch ticked on, and Ross slowly raised the revolver. Eardley saw that his hand was as steady as a rock.

'I agree,' he gasped.

Ross continued to look at him steadily, and brought the pistol level with his head.

'I agree,' Eardley almost shrieked.

Then Ross slowly lowered his hand. 'That's right,' he said; 'and now, Mister Eardley, you understand that if you show a sign of weakening on that resolution, the moment that you do, so will be your last on earth. I am going to see this thing through, and I'll keep right beside you. Dick is at the door now with the carriage, and we'll have time to ride over to the minister's while you're arranging your face and your words for Mary. What you do has got to appear spontaneous to her. That is your part of the business. Mine is to be on hand to shoot you at the first hint you give of backing down. You must make no mistake. That marriage has to go through if you live till twelve o'clock. If it does not, it will be because you are dead.'

The drive to the Reverend Mr Walsh's house was, till they neared Blue Forks, over the same road by which Eardley had been brought to Shelby. Ross drove and Eardley sat beside him. But though Ross's hands were employed with the reins and whip, Eardley was too shaken and had received too convincing a proof of the other's resources to think of trying to free himself by a sudden attack. Besides, Dick sat behind, and every feature of the road reminded him of the stories of Ross's prowess he had heard on the way out. But as they drove along in silence he gradually recovered his powers

of thinking, and before they came in sight of the minister's house he had made up his mind to accept, or appear to accept, the situation. On reflection he was sure that such a marriage, if he escaped as soon as possible after it, would not hold good in law. It would certainly be nullified if he told the story in his own way and proved force and threats. At the worst a divorce would not be difficult. Once back among his friends in New York he would be safe, and if molested, could get police protection and pose as the victim of an abominable conspiracy. So he thought, and accordingly, after due meditation, he said with the most ingenuous air he could assume:

'Mr Ross, I think you will come to regret all this. I am going to keep my promise to you, but I cannot understand your conduct. You have set to work to force me to do a thing which I was only too anxious to do, as you might have seen. I'—

But here a jerk of the carriage nearly threw him from his seat. Ross's face was impassive, and yet something in it caused Eardley's reviving confidence to ooze away. He became silent, and did not attempt again to speak.

When they entered the minister's parlour Mrs Winans and her daughter were already there, and with them, besides the minister, were Mr Patrick MacDermott, ruling elder in the First Presbyterian Church of Blue Forks, and his daughter Rhoda, Mary's friend.

Mary seemed as if by magic to have recovered all her delicate beauty, and when Eardley had shaken hands with the others and stood by her side, she whispered, 'Oh Walter, and you never told me! How could you?'

He had no need to explain anything. The minister's statement had been enough. Doubt or suspicion was not in Mary's nature. Where she loved she trusted and followed blindly.

The simple Presbyterian marriage ceremony was soon over. 'In the presence of God and these witnesses,' Walter Desmond Eardley and Mary Winans took each other for husband and wife, and the minister prayed for a blessing on their union. The bride and bridegroom signed the register, as did also the clergyman and the witnesses. The marriage certificate was folded up by the minister and given with a smile to the blushing bride, who placed the priceless scrap of paper in her bosom, not only as the proof of her honourable wifehood, but, like the myrtle-wreath of the German bride, as the ever-wonderful souvenir of the day of days of her life.

Ross was the last to sign the register. He carefully dried the ink and laid down the pen. Then he drew out Eardley's revolver from his pocket, and turning towards the bridegroom, shot him through the heart.

Eardley made a half-turn towards the door, and fell on his face dead without a cry.

There was an instant's pause of general conster-

nation, and then, with a long, heart-rending shriek, Mary fell senseless on her husband's body.

Mrs Winans quickly knelt beside her daughter; but Ross came forward, and laying the pistol down beside the dead man, who still wore the belt that had held it, he took her by the hand and gently and firmly raised her up.

'Mrs Winans,' he said, 'I had to do this. You will believe me later if you don't now, and you will understand me. This man was a mean and selfish hound. He only married Mary to-day because I told him I would kill him if he did not. He would not have made her happy. He meant to desert her. He would have killed her by his cruelty. There was no way left to save her but this. You will take her away—away to Chicago, to San Francisco, where you choose, for a year—for two years. You will judge what is best. I am here whenever you want me for anything or everything. You know I hoped before this man came that perhaps she might care for me. Well, I'll wait. If she ever thinks I can make her happy I'm ready. You will let me know and I'll come.'

He held Mrs Winans' hand a moment longer; then he turned and left the house.

CHAPTER IX.



ABOUT seven o'clock one Saturday morning a fortnight later, the *Etruria* lay gently rising and falling on the long Atlantic swell, her bows this time pointing westward. Far to the north a faint dullness lay on the horizon's edge, and the passengers debated whether it was a fog-bank or the low Long Island shore. The engines, which had not ceased their rhythmical pulsations since the anchor was weighed in Queens-town Harbour, were now stopped to let the New York pilot come on board. Miss Carter leaned over the rail to see him scramble up the side. When he was safely on the ladder, his greatcoat, rolled up with a bundle of newspapers, was made fast to a line and hoisted up. Then the deck began to vibrate as the screw started again, churning the blue water into foam, and the white dingy with its couple of men pushed off to rejoin the low-waisted, broad-beamed schooner that swung and nodded a hundred yards away, with her number painted in gigantic figures on her flapping mainsail, and the dark-blue pilot-flag hanging downwards from its slender staff fixed diagonally across her towering topmast.

Miss Carter's trip to Europe was over. So was Mr Pennington's. He stood by her side at the rail. She had risen early to get the first possible glimpse of her native land. By a coincidence so had he. He was very close to her, and, in fact, held her hand, while she kept quite a good grip of his. This gave her confidence in leaning on the rail, which is made of steel and strong teak-wood.

'Great Scott, Jennie, newspapers!' he cried.

'Excuse me a moment, dear;' and with an affectionate farewell pinch of her fingers, he darted off to the saloon stairway. She looked after him with shining eyes, and then pressed to her cheek for an instant the fingers he had squeezed. On one of them there was a ring. It represented Mr Pennington's new and special relation with her, and also a considerable portion of his year's income. But then she would have enough for both, so that was of no consequence.

In a few minutes he came back.

'What do you think I've got?'

'A newspaper. Give it to me.'

'Come round here, then.' Jack indicated a secluded spot behind the deck cabins.

'What can you want round there?' But she went.

'Now, what will you give me for it?'

She pretended to feel in her pocket. 'My purse is in my state-room,' she said. 'But you're a mean boy to ask me to pay.'

'It's you that are mean, and you know it. Now just give me one and you'll get your paper.'

'Oh, is that all? Take it, then, and be quick. Oh Jack! are you sure no one can see us?'

They went back, blushing a little, to their deck-chairs, and sat down to read the news.

In a minute she gave an exclamation and rose up, turning her back to Pennington. This is what she read:

'FATAL ACCIDENT TO A NEW YORK MERCHANT IN THE WEST.—We take the following from our contemporary the *Blue Forks (Col.) Messenger* of 16th inst: An inquest was held on the body of Walter D. Eardley, produce merchant, of New York, who met his death by an unfortunate accident while on a visit to relatives in this city. The melancholy event, by which one of our first families has been plunged into mourning, was caused by the discharge of the unfortunate gentleman's own revolver. The weapon, which was of the latest pattern issued by the eastern factories, was examined by the coroner and jury with much interest. The jury unanimously brought in a verdict of death by misadventure,

adding a warning against the carrying of firearms by persons unaccustomed to their use.'

Miss Carter turned her face to Mr Pennington and dropped the paper on the deck.

'Oh Jack!' she said; 'poor Mr Eardley!'

'What! that boulder? What about him?'

'Oh, hush, Jack! He's dead.' She felt a small twinge of remorse as she recalled certain occurrences of the past spring, and how little she had remembered his existence since she had seen him last. And Jack too should be the last person to speak ill of him if she could help it. She felt for her pocket-handkerchief.

Jack took up the paper, found the paragraph, and read it to the end.

'Poor beggar!' he said; 'and he'd got married, too. Why, Jennie, I—I thought'— He broke off suddenly.

'What did you say?' she asked in an altered voice.

'The paper mentions his marriage.'

'His marriage?'

'Yes. Didn't you read it all?'

'Yes. No. I don't know.'

Jack did not quite like her tone.

'What does it say?' she said. 'I did not read of his marriage.'

'You hadn't finished the paragraph. This is what it says.' He read: 'The sad occurrence is all the more distressing that it happened shortly after Mr Eardley's marriage to Miss Mary Winans, only daughter of the late Lucas P. Winans, one of Blue Forks' pioneers. Great sympathy is felt for the fair young bride.'

As Jack finished reading Miss Carter put away her pocket-handkerchief.

'How very, very sad!' she said; and Jack understood from her voice that her interest in Mr Eardley was no more than that of casual acquaintanceship.

'Come,' she added, 'let us go forward and see if we can make out the Jersey Highlands yet.'

They started along the deck, and she took his arm and gave it an affectionate squeeze.

THE END.

THE ROMANCE OF BLOCKADE-RUNNING.



WORLD of romance might be written about blockade-running—an occupation which, naturally, is full of sensational and exciting episodes. The most notable blockade of modern times, and probably in the history of the world, was that declared by the Northern States against the South in the eventful Civil War which devastated the United States more than forty years ago, and retarded the progress of the country for probably a decade.

That blockade, and the incidents directly or indirectly resulting from it, more than once very

nearly embroiled this country in war with our Transatlantic brethren. Curiously enough, the neutral attitude adopted by Great Britain, and proclaimed as soon as the blockade of the Southern ports had been decreed by the Washington Government, gave great offence in the North, where our proclamation of neutrality was looked on as tantamount to a recognition of the Southern States as a belligerent power, while the Federal Government wished to look on the war as a mere rebellion, without any international significance—an attitude which it was soon forced to abandon. When the North proclaimed a blockade the British Govern-

ment was forced to take cognisance of it, as it materially affected our trade and interests. By issuing such a proclamation the Northern Government itself practically recognised the South as belligerents, as a blockade is an act of war, being in reality a siege by sea, and there can be no war unless there are two belligerents. No nation can blockade its own ports, a proceeding which results in international complications, and is very different from a mere closure of ports.

At the risk of being tedious, it is necessary, for a clear understanding of the case, to mention some of the laws affecting blockades and blockade-running. It is a maxim of international law that there can be no such thing as contraband of war between neutral ports. In other words, if a vessel were loaded in Liverpool with arms and ammunition for the Southern States during the Civil War, so long as the vessel was bound for a neutral port, and her cargo was consigned to a person in that port, it could not be touched; but the moment she left a neutral port on her way, say, to a Southern port such as Charleston or New Orleans, the vessel and her entire cargo, in virtue of the blockade proclamation, became contraband of war, and could be seized and confiscated by any duly commissioned United States authority.

In consequence of this law it became the common practice of vessels bound from Europe to the Southern States, instead of proceeding direct to their destination, to have the vessel and cargo consigned to a neutral port in close proximity to the Southern coast, whence a comparatively short run would bring them in safety to their destination. By this means the risks of capture were greatly diminished. Under these circumstances, the British ports of the Bermudas and Nassau in the Bahamas, from their nearness to the coast of the Southern States, became the principal rendezvous of blockade-runners, and soon developed into important centres of this hazardous form of commerce. Nassau especially derived great prosperity. In 1860, before the outbreak of the war, the imports and exports of that port were respectively two hundred and thirty-four thousand and twenty-nine pounds, and one hundred and fifty-seven thousand three hundred and fifty pounds; while in 1864, during the progress of the war, they had risen to five million three hundred and forty-six thousand one hundred and twelve pounds, and four million six hundred and seventy-two thousand three hundred and ninety-eight pounds. They dropped after the cessation of the war to their former volume.

Blockade-running became a regular trade. Vessels which developed extraordinary speed were bought at fancy prices, and converted into blockade-runners. Steamers can be detected at a greater distance at sea than sailing-vessels, the clouds of smoke they emit being visible while the steamer is still below the horizon; but as the hulls of the blockade-runners were painted a dull-gray colour, and they

burned anthracite coal which gave no smoke, they were as nearly as possible invisible; and they were generally able to detect the presence of their pursuers long before the latter were aware of their proximity. Even when discovered, it was generally easy, owing to their greater speed, for the blockade-runners to escape. The greatest risks were run when the blockade-runners were close to the port of destination, and had to force their way through the squadron which invested every Southern port. On a dark night this was comparatively easy, especially as the vessels of the blockading squadron had generally to keep at a respectful distance from the shore, out of the range of the heavy guns which protected most Southern ports, for sea-going ironclads had not yet come into general use.

During the first year of the war the blockade was little more than nominal, as the United States did not possess sufficient ships to make it effective; and, by international law, a blockade, in order to be legally valid, must be effective. The British Government would, therefore, have been quite justified in refusing to recognise the blockade; and the attitude we adopted was purely unselfish and in opposition to our own interests.

During the last two years of the war a successful trip often brought a large fortune to the owner of a blockade-runner. This is readily understood when it is remembered that at that time cotton, which brought famine-prices in Lancashire, was a drug in the Southern market owing to want of an outlet, while European goods landed at Southern ports brought very high prices.

Stories of blockade-running into the Southern States may be familiar to many; but the following episode, which is of a different order, will serve to show the risks involved. While Captain Semmes, who afterwards commanded the famous *Alabama*, was in command of the Confederate cruiser *Sumter*, he found himself blockaded in Martinique by the Federal man-of-war *Iroquois*. It happened in the following manner: When the *Sumter* was at anchor in the harbour the *Iroquois* entered unexpectedly; and, finding an enemy's ship in the port, the captain of the *Iroquois* announced his intention of following her as soon as she put to sea. Now, according to international law, when two ships of belligerent nations enter the same harbour, on the first putting to sea the other cannot follow her until twenty-four hours have elapsed, and following a vessel which has twenty-four hours' start and an unknown destination is like looking for a needle in a haystack. On this being explained to the captain of the *Iroquois*, he at once raised anchor and cruised outside the harbour with the intention of catching the *Sumter* as soon as she should leave. As the Federal cruiser was a much more powerful vessel than her adversary, the latter would have had but little chance in an engagement; neither had she any chance of escaping by superior speed. She was blockaded, and her position was apparently hopeless.

But in this case cunning was more than a match for strength. It came to the knowledge of the captain of the *Sumter* that the commander of the *Iroquois* had established a private signal-station on one of the hills overlooking the harbour, and was thus kept advised of the movements of his enemy. Captain Semmes did not, of course, know what these signals meant in each special case; but he made a pretty shrewd guess that if he left the harbour the direction of the course he took would be instantly communicated to the *Iroquois*. Acting on this idea, he started one dark night with full steam ahead. In a few minutes he noticed that a new light was burning at the private signal-station, and as soon as this occurred he gave orders for the steamer to swing round in the opposite direction and continue her course. Meanwhile the *Iroquois*, which had acted on the first signal, continued to pursue her foe in the direction which it was presumed she had taken; but in reality both were proceeding on opposite courses. Of course neither vessel caught sight of the other, and when morning dawned it is safe to say that they were three hundred miles apart.

It is not generally known that the *Alabama* herself had to run the blockade at the very beginning of her career, and that in British waters. She was built by Laird of Birkenhead, and was completed, ready for her trial-trip, when, owing to representations made by the United States Government that she was intended for the Confederate (Southern) States Government, an order was sent to prevent her from sailing. The agent of the Confederate States in Liverpool apparently had friends at court, for he received an anonymous communication to the effect that it would not be safe to leave the *Alabama* another twenty-four hours in port. Accordingly preparations were rapidly made for a trial-trip, a supply of coal was shipped, and a party of ladies and gentlemen invited to celebrate the event. But the trial-trip lasted two years. After partaking of a liberal lunch, in which the success of the *Alabama* was no doubt toasted in champagne, the ladies and gentlemen were sent off in a steam-tender, and the *Alabama* put out to sea, not stopping until she reached the Azores, where she was met by another vessel which brought her armament and a supply of coal. The crew were duly notified that the ship was a commissioned cruiser of the Confederate States, and were induced to sign by offers of liberal pay, those who declined being provided with a free passage back to England. For two years she evaded pursuit by Federal cruisers, until she was finally blockaded in the port of Cherbourg by the United States man-of-war *Kearsarge*, a vessel, somewhat her superior in strength, which she rashly challenged to mortal combat, with the result that her career was ended.

Blockade-running was not merely confined to steamers. Even sailing-vessels, though apparently

unsuitable for this kind of trade, engaged in it, and some of them made a number of voyages without being captured. Their principal danger was being becalmed, when they were an easy prey; but some of them were provided with long sweeps, by means of which they were able to pull themselves out of sight when a steamer's smoke appeared on the horizon.

We remember reading a humorous account of his experiences written by the owner of a small sailing-vessel. He had made several successful trips to the Gulf ports, which were not so sharply watched as those on the Atlantic seaboard. On one occasion a great part of his cargo consisted of whisky, and he was doubtful if the authorities would allow him to land it, as at that time it had been declared contraband. The only legal means of getting it through the custom-house was by declaring it to be intended for medical purposes. He accordingly approached the officer in command, intimated that he had brought a consignment of whisky for the hospital, and expressed the hope that there would be no objection on the part of the authorities. The commanding officer, a colonel, was accompanied by his adjutant, and each had a glass of whisky in front of him when the shipowner entered the room. He was assured by the colonel that there would not be the least objection to his landing the cargo. Then the adjutant added, as he looked at the glasses on the table, and the humour of the situation struck him, 'Both the colonel and myself are on the sick-list.'

The late Hobart Pasha, during his adventurous career, took part in the American Civil War, under the name of 'Captain Roberts,' as a blockade-runner. He had an exciting time, and many of his escapes were truly marvellous, as described in his book *Never Caught*. According to his statement, forty ships were captured out of sixty-six that left England and New York to run the blockade during the war. Some idea of the profits may be formed from the fact that women's stays bought in England for thirteencepence sold in Wilmington (one of the principal blockade-running ports) for twelve shillings, and cotton bought at twopence a pound in Wilmington sold for half-a-crown a pound. The number of ships captured does not give an adequate idea of the loss sustained, as many were burned, sunk, or run ashore to prevent them from falling into the hands of the cruisers.

The blockade proclaimed by Napoleon—which resulted in the war of 1812 between France and Russia, and indirectly in the war of the same date between Britain and the United States—was of a different character. It was an arbitrary measure, aimed at the destruction of British commerce, and was marked by few blockade-running episodes, for the reason that as a blockade it was quite ineffective and in the end inoperative.

JEZEBEL AND THE GENERAL

CHAPTER III.



ON their return from Scotland, Colin lost no time before setting forth on a search for some occupation; but the quest, which opened with something of the feeling of elevation that cheers the explorer of an unknown country, threatened to close in disappointment. It was distinctly humiliating to discover that in the workaday world familiarity with such commonplace attainments as typewriting and shorthand ranked higher than knowledge of the classics.

Through his father's official connection he might easily have secured some post abroad; but with the abrupt cessation of his hopes the General seemed to have lost his brisk interest in life, and an unwonted look of age on his face when in repose decided Colin to cleave to his father.

One raw March day Colin was returning in the lowest of spirits from a fruitless expedition to the City, when he met a college acquaintance named Prodgers, a good-natured but unintellectual youth of no family, whom the recent demise of his father had endowed with the accumulated thousands accruing from the sale of Prodgers' Matchless Emulsion.

Prodgers, who disported the deepest of sables in incongruous conjunction with a clumsy smile, greeted Colin with affectionate effusion, and promptly launched out into an account of the troubles that had followed the acquisition of his patrimony.

'Say, old chap, can you recommend me a secretary Johnnie? I counted on inheriting the pap's man; but pap left him a legacy, and he's gone off to try fruit-growing in Jersey—old craze of his—and left me in the lurch. I positively can't get into the study now for letters—begging, most of them—and circulars, and invitations. All in a heap, so high. Got desperate—I never was a literary Johnnie, y'know—and tried burning the lot one day, then found I'd made a bally mess of it. Day before yesterday I sent an advertisement to the *Morning Post*, and, like a bally ass, I said I wanted a secretary without saying he must be a man; and before I got out of bed yesterday a dozen women were waiting in the hall, and more coming up every minute—horrors, every one of them. So I borrowed an old coat of the butler, and sneaked out by the back-steps, leaving the house besieged; and I've been living at the club ever since, afraid to go home!'

'Prodgers'—Colin spoke on the impulse of the moment—'will I do? I'm not joking, old man. I wish you'd try me.'

'Jee-upiter!' said Prodgers, his round face eloquent of the degree of incredulity that a costermonger's donkey might feel did one of the lions from the base of Nelson's Monument propose to relieve him of his burden. Habitual possession

had rendered wealth of slight value in the eyes of Prodgers; whereas, as one of the Oxford eight, Macnaught was placed on a pinnacle in his estimation, for had he not seen him applauded by countless spectators as, through sleet and wind one bitter spring morning, the Oxford boat rowed to victory?

Thus it came about that some minutes later Prodgers joyfully telephoned his butler instructions to inform all applicants that the post of secretary was filled.

Next morning found Colin installed in the study at Portland Place, seated knee-deep in empty envelopes; while his employer, curled up in an arm-chair beyond the reach of the postal flood, smoked countless cigarettes and emitted ejaculations of gratified amazement at the celerity wherewith his newly appointed secretary separated the wolves in sheep's clothing of begging-letters from the innocent ewe-lambs of legitimate correspondence.

The three hundred a year—for Colin resolutely refused to accept more than the salary of his predecessor—was well earned. For the first time in Prodgers' manhood his accounts emerged from a state of chaos; and, affairs once set upon a proper footing, Colin's task became a pleasant and comparatively light one.

While rejoicing in the possession of independence, Colin regretted the necessity of leaving the General so much alone, and was glad, as the weather improved, occasionally to carry his father off to the country over a Sunday. Yet, though the General enjoyed the little excursions because they gave him the unbroken companionship of his son, his heart-hunger was for the hearth. How much the General's dreams of the future had been built upon the foundation of a return to Glen-na-Grual Colin only now realised, and the sight of the slight droop in his father's erect bearing hurt him like a wound.

Knowing that the man who has ceased to look forward ages rapidly, Colin by dint of delicate cajolery induced his father to begin writing his autobiography; and he was relieved to find the unwonted occupation awaken the General to new interest in the future; though—as the General was a warrior first and a scholar after—the transcription of the manuscript, which was as laconic in diction as a military despatch and as loftily indifferent to punctuation as a telegram, involved much extra work for his son—a labour which Colin overtook during the night-watches when his unsuspecting parent was wrapped in slumber.

When, with the opening days of August, London became unbearably hot, the Macnaughts journeyed to an east coast watering-place, where the General could indulge his liking for golf, and whence Colin could easily run up to town. With the close of

the season Prodgers had left London, and apparently the mendicant fraternity was holiday-making also, for as town emptied their applications decreased in number. So Colin found that a day spent in the Portland Place mansion thrice a week sufficed to keep his work up to date, and left the remainder of his time at his father's disposal.

Of the General's Jezebel they had heard but little. Soon after their return from Glen-na-Grual, Mr Bleloch, at her request, had travelled to London with the intent of opening friendly negotiations; but the General received his enemy's emissary with but chill courtesy. His Highland pride was up in arms, and he refused to accept as a gift from a stranger what should have belonged to him by right.

Tact was not Mr Bleloch's strongest point; and when the worthy solicitor attempted explanation of the lady's position with regard to Mr Macnaught the General cut the communication short.

'Your uncle's ward, was she?' he said scornfully to Colin when their unwelcome guest had relieved them of his presence. 'The orphan child of friends in China, whom he adopted and brought with him to this country? And yet he never once mentioned her to us. Don't expect me to believe that if her relations with him had been praiseworthy, or if she had been a person of reputable antecedents, my brother would not have written or told us of her existence.'

'But uncle must have referred to her presence there when he spoke of having a great surprise in store for us at Glen-na-Grual. And you know how reserved he always was,' Colin argued. 'Besides, if Miss Gorman were wholly mercenary she would not seek to conciliate you as she does. To judge from the way people speak of her, she seems to be quite a girl.'

'Tut, tut!' said the General impatiently. 'As if that class of woman couldn't make herself look any age she liked! Never let me hear her name again.'

But the Jezebel made a final effort before ceasing her futile attempts to mollify the obdurate General. A day or two after their arrival at Eastwick a letter that proved to be from the Jezebel herself was forwarded from their London address. In it Miss Gorman said simply that, as she intended leaving Glen-na-Grual for some months, it would give her great pleasure if General Macnaught would consent to use the house in her absence. She would leave the full staff of outdoor and indoor servants, and make all arrangements that he should be treated as an honoured guest. The gamekeepers, the letter concluded, prophesied that shooting would be good.

It was a hot August morning. Looking across the line of parched turf to the molten ocean, with its border of bathing-tents, the General felt a mad longing for the cool solitude of mountain and forest possess him; but pride made him valiant in combating the weakness. There was a word in the letter that, used in conjunction with the castle, hardened his antagonism into iron. 'Guest!' The

interloper had the hardihood to assure him that he would be received as an honoured guest in his own home!

When Colin—cautiously, for the Jezebel had come to be an interdicted subject even between father and son—hinted at the delight of treading the heather after the birds, the terse nature of the General's reply warned him of the unadvisability of discussion with one who in the proffered olive-branch professed to see only some more subtle machination of the detested Jezebel. So, tacitly, the topic was dropped, though a sneaking sense of chivalry induced Colin secretly to pen a note of thanks calculated to blunt the edge of the General's somewhat curt rejection of her offer.

Eastwick might be aggressively new; but, as the General devoutly remarked, 'Thank Heaven! the sea and sky are as old as they make 'em.' And their domicile at Oriel Villa had certain attributes not common to coast lodgings, notably a flower-garden. The front windows looked out across a medley of gorgeous dahlias, asters, stocks, and verbenas. Close under the casement sweet-peas and mignonette lent sweetness to the air.

Evidently the flowers had proved an attraction to others also, for as Colin was returning from his bath one morning, he found a young lady-artist at work among the blossoms. Beside a clump of scarlet single dahlias she had set up a light easel, and, seated on a folding-stool beside it, was busily charcoaling the outline of the plants on a two-foot canvas.

Colin, raising his straw hat, wished her 'Good-morning' as he passed; but, to his surprise, his cursory greeting seemed to throw the girl into a spasm of nervousness. Her pale face flushed crimson, the trembling hand holding the charcoal made a meaningless smudge on the canvas, and the dark eyes under the shadow of the sun-hat revealed something absurdly like fear as she faltered a response to his salutation.

'Pity that girl seems so nervous,' he remarked at breakfast, glancing as he spoke through the open window to where the white frock of their fellow-lodger showed against a background of vivid scarlet dahlias. 'Is she any good at painting?'

'I don't know,' the General acknowledged. 'She came on Wednesday and took the drawing-room suite. Mrs Porter says she is a professional artist, a Miss Penny; but she seems very young to be alone.'

There is nothing so fascinating—even to those ignorant of the art—as the evolution of a picture, and no class of workers whose acquaintance seems more easily made than that of the outdoor painter. But as they watched the chosen subject gradually take shape on Miss Penny's canvas, the Macnaughts were obliged inwardly to confess themselves disillusioned. While yet only charcoal smudges blurred the purity of the canvas their expectation as to the ultimate result was high; though as the study approached completion only a

sense of chivalry towards the lonely girl who regarded them wistfully from under the shadow of her broad-brimmed hat kept father and son from admitting to each other that her work was amateurish and faulty to a degree.

Matters were at this stage when the Honourable Jean Crichton managed to sandwich a two days' visit to her uncle between a sojourn at Cowes and her departure with her adoring parents for their yearly cure at Homburg. The Honourable Jean was a spoiled child of fortune. Those of her acquaintance who liked her termed that fashion of freely speaking her mind in which she indulged refreshing frankness, and those who did not bluntly called it rudeness. Jean's outspokenness had endeared her to the General, who detested anything approaching affectation or duplicity; but even he would have preferred had her visit to Eastwick been postponed till Miss Penny's picture was not in evidence. The pity that is akin to fatherly concern had crept into the kindly warrior's heart for the girl who seemed so modest and sweet, and whose incompetent little hands had to trust to so feeble a weapon as a paint-brush in her battle with the world.

While they were at lunch Colin saw Miss Penny—who had a sublime disregard for the varying effects of light, and thought nothing, were she so inclined, of working on the same subject morning, noon, or night—set up her easel and begin putting the finishing touches to her subject. The General caught sight of her too; and, by tacit agreement, Colin and he sought to confine their guest's attention to social topics, and to prolong the meal, in the hope that Miss Penny might go indoors before the capitious Jean, who was herself a by no means incompetent amateur painter, saw her work.

But Jean was a creature of impulse. 'Don't let us waste all this lovely afternoon indoors,' she exclaimed, starting up. 'The scent of the sweet-peas is too delicious. Where are they? Just under the windows! I must go out and pick some.'

Hoping that in their absence she would not venture to speak to the artist, the General and Colin did not follow her; but they reckoned without knowledge of the camaraderie common to the artist fraternity. Watching covertly from the window, they saw Jean go right up to Miss Penny and speak to her. Two minutes later she re-entered the room, and, sinking into a chair, burst into uncontrollable laughter.

In a tempest of fear lest the object of ridicule would overhear her merriment and guess the reason, Colin noiselessly closed the open window; and the General, affecting ignorance, inquired the cause of her amusement.

'Oh, it's too funny for words! Have you seen it—the picture, I mean? Oh, of course you haven't, or you couldn't think of it with gravity. Oh, it's too awful! What colours! And then the drawing!'

'My dear Jean'—the General spoke anxiously—'artists are sensitive, especially lady-artists. I hope you did not say anything that would pain'—

'Oh dear no, Uncle Hamish! I assure you I admired it outrageously. More real than nature, I believe I said; and she swallowed the compliment! I asked if she exhibited in the Salon, and she said not yet; and if she sent to the Academy, and she said perhaps next year. And I kept as grave as a judge all the time. Oh, it was fun!'

'Jean seems to have changed,' the General remarked to Colin when they were alone. 'She struck me as being opinionative and unsympathetic to-day.'

And Colin did not combat the suggestion that the change in his cousin was for the worse.

To their relief, the study of dahlias was evidently complete, for next morning Miss Penny did not appear.

They were returning from a round of the golf-course, where Jean, clad in a trim, leather-bound costume and a Panamá hat, played a good game, when they caught sight of their fellow-lodger seated under a white umbrella in a cove among the rocks.

She had evidently begun a new picture; and, cognisant of the manifold frailties of her work, and dreading the irony of Jean's tongue, the men would have passed on. But Jean was not to be balked of what she esteemed legitimate fun. Running up to Miss Penny, and casting a mischievous glance back at her uncle, she launched out into laudation so extreme that the girl coloured furiously and the men felt abashed. Colin, seeing the hot blood tinge her white neck under the transparent laces of her frock, and knowing that her flush proceeded from mortification, not pleasure, experienced an insane desire to strangle the cousin he had once liked.

It was an uncomfortable moment. The General tried to think of some method of atoning to Miss Penny without showing discourtesy to his niece, and fell upon the expedient of plastering the breach with an invitation.

'Will you come in and take tea with us this afternoon, Miss Penny? At four o'clock. We shall all be delighted.'

Miss Penny gratefully raised her downcast eyes to his.

'Yes, I shall come. I shall be—glad,' she said. Her low voice was unsteady. As they walked on Colin was haunted by the notion that her eyes had been filled with tears; but he could not be certain, as she had turned immediately to her work, and was bending over her palette, mechanically mixing the varied dabs of paint with her brush.

Colin had a secret fear that in the face of Jean's ridicule she might not come. But, punctually to the hour named, Miss Penny arrived, dressed in what the two men considered the perfection of simplicity when compared with Jean's over-elaborate blue-satin foulard. For the first few minutes her manner was painfully nervous, and her colour came and went pitifully; but, under the influence of the General's kindly hospitality and Colin's evident desire to encourage her, she speedily became at ease, listening with interest to Jean's caustic prattle, but volunteering so little information about herself that

that young lady, who had set forth with the idea of finding out all about her uncle's *protégée*, was obliged to confess herself nonplussed. However, by subtle questioning, which skill robbed of the inquisitive note, Jean ascertained that Miss Penny had never been presented at Court; that her parents were both dead; that she had not studied at the Academy Schools, nor at the Slade, nor at Bushey; that, in fact, all her art instruction had been received privately. When Jean pointedly asked the name of her master Miss Penny hesitated a moment, then said, 'Signor Frangipanni.'

'Oh!' said Jean briskly, 'Signor Frangipanni. That's an easy name to remember. I think I'd like to take lessons from him. Can you give me his address?'

But the question, simple though it seemed, threw poor Miss Penny into confusion.

'It was in Italy—in Rome. Besides, he does not teach now. I think some one said he was dead,' she said disjointedly, and, after asking if they would all sup with her on the following evening, went away.

'Well, don't talk to me!' Jean exclaimed when the drawing-room door on the opposite side of the hall had closed upon Miss Fanny Penny. 'If that girl depends on her painting for her living, where does she get such smart clothes?'

'Tut, tut, my dear! her clothes are most inexpensive,' said the General. 'She invariably wears plain white frocks, just like that one.'

Jean laughed derisively.

'Uncle Hannish, you are a dear woolly old simpleton! The price of that plain white frock would buy this of mine three times over. All that lace was real. I'm not a beggar yet; but I couldn't afford to scramble over rocks in silk stockings and French shoes that must have cost three guineas if they cost a farthing. You say Miss Penny told you she earned her own living. Now, how does she do it on work like that?'

Not being an authority upon matters concerning feminine apparel, the General had no retort ready, and his niece was left triumphant on the field.

Colin, who had moved to the sofa where the guest had been sitting, caught up a handkerchief she had dropped.

'Miss Penny's handkerchief, isn't it?' Jean said. 'I'll take it to her now.'

Colin was on the point of handing her the tiny square of cambric and lace, when he suddenly withdrew his hand.

'No,' he said in a tone that he tried to make sound playful; 'I'll give it to her myself.'

But when, in the privacy of his own room, he better examined the handkerchief, he was glad that he and no other had found it, for the initial delicately embroidered upon it bore not the most remote resemblance to either F or P.

ON THE SKIRTS OF THE PENTLANDS.



IT seems evident that the present passion for golf or cycling, but mainly golf, as well as the passion for being easily and swiftly conveyed from one point to another by motor-car, tram, or rail, militate against the gloriously recreative pastime of hill-walking, which combines gentle and ungente exercise with bracing air and noble views. With or without company, a hill-walk, with a meal at the end of it, is one of the good things of this life which leaves no bad taste in the mouth, but rather inspires towards what is best in nature and human nature. Provided the ground be dry, such a walk is as good in winter as in summer. Dwellers in Edinburgh especially, and rural Midlothian, are fortunate in having the 'Pentlands' long line softening into blue' close at hand, 'like a wedge of wild nature and old romance thrust into the heart of a workaday world.' No track of wheels crosses them throughout their length, and the railway keeps at a respectful distance.

The name is believed to have been derived from Petland or Pictland, as forming the barrier between the south and north of the Pictish territories. On the east this fine range starts two miles south-west of Edinburgh, extends westward through the

counties of Midlothian, Peebles, and Lanark, for about sixteen miles to near Carnwath, where they slope into Clydesdale. Their average breadth is from four to six miles, broken up by fine ravines and hollows, the principal being Cauldstane Slap between West Linton and East and West Cairn Hills, and Glencorse on the south-east. The highest points are Carnethy (1890 feet) and Scald Law (1898 feet), which rise from the old Biggar road, nine miles south-west from Edinburgh. The Pentland springs furnish one-fifth of the Edinburgh water-supply. The rights-of-way by Colinton and Balerno to Penicuik are known to all wise pedestrians. James Bruce the Abyssinian traveller thought the view towards the Firth of Forth from behind Falkirk as fine as anything he had seen in all his travels. Any clear day some charming and never-to-be-forgotten views may be had northwards, with the Firth, the Ochils, and Grampians in the background.

Lord Cockburn, when he built Bonaaly Tower at Colinton, was so happy that he said he would never leave that paradise unless some avenging angel should expel him. Human nature was incapable of enjoying more happiness, he believed, than had been his lot there. 'There is not a recess in the valleys of the Pentlands, nor an eminence on their summits, that is not familiar to my solitude. One

summer I read every word of *Tacitus* in the sheltered crevice of a rock (called "My Seat") about eight hundred feet above the level of the sea, with the most magnificent of scenes stretched out before me.' Sir Walter Scott, with his unerring eye for the picturesque, and equal descriptive power, after a drive at sunset between Lasswade and Edinburgh, wrote: 'I think I never saw anything more beautiful than the ridge of Carnethy against a clear frosty sky, with its peaks and varied slopes. The hills glowed like purple amethyst; the sky glowed topaz and vermilion colours. I never saw a finer series than Pentland, considering that it is neither rocky nor highly elevated.' The fact that R. L. Stevenson lived when a lad with his father and mother in the hamlet of Swanston, below Caerketton, accounts for the sketches of the shepherd and the garden in his *Memories and Portraits*, the delightful description in *Edinburgh: Picturesque Notes*, and many references in his letters and some of his stories, such as *St Ives*. He remembered the spot, under the Shearers' Knowe at Swanston, whence the nameless trickle to supply the water-filters comes, where he sat and made bad verses. The Pentlands, says Mr John Geddie, may lay claim to be the birthplace of the genius of R. L. Stevenson; they were his study and class-room, and here at Swanston he believes the awakening took place. The dairy at Hunter's Tryst was once an alehouse, a howff of the Six-Foot Club, of which Scott and Hogg were members; and beside Redford Burn, close by, David Malloch or Mallet composed his ballad 'William and Margaret.'

There is much of literary and historical interest on the south-east side of the Pentlands. Sir Walter Scott set up his household gods in a house, still to be seen, between Lasswade and Loanhead. The 'English Opium-Eater' occupied a plain building at Polton for several years. Mrs Oliphant says that the dawn of consciousness came to her in a house between Lasswade and Eskbank. Higher up the Esk, at Polton, Archibald Constable the eminent publisher lived for a time. S. R. Crockett has written romances most industriously at Penicuik for some years. G. M. Kemp, the architect of the Scott Monument, although born at Moorfoot, had his training at Nine Mile Burn, near Carllops. Some scenes in Allan Ramsay's *Gentle Shepherd* are undoubtedly suggested by the scenery of the North Esk, and the poet was frequently a guest at Newhall, near Carllops. Alexander Ireland has recalled how, scores of times, he and Robert Chambers, Robert Cox, and Dr Hodgson crossed the Pentlands from Woodhouselee by the Compensation Pond to Currie. They met at the Links, near Morning-side, at 7 A.M., and were quite ready to enjoy Mrs Gilchrist's ham and eggs at the inn at Woodhouselee. There is no such inn now for the hungry pedestrian; and such a place in the heart of the hills might comfort the wayfarer.

No one who has ever been alone in the heart of the Pentlands, say at Glencorse, will ever forget the

haunting charm of Castle Law, or Carnethy, or Glencorse Burn twinkling down the valley from Loganlee. This haunting charm remained with R. L. Stevenson to the last; he knew these heights and hollows here as his mother's face. 'Do you know,' he once wrote from Samoa to S. R. Crockett, 'that the dearest burn to me in the world is that which drums and pours in cunning wimples in that glen of yours behind Glencorse old kirk. Oh that I were the lad I once was, sitting under old Torrance, that old shepherd of let-well-alone, and watching with awe the waving of the old black gloves over the Bible—the preacher's white finger-ends meanwhile aspiring through! Man, I would even be willing to sit under you—a sore declension, truly—just to be *there*.' The Mr Torrance mentioned here left Queen Mary's gold watch to Professor Fraser-Tytler of Woodhouselee, and has his name inscribed on a stone in Glencorse churchyard. Glencorse church is now a ruin. There is a fine new building close by; Stevenson thus described it in a note to Sidney Colvin: 'It is a little cruciform place, with a steep slate roof. The small kirkyard is full of old grave-stones; one of a Frenchman from Dunkerque. I suppose he died prisoner in the military prison hard by; and one, the most pathetic memorial I ever saw, a poor school-slate in a wooden frame, with the inscription cut into it evidently by the father's own hand.' It is believed that part of the scenery here is worked into Chapter VI. of *Weir of Hermiston*, and it haunted him to the last. According to the author's mother, Overshiels near Stow also supplied part of the setting. 'I shall never,' he wrote to Mr Crockett, 'take that walk by the Fisher's Tryst and Glencorse. I shall never see Auld Reekie. I shall never set my foot again on the heather. . . . Do you know where the road crosses the burn under Glencorse Church? Go there and say a prayer for me. See that it is a sunny day; I would like it to be Sunday; but that's not possible in the premises; and stand on the right bank just where the road goes down into the water, and shut your eyes; and if I don't appear to you!' Stevenson's earliest published effort at sixteen was an account of the battle of Rullion Green, the scene of which slopes into Glencorse. His mother arranged for its publication with Mr Andrew Elliot, 17 Princes Street (from which shop *Blackwood's Magazine* began its career), and it is entitled *The Pentland Rising: a Page of History, 1666*. One hundred copies were printed of this twenty-two page pamphlet at a total cost of about three pounds fifteen shillings. Yet the publisher had afterwards to pay some twelve pounds for one of his own pamphlets when Stevenson became famous. The same feeling for heather and Covenanted graves breathes in his fine lyric 'Blows the wind to-day,' which is reminiscent of Pentland rambles. The scene of the fight memorialised by Stevenson was on the south-east base of Turnhouse Hill, on the slope called Rullion Green. Here nine hundred irregulars, led by Colonel Wallace and Major Lear-

mont, were defeated by General Dalyell, who had come down the old drove-road between Capelaw and Bellshill, past Kirkton and St Catherine's Chapel, with its tiny churchyard now submerged in the Compensation Pond. The Covenanters had a choice position on the slope between Lawhead and Turnhouse, but had no chance against the three thousand well-armed and disciplined troops led by Dalyell. At least fifty Covenanters were slain and one hundred and twenty made prisoners. A stone with an inscription, guarded by an iron railing, marks the spot where those who fell were buried.

During the dry summer of 1842, and several seasons since, the foundations of the Chapel of St Catherine of the Hopes, and an inscribed gravestone in the churchyard, have been laid bare on the north-west side of the pond at Glencorse. This chapel belonged to the Abbey of Holyrood previous to the Reformation; it was annexed to the bishopric of Edinburgh, and added to Penicuik in 1635. There is a legendary story that the chapel was built by Sir W. St Clair of Roslin in the fourteenth century, in gratitude for the saint's intervention in his favour. The chapel is only forty feet long, by twenty feet wide; the walls were of rubble-work. Higher up the valley there are only a few stones remaining of the foundations of Logan Tower, a hunting-seat of the Scottish kings when they resided at Holyrood. Part of the tower, Mr Wilson tells us in his *Annals of Penicuik*, was used to build the farmstead of Kirkton. At the gamekeeper's cottage a fragment of the original staircase remains, forming part of the outside steps. There is still another antiquity, the Howlet's House, a ruin to the north of Loganlee Reservoir, which is gradually disappearing. Tradition says it was a dog-house connected with Logan Tower. Mr Wilson thinks it has been a chapel with accommodation for a priest, perhaps used before the old chapel of St Catherine's. In this case it may have been St Catherine's Chapel in Pentland granted in 1230 by Henry de Brade to the monks of Holyrood, with tithes of all his moorland, and of his land at Bavelaw, for the maintenance of public worship there. Kings have feasted at Bavelaw and hunted at Threipmuir on the north slopes of Pentland.

When Scott started housekeeping in what Miss Tytler of Woodhouselee thought a dilapidated cottage between Lasswade and Loanhead, with but one good sitting-room, he was a frequent visitor to Woodhouselee. There he would assemble the little Tytlers and march off to Castle Law, on the west of the house, where he always halted at one particular spot from which the mansion could be seen, though still partially hidden by the fine trees around it. Here Scott would charm the children with stories which arose in his fertile brain at the moment, or legends of the Covenanters. At no great distance some Covenanters' graves had been discovered, and a report was current that one day a funeral procession by torchlight had been seen slowly wending its way to the burial-place. The ghost-stories in the even-

ing were quite as much enjoyed. One morning Scott was found by a Woodhouselee visitor at his house near Lasswade mounted on a ladder nailing together a Gothic arch of willows over the entrance-gate. He was very proud of his handiwork, and had gone out to admire it in the moonlight. Tradition has it that the Regent Moray thrust Lady Anne Bothwell and her child into the woods of Woodhouselee. When the stones of old Woodhouselee were taken to build the new house, the poor ghost, still clinging to the domestic hearth, accompanied the stones. No servant would enter what was known as the 'big bedroom' after dusk, as the ghost came thither from a turret room. Lady Anne had frequently appeared, it was said, to old Catherine; once coming so near her that she saw the pattern of the apparition's gown, which, she said, was 'a Manchester muslin with a wee flower'—at which recital Scott used to laugh heartily.

Scott in boyhood met the original of 'Monkbarns' of the *Antiquary* at Penicuik House. Mr S. R. Crockett the novelist occupies Bank House; and Professor Cossar Ewart has conducted his experiments with hybrids on this estate. Paper-making is a considerable industry in Penicuik, and the paper upon which this *Journal* is printed has been made by Messrs James Brown & Co., Esk Mills, since 1832. These mills were in 1811 sold to the Government for the accommodation of the troops detailed to watch the French prisoners at Valleyfield. After the peace they were bought by Messrs Haig and others, and fitted up with papermaking machinery. In 1821 the firm parted with their interests to James Brown, to whom they had incurred financial obligations. In the hands of Mr Brown, and afterwards of his son-in-law, Mr Thomas M'Dougal, the foundations of the present excellent business were laid. The Valleyfield Mills of Messrs Cowan had their start in 1708 by Mr Andrew Anderson, printer to Queen Anne. In 1773 the mills were acquired by Mr Thomas Boswell, who sold them after six years' occupancy to Mr Charles Cowan, merchant, Leith, ancestor of the present proprietors. Cowan and his two sons, Duncan and Alexander, carried on a moderately successful business with thirty workpeople, turning out two or three tons weekly of hand-made paper. In 1804 the firm bought Penicuik corn-mill, turned it into a paper-mill, and there for some time made paper for bank-notes. In 1811 the Valleyfield Mills were sold to Government as a depôt for French prisoners, about six thousand being confined there. The mills were repurchased by Mr Cowan in 1818, and since then, by continued extensions where required, and the introduction of the best and latest machinery, the firm have taken front rank in the trade. The output of writing and printing papers at Valleyfield, Bank, and Low Mills is about one hundred tons weekly, and the firm now employ between seven hundred and eight hundred workpeople. Charles Cowan, who gave Penicuik a water-supply from Silverburn at a cost

of three thousand pounds, has, in his privately printed *Reminiscences* (1878), recalled the names of some of those whom he had seen in the house of his father, Alexander Cowan, at 5 St John Street, Edinburgh. There were John, James, and Alexander Ballantyne, who resided at No. 14, the latter a younger son of John Ballantyne, father of John Ballantyne the artist and of Robert M. Ballantyne the writer of books for boys. A brother of Charles Cowan revised Scott's *Napoleon*, and received a set of the volumes with compliments from Scott. One of these volumes was borrowed and never returned, when Charles Cowan intimated that the person who had taken the first volume might call for the other eight!

The Penicuik neighbourhood is very healthy, and sick soldiers transferred from Edinburgh to the hospital at Glencorse barracks rapidly recover. Manricewood House is the residence of Dr Joseph Bell, the prototype of 'Sherlock Holmes' *The Memoirs of the Life of Sir John Clerk of Penicuik, Baron of Eschequer*, have been printed by the Scottish History Society. The founder of the family began life as a Montrose merchant, but made his fortune in Paris, acquired the lands of Penicuik and Wrightshouses, Edinburgh, and died in 1674. Mr Wilson in his *Annals of Penicuik* relates how, at the beginning of last century, a labourer on the farm of Cornbank, Penicuik, had a son who rose to be Peter Borthwick, M.P., editor of the *Morning Post*, and whose son, Sir Algernon Borthwick, Bart. (now Lord Glenesk), is now proprietor of that newspaper. The story of the elder Borthwick reads like a romance, from the time he opened an unsuccessful adventure-school at Auchendinny, and during vacation periods attended the United Associate Hall as a student. He became tutor to a young lady who resided with her uncle near the Borders, whom he eventually married. They had a hard, uphill fight ere the lady could legally claim the fortune which was hers. The Presbytery of Edinburgh did not allow him to finish his college course; and he went to Oxford, where he studied with a view to holy orders, but was unsuccessful. Next he was connected with the London theatres, lectured on slavery, entered Parliament as member for Evesham, and his journalistic career resulted in his connection with the *Morning Post*.

The story of George Meikle Kemp, architect of the Scott Monument, is also a romance, which ended tragically by his death in the Union Canal basin, Edinburgh, ere his great work was completed. Born at Moorfoot, he spent his boyhood years at Nine Mile Burn, near Carlisle, where he helped his father amongst the sheep on the hills. A sight of Roslin Chapel awoke his love for architectural detail. His apprenticeship as a joiner was passed at Redscarhead, near Peebles; after his apprenticeship was over he was trudging down the vale of Tweed toward Galashiels, when he had a lift from a benevolent-looking gentleman who turned out to be the 'Shirra,' as Sir Walter Scott was called locally.

It is believed that his close study of the Border abbeys, especially Melrose, made while working as a joiner at Galashiels, gave him the leading ideas for what Professor Masson has called the finest monument ever erected to a man of genius. Alexander Keith Johnston was also a native of the parish of Penicuik, and Henry Mackenzie lived for several summers at Auchendinny, as did also Mrs Fletcher. 'Christopher North' (Professor Wilson) came to Roslin for a time on the death of his wife. The Howgate carrier's house is just across the Esk from Auchendinny, near Pomathorn, where the last scenes in the life of the hero of John Brown's *Rab and his Friends* were enacted. Rosebery, the estate from which Lord Rosebery takes his title, lies to the south-east, near the foot of the Moorfoot Hills.

By driving or cycling a girdle may be made round the Pentlands in one day, as the writer has done. Leaving Edinburgh by Morningside, you take the old Biggar coach-road, which hugs the southern base of the hills till Biggar is reached. This road affords noble views of the Moorfoots, the Peeblesshire and Lanarkshire hills to the west, with all the strath between. The villages of Carlisle, West Linton, and Dolphinton are passed, and the Cauldstane Slap, through which the rieving Border Elliots, Armstrongs, or Scotts rode to lift the cattle of the Lothian lairds and tenants. At Biggar, striking off by Libberton, Carnwath is reached on the north side of the Pentlands. Here there is a parallel road, little used, back to Edinburgh, which also hugs the Pentlands on the north. It was known as the Lang Whang, and is solitary enough until the neighbourhood of Balerno is reached. But it is full of health and inspiration to those who lift their eyes to the hills for health, exercise, and recreation.

R. C.

FROM EAST TO WEST.

We are parted, my friend, by the wild wide sea,
And the severing hand of Time,
And alone, amid strangers, I long for thee,
In this distant Eastern clime;
And I long for the English songbird's note,
And the silvery vesper chime.

Here the air is laden with scented flowers,
And the mournful nightingale
In sweet, sad songs tells the long, still hours
His love-lorn, joyless tale;
And the moon casts down a flickering light
Through the dark cloud's rended veil.

And I long, how I long, for the cowslip meads,
And the banks where the roses blow;
And the kingcups, half-hidden among the reeds,
In the marsh by the stream below;
And the bleat of the lambs in the fields away,
Where the ox-eyed daisies grow.

But I long still more for the sound of thy voice,
And the clasp of thy loving hand,
And to see by thy smile, oh, friend of my choice!
That long years in a distant land
Have not stolen from me the Love of my youth,
Nor a soul that can understand.

TOKIO, JAPAN.

M. K.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

NURSES AND NURSING.

THE question of hospital nurses, their status and treatment, has recently been under discussion in the pages of a well-known and widely read Review. Fully as interesting to members of the nursing profession, and certainly equally worthy of consideration by the general public, are the relations which temporarily exist between 'private nurses' and those who have occasion to employ them. Not a few readers of this article may have in their homes a hushed sick-room, with its capped and aproned attendant; many more will have recollections of such in the past; while, as to the future, not one of us can be sure that to-morrow may not find a dear one, if not ourselves, stretched helpless by sudden accident or disease, and practically dependent for life on the ministrations of a 'private nurse.'

Mr Harry Quilter, in that wonderfully blended conglomerate of amusement and instruction, *What's What*, has given the private nurse a couple of columns, to which few will deny her right. While there may be more appreciation of her value and claims to consideration than appears on the surface, it is clear that the clever editor views her, from the standpoint of the householder, as a necessary evil. The present writer does not profess to be honoured with a brief for nurses; but he does feel that the relations between 'nurse' and her patient—or rather the patient's relatives—are in the same case with many a sick-room: a little more light and air would do no harm.

Let us look, for instance, not so much into the justice as into the cause of a frequent complaint against a nurse in charge of a case at a private house. Her efficiency, perhaps, is not disputed; but it is said that she is apt to be over-thoughtful for herself: rigid in insisting on the punctuality and quality of her meals and on the observance of her regulation hours of exercise and sleep; all of which regulations have, by the way, been duly notified to her temporary employers by the printed

rules of her Home or by herself if she is working 'for her own hand.'

What is the cause of the friction? Simply this: that what to the employer is an abnormal and unexpected affliction is to the nurse but a detail, a scene, in her daily life and work. Illness or accident invades an orderly household; routine is broken through; everything is at 'sixes and sevens.' The devoted wife or mother, the loving daughter, the attached servant—and such are still in existence—all are willing and eager to sacrifice sleep and rest, meals and comfort, in caring for the one whose life hangs in the balance. The nurse, nine times out of ten, is no less willing; but her self-sacrifice should not be accepted—ought not, indeed, to be offered by her—simply because her case is not that of the willing but unofficial helpers. When the crisis is over, and death or recovery has ended the strain, she does not return once more with them to the uneventful daily round and common task. A few days, a few hours perhaps, and she is in a scene similarly heart-rending and appealing, where only the present needs, the immediate anxiety, are thought of, and where self-abnegating devotion will be equally welcome and equally expected. For the members of each afflicted family there come at last relief of suspense, rest, and change. For the nurse there is but the briefest, if any, interval for recuperation.

Strictly within her just rights, and perhaps to be envied, is the nurse who can rigorously exact her pound of flesh: taking, as per regulations, her due hours of rest and exercise, her meals, and all that is hers. But how many do? How often does the brain and foresight of the trained nurse overcome the heart of the woman; and where is woman more in her element than when throwing to the winds all care for self amidst suffering and distress?

The nurse who works for her own hand can, of course, if she be inclined, and has a sufficiently profitable and attractive reputation, pick and choose her cases. If on the staff of a nursing Home, the class of her patients may be to some extent determined by locality. But the rank and file of the

sisterhood are in the palace to-day, the cottage to-morrow; and I am not sure that a plebiscite would not return an opinion in favour of the latter. The fact that, as Mr Quilter says, 'servants don't like nurses' may account for a 'case' among the 'classes' not always proving a bed of roses.

Great is the softening power of humour. A nurse attending a case of illness in a prosperous upper-middle-class home was, not a little to her surprise, asked to join the family at dinner. Possibly it was the only convenient alternative to 'taking her meals in the sick-room or with the servants,' stipulations against which it has been found necessary to insert in all codes of rules for 'nurse's' treatment. Having thus far bent to circumstance, however, the lady of the house knew where to draw the line. There were several daughters present, and—possibly in consequence—three or four gentlemen-guests. Mrs Grundy faced the problem of precedence boldly, serving first her daughters; then, to the obvious discomfort of more than one, the gentlemen; and lastly 'nurse.' Happily for the peace of mind of one visitor, he caught the twinkle in the nurse's eye, and together they silently enjoyed the situation.

A little matter perhaps, but typical of much. The fact is, John Bull, honest, good-hearted fellow that he is, is yet uncommonly slow, not to say awkward, at adapting himself to new and unprecedented situations. He has as yet found no proper place in his household arrangements for this quiet, self-possessed young woman who enters his castle when Master Tommy, who everybody hoped was returning to school to-morrow, is suddenly 'down' with the measles. She is a hard nut for John and good Mrs B. to crack. She wears a cap and apron, but does not curtsy when John meets her on the stairs! Sarah Camp we knew and groaned under; but though fearful and wonderful were her methods, and vast her consumption of ale and strong waters, Sarah 'knew her place,' and never taxed our brains—a thing we detest—by calling for new and unexpected modes of treatment.

But the question of social treatment, while it puzzles honest John and may amuse the reader, affords the nurse little concern, being too often crowded out by far more serious causes of complaint. While one would hesitate to deny skilled care and attention to the poorest sufferer, yet it cannot be doubted that, among those classes where guineas are scarce enough to be counted with ease, the trained nurse is often sent for by persons who have not the means to accommodate or even feed her suitably. The weekly two guineas is looked upon as an heroic sacrifice which will procure a wonderful nursing-machine, warranted not to cease 'running' while payment is kept up. The question of regular and sufficient meals, hours and place of rest, exercise—all these are afterthoughts, too often reluctantly suggested by the long-suffering nurse herself, and evidently striking the employer

in an entirely new light. *Punch's* contents are sometimes under suspicion of embellishment; but there was absolutely no exaggeration in the astonishment with which, in a recent issue, a lady is pictured as receiving a trained nurse's appeal for sleep. To the knowledge of the present writer, a nurse was forty-eight hours in attendance upon a sick child with only one or two brief respites of an hour at a time. Her request for an interval of thorough rest in bed filled the fond mother with dismay. Must *she*, then, take the nurse's place at the bedside? She 'had not thought of that.' Neither, apparently, had the benevolent clergyman who engaged at his own expense a nurse for an aged woman ill with bronchitis. The cottage was poverty-stricken in the extreme, and for five nights the nurse had the alternative of lying on the bare floor, *sans* any description of coverlet, or of sharing the poor old creature's none too inviting pallet. Surely a case of robbing Peter to pay Paul. After a fact or two of this nature we understand at least one reason for the average life of the profession ending at forty.

It is not always for herself, but often for her patient, that the nurse must struggle. She is called upon to stand between him and the indifference and forgetfulness of servants; the lack of knowledge—sometimes, difficult as it may be to believe it, the parsimony—of friends. Milk seems in many houses a special stumbling-block. In a recent case the patient's nightly quart was forgotten. There was, however, half a teacupful: would that do? A visit at 10 p.m. to the neighbouring dairies found them shut. 'So she can't have it, can she?' said the maid resignedly as she returned with empty jug! It was intimated by a gentle but determined young woman that, even if cattle-lifting on the scale of a Border-raid had to be resorted to, the milk must be had; and after strong protests against borrowing, as they 'did not know the neighbours,' the fluid was procured.

Doubtless, as has been hinted, the initial cost of a trained nurse is often a severe strain on delicate purses. Still, we are apt to feel staggered at hearing of a mother who, when told that her son had passed the crisis in a perilous attack of pneumonia, suggested that his daily allowance of milk should be reduced; and, this being emphatically negatived by the nurse, sent up the next supply heavily watered. These facts are nevertheless vouched for.

Want of thought is, we know, equally responsible with want of heart for many evils; and many of the trials of the private nurse are attributable, doubtless, to the former cause. Does one person in twenty consider what it is that they are securing for a weekly two guineas and board? Have they ever questioned how far and in what particulars the nurse falls below the medical attendant himself in the importance of her trust, in skill, and in knowledge? Like him, she has in most cases practically 'walked the hospitals;' has watched

with highly trained and intelligent attention the treatment of every variety of disease by the leading physicians of the day; has witnessed operations by surgeons of unsurpassed skill; and has entered into every detail with often little less knowledge and far more enthusiasm and love of the work than nine-tenths of the medical practitioners in embryo who cluster round the hospital-bed and the operating-table. The woman whom the doctor finds and leaves in charge of his patient at each daily visit is thus a nurse and much more—an assistant doctor. In the former capacity she is obedient to his orders, and is responsible for the comfort, cleanliness, and well-being of the patient. So was our old friend Sarah Gamp; but at this point, if not before—and we will be tender to the shade of Sarah—all resemblance ends between them. The first-rate nurse has, indeed, an advantage over the doctor, whose time and care may, during a day's round of visits, be divided amongst a score of critical cases. No doubt long practice supplies him with a certain power of detachment, an ability to dismiss all thought of one case as he closes his note-book and hurries away to the next. But the nurse has no such collateral calls upon her thoughts and attention; she can devote all the care of which a first-rate nurse is capable to the one life placed in her hands. She sees, and either acts upon or reports to her superior, a thousand details and symptoms of the disease which untrained devotion, however willing, would perforce let pass unheeded. From her the doctor learns in a concise and spontaneous report what a dozen questions would not draw from an amateur watcher, solely because the latter is incapable of distinguishing between im-

portant and valueless details in the ever-changing condition of a patient.

Doctors rarely fail either in appreciation of the nurse's share in success or in acknowledging what patient and doctor alike owe to her; and there is little doubt that, if only with a view to a successful issue, the doctor owes it both to patient and nurse to see that the latter receives all the comfort, and, as far as possible, relaxation, that she needs. If he finds her to be going short of proper meals, rest, or exercise—the two last being more often in default than the first—he should not hesitate to wield in her favour, as much as in that of her charge, the authority which his position gives him.

It will be said, perhaps, that no account has been taken of the nurse who falls short of the high standard tacitly claimed for her profession, no hints given for dealing with those who do not reach this model. The omission is of set purpose. In essentials the nurse must be perfect. Little idiosyncrasies of character, minor peculiarities, there will be; but the woman who fails to bring to her task absolute conscientiousness and self-sacrifice is out of her place in the uniformed ranks.

It is sometimes said of professions that there is 'always room at the top;' in the nursing profession, if anywhere, there should be not an inch of standing-space elsewhere than at the summit. It may be difficult always to find the perfect nurse; but when hospital vacancies are in the ratio of one to twenty of the applications to fill them, a considerable range of choice seems offered. Meanwhile, to those who secure the services in illness of the perfect nurse, we would say, treat her rather better than you would have your own daughter treated.

JEZEBEL AND THE GENERAL.

CHAPTER IV.

MISS PENNY received her guests on the threshold, and ushered them into a room that a few deft additions had transformed from the stereotyped coast-lodging sitting-room into a charming boudoir. Great vases of flowers filled the air with fragrance. The cheap tiles of the empty grate were concealed behind a bank of flowering plants. A gorgeous Japanese drapery veiled the bald ugliness of the piano. Even the crude light of the paraffin-lamp was turned to radiance when filtered through a shade of diaphanous pink.

For the guests—more especially for Jean, who had amused herself in making facetious guesses at what viands so artistic a hostess would deem suitable fare for a torrid evening—the supper menu held the elements of a surprise; for though the dishes were few they were all tempting: mayonnaise of salmon, *petits poussins* served hot with grilled mushrooms, apricot fritters, ices, champagne,

black coffee, and green chartreuse. It was a simple repast, but one that a girl unaccustomed to delicate living would assuredly not have selected.

To the little company Miss Penny showed at her best. In her own domain her shyness had vanished, and she proved a capital hostess. She skilfully led the conversation to the subject of the General's campaigns, and listened with intense interest when, under the expanding influence of his surroundings, he fought his battles over again.

Jean, eying her critically, could find no fault with her dress, which was black, and of some filmy material. Her only ornament was a huge opal, that, suspended on a thin gold chain from her slender throat, prisoned a hundred living fires within its radius.

Jean had been unusually subdued throughout supper; and, knowing his cousin's alertness of observation and swiftness of deduction on small premises, Colin was uneasy at her silence. Though why Miss Crichton's good opinion of Fanny Penny should

rank as so important a matter in his estimation Colin did not stop to consider.

In the little pause after supper had been cleared away, the General, noticing Jean's air of preoccupation as she sat by a side-table idly turning over some books, asked her to sing a Scotch song. But that wilful maiden excused herself on the varied pleas that the sea-air had given her a relaxed throat, that lodging-house pianos were invariably out of tune, and that she had no music. 'But will you not sing to us, Miss Penny?' she said graciously, feeling assured that she knew what the quality of her hostess's music was likely to be.

For a moment Miss Penny hesitated; then, unlocking a quaintly carved box, she took out an instrument such as they had never seen, and, striking a few preliminary notes, broke into a queer, half-barbaric chant.

The sombre, girlish figure seated against the scarlet and gold draperies of the piano, her slender, ringless fingers moving over the strings, the flashes of fire from the great opal on her breast, made up a picture that enthralled them.

Colin sat entranced, his eyes fixed upon the musician; and, noting his absorption, Jean wished she had not suggested music. She had expected some feebly pretentious performance on a level with Miss Penny's painting.

Of a sudden the weird melody ceased. The General awoke with a jerk from the nebulous visions of far-off lands to which the influence of the haunting strains had transported him.

'Oh, thank you so much!' Jean exclaimed, jumping up briskly as the sound faded away. 'How very charming!—Now, Uncle Hamish, I know you're dying for your game of bridge.—Do you play bridge, Miss Penny?'

As it chanced, Miss Penny did play bridge, and a capital game of bridge, too. The General and she won the rubber, though it could hardly be advanced that they held superior cards; but against the General, who was a skilled player, and Fanny, who displayed that delicate finesse only attained by much practice, Jean, who was afflicted by conscious jealousy, and Colin, who was suffering from unconscious love, were hardly qualified to rank as opponents.

'Now that we have discovered your skill at cards, we must have many games together,' the General said as they bade their hostess adieu. And this arrangement for the future, added to Jean's knowledge that she had played the ungrateful part of second-fiddle, brimmed her cup of mortification. She would fain have accompanied her uncle and Colin in the stroll they usually took before turning in; but the General—who, being absolutely sincere himself, rarely suspected insincerity in others—remembering her plea of a relaxed throat, insisted upon sending her to bed.

The waves beat monotonously on the beach beneath, overhead myriads of stars twinkled in a blue-black sky, as the men paced silently along the cliff-path. Colin, in a happy conflict of emotions,

was not inclined to talk; the General seemed thoughtful.

'Colin—I wouldn't say this before Jean—but what did you think of our entertainment to-night?' he asked at last.

'Think of it?' Colin replied, flaring up at the implication of doubt in his father's question. 'I thought it was perfection. Couldn't have been better done. You're not going to follow Jean's example of picking things to pieces, are you?'

'No; but salmon is ridiculously dear just now. And the champagne was Roederer's '92. I like the little girl, and I hate to criticise hospitality; but I do wish she had given us cold beef and beer!'

It did not lighten Colin's burden when, on going upstairs, he found Jean lying in wait for him. Two hot spots burned on her cheeks; her manner portended mysterious communications.

'One moment, Colin. I wish to show you something,' she said, drawing him into the tiny smoking-room on the first-floor landing. 'Look at that.'

'That' proved to be a dainty one-volume edition of Tennyson's poems.

'Well, it's very pretty, isn't it?' said obtuse Colin, glancing at the binding.

'Oh, you stupid!' Jean exclaimed in an impatient whisper. 'It's *that* I mean;' and, looking where she indicated, he saw that the fly-leaf had been torn out.

'I see. Well?' he asked, still without comprehension. 'Somebody torn your book?'

'It isn't mine. I saw it on the side-table in Miss Penny's room, and brought it to show you. Don't you think it *fishy* to have a book with the fly-leaf torn out? And, Colin—putting out an arresting hand as he made a gesture of dissent—'for a girl who is alleged to be earning her own living, don't you think she has a lot of money to throw away on flowers and—things? It seems odd, too, that she never speaks of her home or her relatives, for of course everybody must live somewhere, and have some friends.'

Though outwardly calm, Colin was blazing inwardly.

'I don't know a woman's code of morals,' he said quietly; 'but it seems to me that using the occasion of kindly hospitality to steal what she imagines evidence that will lower her hostess in the estimation of others scarcely comes within the code.'

Having thus relieved his mind, Colin walked off, leaving his cousin to a night of secret wailing and gnashing of teeth.

From the experiences of the last few days, Jean realised that even the triple advantages of beauty, birth, and fortune might not enable her to wed the only man she had ever fancied; and that Colin—penniless Colin, who had nothing save his handsome figure and his frank manliness to commend him—was drifting—nay, had already drifted beyond her

power of recall. But despite the deteriorating influences of indulgence, better nature was still strong in Jean. In the silence of the night, a stillness only broken by the long surge of the waves, she fought her little battle and won it; and when, at the station next morning, the General, leaving her ensconced in a carriage, had gone to the book-stall for papers, Jean with a look summoned Colin, whose manner during breakfast had been reserved and distant.

'Colin, I want to tell you—I shouldn't have said what I did last night. It was mean, and—despicable.' Leaning from the window so that her maid could not hear, she made the *amende honorable* in all self-abasement. 'I don't know why I was so nasty and hateful about Miss Penny, because I really think she is the prettiest girl I ever saw.' Then, with a flash of inherent humour, she added, 'Perhaps, after all, that was the reason!'

As the days slipped by, Fanny Penny's presence at the nightly card-table became a matter of course. On the occasions that Colin was absent the General and she played cribbage. When at Eastwick, Colin spent the afternoons initiating her into the mysteries of golf; but in the morning Miss Penny toiled at her appallingly bad paintings.

It was the middle of September. In a few days the Maenaughts would be back in London. Miss Penny's sojourn was nearing a close too, though she showed a reluctance to speak of her future arrangements.

'We shall see you in town in winter, of course?' the General had said interrogatively.

'In London? Oh no. At least I don't think I shall be there. But indeed I have no plans yet.' There was much of her old nervousness in the manner of her reply, and she changed the subject hurriedly.

The second last day of their stay had come. Colin, who had gone to town on the previous day, arrived in time for lunch. Thereafter, leaving his father comfortably seated in an arm-chair preparing to take his customary forty winks, he betook himself to the lonely part of the beach, where Fanny was labouring ineffectually at an ambitious picture of the coast.

Colin could boast only the veriest smattering of artistic knowledge; but even to his eyes, which were prejudiced in favour of the painter, her treatment of the subject was remarkable only for its faults. Apart from crudities of colour and feebleness of handling, the perspective was wholly original. In this effort, Miss Penny had essayed the introduction of figures with a result that could only be termed disastrous. A giant child gathered shells in the distance, and in the foreground a pigmy fisherman mended his nets. A ship at sea was rigged after a fashion unknown to mariners. The rocks looked flaccid, the waves adamant.

A wave of pity for the futility of the effort seized Colin, and he acted upon impulse. 'Miss Penny, I would like a specimen of your work

to take back to town. Will you sell me that picture?'

For a long moment there was silence. The request had been a simple one, yet somehow Colin knew that much hung upon the reply.

'Did you know that only this morning General Maenaught also proposed buying it?' she said at last, speaking with evident effort.

'No. I have just returned. I've scarcely seen him,' Colin said lamely.

'And I told him that I'd die before I'd accept such disinterested kindness,' she went on, hardly noticing his reply.

'But if the dad fancied'—Colin interposed feebly.

'Do you think I don't know what daubs they are? Your cousin knew that I know,' Miss Penny cried passionately. 'Oh! you will never understand how much I have appreciated your charity towards a girl you thought helpless. I can never'—Her voice broke. She had risen to her feet and was hastily packing her palette and brushes into the colour-box. Then, while Colin, not knowing how to reply, stood silent, she seized the picture and paint-box, and hurried off, leaving the easel and camp-stool behind.

Picking up the neglected paraphernalia, Colin followed. But she was already far in advance, and had reached the house before he overtook her.

Leaving the stool and folding-easel in the hall, he entered the sitting-room, rudely awaking the General from his nap.

'Hullo, got back already? Why, what's up, my boy? You look flurried.'

'Father, what have you been up to? I saw Miss Penny on the beach just now, and asked her to let me buy her picture. And she said you had made the same offer this morning, and that she wouldn't sell to either; that they were daubs, and we knew it.'

'Of course we knew it, Colin; but we thought she didn't,' said the General, sitting erect and rumpling his short white hair in perplexity.

'Well, the upshot was she went off in a state, and I don't know what to do next.'

'Do? Do?' cried the General. 'I'll tell you what to do. Marry the girl. That's the thing to do, my boy. And if you don't marry that girl, I'll—I'll marry her myself, sir!'

Without another word Colin strode across the hall, knocked at the drawing-room door, and, without waiting for permission, entered.

Miss Penny, her hat thrown aside, was getting all her possessions together. The vivid colour had faded from her cheeks, and traces of tears hung on her eyelashes.

'It wasn't really the picture I wanted,' Colin said abruptly; 'it was something much more valuable. It was you—you yourself, Fanny. Will you have me?'

Miss Penny's dark eyes looked questioningly at

him. 'But the General'—she faltered, shrinking away from him, and glancing apprehensively in the direction of the dining-room. 'What will he say?'

'The General?' Colin cried gaily. 'Why, he told me that if I didn't ask you he'd marry you himself. I'm stealing a march on him now?'

'But you know how poor an artist I am'—

'Yes; but we have enough. You won't require to paint again.'

Miss Penny was sobbing in a confusion of emotions. 'Oh! wait; don't ask me now,' she said when Colin pressed for an answer. 'Only till to-morrow, and don't see me till then. I'll tell you to-morrow evening. Promise you won't try to see me till then,' she implored; and, sorely against his will, Colin promised.

The following day proved the longest in Colin's life, and the General shared his impatience. Having pledged himself not to see Miss Penny till evening, Colin made valiant efforts to speed the hours. In the morning the General and he drove to a golf-course half-a-dozen miles away, and played a four-some with two military friends; but never had contest seemed so uninteresting. They lunched at Broadgate, and tried to pass an extra hour on the esplanade; but, in spite of all, it could hardly be termed evening when Colin, re-entering the house at Eastwick, tapped at Miss Penny's door.

To his surprise, it was opened by the landlady in person, and a glance showed him that the interior was undergoing that periodic upheaval known as thorough cleaning. Dust-sheets shrouded the furniture, and a maid poised on a ladder was pinning up fresh lace curtains.

'Where is Miss Penny?' Colin demanded.

'Didn't you know as she'd gone, sir? An' you such friends, too. Yes, sir, she went away this mornin'; not half-an-hour after you'd drove off, it wasn't. But she acted fair, for she paid me a week's rent instead o' warmin'. An' a lady 'appened to come an' took the rooms from now till the end o' the month. She's comin' in to-morrow, so I ain't a loser.'

'Did Miss Penny leave no message?'

'Were's my memory?' cried the dame, making a dive at her skirts in search of her capacious pocket. 'She left a letter to be given to you at night. 'Ere it is. Though it's 'ardly night yet,' she added, with a ponderous attempt at archness.

That there was something familiar in the writing struck Colin as he took it to their own room; but he had opened the envelope before discovering that the letter was addressed to the General.

'This is addressed to you, dad!' he exclaimed in astonishment.

'To me? What can she have to say to me? Read it out,' cried the General.

The letter began without prelude:

'I have acted a mean part; but, however badly you may think of me in the future, please believe

that I did it from a good motive. When Mr Maenaught—who was my guardian and more than father from the time I was left alone and helpless—brought me to England, it was his secret wish that I should marry your son. Though until he had seen you both, and had discovered whether you had other plans, he would not hint at his desire. During the first day at Glen-na-Grual he told me of his hopes for the future. Next morning he was seriously ill; and when Mr Bleloch came he was in great pain, scarcely able to speak, so that he could not explain all he wished. If you had only arrived in time to see him he would have told you. Knowing that this was in his mind, I felt I ought to tell you; but I could not write it, and you seemed so unwilling to see me.'

Colin paused, and for the first time looked at his father.

The General had listened intently, sitting bolt upright, his lips pursed up in the mute whistle of utter amazement, a variety of hues chasing each other over his tanned face.

'Fanny Penny the Jezebel, by Jove!' he murmured at length. 'Tut, tut, the little witch!'

Colin went on reading more rapidly.

'When you refused to come to any arrangement I was in despair, knowing that Mr Maenaught never intended that Glen-na-Grual and his fortune should go to a stranger. So when Mr Colin's kind letter came giving this address'—

'Kind letter, eh—what's that?' interrupted the General sharply.

'I wrote a word or two to Miss—Gorman, because I thought you were too hard on her. It was soon after we came here. You remember you refused to go to Glen-na-Grual for the shooting.'

An inarticulate grunt was the General's only comment.

Colin resumed reading:

'So I thought if I came and saw you I could explain. But when I reached Eastwick my courage failed; and, seeing that apartments were to be had in the same house, I took them, hoping to make your acquaintance casually. I called myself Miss Penny because I wished people to believe I was not worth twopence. My painting, as you must instantly have guessed, was only a pretence. I began it because I knew people spoke to artists without waiting for a formal introduction. But as I got to know you both, and your true goodness of heart, I felt it more and more difficult to speak. Yesterday the fresh evidence of your kindness when you and your son each proposed to buy my atrocious daub made me unable to continue the deception. So I have gone home.'

The letter ended as abruptly as it had begun.

'Home! She means to Glen-na-Grual,' cried Colin, reaching for the Bradshaw. 'But the General had been before him, and was already looking up the trains to Inverness.'

THE END.

THE CARE OF LACE.

By Mrs CAMPBELL of Dunstaffnage.



RESERVING the lives of great snakes in captivity taxes the skill of the naturalist to the utmost. One would think that a boa-constrictor, ordinarily, would be pretty well able to take care of itself, especially as regards food; but it is a fact that great reptiles of the python family require the most careful nursing, and are fed and looked after with the utmost solicitude by the superintendents of the reptile-houses in the various zoological gardens in which they are held.' So writes Mr W. B. Northrop in his interesting article in *Chambers's Journal* for June 1903; and the words apply forcibly to the subject of this paper. I write for the benefit of lace-owners of both sexes, and perhaps the hints conveyed herein may be of wider use to the masculine than to the feminine readers. More women own lace; but there is a large number of men who possess unused lace. Even a careless or ignorant female owner is almost sure to have a dive now and then into her hoards for wearing purposes; and, as I shall presently set forth, that fact alone causes a little spurt against the destruction which threatens neglected collections. As in the case of great snakes, so in the case of coils of lace, especially old lace, the skill of the expert is taxed to the utmost to nurse and preserve the precious fabrics to best advantage.

People have long regarded this special form of collecting in a light wholly unworthy of its value and interest. Our pictures are carefully shaded from too strong light and shielded from damp and cold-weather ravages; our furs have their regular summer storing, our china and silver their proper and suitable receptacles. In great houses all these valuables have their own attendants, while the delicate fabrics which are a history in themselves are treated frequently in the very same establishments with but scant courtesy, save when a flonnee is extricated to trim a gown. We are told it is good occasionally to treat our children with a little wholesome neglect, and this neglect is so practised by wise parents as to be merely apparent neglect. To our lace, alas! we apply the neglect principle very literally, and more in the form of unwholesome neglect. The lace-tender has, unlike the attendants of the reptile-house, nothing to fear in this *culte*, and much pleasure and profit to derive therefrom. I wonder that no great lady who has ample space for carrying out her schemes, charitable and dilettante combined, has thought of starting the post of lace-carer. It is an employment that many girls who seek work, but can find none suitable, would enter into willingly, either as a temporary engagement (going from house to house to arrange or rearrange, air, catalogue, &c.) or (where the lace is in large quantities, and often

sent about from exhibition to exhibition) as a permanency. The possessor would find the precious goods thus well taken care of, and the interest in them would be increased. Perhaps this idea has already been carried into effect.

In the following practical hints I am about to write, I have been so largely indebted to a lace-restorer* in the north that I feel it only honest to mention at the outset how great was my own ignorance till I entered into communication with this enthusiast. Enthusiast! Yes; but a most practical enthusiast. Every scrap of lace I have sent for cleaning or mending has been returned to me exquisitely treated, while the letter accompanying its return has generally been an education in itself. The very moderate bills and beautiful workmanship are a satisfaction; but I have also derived much benefit from her remarks, and have always found good results from carrying out her instructions. She uses no injurious chemicals, and never attempts any doubtful work without asking the owner's authority and duly explaining the risks. Where cleaning would be worse than risky—in fact, in her opinion certain destruction—the fact is stated, and the piece returned.

Having paid this tribute to one who has helped me in this line, I will write as if my readers were wholly ignorant, more ignorant than I was before I became a disciple of my lace-restorer; for I had long taken much interest in lace-collections, and had my own little ideas as to the care required. I will write as if I knew everything on the subject; but I will be very grateful if the outcome of this screed should be, in part, some added hints from other lace enthusiasts, which they may be good enough to send to me privately or through the press.

I write for two sets of lace-owners—namely, for those who have a well-arranged store of lace, but who have hitherto considered that, once arranged, nothing more was needed for its care; and also for those who have a chaos of unarranged lace. In writing, I will apparently address myself only to the latter, for all I would say to the former would apply equally to them; while those of the first order can dispense with the instructions as to sorting, &c., and reserve their attention for the points which concern both in the treatment of orderly lace-collections and chaotic masses.

Chaotic masses may have become such through years of neglected knocking about, or through various collections being mixed together. A legacy of lace often implies that scraps have been taken off dresses no longer to be used by their late owner, and con-

*I shall be glad to provide the name and address of this lace-restorer to lace-owners anxious to avail themselves of her services.

tents of wardrobes hurriedly hauled out and packed promiscuously.

'Rust and moth will corrupt.' Yes, if you stick pins *ad libitum*, and leave them in the meshes, with the whole thrown carelessly into a damp chest, albeit a picturesque article of furniture; but we will open the shutters and let the light of 1903 shine on the handiwork of past centuries; and to induce enthusiasm—like the oyster before dinner, or perhaps the strong coffee before study—I must quote a passage which seems to lend a tone of animation to the still subject.

"I have sold a flounce to the lady at Miraflores," said she. "I was twenty years making it, and it is as fine as a mist. But now I have sold it I am lonely, for all the thoughts I have thought, and all the love I felt, and all the happiness I used to dream of are there. And I wish I could buy it back again. It will cure *her* sorrow, but I shall die, monsieur. I am too old to sell life; for my lace is my life—all spun out of my soul. There is no time now for me to begin another flounce like that. Oh, it was so beautiful!" She closed her eyes; but unrestrainable, irrevocable tears escaped and drenched her face. Without further word, she passed on and crept down the stone stairs of the ramparts into the close, dark market-place below, where they were selling pigs. . . .

"Good-day monsieur," said some one. He turned and saw the lace-maker.

"She has gone," said she, with a wan smile; "she went to Paris this morning by the five o'clock train. Her lover returned, and he has gone away with her, and she wore my lace flounce on her under-petticoat. I saw her step out of the carriage; and she tore the lace, too—my beautiful lace. But that did not matter to *her*. She pinned it up and smiled. I felt the pin all over me—in my heart and in my eyes. Did I not prophesy that her luck would change? Her life is just beginning. That is all. She went away laughing and singing, and she pointed over there and waved her handkerchief at the air again and again and again!" * *

Now, let me presume you are about to arrange your chaos. The more space and the more light and the more time the better. But arrange for what you can get of these commodities. I write advising action for those having the best of conditions; but 'where there is a will there is a way,' and the smallest advantages are often turned to the best account through the skilful adaptation of feeble appliances.

Provide yourself and your assistant with pencil and paper; ink may be disastrous. Spread a large sheet on the floor of an unused and well-dusted room. As each article is taken out of the box or bag, carefully measure, number, and catalogue the piece. This will save much trouble later on. Lay each piece of the same kind of lace together in its own heap after registering. When all is on the

floor, attentively go through each heap. Then placing sheets of the thin blue paper—so excellent for the packing of all lace, and so very essential to the proper prevention of the red stain peculiar to Brussels and Bruges lace—at another part of the sheet, take from each heap every article that has a stain of any kind upon it, and set these ready to post—packed, sealed, and registered—to the lace-cleaner. Do the same with all those bits which require mending, and have both packages despatched as soon as possible.

As a great deal depends on the weather for cleaning and mending, it is as well to give the restorer as much time as possible. Mending may be delayed; but when stains are discovered, check the mischief immediately. In reformatories and other institutions a question arises, 'Shall we allow the good to mingle with the bad in order to improve the worse side of human nature? Will there be more in this system of deterioration to the best than amelioration of the evil tone?' In the matter of lace this question is answered decidedly: by all means separate the infected from the uninfected, for the good will be destroyed by the evil contact, and the bad will gain nothing from the good. Rents also spread at times, for much of this evil is caused by little insects which burrow in the delicate fabrics when lying by, and evade destruction. For this reason I am not partial to airing lace largely out of doors, though this may be done piece by piece, when one can carefully and minutely inspect each article before putting it away.

Now that all your torn and stained lace is separated from what you consider sound, and seeing that you have put a special mark in your list at each item which is to be sent to the 'surgery,' enjoy yourself for a few minutes among your treasures. How delicious is the feeling of fingering your lace! If there are shawls or large flounces, you should lay them out on a bed or table, where investigation can be thorough.

Again, whatever the time of year is, give the articles a good shake out—in winter before the fire, in summer before an open window, always choosing a fine day in the latter season. You must determine into what receptacle you will place your goods, which you must have tidily rolled up in separate parcels, each tied with a tape, to which a label, descriptive of quantity and kind, should be affixed, and corresponding as to number with your catalogue. The ideal receptacle for lace is a camphor-wood chest or cupboard; but whatever be the place of deposit, the most essential point lies in protection from damp. We cannot be too stringent on this point; and what increases the difficulty is that a box apparently quite dry may treasure the evil of past damp. I have had two practical proofs of this within the last few years. Some lace flounces were much stained when taken out of a box of camphor-wood wherein they had lain for about six years. I knew that before that period their late owner had kept them in a very

* *School for Saints*, by John Oliver Hobbes.

cosy receptacle in her wardrobe, and there they were, I believe, undamaged. I knew the camphor-box had been in dry quarters since the flounces were added to its contents, so I did not suspect mischief, and put in more rolls of lace. A year later these additions were taken out, revealing stains on their hitherto unblemished surfaces, and this continued spreading like measles. When I spoke of the matter to an old servant, who had known the chest for years, she remarked that it was kept at one time in a very damp place in the house of its then possessor. However the mischief was caused, my lace-restorer recommended a thorough airing of the offending chest in dry spring weather out of doors before replacing the lacy treasures in its purified depths; but, as I had a choice of boxes, I determined to devote this box to other purposes.

A somewhat similar experience occurred in the house of a young friend, who with pride brought out a work-box (rosewood, I think), lined with satin, to show me how she was walking in my steps, and had carefully laid in such a safe nest some very valuable and valued treasures. What was her dismay and mine to find that aggressive stain running through the exquisite articles, which included a baby's cap and some most priceless scraps of old trousseau-lace! We discussed the matter, and recollected that the large empty wing of this lady's house had once been closed for long, and all sorts of little articles, such as work-boxes, &c., had been stored in the unused rooms while the mansion was let; and doubtless the root of the evil had started there, and the fair satin covered the menace to the lace's welfare. We often consider an old black coffer 'just the place for a lace collection.' Beware, my friends! Better a common deal chest of drawers, whose history you know to be *sans reproche*, than those doubtful depths. When you have no choice, and must take what you can, line your box with clean paper and use plenty of coverings, always dropping in a little camphor, which must be rolled in muslin. Velvet is very dangerous: the dye is apt to come off, or a mossy surface falls from the edges and works havoc. Only last month a packet was made up for the lace-restorer on account of the injury done on an object-table, where lace had lain to great *showy* advantage on brown velvet.

Now you have put your lace away and despatched your dilapidated specimens, you turn to any articles of wearing or furnishing that you remember were adorned with lace, and, to your surprise, you find rents and stains you had not hitherto observed. Your eye is already somewhat educated. These you promptly remove from their fixtures, and fresh parcels are started for the morrow. You will be careful to get a receipt from the restorer of all you have despatched, and to mark this in your catalogue; and then having noted that the receptacles are placed in a dry place, you find there is no more to be done till your pieces return, to be added to the already neatly arranged specimens.

You ask, half-expectantly—for you are probably a little 'lace-caring' bitten by now—'Have you any more orders?' Certainly. Your lace being now in proper arrangement, I will give you instructions how to keep it in the days to come. For this need you must have an annual *cleaning*—a spring or autumn cleaning, whichever suits you best. I strongly recommend in the British climate the last fortnight of April or the first fortnight of October. The days are of a convenient length, and the sun is strong enough to be of use without burning too strongly on the windows.

Choose a spare bedroom—an upstairs room is best. Have it most carefully dusted. See that a light covering is placed over the fireplace. Tack tapes from wall to wall round the room and (where there is more than one window) across the windows. The ideal arrangement is to use a room off which another opens; the window-opening can then be carried on in the adjoining apartment. But if this ideal arrangement cannot be achieved, leave a window free of access in the lace-room, as we will designate the bedroom for the time.

Unpack the lace carefully, verifying by catalogue. I have seen lace set out without this precaution, and when the putting-away time arrived there was such worry over a missing sleeve, which, it turned out, had never been taken out of its abiding-place. Put the papers aside, each with its own label, and, if possible, have fresh paper, removing each packet's label to the new paper. The old paper will do nicely for silver. You now have scope for considerable artistic display. There is an immense amount of effect achieved by the happy grouping of the foamy masses. Black lace and white may be entirely separated, or they may be hung alternately—I incline to separating the tints. I even go so far as to place the cream lace and the white as far apart as possible. Mirrors come into great prominence in aiding the effect.

The thickest lace, such as Flanders, Venetian, &c., should be nearest the window which is to be opened (whether that of the 'lace-room' or that in the adjoining room), and the fine, thin web more sheltered. Shawls and flounces may be draped on the bed, couch, and tables. High candlesticks prop up long folds very effectively, and old-fashioned cap-stands are invaluable.

Any very small articles, such as mittens, &c., should have a small weight placed on them to ensure safety. The tapes will bear yards of lace lightly draped thereon, and no pins are necessary where a skilled hand is at the helm. But have needles with black and white thread, also extra tacks, tape, and scissors, at hand.

Now your show is arranged, carefully lock the door at night, having duly searched to leave no doubt whether 'pussy cat' is lurking under the bed or not; and next morning (if twenty-four hours without rain has elapsed and no sign of damp shows in the atmosphere) open the window—quite wide if it is in the adjoining chamber, just

a little piece if in the lace-room. That moment is, I think, the tit-bit of the display! Suddenly the pale white figures (as the long pieces of lacy fabric appear to be) commence to move, quietly bowing as it were to each other, the acquaintances long silent and still coming to life again, and yet not become quite flesh and blood, greeting each other softly after their lengthened stay in the Silent Land. Does it strike you as it did me when I first saw this effect, 'awakening from the dead'?

Now the blinds are drawn, and the sun streaming on our exhibition; and, as care has been taken to leave a free pathway in the room, we take in a friend or two at a time, and show them our treasures, hearing often new histories from their remarks, and finding we never saw the fabrics to such advantage before. Children must not, of course, be admitted *ad libitum*; indeed, I think there should be strict rules as to no one going in unauthorised, as it makes things pleasanter for all the household.

When you leave the room see that the window is closed. Of course, if the ideal conditions are in force you leave the adjoining room window open all daytime when the weather is fine, and the door leading into the lace-room just slightly fixed ajar, and quite wide while you are present—you or your representative. Birds and bats must be carefully excluded.

Close up each night, and each fine morning you will have the pleasure of seeing those billowy sheaves of lovely lace rise softly in the slight breeze occasioned by opening the window, and as the drapery softly moves on the bosom of the new day, Bruges and Brussels laces sigh softly in remembering past days; Venice products, as it were, float in spirit on a gondola; Flanders ware tells of the sturdy housewife; Mechlin and Valenciennes represent hours of patient toil; while Honiton flowers blossom for England, and are proud of Hamilton daintiness; and Carrickmacross and Limerick's flowery trails spread such a buoyant decorative wave as they steadily bridge over the gulf between the heavy folds of Maltese pattern. The yak is rather stiff and proud, and the French lace seems to strive for a little coquetry in the midst of all the weight of years. We think we see an old nun fingering a scrap of Genoese lace and reflecting how the pomps of the world and the industry of the convent meet. We commend you to lay Mrs Palliser's book on a table, so that if you or your friends have time to do a bit of research you can have the help of models for your study.

After the lace has hung for two days in its first position, turn each article over, being very careful in so doing not to strain on the tapes or tangle the long narrow pieces. By this process each side has justice done it.

Alas! we have to think of the closing of the show. This must not be attempted, however, till the receptacles have been thoroughly aired—out of doors if possible—and lined with fresh paper. Then twenty-four hours of dry weather must again elapse before the articles are replaced, or the same period

of shut window if that state could be achieved in time to evade a threatening shower; the great aim being not to close the lace with the slightest damp lingering in its fibres. After this, piece by piece, the exhibition is demolished; each article is tenderly folded and placed in its papers, with the old label.

No morsel of lace with a stain should be allowed to touch another piece; and if it be impossible to send to the 'surgery' at the time, an 'isolation-ward' should be arranged in one of the receptacles, or a receptacle devoted to this end, wherein each patient would be labelled separately. Every piece should be carefully measured and inspected before replacing it in its coffer. And now the goods are securely stowed away, I hope you will experience the satisfaction of a true lace-lover.

Perhaps you intend to send your stores to a bazaar or exhibition—much money can be raised by exhibiting lace collections; but great care should be taken to send them in charge of a responsible person, and also in sealed glass-topped boxes, carefully labelled.

Of course all provident lace-owners insure. You can have a 'travelling policy,' as I have with the North British and Mercantile Insurance Company, for part or the whole of your lace, so that for wardrobe or exhibition purposes you can take your trimming about in whole or part.

Women readers, you never let your dressmaker put the flounces close to the edge, do you? It was from a man I first heard the horror expressed at that practice. He owned exquisite family lace, and had a careless wife, so perhaps he spoke feelingly. But it is very easy to avoid that, and also the practice of sewing lace next the neck. In sewing or tacking lace on a cushion or bracket, a ribbon can generally be employed for the firm work; and in many instances a braid edge at the sewing-point can prevent needle-pricks through the actual lace. I do not mention such a barbarity as the cutting of lace when it can possibly be avoided.

Black lace often shows very ugly white marks which need skilled handling. I recommend airing the black lace two or three times a year.

The lace you wear should always be put away dry. No damp from the climate or the heat of the body should be neglected. My lace-restorer brings black lace back to a good shade. In sending white or cream lace to her you should always state if you are particular as to the shade to be kept. In cleaning very old lace from stains it is often grievous to be compelled to sacrifice the exquisite colour which age alone brings; but the lesser evil must be chosen, and I have had to sacrifice the tints of antiquity for the present health of the lace.

Now I must bid farewell to this engrossing theme, and will not devote so much time to its items till the day when I prepare for my next spring-cleaning, when I can say with my old friend Ossian, *Carril the Bard*, 'Soon shall our cold, pale ghosts meet in a cloud on Cona's eddying winds.'

A MEMORY OF THE PRAIRIE.

By HAROLD BINDLOSS.



I was a bitter winter afternoon, though the air was clear and still, when Colville and I trudged beside our sledge across the white levels of the Assiniboian prairie. The snow seldom lies deep in that region, and the blue-gray smear of trail that stretched back straight as an arrow farther than eye could see afforded easy travelling to our brawny team. Thin steam hung about them; our breath froze on our furs; and, though walking nearly five miles an hour, we were not warm. The beasts seemed equally anxious to reach the shelter of the bluff we entered presently. The term 'bluff' in that country usually signifies a wood composed of wind-dwarfed birches.

We worked hard for some time before the sledge was piled high with slender logs, and then I noticed a frown on Colville's face as he leaned panting on the haft of his axe.

'There are those other sledge-tracks again, and this thing is beginning to worry me,' he said. 'I believe I hold sole right to the fuel in this bluff; though, because everybody knows I wouldn't grudge a neighbour all that he could burn, it's curious whoever takes it should do so surreptitiously. Doesn't it strike you so?'

The straggling birches scarcely obstructed my vision as I swept my eyes thoughtfully round the great white circle. Nothing moved upon it; and, lying still under that frozen silence, all the land seemed dead. Then I looked at Colville; and because he faced the west the glare of sunset beat upon his snow-bronzed countenance. It was a masterful face, with nevertheless more than a trace of refinement. The clear-brown eyes matched the drooping monstache and sun-cripsed hair, while the sinewy figure in the white-sprinkled furs had been developed to a fine symmetry by healthful toil. I do not think Harry was more than twenty-five; but he had taken hold with a strong hand, and fortune had favoured him. He was master of Brantholm, perhaps the finest homestead on that prairie, and for a time I had worked beside him through arctic frost and blinding summer dust with never an altercation. Still, when letters reached him from England at long intervals, he showed signs of bitterness; and I remember the curious look on his face when somebody at a political meeting called him a foreigner. Lifting his broad hat, he sent his voice ringing with his usual fiery impulsiveness across the assembly: 'It is true I was born yonder in the greatest country on earth; but is that a reason why I should not now render this good land which has prospered me the best service of brain and body?'

'I have noticed several curious things,' I said.

'First, that the trespasser picks blown timber and never fells a tree; secondly, that his sledge is always lightly loaded, and driven over the beaten tracks as though to hide its trail.'

I might have added that I had discovered the print of singularly small moccasins, but did not do so, being undecided whether certain vague suspicions were justified.

'Well, I dare say we'll find out some day; and it's time we struck homewards now,' said Colville, with a smile.

We plodded homewards through an unearthly silence and under an awful cold. The dusty snow dulled the beat of hoofs; and, because each piece of metal was wrapped in hide, sound itself seemed frozen. When that night we lounged in a state of delicious languor beside the stove, I remembered it had cost us several hours' hard labour to cut that load.

Harry reopened the subject. 'I'm not pleased about that wood-cutting; but it's not the logs I miss,' he said. 'It is the feeling that whoever takes them must imagine I would grudge them which exasperates me. We are perhaps a trifle primitive, even brutal; but, thank God! no man need ever go cold or hungry on the prairie when his neighbour has plenty—which doesn't seem to be the case in more civilised communities. There's a story in that last newspaper which sickened me: elderly military man I remember seeing at my father's table picked up dying—of starvation—in a London slum. I suppose the poor devil would sooner perish than proclaim his poverty.'

'There are folks of that kind over there,' I said. 'When twenty harvesters a day strike you for a free meal, one begins to wish we had a few more like them here. By the way, I've sometimes wondered about the antecedents of our neighbour Ormesby.'

Colville's bronzed face flushed. 'I'm almost ashamed to say so; but I mentioned it to Carson when I wrote, and he gave me the whole history. Ormesby was partner in a patriarchal English country bank. Didn't trouble about business, but stuck to his hobbies: horses, big turnips, or something, and pigs. Brother and nephew ran the banking, and one of them was missing when the smash came. Wild-cat speculations; half the folk in that district ruined; and, though Carson says Ormesby was rather dupe than knave, the beggared tradesmen cursed him, and he came out here to hide his head. Eldest daughter was to have married a local magnate, who backed out forthwith.'

The story left me thoughtful. Ormesby, accompanied by his two daughters, had settled on partly broken land some time earlier, and the girls found

a market at the settlement for minor produce. The elder one disappeared shortly after harvest, which was a failure, and the broken-down gentleman, shrinking from all intercourse with his scattered neighbours, lived as a recluse. Harry, I knew, had ridden over with presents of the kind freely exchanged thereabouts, but returned crestfallen. On the last occasion I saw him savagely fling the sundries broadcast across the prairie.

'The old man looks very shaky, and it must be a hard life for two delicately brought-up girls,' I said.

A week later I chanced to be in the post-office of the railroad settlement, twenty miles away, when Miss Miriam Ormesby came in. She was very young in appearance, fragile, and delicately pretty; but there was a curious gravity upon her face. It was also a brave young face, and something in the poise of the shapely head and thoughtful steadiness of the fine gray eyes betokened a high courage as well as an acquaintance with adversity. The girl was dressed in thinly furred garments, and her cheeks were blue, while I noticed how her eagerness changed to relief as, opening the envelope handed her, she changed a slip from it for minted silver. Then, strolling down the snow-streaked street, I passed Ormesby's team. They stood shivering in the open, and no settler ever drove in from a distance at that temperature without putting up and feeding his beasts at the wooden hotel, where they then charged us a dollar.

I lay, pipe in mouth, upon a flour-bag, chatting with the keeper of the general store when chance sent Miriam Ormesby my way again. She came in diffidently, and while waiting I saw her eyes grow wistful as she laid her ill-protected hand upon some thick fur mittens. There was something pathetic in the gesture; and, feeling ashamed at having witnessed it, I was glad she did not see me. She purchased two dollars' worth of provisions, picking out the very cheapest kind, and I think the storekeeper's wife must have pitied her, for she shamefully cut the prices charged Harry and I, who purchased by the hundredweight. The whole proceeding was plainly an ordeal to the girl; and yet, though her lips would quiver as she considered the difference of a cent or two, she went through it with a childish dignity which, for some strange reason, made me feel that the use of unlawful language would be a relief. When she went out I turned to the store-mistress.

'You won't make your fortune in that fashion,' I said.

'No,' was the cheery answer. 'But we can always average up on the Brantholm bills. I'd have given her the lot with pleasure; but there are some of you folks from the old country no plain Canadian dare offer favours to.'

'You try me next time,' I said dryly. 'By the way, what's the list-figure for these mittens?'

'Two dollars!' was the answer, and the lady smiled. 'Considering that they're half the size of your hand, the price is one—to you.'

'They are mine. Have I not a dozen fair cousins over-seas?' I said.

The storekeeper's wife dropped her voice a little. 'My own girl would have been about her age had she lived, and I'm real sorry for that child,' she said. 'Did you see the cruel frost-wounds on her wrists? It's my opinion the poor soul is doing a man's work to keep her fool father's place together.'

I went out with the mittens, and being a practical, unromantic person, wondered by what lucky means Miss Ormesby could be induced to accept them. I also fared as sumptuously as it was possible to do at the wooden hotel, but, perhaps from a sense of contrast, failed to enjoy the meal, and then started on my homeward drive across the snow-sheeted prairie. A league had been covered, and it was almost dusk when, leading the horses down the slope of a ravine, the shape of another sleigh appeared on the opposite grade. My wagon—for we used no fragile sleighs—moved on its runners silently; and, unobserved myself, I made out a girlish figure tugging at the horses' heads. The beasts, however, appeared powerless to face the ascent, and presently the girl sank down on the bank beside them with a little despairing cry. It was darkening fast, cruelly cold, and she was nearly twenty miles from home. She started up with a shiver when I stood before her with lifted cap. 'Get right into my wagon and wrap yourself up in the fur robes before you freeze,' I said.

Miriam Ormesby appeared doubtful, but yielded with a faint sigh of physical content when I placed her among the thick robes by main force, while, after I had hooked a lariat to the other vehicle, my stont beasts hauled the worn-out team up the declivity. I sprang out near the summit, for a number of heavy sundries lay scattered about.

'How did these get here?' I asked.

My companion hesitated before she answered. 'It was the only way to help the team, and I—I carried them. But I fear they can't make the journey, and whatever shall I do?'

'Try to keep warm,' I said severely. 'We'll leave the beasts at Jasper's, and you'll get them to-morrow. You'll be getting supper snug in your house inside two hours from now, unless my team fall lame.'

Jasper snorted contemptuously as he took the horses. 'Guess the old frames wouldn't be worth nothing even to a cannery. They'd have laid down and died before they'd have fetched Ormesby's to-night.'

I did not, of course, tell Miss Ormesby this, though I quite agreed; but wrapped her closer in the furs, and pulled my own courage together for the bitter drive. The breeze was in our faces, and it is under such circumstances the prairie-dwellers learn the meaning of utter cold. The girl must have started long before daylight, and it was not strange that presently her head sank until it rested on my shoulder, and she lapsed into what

was either sleep or the stupor of exhaustion. I heaped more wrappings about her, and then, though it seemed an unwarrantable liberty, drew the thick mittens over her little stiffened hands. After this I remember little save the monotonous hiss and hum of polished runners and constant sprinkling of icy dust until a light blinked ahead, and I shook my companion gently as I reined in the team. She looked at me with some confusion when I helped her down, stammered drowsy thanks, and then held out her hands for the smaller packages with an appealing gesture.

'It seems most ungrateful, but I fear I cannot ask you in to-night,' she said.

I had hardly bowed in answer when she vanished, leaving me, partly pitiful, partly chagrined, to restart the team; and, reaching Brantholm half-frozen, I had hard work to keep awake while I told Colville as much as it seemed good for him to know.

The effect was startling, for he rose, saying with slow solemnity, 'You were a lucky man. I would have given half my possessions to have changed places with you.'

I stared at him blankly, having never quite expected this.

'You might have had my place for very much less, and would probably have let Miss Ormesby freeze while you talked nonsense. Thank goodness, I'm commonplace in appearance and sentiment,' I commenced; but Harry checked me.

'I can't stand your cheap-witted flippancy. For heaven's sake tell me what is to be done. What right have such as you or I to own lands and cattle while that poor soul with the patience and face of an angel has not enough to eat?'

'It resembles a somewhat ancient question, and at least we worked tolerably hard for them,' I answered dryly. 'There is nothing you can do but wait and pray for an opportunity. You have no reason for supposing the Ormesbys have not enough to eat; and if you mentioned it I fancy a certain young lady's eyes would shrivel you. A comparative stranger can't send that kind of person provisions with his compliments.'

Colville groaned in a manner which suggested he had proved the truth of this already, and I left him, feeling slightly uneasy myself as to what would follow the discovery of the gloves. I was also glad I had not mentioned that the tracks made by Miss Ormesby's sledge resembled those found in the bluff.

Harry, who grew moody, did not reopen the subject, and some weeks had passed when an accident brought about the climax. A chinook-wind had thinned the snow, though there was still enough for sledging if one picked one's way, when towards dusk Harry and I drove homewards past the bluff. As we cleared the end of it a dusky shape suggesting a capsized vehicle loomed out upon the snow ahead, and Harry jerked his reins impatiently. 'We are going to see who it is that

objects so strongly to taking a favour from me, and I hope to relieve my mind a bit,' said he.

Wondering what he would say when he made the discovery, I kept silence until a smothered exclamation rose to his lips as he checked the team. A pile of heavy logs had fallen from the sledge beside us, and Miss Miriam Ormesby was seated upon one of them with the moccasin protecting one foot unlaced. She turned crimson as she saw us; but the colour faded suddenly, leaving her face marble-white again.

'I think it is a broken ankle,' she answered my question with a bent head. 'Some of the logs fell upon me.'

'Not worse than a sprain, I hope, but bad enough either way,' I said, while Colville drew in his breath as he stared first at the fragile, huddled figure, and then at the pile of wood. A hired man would have considered it a fair day's work.

'You must get into our sledge and drive with us to Brantholm before the frost nips the joint,' I said in the most paternal tone I could assume. 'Free those horses, Harry; they'll go home themselves; but first lift Miss Ormesby in while I hold the injured foot rigid.'

He stooped with infinite compassion in his handsome snow-bronzed face; and, though the girl seemed to shrink for a moment, she held out her hands to him. Perhaps she was a judge of character; and the master of Brantholm had very honest and kindly eyes. He lifted her into the sledge as carefully as though she were made of glass, and drove furiously until, when the silence grew oppressive, he asked, 'Is the pain very bad?'

'No. You placed me so comfortably,' said our patient, with a half-ashamed, half-grateful glance at him which he did not merit, for I had placed the foot. 'But I do not deserve your kindness after—after taking your wood. Still, the other bluff was too far away, and my father has been ill. I hoped you would not mind very much.'

'You loaded and hauled home fuel all winter from the bluff yourself?' said Colville, aghast, as the full truth dawned upon him; and, when the girl blushed, proceeded to deny himself manfully. 'Anybody can cut timber there; I have absolutely no right to it, for it lies nearer your house than mine,' he said. 'But surely, Miss Ormesby, you never did that brutal work entirely by yourself?'

I drove my elbow into his ribs, for Harry was blundering, and the girl smiled wanly as she answered, 'My father was stricken by the cold when chopping two months ago, and there was nobody else.'

I was relieved when we reached Brantholm, and Mrs Thorkelsen, our Scandinavian housekeeper, stripped off the little moccasin; and, finding no sign of broken bones, I fixed the foot in an angular splint. Miss Ormesby, however, refused to wait a moment longer than was necessary; but Harry, who had been mysteriously busy, quietly insisted upon the whole of us accompanying her home. He was seldom much of an orator, and I do not remember

what he said, though he used the old man's illness as an argument; but I think few women would have refused to trust him, and our patient yielded with a swift, grateful glance which set his brown hands quivering, though I hardly fancy he saw, or she meant him to see, all that shone for a second in her long-lashed eyes. Nevertheless, being older than either, I was warned. It was a long journey to Ormesby's sod-house, for the snow had partly gone and the sledge was heavy. Harry had packed it with many incongruous comforts besides provisions and some Californian burgundy, which was all the wine we had. When we reached the house the stove was almost out, and the room I blundered into dark and very cold. A person who lay almost unseen in a corner, breathing unevenly, called out in a strained voice at the sound of our approach, 'Have you come back quite safe, Miriam? I have been growing anxious. It is a very bitter night.'

Colville groped for the lamp, and when the light flashed across the room I saw Ormesby lying very gaunt and hollow-faced on a trestle-cot under what appeared to be a singularly inadequate covering. He was much older than one would have supposed from the apparent age of his daughters, and it needed no medical knowledge to see that he was very ill. He blinked at us vacantly; then his wrinkled brows contracted, and an impatient glitter came into his eyes as he surveyed the unexpected tableau: the fur-wrapped master of Brantholm busy at the stove, myself standing in a corner with a somewhat feeble smile on my face, and Mrs Thorkelsen, ruddy, tow-haired, and nearly six feet in height, helping forward his daughter, who seemed glad to lean upon her.

'Please help Miss Ormesby off with her things, Mrs Thorkelsen,' said Harry presently. Then, when the pair withdrew, he turned to the old man. 'Now, sir, we owe you an apology for this invasion, and I must try to make it clearly. First of all, I am your neighbour Colville of Brantholm, and to-day we were fortunately able to render Miss Ormesby assistance when suffering from what we hope is a minor accident. It is perhaps not my business to tell you that what she has been attempting is a strong man's task; but this I will say: when any man is sick or hard pressed hereabouts his neighbours see him through. So, in no way as a favour, but for the credit of the prairie and our own reputation, we are bound to do what we can for you. Accordingly, we have made up our minds even to brave your perhaps natural resentment of our interference.'

Somewhat to my surprise, Ormesby, after a searching glance at the speaker, surrendered unconditionally.

'You are very good, and for my child's sake I dare not refuse,' he said. 'We lost the poor harvest I had staked my hopes upon, and my strength broke down. In fact—for worse losses have shaken me—I do not expect to recover; and, to explain what you see, I have set every possible dollar aside secretly

to take my daughters back to British friends who might perhaps shelter them after I am gone.'

It struck me that this was highly prudent; but Harry answered stoutly, 'It is a sick man's fancy, sir. I shall have pleasure in helping you to sow a larger crop next spring. Your land is about the best in this locality, and it would be easy to plough it all on a share arrangement.'

Mrs Thorkelsen returned with her charge, and (for we had lost no time meanwhile) a homely banquet was soon set out beside the stove. The warmth and wine and brightness, and perhaps the unusual sense of abundance, seemed to melt our new friends' reserve away, and even the sick man's spirits rose. In spite of an evident self-restraint, the way he ate was significant; but, though his daughter lay apparently well contented in an ox-hide chair, she touched very little in spite of Colville's pressing. He waited upon her with a homage whose absolute sincerity must have been apparent to all; but, though she smiled, at times she also shivered, and her thin face would flush in a manner I did not care to see. After an hour or so had passed she rose shakily, then caught at the chair-back and sank down again. Mrs Thorkelsen, who stooped, swiftly gathered her in her arms and strode lightly out of the room.

'It is the last straw. The poor lamb fever haf got, I think,' she said, to our consternation, when she returned presently. Harry, who was prompt of action, rose to the occasion, and by the time I had made a few arrangements and obtained the eldest Miss Ormesby's address, had our horses saddled.

'With the prairie just snow-dappled, neither wheels nor steel would serve, and we have got to ride our twenty miles to the railroad to bring a doctor in,' he said. 'It's a tolerably mean night, so to double the chances we both of us will start.'

It was a wise precaution. Thick darkness obscured the prairie, across which a cold wind loaded at times with powdery snow was moaning; though whether this came down from the heavens or up from the earth appeared uncertain. It was also seamed by ravines and sprinkled with badger-holes; but we rode recklessly at the best pace of our beasts, swinging at a gallop across the levels, floundering with a crackle of tall grasses in the midst of the melting *sloos*, and smashing at times through tangled undergrowth as we reeled blindly down steep ravines in whose bottoms the honeycombed ice rang beneath us hollowly. Still, though we swung wide for nothing, it was not until, with the white flakes whirling round us, we crossed the ice-jam on Bitter Creek, whose alkaline waters were the first to burst their chains, that cold fear got hold of me.

We got across in safety, though there was crackling beneath us like musketry, and reeled into the sleeping settlement. Then Harry did what few men in the territories could have accomplished when he dragged the autocratic station-agent out of his bed and to his telegraph instrument.

'Come out by Pacific mail. All costs guaranteed,'

ran one message to a Brandon doctor; and Harry turned to me as the second—to Miss Ormesby, Marsden's dry-goods store, Winnipeg—clicked off.

'That's where the few dollars, probably all they had to live on, come from. And I've wasted as much over a handful of cigars in Winnipeg, Heaven forgive me! What selfish hogs we are!' he said.

We had to stable and rub down our horses as a matter of course, and, because no hotel servant thereabouts would have made a bed for an emperor at that hour, lay down on the hay beside them until the standard breakfast-time. Then there followed a tedious waiting, until at last two great snow-packed locomotives hauled the Pacific express up out of the prairie, and we at once identified the Brandon doctor. Also, there was no mistaking the handsome young woman with the anxious face.

'Your father and sister are both ill, and I took the responsibility of sending for you,' said Colville.

Miss Ormesby answered very quietly, 'You did well. I have resigned my situation to attend them. I must thank you for having already lessened my anxiety, for I concluded from my sister's letters she had only to ask for assistance in any emergency.'

That ride was my last active part in the little drama; but I think, considering all things, that Harry played his part well. At least, neither

Ormesby nor his daughters suspected who it was that bought up a portion of his land at a ridiculously high price through a Winnipeg agent. Ormesby recovered a little; while, long before the wheat his neighbours sowed for him was green, Miriam had won back her comeliness and vigour, and I knew my sojourn at Brantholm was over. Once again I had seen the mingled light and haziness in her eyes as she listened to the voice of its master, and turned away with a sigh, half-envious, half-abashed; while by the time the wheat was tall and yellow I was on my way to British Columbia. Harry, of course, both fumed and protested; but, though we had toiled and won a hard fight together in stinging snowdrifts and under summer heat, I knew that, while our friendship would hold with life, he had now a better helpmate. I also knew a little of feminine nature. Still, I was glad that when they stood side by side in the little dépôt the last time I saw them, Miriam Colville's eyes were very kindly as she waved farewell to me while the long cars lurched out. It is perhaps a trifling memory to treasure in these prosaic days; but it may be a material force which leads to achievement, as well as a gracious influence, proceeds from the greatest of sentiments—charity; for, while Harry, the soft of heart and strong of hand, has doubled the Brantholm acres, I am still a wayfaring man.

ANGLING IN NEWFOUNDLAND.



HE regular angling season in St John's opened on Empire Day, 24th May 1903. On that day hundreds of trouters availed themselves of the excursion-rates offered by the railway company, and sped countryward in quest of the festive trout. Although the season was backward, and the day not the best suited for fishing, yet various parties reported ten dozen and upwards as the result of their day's take. These, of course, are our native brown trout, and are taken in the lakes and ponds near the railway line. The sea-trout and salmon do not run till later.

The number of American sportsmen who visit us has increased largely of late, and the probability is that the numbers this year will be greater than ever. This would be a drawback if the trout and salmon rivers were not numerous; but, from the peculiar formation of the island, the lakes, ponds, and rivers form a large part of its surface, and thousands upon thousands of anglers can get good fishing-streams without interfering with each other. In fact, there are thousands of lakes and rivers in the island that have never yet wetted a hook, and have yielded fish to no man since the last of the aborigines camped beside them and levied their toll. With the increasing number of British and American sportsmen the travelling facilities are being brought up to date. Good guides, comfortable boarding-houses,

and luxurious railway accommodation are further inducements to visitors. All these may now be had at very reasonable rates.

The principal salmon and sea-trout rivers are now looked after by wardens more carefully than ever, as the Fisheries Department is beginning to realise that it is profitable to encourage the ever-increasing numbers of visitors. Another great advantage offered to British and American sportsmen is that the salmon and sea-trout fishing is absolutely free from all restrictions. There are no preserves, and no fee or license is necessary for the visitor to fish in any lake or stream in the island. The climate in July, August, and September is ideal—mild, bracing, and health-giving; it is like paradise to the dweller in the sun-baked city. The Fisheries Department have reorganised the fishery wardens, and the rivers are now in better condition than ever. In the official reports sent in to the department by the wardens the number and weight of fish caught are recorded, and they are enough to make the average angler without further ado pack his traps and hie him off to these favoured haunts of salmon and sea-trout. The wardens' report for last year for one stream, the Grand River, Codroy, records, among thirty others, a total catch of 420 salmon, weighing 2889 lb.; average weight, nearly 7 lb. About thirty salmon were taken by anglers whose names are unknown; and the large number

and weight of grilse and sea-trout taken were not recorded. The Hon. Gathorne Hardy, from 18th June to 7th July 1900, caught fifty-eight salmon, including thirty-four grilse, ranging from 8 to 22 lb. These are only random cullings from the official reports of Grand River; other rivers show like good fishing. But I think the above record is enough to whet the appetite of the most apathetic disciple of the immortal Izaak. There are larger salmon caught than the foregoing average. Major Yardly, who spent some time here last year, writing in the *London Field* of 4th April, gives a graphic description of the fishing and shooting enjoyed by him during his sojourn in Newfoundland. He says:

'My record last summer on Harry's Brook, which I made my headquarters, was, from the end of June to the second week in August, sixty salmon, total weight about 300 lb.; the majority of these were grilse, my largest fish being 14 lb. Nearly all the fish that I caught over 10 lb. were marked by the nets. Undoubtedly there are bigger fish, but they are the exception. One day I played a fish for forty minutes that I saw a good deal of, and estimated at 30 lb.; but the hook giving, I lost it. A neighbouring rod landed a salmon that was three ounces only under 30 lb.; other rods also killed fish over 20 lb. My friend fishing with me made a bag very similar to my own. In addition, we caught many white trout up to 4 lb., and brown trout up to 3 lb., although Harry's Brook is not a good trout-river; also, we did not specially fish for trout, and these were by chance caught on our salmon-flies. Some of my best days would consist of six salmon and many trout. This is a fair example of the sport that is to be had, and I was certainly unlucky not to get bigger fish. Knowing this river, I should be sure of a larger bag on it another year.'

The gallant Major enjoyed himself immensely, and, like the true angler that he is, he advises his brother-anglers to go and do likewise. He closes a most interesting article by saying:

'I would strongly recommend Newfoundland to anglers who require good sport free to all. The climate is splendid; the inhabitants are simple, kind, obliging, hospitable, with a ready welcome. A great deal of the roughing may be overcome according to the length of your purse; but the flies cannot be overcome.'

The flies appear to have tormented the Major, as the remedies he brought were not of much avail. Local anglers use a simple mixture of oil tinctured with carbolic acid: sixteen parts sweet or olive oil and one part carbolic acid. This makes a good remedy for flies. The acid is a little disagreeable in odour, but it consoles the victim to know that, distasteful as it is to him, it is more so to the flies. The oil soothes the skin and keeps it from burning and cracking in the sun. Enough mixture to last a trip may be procured from any druggist for a few cents.

Thousands of anglers would visit Newfoundland were it not for the marvellous ignorance that exists

of its history, climate, and accessibility. Though it is the oldest colony of Britain, and the first brick in that magnificent structure of Empire that now owns England's King as Emperor, yet the ignorance of Newfoundland displayed by leading men and journals is astounding. This is in great measure to be ascribed to the lack of reliable information about the island. The Government and railway companies are now removing this difficulty, and are publishing the game-laws, and information about shooting, fishing, climate, scenery, &c., in compact form, and supplying it to inquirers on application. Reliable information of interest to all visitors, whether for health or recreation, can now be had by applying to the Department of Marine and Fisheries, St John's; to Mr W. D. Reid, the popular vice-president of the Reid-Newfoundland Company; or to Mr H. A. Morine, general passenger agent. As to the facilities of travel in the island, a visitor from Britain can come direct from Liverpool to St John's by Allan steamers or other liners that ply between these ports. From St John's he can take the train to any point he desires to visit. He can get the fullest information from the railway people, who are most courteous to strangers. The cars are first-class, sleepers may be had at reasonable rates, and hotels and guides are inexpensive compared with those on the Continent. The American visitor may take a through ticket from New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, or any of the principal cities in the United States to Sydney, Cape Breton, by rail, then across Cabot Strait in the palace steamer *Bruce* to Port-aux-Basques, Newfoundland. A few hours' run by rail will land him in the sportsman's paradise, and it will be very odd if shortly after his arrival he does not enjoy sport that is reserved only for millionaires in America, and in Europe is the pastime of kings.

GIVE.

Give of thy best,
Truth, honour, love, unfailing sympathy.
God has bestowed His richest gifts on thee;
Do thou the rest.

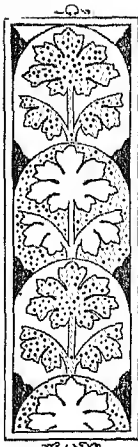
Give of thy truth,
And truth will answer thee. Set high this crown
Upon thy life, that nought shall drag it down
To dust forsooth.

Give honour too,
And honour will come back to thee again,
Increased a hundredfold through strife and pain
And much ado.

Give of thy love,
And love will ope the gate of Paradise.
So shalt thou reach, through human sacrifice,
The life above.

Give sympathy,
To ease some aching heart with heavy load,
And help to bear the Cross upon the road
To Calvary.

HARRIET KENDALL.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

THE LAST WHITE ROSE QUEEN.

By A. FRANCIS STEUART.

IT was in the year 1770 that Prince Charles Edward Stuart, the heir of James II., King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, and himself titular King Charles III., an exile, fifty years of age, and a broken man, at last yielded to the pressure of the Court of France and of his faithful adherents to take a wife.

Since his brilliant failure in the attempt of the '45, he had wandered in many places and seen much. Rumours of his marriage reached the scanty and fast-decreasing members of his faction from time to time. At one time they hoped he would vanquish the heart of his old toast, 'the Black Eye of France,' and be supported in his claims by her father, Louis XV.; at another time he thought of a wild offer to the Ozarina; then a rumour came that he was to marry the sister of the King of Prussia; again, that he had married in Poland a Princess Radzivill, no doubt a relative of his Egeria in Paris, Madame de Talmond, born a Princess Jablonowska. But none of these rumours were followed by negotiations for a real marriage, and the Jacobite remnant began to despair of any marriage at all, and to look forward to the extinction of the royal line and the termination of it in the Prince himself and his prelate-brother Henry, Cardinal York.

The Prince had, it is true, essayed an irregular union, which, in part at least, had hastened the downfall of his cause. A Scottish lady of good birth, Clementina Walkinshaw, his mother's god-daughter, having fallen in love with him in Scotland during his short reign of power, joined him in his misfortunes at Ghent, in accordance with her promise to follow him 'whither fortune might lead him;' but the unhappy lady fled from him in 1760, taking her child Charlotte Stuart to Paris, where they lived on a small pension from the Prince's father, and were afterwards supported by the kindly Cardinal-brother. Clementina was never forgiven by the Prince, and was ever after coldly ignored by him, although during his wanderings she had been 'always treated and regarded in society as

his wife, bearing the Prince's name and doing the honours of his house.'

The Prince was, therefore, not a very eligible match. A *viveur* of fifty, with small revenues and no territory, he did not command a high status in the royal matrimonial market; but still he was *de jure* a king, and the title of queen, which his spouse would bear, proved a very powerful attraction to the minds of the German princesses belonging to the smaller families of the Empire, and the Prince knew that they coveted such a rank in a way that we can now hardly understand. So, having agreed to the marriage, and having accepted the proposals of the French Court, which was to provide the necessary increase of income, he entrusted the choice of a queen-consort to the Duc de Fitz-James, a son of the great Duc de Berwick, natural son of King James II. It was desirable that the bride should be young, good-looking, and the daughter of a princely family; but that was all, however, that could be stipulated for. The first princess proposed belonged to a great family, and was the Princess Marie Anne of Pfalz-Zweibrück.* She was seventeen years of age, the daughter of Prince Friedrich Michael of Bavaria, and had turned Catholic in 1746. The marriage negotiations did not prosper, however, and the lady married ten years later a prince of her own house, Wilhelm von Pfalz-Birkenfeld, Duke in Bavaria, and survived until 1824.

A year passed without success, and then the Duc de Fitz-James and one Colonel Ryan, an Irishman who was in his regiment in the French service, began to lay information before their master once more. Their letters, in cipher, refer to one 'Miss Speedy,' born 18th November 1753, as a desirable match; and a note shows her to have been Marie-Louise Ferdinande, the third daughter of Prince Philippe Joseph of Salm-Kyrbourg, her mother

* The grandmother of Prince Charles Edward, Princess (James) Sobieska, was Hedwig-Elizabeth, *née* Princess of Pfalz-Neubourg.

being Marie Therese, co-heiress of the last Prince de Hornes. Though only eighteen, she soon showed that, unlike most of her contemporaries, the glamour of the empty title of queen had no charms for her. She burst into tears at the bare idea of the marriage, and the envoy felt that he could by no means better his cause by perseverance in what must be a useless errand; and so this scheme of matrimony fell to the ground, and 'Miss Speedy' did not leave her home to be the Jacobites' queen.

This was the second rebuff, and the intending bridegroom on 11th September 1771 sends a letter in a lower key permitting negotiations with any princess or countess of the Empire, and indicating, as worthy, the rich Princess Marie Isabelle de Mansfeld, who afterwards married François Gundaccar, Comte de Colloredo. However, before she chose or was chosen, the agent Ryan wrote from Brussels that he had arranged a marriage for the Prince at last.

An aunt of the Princess Marie-Louise of Salm-Kyrbourg was then residing at Brussels, a pensioner on the bounty of the Empress-Queen Maria Theresa, and it was to her, the Princess of Stolberg-Gedern, as she had three unmarried daughters, that the envoy made his appeal on behalf of his master.

The Princess of Stolberg had reasons for being interested in the Stuart family. Her grandfather, Thomas Bruce, Earl of Ailesburg, had suffered on behalf of his loyalty to them, and King Charles II. had been his intimate friend. She herself had known better days, having been a co-heiress with her sister Marie Therese of their parents, Maximilian Emmanuel, third Prince de Hornes (last of his line), and his wife, Lady Marie Therese Charlotte Bruce, Baronne de Melbroeck. Of ancient family on every side, and with a considerable *dot* although the younger sister, she had married Gustavus Adolphus of Stolberg-Gedern, 'Prince of the Holy Roman Empire,' of a very ancient and illustrious family of West Germany; and on his death at the battle of Lissa (Leuthen), 5th December 1757, when Frederick the Great defeated the Austrians, she found herself redneed to the position of a dowager-princess with four daughters, shorn of her territories, and dependent to a great extent on an allowance from the empress-queen, in whose service her husband had fallen.

According to the scandal of the time, she supplemented this pension by the aid of Prince Charles of Lorraine, the brother-in-law of the empress-queen and governor of the Austrian Netherlands. An English traveller, Lady Mary Coke, writes in 1767: 'Prince Charles is at one of his country seats and madame royal (Princess Anne of Lorraine) is to pass a month with him, as is the Princess of Stolberg, his favourite, or, to speak in plain terms, his mistress. I believe you would be surprised if you was to see her, for I think she is one of the plainest women I ever saw; but they say here he fell in love with her letters, for the elegance of the

style, though some people will tell you they were wrote by a lady who lives with her, and not by herself.'

The Princess had four daughters. The second, Caroline Auguste (afterwards Princess Castelfranco), had been married at the age of sixteen, in 1771, to Charles Richard, Marquis de la Janaique, son of the third Duc de Berwick, great-grandson of King James II. of Great Britain—a suitable alliance in fortune, and the bridegroom's consanguinity to the royal Stuarts was recognised on every possible occasion. The two younger daughters were still being educated, and were, next year at least, *pensionnaires* in a Carmelite convent at Charleville, in Champagne; while the eldest, Louise Maximiliana, who was born at Mons in Hainault, on 20th September 1752, had obtained the coveted appointment of *chanoinesse* of the *chapitre-noble* of St Wandru in Mons.

The Mons *chanoinesses* had for long been famed for their beauty. The Electress Sophia of Hanover mentions their renown as far back as 1679, but adds that she 'did not find them worthy of their fame.' The Princess of Stolberg's grandfather, Thomas, Earl of Ailesburg, likewise mentions the Flemish *chanoinesses* in his memoirs in 1700, saying of the Flemish ladies: 'Even a portion is scarce heard of, and a prebend of *chanoinesse* is their best inheritance, and the best of them are not worth above eighty pounds per annum, and the greater part much less; and I have known daughters of great persons who had not above sixty pistoles a year from their father, and some very few perhaps eighty pounds. So there dies in this country yearly many old maids; and if those that are handsome get husbands, such are often soldiers of fortune.' And from this sad fate his great-granddaughter now hoped to free herself.

The Princess-Dowager of Stolberg appeared not only flattered but delighted with the thought that one of her daughters should be the White Rose Queen, and she offered Prince Charles the choice of two—the eldest, Louise, or the third daughter, Francisca Claudine, who had been born in Brussels, 27th June 1756. But he writes later to the Duc de Fitz-James: 'I have already informed you that I have chosen the eldest of the sisters; her age (nineteen) is more suitable for me, and what you told me of the health of the younger one confirms me in my resolution.' Klose says that the rejected princess, who was married in 1774 to Nicholas, Comte Arberg and Valengin, became later 'attached to the suite of Napoleon's empress, and through every change of fortune continued her faithful companion till separated by the grave.'

There can be no doubt that there was great joy in the House of Stolberg that one of its daughters was about to attain—even though only in a titular degree—the rank of queen. We learn—again from Lady Mary Coke—that the princess-mother never addressed her daughter after the wedding except as 'Her Majesty the Queen of Great Britain; for

which,' adds that Hanover-loving lady, 'she is much ridiculed by everybody in Bruxelles.' Regardless of the possible indignation of the empress-queen (which afterwards proved very real, for her pension was for a time withdrawn), the Princess of Stolberg secretly betrothed her eldest daughter to the Stuart Prince. Relinquishing her noble-chapter, she received on 22nd March 1772 a certificate signed by all the Berwick and Fitz-James family that she was 'free and competent to contract a marriage;' and she was married at the Duc de Berwick's house in Paris on the 27th of March at midday, the Duc de Fitz-James being proxy, and at five o'clock she departed the same day, accompanied by Madame Power and Ryan, to meet her bridegroom.* There had been certain pecuniary arrangements beforehand, the dowry being fixed at forty thousand, and the pin-money at twelve thousand livres per annum, and also a few trifling legal and theological difficulties; but those, we are told, were overcome by the bride being 'very impatient to assume her distinguished position;' and she set out from Paris without delay, or, as the Jacobites expressed it, 'flying on the wings of love.'

The princess-mother stipulated that the actual marriage was to take place on the very day the Prince met her daughter; and accordingly, after a long journey through Vienna and the north of Italy by way of Loreto, at which place Lord Caryll, a Jacobite dignitary, received her, the two intended spouses met at Macerata on the March of Ancona on the 17th of April. It was Good Friday, and the bride, we are told, shuddered at the evil omen of the day; nevertheless, the Jacobites cheerfully wrote, 'the better day the better deed,' and the middle-aged Jacobite 'king' was married to his nineteen-year-old bride about 2 P.M. by the Bishop of Macerata and Tolentino in the private chapel of the old Palazzo Compagnoni Marefoschi, which was lent to him by his good friend Cardinal Marefoschi, minister to the king of the Two Sicilies, who had procured every necessary legal permission

that they should be married there. The bridegroom, Mr Lang states in his *Life of Prince Charles Edward*, placed upon the young bride's finger a turquoise ring, with a cameo portrait of himself, and bearing as an inscription a 'posy' written by himself:

This crown is due to you by me,
And none can love you more than me.

But the crown never could come! Even the Stolberg princesses thought so; and the youngest of them writes, in December 1772, to the wife of that devoted Jacobite Oliphant of Gask, from the convent of Charleville: 'We do not forget all the attachment that your family has for Prince Edward our brother-in-law; this motive is more than sufficient to assure you of the tender attachment which we wish you for life.'

Far more surely than an earthly crown did their sister acquire *de facto* the position of 'Queen of Hearts.' The official description despatched during the negotiations described the bride as having 'a good figure, a pretty face, and excellent teeth, with all the qualities your majesty can desire;' and no one who saw her by the side of her older husband in Italy but saluted her as 'Regina dei Cuori.' She was dazzlingly fair, blue-eyed, of middle height, and 'well-turned.' Her candid eyes still shine from the portraits distributed among the Jacobite faithful. In them she wears the jewels of the unhappy Clementina Sobieska, her husband's mother, whose life was even more sad than her own. As yet she did not know that her own career would be almost as dreary, and that, as childless, she would be the last consort of the Stuart line. Nevertheless, she was luckier than her predecessor, for she gained fame and happiness from the worship of her poet-lover; and so it comes that we can remember Louise of Stolberg most happily, not as the 'White Rose Queen,' nor as the 'Countess of Albany' of her latter years, but as the Divinity, the 'Psipsia,' and as 'La Mia Donna' of Vittorio Alfieri.

THE DOLLARS THE FRENCH TOOK.

By CHARLES EDWARDES.



WAS stirring my chocolate one morning, with my finger for a spoon, and sharing Major Tom Slater's thanksgivings for the safe arrival of a commissariat convoy in the night, when a young staff-officer put his head into the tent and asked for me.

'General wants you, Captain Buckingham,' were his next words.

'Oh,' said I jauntily, 'that's nothing fresh. I don't know what he'd do without me. Pass the rusk, Tom.'

There weren't any. It was one of our stock jokes.

* Walsh-Serrant correspondence.

The bumpers of champagne we used to toss off to each other with tin pannikins and Tagus water, and the turkey and plum-pudding we'd get out of the tough drumstick of an old hen!

'The General wants you, sir,' repeated the fellow softly, with a kind of scare in his voice.

'Perhaps,' said I, 'the General doesn't know I'm breakfasting. When a man who as a boy was believed to be in a galloping consumption is hurried at his meals it's deuced bad for him. At least, so most surgeon-majors will tell you, young gentleman, whoever you are, for I haven't the pleasure of your acquaintance.'

Egad! one can play the fool at thirty or forty. It gives me the shivers at ninety-odd to think of it;

or it ought, I suppose. I'd hardly said these words when my fine gentleman was pushed aside, and there was the Duke himself firing away at me with his eyes!

We both upset our chocolate; more's the pity, for there was no second ration of it that day for me; and we saluted our smartest, Tom Slater with a covert grin in his eyes, I'll engage, for all the nastiness of the situation as touching myself.

But the lightning went out of the General's eyes as he beckoned to me.

'I'm sorry,' he said to Slater, 'to have spoilt your breakfast.—As for you, sir,' to me, 'you can be trusted, I'm afraid, to do all your own spoiling, your record included. Come!'

'Thank you, sir,' said I when I was outside.

'Oh,' said he, 'you're welcome, Bill. But no more of this.' His tone changed. 'I've a train of twenty loaded mules, with two men to each, for you to take charge of. Get them down to the river just as fast as you can. You'll find Cuesta at Arzobispo—that is, confound him! he ought to be there. Probably, for that reason, he'll be somewhere else. No matter where he is, get those dollars to him within three days.'

'Dollars, sir?' said I.

'Ay, dollars,' said he. 'Forty cases full of them, sweated out of my countrymen and yours for this troublesome and not too grateful people. And, by heaven, Bill Buckingham! it'll be a capital offence if you let any of Victor's men catch you. That is to say, if I had my will at this moment I'd make it one. I fancy His Majesty King George would be of the same mind.'

'I'll do my best, sir,' said I.

'Your best's enough,' said he. 'There's your work waiting for you. You ought to get a good league an hour out of them. They'll give you the papers for General Cuesta, and I hope to see you on—Thursday or so, with his acknowledgments and thanks.'

He pointed to a cluster of animals already in marching order, with as many gipsy-faced muleteers to them and the like number of special service infantry, as alert and business-like as could be.

'Anything more, sir?' said I.

'Nothing more, Bill, except God speed,' said he. 'Stay, though—keep an eye on your Spaniards. They look like brigands, and may be brigands at heart for all any of us can tell.'

'Just my thoughts, General,' said I.

'Until Thursday,' said he; and without any more words he strode off.

The staff-officer paused to express his young opinion that I was well out of it, and to add that few men could hope to be so deep in the General's favour. Him, however, I didn't waste time on beyond saying, 'All you know about it, my boy,' with a wag of the head. My horse Diamond had been saddled and brought after me by my man Dan Kelly, and in less than a quarter of an hour I had my troop moving.

The Britishers with me were of the Rifle Brigade, picked shots and picked men. A certain Sergeant Prickett pleased my eye for his great shoulders and hearty looks. I sent him and Kelly to the rear, and myself took charge of the vanguard.

Forty cases of dollars! This was something like a trust. The thought of it stiffened my back. Maybe it set me dreaming a little of what we Buckinghamians could do with the tenth part of it in County Tipperary if Parliament had voted it to me instead of to these Spanish batter-puddings. But though I dreamed maybe in my mind, I didn't let one of my senses stand at ease, much less go to sleep, all that day. There wasn't an aloe or an olive-tree within fifty paces of our road on both sides that I didn't rake with my eyes ere I moved them on to the next one. It was slow work, though. The dead-weight told on the beasts, which weren't in fine condition; and the flies sweated them to distraction.

I was pretty thankful to call a halt in the evening after no adventures. There was a village handy, and I can smell the perfume of its orange-blossom while I write as distinctly as if the trees were in my garden here.

In the night I was roused by Prickett with news that at first didn't seem to justify him in taking such liberties with my rest. A couple of hundred armed Spanish nondescripts had come down from the mountains, driven before the Frenchmen like dust by the bristles of a broom. They had some wounds among them, and lots of chatter; but when they informed me that they had been in full flight since six o'clock, and hadn't seen—that is, felt—the enemy since about eight o'clock, I let my own anxieties slip and rolled up in my blanket again.

'I don't like 'em, sir,' said Sergeant Prickett, 'and this Don Marie, as they call him, at the head of 'em seems to me the bad potato of the lot.'

Don Marie was the officer in charge. He had come in, breathless and leg-weary, several minutes before any of them. That proved him a good sprinter, if not a first-class general. I didn't like the gentleman's face any better than Prickett, nor his elegant manners as he introduced himself to me with a rigmarole about his blood-relationship with the Duke of This and the Marquis of That. And so, as I say, having told off Prickett and ten of the Rifles for a night-guard to the dollars, I slumbered afresh.

We were away at dawn, with rain-drops on every leaf; and these guerilla-men with us. I couldn't get rid of them decently, and wasn't sure that it would be wise to risk hurting their sensitive feelings by telling them we could do very well without them. Moreover, they had learnt about the dollars.

This of course was inevitable. There was no mistaking those iron-banded boxes. Though the sergeant did try some yarn about forty dozen of rum as a birthday present for the Spanish General, he wasn't scholar enough to keep it up.

Don Marie's airs when he mentioned the matter were immense.

'Señor Don Guillermo,' said he to me, having, as Prickett told me, made special inquiries about my honourable Christian name, 'it is a patriotic duty and privilege, which I shall not neglect, to lend you the advantage of my brave fellows as an escort. England is a noble country. Who knows, it may be our Heaven-sent destiny to prove to you that a Spanish heart understands the meaning of gratitude.'

But I didn't mince matters with his donship.

'I don't want you or your men,' said I; 'but if you've made up your minds to accompany me, you must do it, for I've neither the time nor soldiers to engage in a little civil war on behalf of my principles.'

That was fine speech for fine speech, anyway. I can't say, though, that he relished my plain speaking. Egad! I could have given him more still of the rough side of my tongue if I had thought it wise, for I didn't like his rushing so considerable a red herring right across my path. The more I pondered it as we groped along in the dust the less I liked it. For the French were often as keen in a chase as ourselves, and so far at least, as fortunate in coming out best in the run.

Well, that morning, getting on for noon, we drew up for a halt in a village not more than three leagues from Arzobispo. There was no help for it; the mules were so tired after eight hours' moving that they could hardly crawl.

What a sight that village was! It was smoking when we approached it, so that it was wise to send a party of investigation ahead. They reported it empty as far as the living were concerned, but full of the newly slain; and there they were, men, women, and children, lying about in the streets and their houses: half-charred corpses with smashed heads, stabbed bodies, and severed necks!

Well, one saw too many such spectacles. After the first fury of indignation, I was absorbed by my own responsibilities. Could we get down to the bridge before those devils reappeared? And what did their presence so near Cuesta's army of nearly thirty thousand Spaniards imply?

'Sergeant Prickett,' said I to my henchman, 'you shall ride forward and entreat General Cuesta to send up a regiment or two with all speed.'

He demurred.

'I don't like leaving you with those hungry-faced niggers, sir,' he said. 'I'm sure they're up to something, Spanish though they be.'

I told him his likes and dislikes were nothing to me. He was to go, and that instantly.

Away he rode, on my own horse, too. From what I could make out, Don Marie's men were just about mad with desire to chop up every Frenchman in Spain. Their bloodshot eyes and muttered curses as they turned their murdered countrymen this way and that were not cheerful. But I couldn't see that they were any nearer playing me false than half-a-day ago.

In less than an hour my shock came, however.

Sergeant Prickett galloped back in a horrible

condition. His right arm was shot off except for a strip of skin at the shoulder; and he clattered into my small camp the colour of a white dog-rose, holding that useless arm up by his teeth. We caught him as he fell from my good Diamond. The stallion's sides were bloody with the spur, and it dropped foam in handfuls.

'Save yourselves, sir,' whispered Prickett. 'Five hundred of them—coming—with artillery! I—they saw me—three miles away, and'—

He choked with his own blood, and died, poor lad!

That was bad enough. But worse followed. Don Marie had to be told what it all meant, and he swelled out as if he were the intruding King of Spain, and passed on the news to his rabid throng with a garnish that I was too busy with my own plans to pay any heed to. I was for drawing off into the mountains to the west with all speed.

'Not so,' said he, however. 'See here, Señor Capitano, we must break open the boxes and distribute the money. I swear by Saint'—(there were several saints)—'that my men can be trusted. The rendezvous shall be at the General's headquarters, and'—

'I dare say,' said I; and in a moment or two I had my score of Rifles round me.

Don Marie's inflamed face buzzed away. But suddenly, hang me if these ragamuffins didn't fall upon us, six or eight to each, and overpower us before we could do anything worth mentioning. About three shots were fired. As for me, I was held by the legs and arms and neck, and had no chance.

'It is for the best, señor,' said my Don soothingly.

'Curse your best,' I cried, 'and you for a traitor!'

My gentleman spread out his palms and then gave his orders to his men. Before my very eyes they broke open the boxes and stuffed their rags with the coins. Their chests puffed out like fattened chickens. There was no broiling and knifing over the plunder, contrary to my expectation. They worked with method, as if they were accustomed to play the brigand every day of the week.

You may guess my feelings, and those of my Rifles. So wild was I that I tore free of my captors and got in some hammering blows with my fists. I suppose this was more than they bargained for; anyway, one of them knocked me down with a pike, and there I lay, listening by-and-by to the rattle of musket-shots and the shouts of a fight in which, for my folly, I was denied a part. I lay comfortable enough, with my head on a pillow and a screen between me and the sun. They took that care of me. But I could not move. I could see and hear, but I had no will-power left in me.

I was still lying thus when, with fierce yells, a swarm of Don Marie's men came into the village plaza with a number of prisoners. Some were half-dead. These they dragged anyhow, by the leg or the arms. Others had the set look on their faces which told that they guessed their fate. There were yet others whose heads alone came into the village.

The Spaniards held them by an ear or a long moustache, and they dripped blood as they swung.

It mystified me faintly.

Then Don Marie stooped over me, begged my pardon, even kissed my hand, and left me still more mystified. He wrote something on a paper, and pinned this to my coat.

I tried again to move and speak, but could do nothing but stare. Where were my Rifles? And even while I wondered they followed the mob, with smoking muzzles and the battle-look in their eyes.

'We've beat 'em off, sir!' cried a man in my ear.

They gathered round me and talked in whispers.

Then there was a loud quarrel between them and Don Marie, and yet again the Rifles were overpowered and held while the performance went forward which had roused the ire of my men. I saw glimpses of it. Frenchman after Frenchman was forced on to his knees and had his head chopped off with a butcher's axe brought from a house. The heads were all tossed into one heap on the dusty ground. That dust became red mud while I watched. That is the last I remember of the abominable scene. Probably the sight finished what consciousness still remained in me.

When I became myself again I was in the midst of Frenchmen, and a handsome dragoon was chewing his moustache-end as he stood frowning at the gory remains of so many of his countrymen.

'Can you stand, sir?' I was asked.

Faith! I could do little. They propped me up, and down I slid.

'Leave him,' said the officer, 'and get the booty forward. Quick, men!'

To my surprise—I was improving fast—the twenty mules, each with its double-pannier load as trim apparently as when it left the British camp, were led across the *plaza*. A double line of Frenchmen, muskets on shoulders, marched with the procession.

The officer addressed a few words to me ere going to the head of his men.

'You are fortunate in your advocates, monsieur!' he said. 'I don't know why I do not treat you as these Spanish cowards have treated my brave fellows; but—your own dead comrades may solve the riddle. Adieu!'

He saluted. I tried to nod him a salute in return, and away he went. I saw them all mount and clear off—four or five hundred of them, fine fellows in their way. And then I noticed my Rifles scattered about, as still as the other dead bodies in this awful village. And, faith! once more I suppose my brain sickened at the sight, and the shock this time of seeing the dollars carried away by the enemy right under my nose.

When next I was something like myself, I was being jolted in a light cart rapidly. I could hear the rush of water, the din of a camp and voices.

'Stop!' I made effort to cry.

But it was a weak cry, and there was no stopping until I was brought right up to the Duke of Albuquerque's quarters in Arzobispo, and the Duke himself, one of Spain's best soldiers, gave me a hand to help me up. Then the doctors soon did wonders with me.

And here, if Don Marie didn't come to me with an honest and gladsome grin, and, in the Duke's presence, with his permission, tell me what there was to tell.

He and his men had brought in the dollars safely, with mere dribbles of a deficiency: they were already in Cuesta's keeping; and the acknowledgment was at my disposal.

'Thank God, señor,' said this unscrupulous patriot, 'the French paid respect to my written assurance that you had no part in the mutilation of their men—well deserved though it was!'

I stammered my doubts. How could the dollars—that is, though I had seen the raiding of them—what about the laden mules which I had also seen marched off by the contented Frenchmen?

This, too, Don Marie explained. The Duke turned away as if the explanation disgusted him. It disgusted me also, though in the circumstances less than it might have done. The Spaniards had packed the boxes with severed French heads and hands, and carefully banded them again. And this was the plunder I had seen carried away with such parade.

Faith! I could only rejoice that they hadn't thought well to examine their spoil ere they left that blood-stained little village.

THIRTY YEARS OF FIRST NIGHTS.

By W. MOY THOMAS.



LOOKING back upon a career of rather more than thirty years of first nights at the play, in the capacity of dramatic critic of a London daily paper, I am struck, above all, with the enormous growth during that period of the public interest in the drama and the stage. In 1868, when it first became my duty to chronicle and comment upon the productions of our theatres, the theatrical world was recovering

very slowly from the influences of that dramatic monopoly which was supposed to afford to the drama and the stage a much-needed encouragement, but which in truth had been mainly instrumental in sinking the fortunes of our playhouses to the lowest ebb. In these playgoing days it is not easy to realise the fact that within the memory of many of us the privilege of being allowed to perform what was called 'the legitimate drama' was by law still confined to two playhouses—Drury Lane and

Covent Garden—under the patents granted by King Charles II. in perpetuity to Thomas Killigrew and Sir William Davenant. A few encroachments, it is true, had been made upon this preposterous exercise of royal favour, but only under limitations which deprived them of the greater part of their value. Thus 'the little theatre in the Haymarket,' as it was called, was licensed for certain performances not of the higher kind, but only from the 15th of June to the 15th of October—that is to say, for the worst time for business in the theatrical calendar. In like manner, the Lyceum was not merely confined to musical pieces and 'ballets of action,' but sternly commanded to keep its doors closed from the 6th of October to the 5th of June in every year. Madame Vestris succeeded in getting a license for the now vanished Olympic, extending, as a favour (she was, as most people know, a fascinating person, with great powers of persuasion), from Michaelmas to Easter; but she was strictly enjoined not to trespass upon the domain of her two pampered neighbours, but to confine herself exclusively to 'music, dancing, burlettas, spectacle, pantomime, and horsemanship,' save only by occasional special license. The Adelphi had contrived to get a license under similar oppressive restrictions. The natural effect of the patent monopoly—at least in the favoured houses—was to foster indolence and lack of enterprise. The higher drama was practically extinct, and for a long period Shakespeare had been banished to the suburban or 'minor houses,' as they were called, where the plays of our great national poet were presented only in a grievously mutilated form and associated with trivial musical interpolations which were supposed to bring them within the definition of musical pieces, and thus enable the managers to evade the law.

As is well known, it was the Theatres Act of 1843 that put an end to the monopoly of the patent theatres; but the drama still suffered from lack of wholesome rivalry. Licensed houses were, it is true, no longer commanded to shut their doors during the best months of the year, nor were they any longer forbidden to cultivate 'the legitimate drama,' but unfortunately they were still in great degree protected against competition by the difficulty of obtaining a license for a new theatre—above all, for a new theatre in the West End. The practical working of this restraint upon theatrical enterprise is sufficiently shown by the fact that for more than twenty years after the passing of the Act which was supposed to have emancipated the drama from its long bondage, not a single addition was made to the list of West End playhouses. The number was then just ten, which—with the single exception of the Princess', opened in 1840—was the number existing at the close of the reign of King William IV. The number is now thirty, without reckoning the 'variety houses,' and taking, of course, no count of the new theatres which have sprung up of late at so prodigious a pace in the suburbs and on the outer fringes of the town,

though these are as a rule handsome and commodious houses, many of which will bear favourable comparison with some of their West End rivals.

It was the Report of the Parliamentary Committee on Theatres, issued towards the close of 1866, that gave the signal for the break up of this unjust and injurious system. Subject only to certain conditions in the interests of decency and the public safety and convenience, it was declared that in future licenses should be granted without reference to any question of competition with other establishments. The effect of the adoption of this new principle was speedily seen in the opening of the Holborn Theatre (October 1866), the Holborn Amphitheatre (May 1867), the Queen's Theatre (October 1867), the Globe (November 1868), and the Gaiety (December 1868). The first four of these houses have already disappeared, but certainly not through any slackening in theatrical enterprise, as is indicated by the fact that theatre-rents are at this moment higher than they were thirty years ago; and, as an inevitable result, still more new theatres are in contemplation or in course of construction in various parts of the town. In brief, since the establishment of practical free-trade in theatre-building, the theatrical world has awakened—not, indeed, with the startling suddenness of the sleepers in Tennyson's enchanted palace, but still at a pace which marks a steady and substantial progress.

Doubtless the multiplication of theatres has not made actors and actresses of great and original powers 'plenty as blackberries.' Bettertons and Garricks, Siddonses and O'Neills, Keans and Irvings, are and always will be scarce; but, while it is certain that the general level of acting has improved, it is equally unquestionable that we have at this time a larger number than ever of actors and actresses who rise above mediocrity and may claim to stand in the foremost ranks of their profession. In the matter of scenic illustration our theatres have now nothing to learn from their foreign neighbours. But it is in judicious and careful stage-management that the change which has come over the spirit of our stage in the last thirty or forty years has been most observable. 'The Adelphi Guest'—scornfully so called by Mr W. S. Gilbert—with his white cotton gloves and his ill-fitting dress-coat, has long become a mere tradition of the days when the subordinate personages of a play were not deemed worthy of the stage-manager's or the costumier's attention. For that we are mainly indebted to the reforming zeal and taste of Lady Bancroft, better known in the middle-aged playgoer's early days as Miss Marie Wilton. That lady's memorable management of the little theatre in the unfashionable locality of Tottenham Court Road, which came to be widely known as the Prince of Wales's, is the true starting-point in the recent history of our stage and the revival of public interest in the acted drama. It preceded only by some months the publication of the report on the

theatres and the final breakdown of the theatrical monopoly—which must, nevertheless, have seemed at that time pretty firmly established, or that energetic lady would hardly have been content to try her interesting experiment in the fallen and wretched little playhouse then known as the Queen's, but more generally referred to by the nickname of 'The Dust-hole.' That this obscure house—cleaned, redecorated, and as far as practicable improved—speedily became, in spite of its evil repute and its mean surroundings, one of the most prosperous and even one of the most fashionable of London theatres is known to all.

In estimating the value of Lady Bancroft's influence on the stage of her time it should be borne in mind that her little theatre became a sort of nursery for managers, not a few performers who served from time to time under her banner having afterwards seceded from the famous house to enter into management on their own account. Among these were Mr Hare, Mr H. J. Montague, Mr Arthur Cecil, and Mr and Mrs Kendal. Lady Bancroft was, moreover, the first to make the discovery that we had among us, in the person of the late Mr Robertson, a writer who—if his comedies have suffered some eclipse in these later times—was undoubtedly a dramatist of original powers. The first of the series of Robertsonian comedies was *Society*, which, after a preliminary trial at Liverpool, was brought out at the Prince of Wales's in December 1865.

A further token that dramatic literature was beginning to feel the effects of the emancipation of the theatres was the production of Mr Albery's comedy *Two Roses*, in June 1870, at the Vaudeville. This was an entirely original play, full of excellent character-sketches, in one of which—that is, the pompous egotist Digby Grant—Henry Irving first attracted the attention of the public. It is also to be noted that it was admirably acted, and put upon the stage with an attention to details which was significant of the theatrical renaissance. *Two Roses* was followed by Mr H. J. Byron's *Our Boys*, an original comedy which was produced, in October 1875, also at the Vaudeville—then one of the latest of the new theatres—where it held its place in the bill for the prodigious period of three years. Original in a still more absolute sense are Mr W. S. Gilbert's comic operas, which—with the exception of that brilliant little classic of the stage, *Trial by Jury*—were produced at the Opera Comique and the Savoy, both houses that owed their existence to the relaxation of the rule, or at least the practice, of the Lord Chamberlain's office forbidding new theatres. In the happy blend of wit and humour, satire and paradox, which seemed to bring fresh inspiration to the musical genius of Sir Arthur Sullivan, and which has contributed so much to the amusement of the playgoing public, Mr Gilbert may claim to have created a novel form of dramatic entertainment.

But I have not taken pen in hand to sketch, within my narrow limits, the recent history of the

stage and the drama, or to discuss the burning question of State or municipal playhouses; but only to note a few salient facts tending to illustrate the invigorating effects of that larger measure of liberty which is enjoyed by the stage in these times.

The multiplication of theatres, and particularly of theatres of the higher class that appeal to the tastes of the educated public, has manifestly imparted a great impetus to theatrical enterprise. It has not brought to light a new Shakespeare, but it has shown itself eager to extend a cordial welcome even to the poetical drama, which but lately had become in the mouths of our managers a mockery and a byword; and whereas, in the old sleepy days which many of us can well remember, the acting-drama consisted almost entirely of adaptations of plays stolen from the French, we have now a considerable number of native dramatists who are not afraid to trust to their own invention, and have achieved many notable successes. As a natural consequence, first nights at the play, which thirty years since attracted little or no attention, have become decidedly fashionable, and secured places for an important *première* are now as difficult to procure here as they always have been in Paris. Not less significant of the reawakened interest in the stage is the gathering on these occasions at pit and gallery entrances of numbers of earnest playgoers, who are on these occasions content to pass weary hours often standing on cold, damp pavements patiently awaiting the opening of the doors. We have now, as is well known, Playgoers' Clubs and other like associations whose members pride themselves upon these exhibitions of hardihood and enthusiasm, and many of their faces in the forward rows of gallery and pit are familiar to the privileged holders of numbered seats.

In drawing attention to the influences of the multiplication of theatres on the drama and the stage, I must not overlook the great importance of the fact that the new theatres in the West End of London are, without exception, houses of moderate size. In the old days of the patent houses and theatrical monopoly there was a constant temptation to enlarge theatres from time to time, and when they were destroyed by fire, to rebuild them larger than ever. Hence it became more difficult for the spectators in the dress-circle, then known as the boxes, to judge the merits of a performer. The bolder and coarser strokes of the actor's art, his exaggerated gestures and still more exaggerated declamatory tones, in which the vast size of the patent houses tempted our actors and actresses to indulge, were admired because they could at least be seen or heard. Edmund Kean did, indeed, in giving his evidence before the parliamentary committee of 1832, declare that he preferred 'a large stage;' but that was probably only a prejudice derived from habit. It was certainly not shared by the critics of his time, who, as is well known, were content to battle for a place in the foremost rows of the pit. The 'critical pit' is an expression

often met with in notices of first-night performances in Kean's days; and the reason was that it was only in the pit that the professional critics could satisfactorily discharge their duties. This explains Kean's well-remembered exclamation, 'The pit rose at me.' Hazlitt was emphatic on the importance of witnessing a performance from the pit. 'We saw,' he says in one of his criticisms in the *Examiner*, 'Mr Kean's Sir Giles Overreach on Friday night from the boxes at Drury Lane Theatre, and are not surprised at the incredulity as to this great actor's powers entertained by those persons who have only seen him from that elevated sphere. We do not hesitate to say that those who have only seen him at that distance have not seen him at all. The expression of his face is quite lost, and only the harsh and grating tones of his voice produce their full effect upon the ear.' In fact, the best judges of the stage then, as now, valued the fleeting shades of expression, the subtle inflections of the voice, the delicate yet suggestive details of byplay and illustrative action; and it was not the least damaging count in the indictment of the ever-enlarging patent houses that these merits could only be appreciated in the pit, and only there in the foremost rows. Covent Garden, having long been devoted to grand opera, is now out of the reckoning; and Drury Lane has long been given up to pantomime and dramas in which spectacle and scenic displays that demand a large stage are the chief attraction.

The decline of the pit in these latter days is one of the least foreseen results of the revival of play-going; but from the moment that the fashionable world returned to its old interest in the stage with a redoubled zest, it was manifest that the coveted front rows of the pits would sooner or later be parted off and provided with numbered seats for their convenience. Equally natural was it that these seats, henceforth to be known as 'stalls,' should command higher prices. The movement was gradual. Rather more than fifty years ago most London theatres of the higher kind had begun to fence off a few rows nearest to the orchestra. At the Prince of Wales's, under the Bancroft management, the original price of a stall was six shillings. As the patronage increased it was raised to ten shillings. Subsequently the price settled down at half-a-guinea. At that price it still remained; but there were lately rumours that Mr George Edwardes

is contemplating raising the price in the theatres under his direction to twelve shillings and sixpence, which would constitute what the sporting world would call 'a record.' Meanwhile the poor 'pitties' have been rather hardly used. Many theatres have a system of expanding and contracting the stall-space according to the large or small demand for stalls, so that the unlucky visitor to the pit may find the rows of pit-seats not only suddenly diminished in number, but thrust back under the shadow of the dress-circle. The playgoing public have not forgotten the disturbances at the Haymarket on the first night of the Bancroft management of that house (January 31, 1880) *à propos* of the total disappearance of the pit. When Mr Bancroft presented himself before the footlights to state his views he was met with loud cries of 'Where is the pit?' 'You were told,' said Mr Bancroft, 'that the pit at the Haymarket is abolished.' 'That,' replied one of the malcontents, 'is what we didn't want to be told.' For more than half-an-hour the uproar continued, rendering it impossible to proceed with the first act of Lord Lytton's *Money*, on which the curtain had already risen. The disturbance has been compared to the famous O.P. riots at Covent Garden in 1809; but circumstances were greatly changed since then, and Mr Bancroft's plea that he had no patent, monopoly, or subsidy of any kind, and must therefore in fairness be allowed to conduct his theatre in his own way, was unanswerable. The Haymarket disturbances *à propos* of the vanished pit had, however, at least a superficial appearance of precedent. This is more than can be said for the purely modern and wholly inexcusable practice of 'author-baiting' as a mode of punishing a dramatist who has failed to amuse his audience on a first night. The sport consists of shouting for the author as if desirous of complimenting him on a success, and then overwhelming him with a storm of groans and hisses. This is, of course, a very different thing from the ancient practice of 'damning.' Many can remember when it used to be said that this mode of passing judgment upon a bad play was practically extinct—which, if not true, was not far short of the truth. Better author-baiting fun—which, after all, playwrights can escape by making it a rule, as some of our best living dramatists do, not to respond to shouts of 'Author'—than the contemptuous apathy of the old dark days of theatrical monopoly.

ANIMALS IN TOWNS.



ANITATION has made much progress in our great cities during recent years; but the fact has not been generally recognised by the public that the more congested the centres of population become the more necessary it is that all the dispensable denizens in our midst should be eliminated—namely, the

dumb animals that are not amenable to the sanitary laws that regulate human population. Much of the sanitary work done has been of great utility; though some of it has been the cause of more irritation than immunity from danger.

It has been calculated that the number of horses in London alone amounts to two hundred thousand. This may practically be taken as equal to half a

million human adults, so far as contamination of the atmosphere is concerned. The necessity for these animals was, no doubt, until lately undeniable; but the rapid increase of motor vehicles and the cheapening and improvement of mechanical means of transit ought at once to throw a large number of horses out of work, and relieve the town of a source of pollution. The fact that Berlin has already done this, so far as omnibuses and trams are concerned, ought to be sufficient inducement for other cities and towns to follow the example once they appreciate its importance. That London is at one stroke dispensing with nine hundred bus-horses shows that it is awakening. Very many of our horses, although not requiring the attention of the veterinary surgeon, are in a state of health directly injurious to the community. We have not yet settled satisfactorily whether such animals can communicate certain diseases to humanity, such as phthisis; but we do know that many persons have died of glanders so communicated, and the balance of proof in the communication of other diseases seems to lie in the affirmative. Such a case was recently reported from Westminster, the result, it is supposed, of eating fruit stored in a disused stable. In any event, the diseased condition of animals is most unwholesome to those living near them or who come under the influence of their surroundings. But this is not the only insanitary source. When we consider that last year fifty million gallons of water were used in washing the streets, and yet nearly eighty thousand loads of refuse were carted away, we may be sure that animals must have contributed largely to this result. On Sundays, when the streets are not receiving the same attention as on week-days, the foul odour arising from some of our most-frequented thoroughfares is such as to annoy the strong-lunged and healthy, and to drive the more sensitive and delicate from the neighbourhood. During the week it is only less pronounced, but not less real.

Happily, the cows kept in London have steadily decreased in number, which is stated at four thousand, according to the latest authority. These, of necessity, are kept confined, and are therefore very liable to disease; and, while developed phthisis is noted and dealt with as quickly as possible, the low tone of the animals' general health is anything but desirable in the midst of a congested community. The readiness with which milk can be conveyed from the outlying farms, and the care exercised in its distribution, should render intra-urban cattle a superfluity to be got rid of as soon as possible. We require all our city air, such as it is, for human consumption, and our own human derelicts are sufficiently numerous and low in the scale to compel us to eliminate all unnecessary risks.

A much more difficult and delicate question, and one at the same time probably more serious, is the plethora of dogs and cats in our great cities, mainly living under most unnatural conditions, and with greater opportunities of spreading disease than their larger and more manageable confrères. The number

of these must be legion in London, but a computation seems an impossibility. However, as one dog's home destroys fifty mangy and useless curs per day, some idea of the multitude remaining dawns on us. Probably more unwholesome, sickly, and dangerous dogs are to be found in the houses of the rich and prosperous than among the poor. Indeed, one seldom sees a dog in such houses that is not overfed and under-exercised, the sickly sentiment attaching to them doing more honour to the hearts than the heads of those concerned. After free access to the sick, they may next appear in the drawing-room or at table with their owners; or they hold intimate and friendly intercourse with a neighbour, are equally friendly with their master or mistress, and in still more dangerously affectionate terms with the children. That a dog is naturally a beast of carrion does not yet seem to have dawned upon the minds even of the cultivated, and all of us have seen pets pass at once from dangerous putridity to the friendly, not to say intimate, embraces of young and old alike. While cats are of unquestionable value in restraining the increase of vermin in our, as yet, badly organised, ill-constructed houses, they ought to be kept under greater control as a serious cause of the spread of contagious diseases. They have long been blamed for the dissemination of measles; and the manners and customs of the dexterous and subtle felines are such as to enable them to glide from sick-bed to kitchen, keeping up a show of affectionate devotion to the cook and to the mistress, and fawning equally upon the rude *bête noir* of the family and upon his fevered and tossing sister. It appears to us that so long as cats receive or take the extreme liberty vouchsafed to confident and graceful subtlety and dexterity, all our regulations against contagion must practically remain a dead letter. With less judgment, they have equal liberty with a non-disinfected medico or sanitary official! It is reported that an epidemic of diphtheria spread by cats has broken out in New York State, in the town of Oneida.

The extreme danger of rats has been brought of late prominently before the public owing to their connection with the bubonic plague, and the great difficulty of preventing their migration whither they will. This rodent—that declines to be crushed by civilisation, and meets new conditions with ever-increasing intelligence, stimulated (like humanity, on whose skirts it hangs) by increasing difficulty in obtaining a livelihood—is in legions in our midst. The terribly dangerous plague of rats in London recently was merely the outward expression of a great unknown quantity; it was the rude reminder of a great hidden danger neither fully expressed nor understood. In some districts they have become a veritable terror to the population, so numerous and savage are they with hunger. Yet this is not the real, vital danger. Always living amid disease-haunted conditions, they carry infection everywhere. The wheat and other common food of the people in the London docks are covered with rude evidences

of the presence of these sewer-dwellers, and some of these foods, such as pulse, are sold partially devoured by rats. The direct monetary loss, quite enormous as that is, conveys little idea of the mischief done. A few houses pulled down for improvements reveal thousands of rats infuriated at the loss of their homes, in which they evidently consider they have a vested interest. The poor driven out of the slums are docile compared with them. They must fight fiercely with the owners of neighbouring settlements for a footing. Recruits are constantly arriving at the docks throughout the kingdom from all lands. Like human aliens, they may lower the standard of living, but are introducing greater ferocity and not less intelligence. The absence of the rat-pits has abolished the rat-catcher's profession to some extent, and there is not the same stimulus to their destruction; as in the ease of the non-utilisation of the dogfish in recent times. Rat-catching in cities must be stimulated, or the plague may be always with us. They are undoubtedly more than a nuisance; they are a serious danger. For their destruction cats and dogs have been proved useless, poison dangerous, traps a fallacy; human ingenuity and improved contrivances are wanted to meet rat-intelligence. The clearing out of horses and cows would be a help, as rats are their constant poor relations; and the enforcement of sound construction of house-foundations ought to follow. In any case, we ought to wage war against these diseased and disease-conveying sons of Belial that love the darkness and pass with equanimity from sewage to food and from

filth to finery. Rats are a relic of the rude old times when sanitation was undreamt of, when they occupied the position of the horrid buzzards of Southern climes that take the place of the modern scavenger. The same may almost be said of some other creatures higher in the scale, and only a minimum of well-ordered cats and dogs should be permitted in any self-respecting community.

The evolution of the modern city as a well-ordered, well-organised, and well-devised congregation of humanity is apparently a very slow process; but it seems surprising that great communities should continue to tolerate pollution by great animals and small, the more important incapable of acquiring the first rudiments of sanitary education and outside the pale of sanitary laws. Vested interests and sentiment have prevented our sanitarians from directing their attention to this most important reform. We need hardly refer to the lower forms of life stimulated by the presence of these animals, and to the fact that what helps to fill the butchers' shops with large blue flies are the stables and byres. These and other only too familiar creatures coming also directly from wholly or semi-putrid and diseased conditions are a direct and constant danger to the community, only the more dangerous because they are so little regarded and because they especially frequent food. Our sanitary specialists, instead of seeking the *motes* of innocent enough microbes under comparatively safe conditions, would do a greater service to congested towns and cities by attacking the *beams* so clearly visible—our animals in towns.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE OCTOPUS.



HE octopus is such a peculiarly repulsive-looking creature that it would not seem calculated to appeal as an article of food even to a hungry man; but the Italians have no prejudice against the fish, and they eat it without question. In a consular report on the trade of Southern Italy for 1902, an interesting account is given of the method of capturing the octopus in the Mediterranean. At the end of a long bamboo-pole is hung a line baited with a piece of red rag; and this, dangled in front of the rocky hiding-places of the octopus, is sufficient to tempt him from his lair. In his efforts to get near the bait the creature is enticed towards the boat, in which the fisherman awaits him armed with a trident, and at the right moment the octopus is impaled on its spikes. At night a bright light is used to attract the prey, and this in past times would take the form of an iron cradle full of resinous pine, which was carried at the head of the boat. But science has stepped in, and the fisher-

men now employ an acetylene lamp, which seems to be as attractive to the octopus as a red rag. Unusually large catches have been made since this form of light was adopted; and, although its pioneers tried to keep it secret, they did not succeed in doing so, and now so many octopods are being caught that the Consul-General is of opinion that the coast will be overfished. That, however, is not likely to be the case, for the octopus comes of a very prolific race.

EDIBLE FUNGI.

Much has been written on the subject of edible fungi, and there is a general belief that, although the common mushroom is the only marketable kind, many others represent valuable food-stuffs if one only had the means of telling a harmless growth from that which is poisonous. Unfortunately Dr M. C. Cooke's recent lecture on the subject of edible fungi at the Royal Horticultural Exhibition at Westminster does not throw much light upon the matter. In answer to questions addressed to him by different members of his audience, he had to confess that there was no royal road to this

branch of knowledge. In some country districts the belief is common that a silver spoon is blackened by contact with a cooked fungus which happens to be poisonous. Another still more widely prevalent belief is that a mushroom is of the edible kind if it peels freely. Both tests are fallacious, says Dr Cooke. Poisonous fungi peel just as readily as those which are good to eat; and as to the silver-spoon test, he does not believe in it. All mushrooms should be cooked as soon as possible after being gathered, as certain detrimental changes very quickly set in. A person who may eat mushrooms with impunity at one time will find that they will disagree with him at another, so much does the bodily condition of the consumer regulate the after-effects of eating the fungi. The great fuzz-ball was named among the edible fungi; but a member of the audience said that when being cooked this fungus 'gave forth some very pronounced fumes, so much so that on one occasion three of his servants were asphyxiated by them.' One can hardly imagine that a dish which would have this startling effect could be a desirable one.

THE MOSQUITO PLAGUE.

Since it was conclusively proved, chiefly by the exertions of Major Ross, that malarial-fever was spread by the mosquito, efforts have been made in many places to destroy the breeding-haunts of these pests. Nowhere has success been more marked than at Ismailia, the low-lying town which the French founded when they dug the Suez Canal. The marshy pools which surrounded the place have been filled up, for it was here that the dreaded insect reared its larvæ, and the result has been an immediate drop in the number of malaria-fever cases. For the first six months of the present year the hospital returns give three cases, as against fifty-two in the same period of last year, while all the known cases of fever had declined from five hundred and sixty-nine to seventy-two. The scientific correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, to whom we are indebted for these figures, suggests that the name malarial-fever should be changed to mosquito-fever. But we think that, as yellow-fever and possibly other ailments are due to inoculation by the same species of insect, the change might lead to confusion.

COMFORT FOR THE SMOKER.

There have been many tirades against the smoking of tobacco; but the habit still persists, and is likely to do so in spite of its detractors. A well-known French physician, Dr Caze, has given it as his opinion that the habit is not injurious provided that it is not carried to excess and that certain rules are rigidly adhered to. If cigars are smoked, they should be of mild and good quality, and when half a cigar has been consumed the rest should be thrown away. In like manner a cigarette should never be smoked to the end, and neither cigar nor cigarette should be lighted a second time; if it goes out it must be rejected. The tobaccoist (whose

trade will greatly benefit) and street loafers (who are always on the lookout for cigar-stumps) will regard these regulations with satisfaction; but smokers will be inclined to rebel against them. Dr Caze advises also that no one should remain for long in a smoke-laden atmosphere, that the end of a cigar or cigarette should never be chewed, and that both should be used with a holder containing a plug of cotton-wool to absorb the nicotine. For the same reason a pipe should have a long stem, and preferably should include a water-vessel, like the Turkish narghile. Dr Frenkel, as a result of certain investigations, has stated to the Vienna Academy of Sciences that the aroma of tobacco and its effect upon the system are not due, as is commonly supposed, to nicotine, but to another alkaloid. He has been able to separate this from various kinds of tobacco in the shape of 'a yellow-looking salt' of highly volatile properties. He believes that smoking may be freed of some of its evil properties by the extraction of this salt.

MACHINE-MADE SCULPTURE.

The first stage in the making of a bust, figure, or group in marble is to make a clay model, which when complete is handed over to a skilled artisan, who, by mechanical means, reproduces the original in the more enduring material, leaving the sculptor to give life to the 'conscious stone.' The artisan in this operation of 'pointing,' as it is called, drills a series of holes of measured depth in the marble, and afterwards cuts down to these little pits, and thus gives the marble form. Many attempts have been made to do this preliminary work by machine, but until now without success. An Italian ex-naval officer, after many years' work, has at length produced a machine which seems to answer all requirements, and which will do in one day the work that would occupy the sculptor's assistant for a couple of months. The representative of a London paper who recently saw this machine at work describes how the Italian in charge guided a rod backwards and forwards over the inequalities of a plaster cast, while a couple of drills protruding from the machine a few feet away executed the same movements on two blocks of marble, cutting the material rapidly away, a jet of water playing on the point of each drill. There is nothing new in the principle of this machine, which is simply an adaptation of the familiar pantagraph invented by Christopher Scheiner three hundred years ago. A wood-carving machine of similar type was shown, if we remember rightly, at the London International Exhibition of 1862. There were no doubt many difficulties to be surmounted before the principle could be applied to such a material as marble.

SLEEPING SICKNESS.

There is ground for the conjecture that the obscure tropical disease known as sleeping sickness may also find its mode of transmission in the bite of an insect. Two commissions have been sent out to Uganda to

investigate this disease; and from a progress report from the latter of these much interesting and valuable information may be gleaned. It was established by Dr Castellani, who was the bacteriologist attached to last year's commission, that sufferers from the disease exhibited a minute parasite of the blood, visible only under the microscope. This year's expedition has made more elaborate arrangements for the examination of patients, and in every case Dr Castellani's conclusions were corroborated. The next question to be decided was to find out how the parasite entered the human body; and, with the knowledge that the mosquito was responsible for malaria, suspicion fell upon the tsetse fly as the carrier of the unwelcome guest. Native chiefs and missionaries have been enlisted in the work of collecting specimens of the insect and obtaining information about it, and enough has already been done to show that the disease is prevalent in districts where the fly is common. Monographs on the mosquito and the tsetse fly have recently been published by the trustees of the British Museum, and those who are interested in tracing the history of a very remarkable discovery should read them. These volumes are of special value to medical men.

SHAM SUGAR.

Dr T. W. Blake, of Bournemouth, describes in a letter to the *Times* how, owing to the continuous rainfall, he had been obliged to feed his bees. He thereupon gave them the food which, as an old bee-keeper, he knew they liked best—that is, cane sugar, which the grocer from whom he purchased it called Demerara. He was astonished to find that the sagacious insects turned this food out of the hive, and was also surprised to see that the rain-water did not cause the amber-coloured crystals to dissolve; he also noted that there were three hundred dead and dying bees lying on a board under the entrance to the hive. Tests showed that the stuff supplied to the bees was metallic-dressed sugar imported from abroad, chiefly Germany, which Dr Blake describes as 'sham sugar,' treated and coloured for the market with chloride of tin. He has no doubt that this deleterious stuff has killed more babies than bees, especially in poor homes, where it is used with their gruel as a cheap substitute for milk. He blames the Government and those in legal authority for not taking such action as will put a stop to this pernicious trade in sham sugar.

CALIFORNIAN REDWOOD.

It frequently happens in London, and possibly in other cities, that in the course of street excavations water-pipes made of wood are disinterred, a relic of bygone days. It would seem impossible that such a use for wood could be revived in these days; but this has really occurred at the works of the Niagara Falls Power Company. An extremely hard kind of redwood peculiar to California has been found to be more suitable for making conduits for rapidly flowing water than is the hardest steel. Grains of sand

and other mineral particles quickly corrode the best steel, and after a short time the metal has to be replaced; but in pipes of redwood the action of the water confers upon the surface a soft coating of soapy consistence which acts as a preservative to the deeper layers of the wood. This redwood is also in good demand for building purposes, for although it is inflammable it burns very slowly. It is also useful for cabinet-work, as it is close-grained and takes a high polish. The Californian Redwood Association, says the *Chamber of Commerce Journal*, from which our information is derived, has recently received from the United States an order for three million cubic feet of the wood.

BRIDGES.

A bridge can be designed in such a way as to be a beautiful object and a distinct addition to the picturesque features of a landscape, or it may be so constructed as to be very much the reverse. There is a continual battle going on in one part of the country or another between those with artistic ideas and those who regard only the utilitarian side of the question; and the subject of bridges is one which is a periodical bone of contention between them. The picturesque old bridge will not bear the weight of the modern traction-engine, and it has too often to be replaced by an iron girder structure of hideous appearance. Two pictures are published side by side in a recent number of *Photography*, which should serve as a note of warning to those who live in the neighbourhood of threatened structures. One is entitled, 'Dedham Bridge as it was'—a picturesque wooden erection amid charming surroundings; the other 'Dedham Bridge as it is'—a monstrosity in iron, the presence of which in 'Constable's country' is enough to make that famous painter turn in his grave. The two pictures are photographs which have been taken from exactly the same point of view, and they should serve as object-lessons to those engaged in works of restoration.

CHANGED LONDON.

Every big city is in a constant state of demolition and renovation, and these changes take place so gradually and in such a piecemeal fashion that they do not command attention. But alterations on a more extensive scale have lately been in progress in London, and the familiar Strand has been changed past recognition. In a few months' time, when unsightly gaps have been filled in with new and handsome structures, that part of the thoroughfare where the new streets are found, expanded to treble its former width and lined with trees, will delight visitors with its beauty. The hope has been expressed in many quarters that the London County Council, who have carried out these improvements so well, will take steps to prevent the new avenues from being disfigured by blatant advertisements. Local authorities in some other countries, notably Germany, are empowered to forbid any conspicuous announcement that impairs

the picturesque appearance of a public place. The London County Council were instrumental in putting a stop to sky-signs, and they would have the support of the people in checking the advertisement abuse which is already so rampant in our midst.

EARTHQUAKES.

All that relates to those terrible disturbances called earthquakes is of interest, and the report presented by Professor John Milne to the British Association on behalf of the Seismological Investigation Committee is likely to attract much attention. It is there stated that at present there are eight districts in the world from which very large earthquakes take their origin. Seven of these are in sub-oceanic troughs, five of which fringe the shores of the Pacific, and the eighth is in the Caucasian-Himalayan region. Each of these large earthquake centres has been found capable of shaking the world throughout its mass and over its entire surface, whilst the neighbouring broken-up strata have been left in an unstable condition, and have given rise to after-shocks. Earthquake movement is propagated round the world at about three kilometres and three-tenths per second, whilst that which goes through the world is variable along paths which do not exceed forty miles in depth—a depth at which rock-matter may probably become fused. It is inferred from these observations that the world has a very high rigidity. Many years ago Lord Kelvin suggested that the globe was as rigid as one of glass of equal size would be, and possibly as rigid as one of steel. Modern observation seems to endorse this view.

MATCHES WITHOUT PHOSPHORUS.

In a recent paragraph we referred to the need of a lucifer-match which should be capable of striking upon any surface, while at the same time it did not contain phosphorus in its composition, the employment of which substance has been so detrimental to workers engaged in the match industry. Messrs Bryant & May now inform us that, after a series of careful experiments, they were able some time since to dispense entirely with phosphorus in their igniting composition, although the matches made by them will readily fire on contact with any rough surface. We regret that this eminent firm did not make such an important improvement generally known, for we would gladly have given them earlier credit for thus removing the match manufacture from the list of trades which are dangerous to health.

QUICK HARVESTING.

In a year which has been singularly disastrous to farming operations generally, it is consoling to find that in one district at least a record feat in harvesting has been achieved. At Thurlby, in Lincolnshire, a field of nine acres of wheat was cut with one of those wonderful reapers which binds the corn into sheaves as it quickly mows it down. This done, the

horses were detached and employed to fetch a thrashing-machine, which the next morning was busy with the wheat, an early sample being sent immediately to Peterborough. The wheat was sold from this sample, and the same evening despatched to its destination by rail. In a season like the present, when fine days are exceptional, quick harvesting might often be the salvation of a crop, and it is as well to place on record what can be done in an emergency.

EXPORTATION OF ZEBRAS FROM BRITISH EAST AFRICA.

The completion of the Uganda Railway from Mombasa to Port Florence on the Victoria Nyanza, a distance of five hundred and eighty-four miles, enables the journey from the coast to the heart of Africa to be accomplished in a couple of days, as against three months of hard marching formerly, with baggage carried on the heads of native porters. Two steamers now ply on the Victoria Lake, while the telegraph line is open beyond to the Albert Nyanza. The fares on the railway are three-pence per mile for first-class, three-halfpence for second, and a halfpenny for third-class passengers. There are thirty-four British and thirty-six American locomotives on the line. Messrs T. Cook and Sons are to issue circular and tourist tickets for the Uganda railway and the lake. Ever since Stanley wrote his famous letter, Britain has been interested in Uganda. The Church Missionary Society has won over forty thousand natives to Christianity, while there are over ten thousand native instructors. The high-lying belt where the white man can live and thrive, three hundred miles from Mombasa, is about one hundred and sixty miles in breadth. Meanwhile a rather curious export is being developed with Germany. Dr Sturdy, a native of Edinburgh, the Government veterinary surgeon, has erected a *boma* (enclosure) of fifty acres of open grass-land at Naivasha, where he may have a hundred zebras in captivity at a time for training. A start has been made in the handling and breaking of the young animals. He was visited here by Baron Bronsart von Schellendorf, who brought down thirty zebras quite safely across a tsetse-fly-infested belt to Mombasa, for export to Germany. Karl Hagenbeck, of the great Hamburg naturalist firm, sent a man out to take charge of the zebras during the voyage. The Baron is reported to have said that the British Government had paid him a high compliment in charging him a tax on his zebras as if they had been cows. 'It is an invaluable proof that they are domesticated animals now, although they were wild six months ago.' There have been various other consignments of zebras for Germany, including one in charge of a grandson of Thomas Pringle the poet and South African pioneer. At Dar-es-Salaam the German Government intends experimenting on the zebra as a transport animal for light carts and to cross-breed with horses. Mr Richard Guenther, the American Consul-General at

Frankfort, in Germany, makes the prediction in his report to the State Department that army mules will soon be displaced by the zebrula, which is a cross between the horse and the zebra. The Consul-General says that tests in Germany show that the zebrula is superior to the mule. The zebrula is less liable to disease, is specially adapted to transport work, and is livelier than the mule. Mr Hagenbeck intends to introduce the zebrula into America. Professor Cossar Ewart has for some years made experiments in cross-breeding at Penicuik, in Midlothian. A report on the 'Zebra Domestication Experiments' appears in the *Journal of the Society of Arts* for 10th July 1903.

LIGNITE, PEAT, AND COAL-DUST FUEL.

The manufacture of fuel briquettes from coal-dust, lignite, and peat in Germany has assumed large proportions. There are now two hundred and eighty-six brown-coal briquette factories, which work up forty-four million tons of lignite annually. The outward cleanliness of Berlin and other German cities has been attributed to the general consumption of brown-coal briquettes for household and steam fuel. They are made from lignite without tar, burn with a clear, strong flame, and are practically smokeless. German lignite contains from 46 to 52 per cent. of water, and this is said to be the key to the briquetting process. The crude brown-coal is brought from the mine, crushed and pulverised, and then run through a large revolving cylinder, heated by exhaust steam from the driving-engine, working on an inclined plane so that the powdered material runs downward through the tubes by gravity and is carried into the machine-press that stamps it into briquettes. In passing through the cylinder it is dried and heated until there remains the right proportion of moisture, combined with the proper temperature to develop the latent bitumen in the lignite and make the powdered mass plastic. At the factory of Lauehammer, eighty miles south of Berlin, eight presses run by electric motor turn out from five hundred to six hundred tons of briquettes a day. The Americans are moving in the direction of utilising their lignite-beds in the Dakotas and Alabama. Mr C. Schlickeysen, of Rixdorf, near Berlin, has been a pioneer in preparing compressed peat for the market. He has now peat-compressing plant in Holland, Hungary, Switzerland, and various parts of Germany. The whole plant for reducing the peat to pulp and afterwards compressing it is set up on the edge of the moor to be worked, and moved as required. A recent improvement is an excavating machine for digging peat. Martin Ziegler, a chemical engineer of high reputation, has patented a method of carbonising peat in closed ovens, heated by burning under them the gases generated by the cooking process itself. The only fuel needed is that for heating the oven for the first charge. The off-heat from the retort-furnaces passes in and heats the drying-chambers in which

the raw, wet peat is being prepared. The peat-coke is highly valued for foundry and smelting purposes. At Redkino, in Russia, this process is in successful operation. In connection with the making of coal-dust briquettes, W. Johnson & Sons, Leeds, makers of briquette machinery, have a 'binder' for briquettes, invented by Mr Cory, which, when used with Cardiff coal, produces briquettes which are almost smokeless. The Scottish Peat Industries (Limited), Racks, Dumfries, have erected works for the manufacture of peat briquettes and peat-and-coal briquettes, and these are now in operation. It is intended to erect a special gas-producing plant at these works, with gas-engines and dynamos to demonstrate the production of electric light and power from peat, as the gas-engines will be driven with the peat-gas. An ammonia-recovery plant is to be added, so that this valuable by-product—in which peat is so rich—will be recovered in the process of manufacturing the gas. There are other valuable products besides peat briquettes produced by the Scottish Peat Industries, such as prepared peat for packing fruits, coarse and fine granulated peat, and peat and blood for manure. The success of this new undertaking will be of immense interest and importance to Scotland, where there are such large areas of peat, especially in the Highlands.

RELICS OF THE SPANISH ARMADA.

Considerable interest has been evinced in relics of the Spanish Armada recovered in Tobermory Bay, which, by permission of the Duke of Argyll, have been exhibited in Glasgow. Amongst the articles recovered were old timber, warped iron-work, stone and iron cannon-balls, human bones and skulls, and silver coins of King Philip II. There was also a bronze breech-loading gun four and a half feet in length, one of the fifty-six carried by the *Florencia*, which was blown up at Tobermory in August 1588. It is now in the Glasgow Art Galleries. The tradition is that the vessel had fifty-six guns on board and thirty millions of money. The money has never been recovered to any extent, although since 1641, when the Marquis of Argyll obtained a gift of the vessel, various cannons and some gold and silver coin have been recovered from time to time. It seems likely that through a syndicate a more thorough search will be made next year. The gun in the Glasgow Art Gallery is still in such a condition that, although it lay in twelve fathoms of water for more than three centuries, the monogram of the maker, supposed to have been Benvenuto Cellini, and the date, 1563, are still visible. The ball with which the gun was loaded still remained in it. The breech-action is lifted out of the gun by a handle similar to a laundry smoothing-iron. A projection fits into the bore, and the wedge-shaped hole at the side of the gun has apparently been used to fasten the breech-block and prevent it from being forced back by the firing of the charge. When the breech-block was

removed it was found not to be solid, but to have been used as the powder-chamber. The iron bullet was found in direct contact with the powder, and in front of it were the remains of a wad of rough fibre, apparently manila oakum. The bore of the gun is one and five-eighths inches. A round hole at the end was for ramming and cleaning out the gun between the shots. This gun therefore takes its place among the earliest known breech-loading guns. The bronze of which it has been made is not affected by the water. The broken blade of a sword, a pistol, and a hook and tackle, thickly encrusted with limestone, were also on view, as well as a piece of the woodwork of the ship in a fossilised condition. At Inveraray one of the recovered guns may be seen, and another at the ruins of Dunstaffnage Castle. At Inshaig Park Hotel, Easdale, there is also a fine specimen of an old mahogany gun-carriage, which is believed to have belonged to one of the vessels of the Armada.

INFORMATION ABOUT CANADA.

For many a year hence there will be a flood of literature regarding Canada, which promises to become, as it is already in large measure to-day, the most prosperous section of the British Empire. In W. & R. Chambers's 'Nineteenth Century Series' there has been issued *Progress of Canada in the Century*, by J. Castell Hopkins; while the following books are announced for publication: *Canada in the Twentieth Century*, by A. G. Bradley; and *Through Canada in Harvest-Time: a Study of Life and Labour in the Golden West*, by James Lumsden. When one is in doubt on the subject, and wishful for authentic information, it is advisable to write to the office of the Commissioner of Emigration for Canada, 11, 12 Charing Cross, London; or to Mr J. Bruce Walker, 52 St Enoch Square, Glasgow. The delegates to the Chambers of Commerce of the Empire, in their recent tour through Canada, have been greatly impressed by the diversity and value of the country's resources and the hearty loyalty of the people to the British Crown. A *Times* correspondent believes that one of the most substantial assets that Canada has received within recent years has been the forty thousand American farmers who have crossed from the United States and have already settled under the British flag. They are reckoned as the best immigrants that Canada could possibly receive, and have more or less capital in hand, and no less valuable experience. The *Times* correspondent has one regret: that so little British capital is at present invested in the various industries that from the Atlantic to the Pacific are reaping a rich harvest without precedent in Canada.

THE ROYAL BURGH OF FORFAR.

In connection with the article 'Current Coin' in our September issue, the Editor regrets that, through inadvertence, the source of several of the Forfar stories given there was not mentioned. These

were from an excellent local history by Mr Alan Reid, F.S.A., entitled *The Royal Burgh of Forfar* (Paisley: J. & R. Parlange). The author of that volume has a reputation not only as a local historian, but also as author and editor of various collections of songs and poetry, with music, for school use. The late Bishop Creighton once remarked that all national history was at its root provincial. It might also be said that most imperial patriots have been good local patriots to start with. Hence the value of interesting and comprehensive local histories, like the present, the preparation of which has evidently been a labour of love for the author.

THE SONG-HAIRST.

Thy fields, lone Ellisland, the copious year
May crown again with harvest cheer.
Here was a harvest gathered long ago
Never another year shall know.
Thy Poet tilled his heart, and from it brought
Strong wine of passion, corn of thought.
Not Italy's vineyard, Austria's teeming plain,
May yield the world such wine, such grain;
And all the stars shall fall like frosted leaves
Ere such another bind the sheaves.

AGNES S. FALCONER.

Ready 1st December, price 1/-

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- 1st. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'
- 2nd. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.
- 3rd. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them IN FULL.
- 4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

JACK NORMAN'S LOVE AFFAIR.

By JOHN FINNEMORE, Author of *The Lover Fugitives*, &c.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

MRS HOPE was quite satisfied with her little garden-party. It had been got up at a moment's notice to introduce her brother to the little village society among which she lived, and it was going off very well. Her

brother Jack was now talking amiably to the clergyman; but his sister knew him to the fingertips, and there was a quiet smile at the corner of her lips as she assured herself that he was vexed at being interrupted in his chat with Evelyn Boyne.

'And I do not wonder at it,' was Mrs Hope's private comment. 'If Jack had not seen at a glance that Evelyn is a girl of a thousand I would never have forgiven him.'

The 'girl of a thousand' sat in a low basket-chair, her arm round Dorothy, Mrs Hope's six-year-old daughter. Her dark, sweet eyes were full of amusement as Dorothy whispered some story in her ear—a pretty, delicately pink ear which shone like a shell against her dark-brown hair. Then she glanced at her watch, stood up, and crossed over to Mrs Hope.

'I must just run home and give a look there,' she said, bending over her hostess's chair.

'You will come back, won't you?' said Mrs Hope. 'I hope it is not one of your mother's bad days.'

'Not quite that, or of course I couldn't have come,' said Evelyn, smiling; 'but it is not quite one of her best days.'

'Miss Boyne,' said little Dorothy earnestly, 'may I not go with you to be sure you do come back? You haven't talked half enough to my uncle Jack. I want you to know him ever so well, because I'm ever so fond of him. He's the dearest uncle in the world.'

'She worships her uncle Jack,' laughed Mrs Hope; 'and I'm sure he'll be quite jealous of you, Evelyn. Until Dorothy knew you she never gave a thought to any one else outside her poor old mother and her uncle.'

'Poor old mother dear,' said Dorothy, mimicking her mother's tones and hugging her like a little bear.

At this moment an elderly gentleman, with whom Dorothy was a great favourite, came up and engaged the child with a string of prosy pleasantries. Thus it happened that Evelyn slipped off alone after all. She went to the bottom of the garden, where a little wicket-gate was set in a box-hedge, and passed through. She was now in a narrow lane. She stepped swiftly along it, and had already laid her hand on a second wicket to enter her own domain when she saw a figure in the distance. It was not very clear, for a thick growth of hawthorn-bushes on either side of the way darkened the lane; but she recognised it instinctively, and paused. She watched it steadily; and as it advanced she became white to the lips, her eyes shone dark with foreboding, and her clutch tightened upon the gate.

The new-comer, a young man, his gaze bent moodily on the ground, did not raise his head until he was within half-a-dozen yards of her. Then he looked up, saw her, and started forward with an exclamation of relief.

'What luck,' he said, 'to hit upon you here! I was wondering how to get a word with you.'

'You, Dick!' said his sister. 'What brings you down without notice? And why are you coming in this way?'

'I shouldn't wonder but you can guess,' he returned, poking his stick into the bank and not meeting her eye. 'It's no good beating about the bush, Evelyn. I'm in a precious awkward fix.'

'Again, again,' said she in a low tone of deep feeling. 'Again, after the solemn promises you made me last time.'

'Yes; and I meant to keep them,' he replied. 'I give you my word I never touched a cue for months, and when I did I played for stakes not worth mentioning. But the other day I had a stroke of ill-luck; and, like a fool, I lost my head

and plunged deeper and deeper into the mud, thinking every moment that the luck would turn. I don't believe I had fair-play.'

'How much is it?' asked Evelyn, coming straight to the point.

Richard Boyne hesitated a moment. He passed his hand over his forehead and thrust his hat to the back of his head. 'Seventy pounds,' he murmured.

Evelyn gave a quick exclamation. 'Seventy pounds!' she repeated in a tone of stupefaction.

'I've got to find it somehow, or cut and run,' went on Richard sullenly. 'I've given I O U's, and they're in the hands of people who'll have the money or show me up.'

'Dick! Dick!' burst out his sister, 'will you have no mercy on us? You have been in London eighteen months, and this is the third time you have been down to beg money to pay your gambling debts. What am I to do? You know very well how matters stand with us. I can only find seventy pounds for you by drawing on our little capital. Every pound of that which goes straitens and straitens us. I do not care for myself; but suppose mother should have to suffer for your wicked folly. I cannot bear to think of it.'

The young man took two or three hasty steps away from the place, then came back.

'It shall be the last time, Evelyn,' he cried. 'I swear it shall be the last time. I'll keep as straight as a die. I'll pay you back. Upon my word I'll pay you back. I'm getting on first class at the office. I stand a good chance of promotion; but if this should come out they'd very likely cut me adrift. Old Norman is as hard as flint on a fellow who gets into a mess of this sort. And yet it's all through Jack Norman I slipped into it. He introduced me to a club he belongs to, and led me on. What is a fellow to do when the junior partner of the firm takes him up? He's bound to stick up to a man like that and follow his lead. To please a man who'll be the master some day may mean a good deal.'

'And Mr Norman led you into this difficulty?' said Evelyn slowly.

'Well, I don't owe him the money,' replied Richard; 'but he took me to the club, and turned me out of the steady track I'd been running in since that other time.'

Richard Boyne was a tall, slender young fellow, handsome too, and very like his sister, save for a weak mouth. At present he was pale and agitated, and his dark eyes, for all his twenty-one years, were full of tears. He was a type of the country lad whom the temptations of a great city overcome through folly rather than viciousness.

Evelyn stood in bitter thought. 'When must you have the money?' she said at last.

'In about a week,' replied her brother timidly; and he burst again into protestations about repayment, repentance, promises for the future. She cut him short in the midst of them.

'Understand, Dick,' she said firmly, 'I cannot do it again. This is the third and last time. I must think of mother after this. Whatever happens again, you must extricate yourself if you are foolish enough to get into further difficulties.'

He burst out once more into frantic expressions of gratitude, then looked at his watch.

'I can just catch the train,' he remarked.

'Go at once,' said his sister. 'I hope no one has seen you, or some word of your being here may come to mother's ears.'

'I hope not,' he said. 'I know I'm a brute to give you all this bother; but you may take my word for it this time, Evelyn. I'll never trouble you again!'

'I hope not,' said his sister wearily. No more words were exchanged. Richard stepped briskly away to catch his train, and Evelyn leaned upon the gate. She felt the blow cruelly. Upon her shoulders lay all the burden of the house seen among the trees at the other end of the garden. Four years ago her father had died, and her mother's health, poor before, had failed rapidly since. Mr Boyne had not been a successful man, and his family were left in straitened circumstances. Yet, with strict economy, they had managed to live on in the old place, and under Evelyn's skillful management her mother had known no diminution of the old comfort. When it came to starting Dick in life, their neighbour, Mrs Hope, had exerted her influence to get him placed in the office of her father, a wealthy London factor. This kindness had been gladly accepted by Evelyn and her mother; but Dick had not turned out well. The young man, whose character had no decided colour either good or bad at home, had shown streaks of weakness when exposed to the snares which a great city lays for the feet of raw country lads.

Evelyn leaned on the gate in great misery. She was very fond of her only brother, and the thought that he was falling into evil courses went to her heart like a dagger. And she must bear the pain alone. The faintest suspicion of such a thing must be kept most carefully from her ailing mother.

At this moment there was a rattle of a gate at some distance. She looked up and saw Dorothy bound into the lane. The child was beckoning some one. Then Jack Norman stepped into sight. The little girl caught his hand and dragged him forward; he hung back and drew her towards the gate. Neither of them could see Evelyn. A bush close at her side hid her; through its branches she could see them plainly. She glanced towards them for no more than a moment; then she turned and hurried up the garden. Nor did she return. She was in no mood to sit down and finish a gay chat with the man who had lured her only brother farther on the road to ruin. It was almost a relief to find her mother a little worse than she had left her; it enabled Evelyn to write a note of excuse to Mrs Hope.

Four days later Evelyn was walking along the lane which led to Mrs Hope's garden-gate. A matter had arisen upon which she must see her, and she wished to make the visit as short and private as possible. Evelyn slipped in at the gate and went swiftly up a path behind a tall box-hedge clipped as thin and high as a wall. Suddenly she stopped. Two voices, one high and gay, the other deep and quiet, broke on her ear. The man she wished to avoid was in the neighbourhood. Which way should she turn?

As she stood in hesitation Jack Norman stepped into her view. Directly in front of her face was a thin place in the hedge, and she saw him leisurely stride across a patch of trim sward, the smoke from his pipe curling over his shoulder, and drop into a garden-chair. Now Evelyn could go on if she were only sure of Dorothy's whereabouts; but she was not. She stood still a moment longer, for she knew that if the child caught sight of her she would be trapped without hope of escape. Jack Norman began to speak.

'What's that book you're dragging about, Dorothy?'

Dorothy stepped into sight, and Evelyn's eyes brightened as they rested upon her little favourite. The child was exquisitely beautiful, a true English, fair beauty. Not flaxen: there was not a bleached tint about her; all her colouring was rich and deep. Eyes of sweetest and darkest violet, hair a dark gold, skin radiantly clear and fair—a veritable incarnation of the loveliness of childhood.

'It's a book from which Miss Vine, my governess, has been reading a story to me,' replied Dorothy; 'but it wasn't a very nice story.'

'Not too cheerful, eh?' said Norman, settling himself in his chair and stretching his long legs comfortably before him.

'It wasn't a bit cheerful,' returned Dorothy; 'it was about a little girl who was very pretty, and she was very proud of it because everybody loved her for it. Then she had a bad illness, and went very ugly, and nobody loved her afterwards.'

'Rather a mean crew that,' commented Norman, 'to turn rusty because she lost her looks.'

'Uncle Jack, dear,' cried the little girl earnestly, 'if I was pretty, and then went ugly, would you love me just the same?'

Jack Norman threw back his handsome head, laughed, took the pipe out of his mouth, and began to sing:

'Believe me, if all those endearing young charms
That I gaze on so fondly to-day'—

Behind the hedge Evelyn thrilled through every fibre of her being. The deep baritone voice, rich with a mellow, haunting sweetness, seemed to sink into her soul. She had never heard him sing before, she had never heard that he could sing, yet it did not seem that she listened now for the first time; it seemed as if these tones of vibrant melody rang familiar to her consciousness, as if they had

been heard many and many a time in other ages, other lives, ere this.

'Thou wouldst still be beloved, as this moment thou art,
Let thy loveliness fade as it will,'

rang on the sweet, strong voice. Three yards from the singer's chair stood Dorothy, her lovely little face aglow with sheer love of the song and the singer. She stood with shining eyes and parted lips as if spell-bound, until, with another laugh, Jack Norman put his pipe back into his mouth. Then Dorothy rushed upon him to hold him in one of her fierce hugs. With the movement of the child, Evelyn moved also. For a moment the rich, manly voice had conquered her. It had thrust from her heart the feelings which she held, which she must hold, to such a man. Then, in a flood, the scornful contempt, only meet feeling for him, poured back into her heart.

'How difficult it is to divine the truth about any one,' she thought as she slipped up the garden, 'and above all of a man like this whose life is hidden in a great town! Who would think, to hear him singing there to a child, that he is a gambler, and that such as he lead weak lads to ruin?' And Evelyn's pretty lips set in a very firm line as she thought of what was due to such beguilers.

'Here's a sight for sore eyes,' said Mrs Hope as Evelyn was shown into the morning-room where sat the mistress of the house. 'And where have you been hiding yourself, my dear Evelyn? We have seen nothing of you for four whole days.'

'My mother has had one of her bad turns,' said Evelyn, 'and she needed much attention.'

'Oh, I am so sorry!' said Mrs Hope. 'I ought, I know, to have been in to see if I could do anything; but having my brother Jack on my hands has so filled up my time. By the way, was he in the garden?'

'Yes,' said Evelyn. 'He and Dorothy were near the tennis-lawn. He was singing there.' She uttered the last words slowly, more as if they were a memory put into words than as if intended to be spoken loud.

'Jack was singing to you!' said Mrs Hope, looking up from the needlework with which she was busy. Then she laughed and went on quickly, 'I beg your pardon for the accent of surprise, Evelyn. It was that you should catch him singing at all.'

'Oh, it was mere accident,' replied Evelyn. 'I was coming up the garden and overheard him singing to Dorothy. That was all.'

'He can sing very well,' said his sister; 'but he is so shy about it that I don't believe half-a-dozen people in the world have heard him.'

'Indeed!' said Evelyn politely. In her heart she thought, 'Shy! That's her way of putting it to save her brother. I expect his shyness arises from excessive self-consciousness, the very worst form of conceit.' From which reflection it is plain that Miss Boyne was resolute upon being as hard upon Mr Norman as was possible.

HOW THE LITERARY 'GHOST' WORKS.

By MICHAEL MACDONAGH.



LITERARY man—or, to put it more correctly, perhaps, a man who earns his livelihood by writing—rarely, if ever, escapes from his work. Whatever he may be doing at the moment—whether it is reading the morning or the evening paper, the latest novel, biography, or history; whether he be in the theatre, in the concert-hall, or at church; whether he is having a solitary country ramble or a walk in the crowded streets—his mind, consciously or unconsciously, is always on the pounce for 'a good idea' capable of development into an article or a story. The writer possessed of a fertile mind or alert at observation is, of course, rarely at a loss for an unhackneyed plot and a fresh theme. These are the favourites of fortune, the women and men of the first rank of the writing profession, whose names appear regularly in the contents-lists of the magazines. But there are hundreds of obscure writers to whom it is often a weary task to invent or to discover a new subject for an article. More unfortunate still is the condition of those who, expected to turn out a readable story or novelette every week—a class of work for which there is now an enormous demand, as any one who looks at a news-agent's stall may observe—find their brains all too frequently like a sucked orange, incapable absolutely of yielding topic, theme, or plot. This condition of things—lack of literary inspiration co-existing with an extensive field for literary work—has brought into existence a new literary occupation. It is no less than the manufacture and sale of plots for short stories and novels.

Authors' 'ghosts' have, perhaps, been with us always. It is said, for instance, that Alexandre Dumas kept a number of poor authors at work to provide him with incidents and situations for his romances. But undoubtedly the practice is now more extensively in operation and plays a more important part than is generally supposed in the making of popular fiction. The 'ghosts' go so far even as to advertise occasionally. Many writers must have had circulars from people who follow this curious occupation, or must have seen their announcements in the newspapers, offering to dispose of the fruits of their brains, in the way of original plots for short stories or novels, for a consideration.

Some time ago I saw an advertisement in a journal to the effect that if amateur writers applied to 'X.Y.Z., office of this newspaper,' they would be not only supplied with ideas for stories, but also afforded special facilities for the insertion of their work in the leading magazines. In an excess of curiosity I replied, and received the appended communication from Edinburgh:

'Sir,—Judging from your letter, I am quite sure

you can write. Your style reminds me of Conan Doyle. I can get editors to buy your work; but, as the stories must have good plots, I beg to say that I supply particulars of six good plots for half-a-guinea. As you will be able to write them out, they will bring you in thirty guineas.

'I also supply descriptions of heroes, heroines, rogues, &c., at half-a-crown apiece. Description of a thrilling scene in Boer camp with British prisoners (very popular just now), five shillings. Send me a guinea to register your name on my books, and another half for plots. Best wishes.'

I did not send him the guinea and a half. I received for the stamped and addressed envelope enclosed with my application a far better and more original suggestion of a rogue—in the above letter—than he could possibly supply me for half-a-crown.

Subsequently this advertisement caught my eye in a London morning paper:

'To WRITERS.—Good workable ideas for articles and stories supplied cheaply. Apply A. B., office of this journal.'

I wrote, and in due course received a reply. It came from an address in Euston Road, London. It was written on inferior notepaper, in watery ink, and with manifestly a bad pen, denoting that the writer was 'hard up;' but it appeared to me to be perfectly frank, straightforward, and genuine. Here it is:

'DEAR SIR,—My terms for supplying a plot is two shillings and sixpence. Please let me know the nature of the plot you require—romantic, dramatic, pathetic, or humorous, and with or without a love incident. I have hundreds of skeleton plots of all kinds to select from. May I forward you some samples at two shillings and sixpence each?'

Impelled again by curiosity, I decided to test the samples, and wrote for three plots, romantic, pathetic, and humorous, enclosing seven shillings and sixpence. From the point of view of the story-writer the investment may be considered a failure; but it certainly yielded some literary 'curiosities.' Here is the skeleton-plot for the romantic story:

'HOW THE GOVERNMENT WAS SAVED.

'It is ten o'clock at night, on the terrace of the House of Commons. The Government are expecting defeat on a great Bill. The First Lord of the Treasury, who is to conclude the debate on behalf of the Government, is walking on the terrace all alone, collecting his thoughts for a great oratorical effort to save the tottering Government. A cry is heard from Westminster Bridge; the figure of a woman falls into the river, and a white face is borne by the receding tide past the terrace. The First Lord of the Treasury plunges in, seizes the woman, and the two are carried down the river by

the swift tide. About an hour later, when the time arrives for the First Lord of the Treasury to speak, the right honourable gentleman is missed, and cannot be found anywhere. The proceedings in the House are suspended, and great excitement prevails. Suddenly there is a shout in the Lobby, and the First Lord of the Treasury appears at the Bar, his clothes saturated, leading by the hand a girl also dripping. He tells the astonished House the story of his strange adventure; how he, carrying the girl—an unfortunate who attempted suicide—effected a landing at Lambeth Stairs, and bringing her with him, hastened back to the House by Lambeth Bridge. Great cheering. Effect on the House: the Bill is carried and the Government saved.

After all these thrills, the plot for the pathetic story seems flat and flavourless. The manufacturer, recognising its weakness, prefaces it with this note: 'A good subject for a story in a religious journal.' The title suggested is 'The Discarded Half-Sovereign,' and the skeleton-plot runs:

'Working-man's family in London in dire distress. Cause: the bread-winner out of employment. They occupy a room at the top of a high tenement-house overlooking a tavern. One evening, when the children were crying for bread, a jackdaw alighted on the sill of the open window. He drops something bright from his beak. One of the children runs forward and picks it up. It is a half-sovereign! The jackdaw belongs to the tavern. The money is tainted with drink. The starving working-man is greatly tempted, but, being honest and a strict teetotaler, decides to return the half-sovereign. He crawls downstairs to the bar, tells the story of the jackdaw, and returns the money, explaining the reason.'

So far so good. But that is not all. Two alternative endings to this heroic display of virtue by the working-man are suggested: 'You may make the working-man drop down dead; or, if you like it better, make his action convert the publican, induce him to retire from the trade, and find employment for the working-man.'

'His Hour of Humiliation' is the title suggested for the humorous story, and the plot is as follows:

'Take a town in the provinces. The local militia on a certain day are to go route-marching through the neighbouring country. There is a love-affair between Captain Crawford and Miss Wilson, the daughter of one of the leading citizens. Miss Wilson invites a party of girl-friends to breakfast and to see the regiment march past. Just as Captain Crawford's company is passing the window, and the captain raises his sword to salute Miss Wilson, a lean and hungry cur-dog snatches at the captain's scarlet tunic behind, rends it, and out falls a paper parcel. The animal tears with his paws at the parcel (the spectators in the window and the crowd on the footpath looking on amazed) and exposes to view—a pig's foot!'

It can at least be said for these gems that they

might with little difficulty be developed into stories and novelettes suitable for most of that immense output of weekly penny journals which we see displayed in the newsagents' windows throughout the country; and no doubt those writers whose unhappy lot it is to turn out this stuff in enormous quantities to order are very glad to have at hand a place where they can buy plots at half-a-crown apiece. The trade, too, is quite legitimate. A person with a mind fertile in plots, but lacking the literary ability to work them out, may without discredit dispose of these offspring of his brains to those to whom they are useful. After all, the manufacturer of plots but sells his ideas like the greatest of our novelists.

But there are other operations of the literary 'ghost' that are not quite so innocent. Mr Frederick Greenwood, in an article entitled 'Forty Years of Journalism' which appeared in the Jubilee number of the *English Illustrated Magazine*, asserted that 'there is an honourable member of the House of Commons who became charmingly fearsome to his friends on account of articles not quite his own in one of the above-named papers [the *Saturday Review* or the *Times*, to wit]. They were written "under the rose" by a brilliant broken-down university tutor, and then by the honourable member transcribed for publication.' That, however, the veteran journalist remarked, 'was many years ago.' It is also a long time since Byron was accused by some of his contemporaries of keeping a poet chained up in his cellar, and of appropriating as his own the poetical work produced by his captive. But, to come down to the present day, it is generally believed in literary and journalistic circles not only that many of the articles and stories which appear in the magazines purporting to be written by personages distinguished in walks of life not literary are really the work of some free-lance of letters, whose pen—like the sword of the adventurer and mercenary soldier of old—is at the service of any one for a consideration, but that some of the most prolific writers of the time keep a 'ghost' or secret assistant who produces surreptitiously much of the work for which they get the credit—and the cheques.

Undoubtedly a famous name adds importance and weight to a magazine article, however lacking it may be in interest or attractiveness of treatment; and a contribution which on its intrinsic merits would be rejected is published if it bears the signature of some celebrity of the hour. Of course, readers are primarily to blame for this state of things. They yearn for names with which they are familiar, and the editors of popular magazines endeavour to satisfy them as a matter of business.

I cannot say that I have myself ever met the 'ghost' of a busy literary man—the cheap and industrious 'ghost' who writes the book, the story, or the article, to which the master simply puts his name. Perhaps, like Byron's 'ghost,' they are kept chained up. The busy literary man's 'secretary' is

common enough. All he does, however, is to collect material for a book or an article in the use of which the great man exercises his talent or genius. But I do know men, principally 'free-lance' journalists, who have done some 'ghosting' for celebrities of the hour in the production of books and magazine and newspaper articles. It is quite a usual thing for the private secretary of a new member of Parliament not only to prepare his speeches in the House and on the platform, but to write political articles which appear over the M.P.'s name in the local newspaper. But one journalist with whom I am acquainted, striking out an original line of his own in the way

of 'ghosting,' has accomplished deeds of greater daring. Directly anybody rose into public prominence, man or woman, he sought permission to use his or her name in connection with the authorship of an article for a popular magazine, and usually obtained it. In most cases the subject which he selected for the article was that with which the celebrity's name was specially identified; but he has also succeeded in getting 'placed,' and being well paid for, graphic descriptions of incidents and countries, and sensational short stories, in the names of people engrossing the public attention who were totally devoid of literary culture.

THE ONE WHO STAYED BEHIND.

By JOHN OXENHAM, Author of *John of Gerisau*, *Rising Fortunes*, *A Princess of Vascovy*, &c.



AS far as I know, it was little Theo Duncombe who started the idea; but it was such an exceptionally good idea that it caught on like an epidemic, and people wondered why they had never thought of it before.

Duncombe was a man of some consequence in the outside world. Among other things, he edited a weekly paper of large circulation, religious tendencies, and considerable influence. The inch of blue pencil he carried in his waistcoat-pocket possessed the powers of a magic wand. A beneficent stroke of it could make a man happy and put money into his pockets; a quick dash of it shored the venom from many a hastily written paragraph and saved mountains of future trouble. Until its blunt nose had run like a little blue sleuth-hound over every line of those parts of the paper where danger might lurk in a word, the foreman compositor hung about in a state of flux, never knowing what hurried alterations might be required; but as soon as he saw the curly hieroglyph at the foot of a page he breathed freely and felt himself again. A man of consequence, a beneficent ruler, and his staff of office that scrap of blue pencil which he carried in his waistcoat-pocket—that was Duncombe in the outside world. At home he was under the arbitrary rule of his wife and his daughter Theo, and rejoiced in his servitude.

Theo was twelve, small, and sprightly. He told her sometimes that she was not much bigger than his bit of blue pencil, which she was in the habit of rooting out of his pocket and applying to base uses.

When he was asked by the committee of a certain large school at Willstead to go down just before Christmas and present the prizes to the boys, Miss Theo announced her intention of going with him.

'But you haven't been asked, Tiddlywinks,' said her father.

'But they'll be glad to see me, of course, and mother too. The boys will like it ever so much better if we go too.'

'Think so?'

'Sure.' So they all went down to Willstead together, and Theo sat on the platform and stared with large eyes at more boys than she had ever seen all at one time in her life before.

'Nice boys,' she said, with the air of a connoisseur, as they went home in the train. 'They looked so very clean.' At which her father laughed. 'Well, I mean, bright—and sparkling. Where do they all go for Christmas, daddie?'

'I haven't an idea, Tiddlywinks,' he said, looking at her thoughtfully. 'I don't know where they go. To their friends, I suppose, if they go anywhere at all.'

'But I thought their fathers and mothers were all missionaries?'

'Yes.'

'Well then! they can't go to China and India just for Christmas, can they?'

'They may have other friends at home.'

'Yes; but have they?'

'I'm sure I don't know.'

'Well, I want you to find out if those two curly-headed ones at the end of the front row have anywhere to go to, and if not, ask them to come to us for Christmas.'

Duncombe looked at her for a minute, and then across at his wife, and said, 'That strikes me as not half a bad idea, you know. It's worth thinking over.'

And he thought it over to such good purpose that the idea blossomed into an article in his paper the following week, with the result that some scores of youngsters who had expected to spend their Christmas holidays where they spent the greater part of the year, spent them in very much pleasanter quarters, and enjoyed themselves tremendously; and it all came out of little Theo Duncombe's appreciation of the two curly-headed boys at the end of the front row.

Theo got her two curly-headed ones, and neither they nor she had ever had such a Christmas in all their lives before.

That was the beginning of it, and after that the

Duncombe house and a great many other very jolly houses were never without at least a couple of youngsters from the school at Christmas-time, and many hearts—not only the jubilant hearts at home, but anxious hearts away out on the fringes of the night—beat the happier for the idea put into little Theo Duncombe's head by the sight of the two curly-headed boys at the end of the front row.

That was many years ago, and the good idea has gone on growing, till now I believe it is no uncommon thing for the great school-house to be absolutely cleared of boys at Christmas.

But there have been times when there were more boys than invitations; and at such times some lonely little youngsters have had to stay behind, all the more lonely at thought of the high doings of the more fortunate ones, most of which they would hear all about later on, and not by any means diminished in the telling, I warrant you.

It is of one such time I want to tell you here.

Jack Carey was a bright, plucky little fellow of twelve and three-quarters, born in a South Sea island, where his father and mother and baby-sister still were. He had revelled in the wonders and beauties of the South Seas till he was ten, and then, for educational purposes, had been transplanted to the stronger atmosphere of England.

Baby Barbara had been born since his parents returned to their island, and not the smallest of Jack's desires for the quick passage of the next five years was his wish to set eyes on his unseen sister.

Among his mates he was known as Jackerry, and he took so kindly to the sports of his native land that he was already a hot man at cricket and footer, and had won the junior half-mile in his first term. He was of an exceptionally genial nature and a general favourite. He could swim like a fish, of course, and dive like a seal; he had had one or two fights for reasons which seemed to him sufficient, and had taken his win or accepted his licking with equal good humour.

Then one day, after an unusually pumping struggle on the football-field, he had flung himself down for breath on the wet grass—one can breathe so much better lying flat in wet grass than standing upright in cold air—and the result of that was six weeks in bed with rheumatic fever, and a very washed-out and dilapidated Jackerry at the end of the time.

'Doctor says heart's affected,' said Jackerry nonchalantly when he came back among them, but with a touch of proper pride in the possession of so large a disability. 'Got to take things easy for a time. No footer; no running. Beastly nuisance!' And the smaller boys, who had no practical experience in the matter of hearts, looked with awe upon the larger small boy whose pumping-machinery was under special medical supervision.

But elevation of mind through depression of strength, and consequent deprivation of normal enjoyment, does not wear well, in a spirited small boy at all events; and Jackerry's heart, and the con-

sequences it entailed, soon began to pall upon him. He would hang round the football-field watching the other fellows wistfully, and stealing a furtive kick whenever the ball chanced his way—not playing, you understand, but watching anxiously for the ball to come out, and rushing after it and sending it in again with hungry enjoyment. You couldn't call that playing, you know. But it was all he could do sometimes to keep from diving into the game and taking his old place; and what he could not do, in fact, he did his best to make up for in shouting. And if the masters had not received stringent instructions to keep him out of it he would have been into the thick of it, heart or no heart, like Douglas among the Saracens.

Then the Christmas holidays came. The holiday invitations had been dribbling in for weeks past, and the Head and the matron had been busy allotting the boys to their various billets. Jackerry's hosts of the previous year had suffered business losses, and were reluctantly out of it; and so, as it chanced, Jackerry was the sole martyr that Christmas, and had the whole premises to himself.

The matron was always as kind as the vicarious mother of two hundred small boys could possibly be to individuals; but now she was unusually gentle and considerate. For the doctor had impressed upon her that little Carey must be very carefully handled for some time to come, and above all must be subjected to no manner of sudden shock of any kind whatsoever. He would grow out of it, probably, by degrees and with care; but in the meantime he must be safeguarded even against himself and against his own vivacious inclinations. And, added the doctor, it was perhaps just as well that he should remain under her own motherly eye during these holidays.

So the matron promised to make it up to him in special little treats all to himself when they two were left alone, and Jackerry looked forward to not so very bad a time after all.

Nevertheless, when the very last of his fellows had marched away, bag in hand, face set seriously to the journey, eyes big with expectation, and a pervading sense of importance and responsibility, and of general detachment from the usual run of things, Jackerry felt very much out of it all.

One solitary small boy, to all intents and purposes sole tenant of a building in which two hundred meteoric spirits were wont to disport themselves, could not but feel lonesome; and Jackerry felt it right down into his bones. The corridors were suddenly grown twice as long as they used to be, and the big school-room and the class-rooms twice as wide and more than twice as cold. Positively, one time Jackerry found himself cautiously counting the windows in the corridor to assure himself that it was not playing tricks, like that expanding and contracting room in the story.

For the first day or two it was not half bad to be able to wander about the place at will. He got a little mild amusement out of the black-boards in

the various class-rooms, putting them to base and non-educational uses, which left them pale-faced and guilty-looking in spite of all his rubbing; though it is doubtful if Sherlock Holmes himself could have deduced more than a strong suspicion of libel from the lines that Jackerry's imagination could still trace there.

He sat in the Head's own chair in the big school-room and administered a jobation of extreme severity—though no one heard it but himself—to two hundred quaking souls, every one of whom was gloomily wondering which of his own latest misdeeds was coming to light now. Jackerry knew the feeling right down to the wooden bench on which he usually sat.

He pinned Mivens with a piercing glance—Jackerry and Mivens were in dispute of late in connection with a set of Raatauan stamps, the promise of which Mivens had bartered for a set of Rarotongans, but had been unable to complete delivery because the mission to the Raatauan Islands had only been established a year, and had not yet got as far as stamps. He frowned sternly on Beswick, who was known as the Hindu, and was popularly credited with Eastern habits of mind regarding the little niceties of schoolboy honour which make for grace and uprightness. He threatened Gerson—who had given him a quite uncalled-for licking a short time before, though Gerson would probably have had something strenuous to say on the subject—with expulsion if he did not mend his ways and stop bullying fellows smaller than himself.

He did his very best to amuse himself, and did, in fact, succeed for a day or two in keeping the blues at bay by doing every single thing he could think of which in the ordinary course of things he would not have been allowed to do. But on a boy of active mind and body make-believe soon begins to pall. After a day or two he labelled it 'rot,' and began to look down upon himself for having descended so low as to find amusement in it.

The library was thrown open to him, and he dipped into it discursively, but found difficulty in selection through simple embarrassment of riches.

He was given the freedom of the countryside, with no bounds or limits save meal-times; he took some long walks and enjoyed the first exceedingly, found the second very much longer though he did not cover half the distance, and found himself so dull a companion on the third that he took no more.

And then he hated coddling—in theory at all events. Meals in the matron's cosy sitting-room were not half bad, it is true, and the small bedroom he occupied not far from hers was a distinct improvement on the big fifteen-bed dormitory—that is, in the mere matter of bodily comfort; but it lacked the companionship of kindred souls, and reminded him unpleasantly of his six weeks' imprisonment with the rheumatic fever. And as sure as he started out to do anything, Mrs Matron's

kindly voice was heard reminding him of the doctor's orders, and warning him against undue exertion or excitement.

Verily, Jackerry, though not by any means given to introspection, wondered vaguely at times what good there was in a boy being alive when he had had rheumatic fever and was saddled with a heart that wouldn't let him do anything.

Mrs Matron did her very best for him according to her lights. She tried to amuse him in the evenings with draughts and so on; but Jackerry could work up no enthusiasm for draughts, though he dutifully shoved the pieces about and lost every game with courtier-like equanimity. She tried to get him to read aloud to her while she sat sewing; but Jackerry hated reading aloud, and boggled at it till she laughed and said that she saw he did not like it. She took him out to a concert, which he would have appreciated more if it had been entirely composed of comic songs. She bought him a tiny camera, and for a day or two he enjoyed snapping everything he came across to the extent of his films; but when the developing of them resulted only in highly coloured fingers and mysterious little black squares of curly paper with unrecognisable white gleams and smudges on them, his interest in photography also suffered check. She took him up to London one day on a shopping expedition, and he enjoyed that exceedingly, and proved himself a pleasant and helpful little cavalier.

But Mrs Matron's time was not exclusively her own, even in the holidays. There were extensive cleaning operations to be carried out, and she had friends of her own to see; and Jackerry found the time heavy on his hands.

He turned some of this ample leisure to good account by writing long letters to his father and mother in Rarotonga, and even printing special pages in big capitals for the benefit of Baby Barbara, though she could not possibly read them, because she was only nine months old. That did not matter. Writing to her made him feel more like having a sister. And he kept out of his letters every possible sign of mopiness, and painted his visit to London, and even the other little enjoyments which had ceased to please, in the most glowing colours. They must have been truly pathetic letters; and I do not think it likely they would have deceived any father or mother heart. The words told one story and the facts told another, and facts are facts; and, no matter what veil of words you hang before them, the mother-heart will see through it and understand.

Nothing to do, and overmuch time for it, generally leads to mischief, and the rule was not to be broken in Jackerry's case.

At the far end of the playground was a brick wall, originally round and smooth on top, but now ragged and broken by the scrabbling of many feet. Beyond the wall was a strip of ground and a ditch of green mud. It took a jump of ten feet to clear the ditch, and that jump was one of the school tests.

A fellow might pass the College of Preceptors and the Oxford and Cambridge Locals, and as many other exams. as he chose to swot for; but until he could manage the leap he had not attained his full stature in the school, and the ditch was rarely clear of victims.

It was only in the nature of things that whenever Jackerry found himself moping about the deserted playground his thoughts should run towards the wall and the leap as inevitably as water to a fall. Ordinarily one fell into the ditch amid the jeers of delighted onlookers. He had been in it himself dozens of times before his illness. Here was a rare chance to practise the troublesome leap unseen. And as to the doctor's orders—he would leap as lightly as possible, and how could a simple jump like that hurt any one?

He scrambled up the wall. As he stood poised for the leap he saw Mrs Matron coming swiftly towards him across the playground.

As Mrs Matron glanced over her daily paper that morning her kindly face had stiffened suddenly and gone gray for a moment, and her breath stopped short. Then she went on quietly with her breakfast. But there was an inflection in her voice that had not been there before as she asked Jackerry if he would have some more coffee, and Jackerry looked up at her for a moment and thought to himself how very kind she was, and he did not notice how her hand shook as she poured it out.

After breakfast she went down into the village to the telegraph-office and sent off a telegram, and then she went home to wait for the answer, and found herself quite unable to work till it came. And when it came she bowed her head over it and

wept, and then braeed herself up and went out to do what had to be done, with fear in her heart as to the consequences.

For the paragraph she had read at breakfast-time was a telegram from Sydney, and it said: 'Latest advices from Rarotonga give particulars of the hurricane which devastated the islands on 1st December. Among the lives lost we regret to see the names of Rev. John Carey and Mrs Carey and their infant daughter. They were crossing between Atiu and Takutea when the hurricane burst upon them and overwhelmed their frail craft. The bodies of Mr and Mrs Carey came ashore two days later on Atiu.'

The telegram was from the secretary of the Society in London, and said briefly: 'Regret to have to confirm sad news.'

Out of the corner of his eye Jackerry saw Mrs Matron coming, and fathomed her intention in half a glance. She would scold him, doubtless; but he would have this one try whatever she said.

He leaped, and fell into the ditch—and beyond it.

The matron gave a cry as she saw him spurn the wall. She scrambled up it somehow—how she never knew—slipped down the other side, struggled through the ditch, and drew the limp little figure out.

There was a determined smile on the bright face, and Mrs Matron sat down on the ground with it in her lap and wept over it again. But at last she dried her tears, and said to herself, 'God knew best. Perhaps it is better so.'

For Jackerry had jumped farther than any boy ever jumped off that wall before, and he was alone no longer, but in the best of all good company. He had stayed behind, but he had gone on in front of all his fellows.

SOME IMPRESSIONS OF WEST AFRICA.

TO the average 'man in the street' the West Coast of Africa is almost an unknown country. He may talk of Sierra Leone, or Cape Coast Castle, or even Lagos, and say something about 'the white man's grave,' or quote the old rhyme concerning the deadliness of the Bight of Benin; but, beyond this, his notions of 'the coast' are somewhat vague. I knew little more than this myself before going there; but having made four voyages to 'the coast' during the past thirteen months, my ideas concerning that region have been considerably enlarged.

In the first place, the West Coast of Africa is not such a deadly place for Europeans as it is usually believed to be. It may not be exactly a health-resort under present conditions; but it is a more desirable climate than is that of England during the winter months, and those who like a warm climate might do worse than try wintering on that coast, or at all events take a two or three months'

sea-trip there. The moist heat induces free perspiration, which is a good thing in its way, acting as a safety-valve, much as a Turkish bath does at home. Those who are bad sailors need have no fear, for below Sierra Leone the sea is seldom or never rough, and for the most part the steamer glides along like a duck in the water.

I feel convinced, from my own observation and from what natives, as well as some experienced white men, have said to me, that fever among whites on the coast is not so much the fault of the climate as of the way they live. There is more high living than is good for people in a tropical climate. Meals of several courses, mostly consisting of some preparation of flesh, are the general thing. In a climate like that of West Africa a diet consisting largely of flesh-foods is most irrational. Vegetables, as we understand the word in England, are very seldom obtainable; but rice, yams, bananas, oranges, avocado-pears, paw-paws, pine-apples, mangoes, and ground-nuts (called here pea-nuts or monkey-nuts)

are plentiful; and from this list, with the addition of occasional fish or fowl if thought necessary, and of bread and imported butter, a wholesome and sufficient dietary could be made. The avocado-pear is a large, egg-shaped fruit, with a chestnut-like seed in the centre, surrounded by a pulp of cream-cheesey consistence, but no decided flavour; it is usually eaten by cutting it in halves, removing the seed, and placing vinegar, pepper, and salt in the hollow of the pulp, which is then scooped out with a spoon and mixed with the vinegar, &c.; but fresh lime-juice and sugar is, to my taste, a much nicer addition. This fruit is very nourishing, even more so, it is said, than bananas. Paw-paws somewhat resemble water-melons, and are eaten in the same way as that fruit, with the addition of lemon-juice and sugar. Ground-nuts, after being baked and pounded, make a delicious stew or thick soup, eaten with boiled rice. Native-grown or 'country' rice is of excellent flavour, and more nourishing than the imported rice. This is due, I believe, to the fact that the outer red covering of the grain is not removed by milling, as in the case of white rice. Dr George S. Keith, in one of his books, speaks of the nourishing qualities of red rice. It bears the same relation to white rice as brown or whole-meal bread does to white bread. That reminds me I have often wondered why steamers are not supplied with whole-meal for making bread as well as with the white flour; it would be very wholesome for people on a sea-voyage, and would be much appreciated by passengers and crew. As regards drinking, it appears to me that gin cock-tails and whisky-and-sodas are too freely indulged in on the coast to be good for any man's constitution. It is no wonder, as the natives say, that white men get fever out there.

On the question of mosquito-bites causing fever there seems great diversity of opinion. Major Ross's assertions appear to be generally pool-pooled among coasters. Whatever the truth may be, I cannot help thinking that mosquito-bites are not so likely to cause fever in a man whose blood is in a pure and healthy condition; but if through wrong living it becomes loaded with impurities, then the malaria-germ will find a happy hunting-ground therein, and will increase and multiply.

West Africa, up to the present, appears to be merely a market for cheap European goods of all descriptions, to the discouragement rather than the development of native industries. Take pottery, for example. Artistic bowls, known as 'country pots,' are made of a smooth, hard, black ware, and used for the cooking of food; but iron pots are imported from England and largely used by the natives for cooking purposes. So with cloths: the native or 'country' cloth is highly esteemed but scarce, and cheap printed cotton importations take its place. Native traders in logs of mahogany complain of the way they are treated by some firms at home. I knew of one who shipped home some valuable mahogany, and received in exchange a long bill for

freight, cartage, warehousing, and commission, and the small balance due to him was paid by a consignment of cheap cottons and crockery that were of no use to him. He could, he said, have bought the same things at the next store at a cheaper rate than that charged in the bill. There should be a good opening for a man with capital who would buy up logs and pay a fair cash price for them on the spot, and ship them home himself.

The cultivation of fruit might be encouraged and extended with advantage. Large and fine-flavoured oranges are grown at Dixcove on the Gold Coast. I do not think, however, that the average West African native has much enterprise in him. It is the fashion to call black men lazy, and to say, 'Make the beggars work.' I often wonder they can be induced to work for a wage at all. Their wants are few and simple and easily supplied. Nature is bountiful to the black man in West Africa; she does not force him to struggle with her to obtain a living. His food grows plentifully and with little cultivation, and in that warm climate the scantiest of clothing is more than sufficient for him. Huts of mud and palm-leaves are enough to shelter him from the rains. Time is no object—it is not money—to him, and he need not hurry himself. 'Plenty fish live for wattah, plenty yam live for groun'; what for black man go workee?' I should not wonder if he thinks the white man a queer creature and a foolish person to make so much work; and I am not so sure that his philosophy is not the true one after all. He is far more happy and joyous in his life than the white man who toils and moils and frets his little span away in a ceaseless struggle for wealth in the midst of a complex civilisation. The spirit of commercialism is antagonistic to the black man's ways. It demands that everything be sacrificed to the great god Lucra. 'Time is money' is its motto; therefore every hour must be devoted to it; soul, mind, body, all must be sacrificed in the pitiless, grinding, ceaseless mill of commercialism. So is it with us: will the black man be any the happier when he has been brought to the same degree of civilisation?

The scenery of the West African coast is for the most part flat and monotonous, and a typical 'port' consists of a stretch of sand dotted with a few wooden houses having corrugated-iron roofs, a flag-staff, and a background of trees. Some of the ports, however, are very picturesque. Dixcove is decidedly so. The town lies in a pretty bay surrounded by wooded hills, and an old castle stands on a hill to the right of the bay, with groves of palm-trees on the beach below. Monrovia, the capital of Liberia, looks pretty from the sea, showing a green hill dotted with white houses and a church spire. Conacry, or Konakri, a French port, is a large and well-laid-out town, and possesses a pier or wharf, alongside which a large steamer can lie. Lome, a German port, contains a handsome wooden cathedral, which looks quite imposing from the sea.

What impressed me more than anything on 'the

coast' is the fine muscular development of the 'boat-boys,' and the splendid work they perform. Their dorsal muscles stand out in well-rounded masses two inches or more beyond the spine on both sides, forming a deep hollow between; their arms and shoulders are a picture of muscular strength that would delight the heart of a sculptor. This muscular development, covered as it is with a dark skin, reminds one of bronze statues of Grecian and Roman athletes. Excepting at a few ports where there is a wharf for steamers to go alongside for unloading, trade is dependent on the boat-boys—the heroes of the surf—for landing cargo. It is a fascinating sight to see these brawny fellows dashing through the surf in the heavy surf-boats, with their broad-bladed, three-pointed paddles, and the headman standing erect at the stern, his feet wide apart, almost on the gunwale at each side, and steering with an oar passed through a loop of rope fixed to the boat. Occasionally the surf overwhelms them, the boat is capsized, and you see a number of black heads dotted about the surface of the water, buried more than once in a dashing volume of white foam before they gain the beach and recover the boat. But more often their fight with the raging surf proves victorious, and you see the boat riding triumphantly on the swell of the tide till it grounds on the sand, and the 'boys' throw away their paddles and jump out, haul up the boat, and proceed to unload it, carrying heavy bales and cases up to the beach out of reach of the waves. This work goes on between ship and shore from dawn till dusk. In paddling, the 'boys' sit on the gunwale of the boat, side-saddle fashion—a very cramped and uncomfortable seat, surely—and take long strokes, bending to a horizontal position as they reach forward to dip their paddles in the water. They keep time by uttering sounds such as 'A-ha-a! Sum! A-ha-a! Sun!' the first word being uttered by one man as the paddles are dipped, the second word by one or two others as the paddles are taken out of the water after each stroke. Often they will sing boat-songs, after the fashion of sailors' 'chanties,' one man singing extemporary verses in recitative, the rest singing a short set chorus more or less tuneless. I have written down a number of these choruses, which are interesting from a musical standpoint. They are always in a minor key, and some remind one of old Gregorian chants. To hear them sung in chorus constantly repeated is very fascinating. My admiration for these 'boat-boys' is great: their physique, their kindly, cheerful disposition, and the hard work they do from dawn till dusk, battling with the surf at risk of life and limb, wet with seawater all day long; and all on a diet of steamed rice, with or without a little dried fish or salt-beef, and some ship-biscuits.

The dark skin of the West African native lends itself well to adornment with ivory, gold, and silver. Natives are sometimes seen wearing heavy bracelets of ivory, about six inches deep and half-an-inch thick, often mounted with silver and their names

engraved thereon. This is particularly the fashion with the headmen on the French Ivory Coast.

It is interesting to note the different forms of paddles used along 'the coast.' The most common kind has a thick, heavy stem, with a broad three-pointed blade like a webbed foot, all cut out in one solid piece. Sometimes a boat's crew will be seen with all the blades of their paddles painted a pale blue; it is pretty to see them rising and falling in unison as the crew paddle along. On the Ivory Coast a smaller paddle is used, the blade curved outwards and inwards, ending in a three-cornered point, and painted with gaudy designs in red, white, blue, green, and black. In the Sherbro district the paddles are longer in the handle and the blade somewhat of an elongated heart-shape. The most beautiful and artistic paddles are to be seen in the rivers, at Benin, Sappeli, and Warri. These are beautifully and artistically carved, with ornamental handles at the top of the shank, and a long tapering blade, ending in a sharp point. They are much sought after as curios.

The status of the black man on the West Coast of Africa, as regards his intercourse with the whites, is rather different from that of the slave-descended black man in America. He is looked upon almost with loathing in America, so strong is the prejudice against 'colour,' and he is scarcely considered fit to breathe the same air as a white man; but on 'the coast' the coloured man is rather differently treated—though even there Americans and Canadians carry with them the strong race-prejudice to which they have been accustomed in their own countries. No matter how well educated and gentlemanly a native may be, or what position he may hold, his colour is enough for them—he is a 'nigger,' and to shake hands with him or to sit at the same table with him is to them a sore degradation. This prejudice against mere colour seems to me ludicrous and unreasonable. I have tried to analyse it, but its basis seems vague. It had its origin, no doubt, in the old slavery days in America, when black men were mere goods and chattels to be bought and sold, and 'nigger' was, as it still is, a term of contempt and reproach. I have been asked the question, 'Is a black man as good as a white man?' I ask what is meant by 'good.' Good at what, or in what respect? In many things a black man may be as good as a white man; in some things he is better. Physically, taken as a race, he is superior to the white man, especially in West Africa, where the climate is too hot for much physical development among whites. From a Darwinian point of view, the black man there is certainly the better man, as he is best fitted to his environment, and is the fittest to survive. If the question of mental superiority be raised, that is a matter of education and training. Many instances have proved that the black man's brain is capable of high training. Morality, too, is a question of custom and education. If a man has been brought up to consider theft as wrong, he will regard thieving in quite a different light from

a man who has been brought up to look upon theft as a meritorious act. There is no reason why the man with a black skin should not be just as good as the man with a white skin; it is a matter of training and education in either case. Blind and unreasoning prejudice is totally unscientific. I have met educated native men of West Africa whose mental qualities, manners, and speech have made it

a pleasure to converse with them and to listen to them. The greatest study of mankind may or may not be man; it may be astronomy, geology, theology, or what not; but at any rate the native of West Africa offers a wide and interesting field for anthropological study and research. It would be a delightful task to follow up the late Miss Kingsley's work in that direction.

A DRAMA OF THE NORTH SEA.



HE advent of the trawler—which threatens his bread and butter—has forced the fisherman to seek other methods if he would not be driven from the sea. Time out of mind he has stuck to the line, whose many baited hooks acted as lures. Now he uses a series of traps. From September till about the end of March the boats drop nets here, there, and everywhere over the bottom of the bay, and leave them there till next day. I refer to St Andrews Bay.

Between the dropping and the hauling, a little drama undreamt of in the tamer days of line-fishing is discovered. Events which no eye hath seen can—in a certain blurred way, as through water—be followed. Nay, in imagination—as Clarence in his dreams—we may dive down and peep through the empty meshes to see what we shall see. A confused mass of rippling sand-eels come along—the avant-couriers of what is to follow—and pass through.

Half in pursuit and half in flight, the herring glitter into view: not the big summer herring, but the smaller winter herring, which are with us more or less all the year round, and leave us only to retire up one or other of the neighbouring estuaries. No new species is this; only a colony or colonies which, at some time or other, broke off from the main body, and varied under the shaping influences of new conditions. Less generously fed in their restricted sphere and in the chill east-coast waters, they are small and harsh, and fit only to fatten more marketable fish.

On the trail of the herring appears a row of gaping mouths, as only a cod can gape. No creature on sea or land ravens like the cod. From an unwary bird to a derelict piece of leather, all come alike. To those who have seen him only in the shop-windows or on the table he is too familiar to inspire respect. If they would change their view, we respectfully invite them down here. No wonder that the herring dart so, torn between their fears and their appetites; now swallowing a sand-eel, and then, with scarce a pause for digestion, disappearing, followed by their pursuers, down a common track. The pursued, by reason of their small size, pass through; the pursuers, in their blind eagerness, rush on till their gape is shut in the meshes and they are incontinently choked.

Out in the distance, on the trail of the cod, grow

certain ominous black shadows. There is no gape in them, no opening of any sort that we can see. The mouth, with its serried rows of teeth—an ugly, threatening slit of a mouth—is hidden away under the dark snout, and only seen when, with a side-roll, one of them engulfs a cod. Why, they will come through! There is nothing in the flimsy whipcord meshes to hold them! And through some of them do come, leaving only a hole to tell of their passage; but all are not so fortunate. The net is not taut, so that they cannot get a fair blow at it. They roll themselves hopelessly up, where they struggle even their great strength away. A vicious bite at the nearest cod, and there's an end of it.

Birds come down from above to join in the pursuit. Some use their wings as in flight, skimming through the twilight waters; some drive their great feet out behind them as swimmers do. Flying or swimming for their share of the fleeing spoil, they are hanged by the neck till they are dead; in their efforts to escape, feet and wings each find a mesh of their own. Some there are which simply drop to the bottom like a stone. Nor are they bent on mischief who get into much. Not even the rippling sand-eel is their quest below. They are down after an innocent meal from the shellfish with which the sandbanks team. See them waddling over the sanded sea-floor in their hurried search while the breath lasts. That duck seems to prefer the bivalves. He has just caught sight of a scimitar-shaped razor-shell or a thin-shelled kneading-trough (*Macra stultorum*) rising out of the sand; and he fails to see the network crossing and recrossing the water between. A waddle too many, and his waddling is over. You other duck seems to be scooping up the small univalves crawling on the sea-bottom. In reaching after a *Natica* a few yards off, he makes the same blunder with the same unhappy ending.

We look out for those that do not come. The bay stretches from the mouth of one great salmon-river to another, and crosses a smaller though sufficiently attractive salmon-stream. Salmon are known to be about in multitudes. If they are moving at large, and on the trail of the shoals, as the cod are, we reason that they are sure to strike the nets. When caught on entering the mouth of the river they have herring inside, which they must get somewhere. Yet, for aught that appears, the water might be barren of them. Plainly, the

habits of the salmon at sea, like those of the eel, are among those things not to be found out down here; at least not in one visit.

Nor do the seals come. Mammals and air-breathers as they are, we look for their descending from aloft with the birds; but we look in vain. The absence of the seal, perhaps, throws some light on the absence of the salmon. There is nothing your seal takes to like a salmon. Where the one is, the other is likely to be. They follow the same salt-water byways, the one on the trail of the other. The seal must come to the surface, so that we can trace his movements, drawing a line from breathing-place to breathing-place. He is seen off the rocks, seldom far from the coast, by preference in the estuaries; from which we infer that the salmon is on the same route. Out where the nets are—and they are pretty well over all the bay—and where the cod-ravens are, there are no seals and no salmon.

So on, through two long tides. Then the shadow of the boat falls, and voices sound dully beyond the twilight. The full nets rise away to the surface; empty ones are dropped in their stead; and the drama begins over again. We shall go ashore with the fishermen and count the spoils, and see how this compares with other days.

The first startling fact is that the bay, especially in the later autumn and the early winter, abounds with sharks, from the dog-fish upwards. The dog-fish is not nearly so common as he was. Some years ago he swarmed in the latitude of the Forth and Tay, so as to paralyse the fishing: seizing on the bait before anything else had a chance, or fish and bait in one mouthful. Now, for some reason, he has retreated farther north, and reserves his favours for the Orcadians, on whom he bestows them without stint.

Sharks of from eight to ten feet long were caught so frequently that, whereas the earlier ones were bought as something out of the common, the demand fell off, and the fishermen got into the habit of dropping them over the boat's side on the way in. Were they as formidable as they look the bay would be a place to be shunned. Though not regarded as very dangerous, there is that ugly slit of a mouth, with the forbidding teeth suggestively curved back so that whatever is seized is held. If he seldom takes the initiative in biting, he is not disposed to stand any nonsense, and bites back.

The saddest result of all is the capture of the birds. Never was such destruction heard of in the annals of the North Sea. The guillemots have suffered most. Perhaps, on the whole, the guillemot is the most numerous of the strictly marine birds. The wintry bay is dotted over with small flocks of from a dozen to a score. Any day one may watch them at their diving, attended by a flock of excited gulls, ready to pick up such of the fry as, in their eagerness to escape the enemy in their midst, may rush to the surface. Not being divers, the gulls float beyond the reach of nets, and feast in safety.

As the folds of net are lifted one by one for clearing, every here and there appears a drowned bunch of black-and-white feathers, the purity of the white sadly dabbled. The guillemot is a greedy bird—most sea-birds are. Some contain as many as twenty or even thirty of the larger sand-eels, all of them full-grown—a fry for a small family. In reaching after the one more this is what happens.

Next in point of numbers of the hapless victims is the velvet scoter. This is truly a beautiful bird, of glossy black plumage (as his name implies), relieved by a dash of white peeping from under the wing-coverts. Singular among ducks, too, is he for the hues of his bill, painted of yellow and orange and a dusky red, for all the world as though he had borrowed them from the rainbow that so often spans the North Sea in the wake of a shower. Poor drowned wrecks of all this splendour are disentangled from the nets to the number of a dozen. Other days there are when they swell up to much more startling figures.

The other species, known as the common scoter, though not commoner on these waters than his velvet cousin, fares only not quite so badly. This one has no white on the wing, but on the ridged bill just a thin streak of colour down the centre, and a bright dash of rainbow hue on both sides. Nor is he so large nor quite so handsome a bird, though handsome enough when no comparison is made. Fishermen talk of both familiarly as the 'black duck,' although only the drake of the common scoter is quite black except for the rainbow on his bill.

The red-throated diver is very much rarer on our winter seas than the guillemot or the scoter. He goes neither in companies nor flocks. Still, he is the commonest of our divers down here. Almost any day one has but to look outside the breakers to see his long neck like a miniature lighthouse rising from the gray waters beyond. At intervals all over the bay the same pillar rises. In proportion to his numbers, he suffers as much as any. More than one are tossed bedraggled on the pier.

Boys who had seen a guillemot no nearer than when one ventured into the harbour after the podleys, and a velvet scoter only as a black spot out on the water, turn them over as they lie in a heap. One selects a red-throated diver, seizing him by the short legs, formed for water-passage, and drags him through the pollution.

For a while the dust-cart came in handy to clear them out of the way, until at length an original idea entered the head of one of those merchants who wait on the return of the boats to buy up the catch. How much would the fishermen take? Anything was better than nothing or the dust-cart; so three-pence each was agreed upon. Threepence for a great diver or a plump guillemot! Why, the undigested sand-eels were worth the money. The feathers were packed separately from the fish, and sent off to the English market. The birds were not very sightly—drowned birds never are; but probably the buyers were not very particular.

and, after all, a duck was surely worth sixpence to the consumer. On the 17th of January of this same year (1903) the scene on the pier-head was lively. One of the merchants was nailing down the last of three barrels. 'There are a hundred in each. The other man has got as many,' he said. And so in that single tide the boats had brought in six hundred drowned sea-birds.

As an aid to the study of the life-history of the bay, which, no doubt, is fairly representative of the North Sea, these nets have their uses. But it is a cruel and wasteful lesson which we wish we saw a way to put an end to. The marine birds which live on fish or the molluscs of the submerged sand-banks must dive for them, and a large proportion of the divers are sure to be caught. No doubt the fishing itself is wasteful, and likely enough to kill itself out; but while it lasts we must just grin and bear the cost.

There must be some reason why certain divers are not caught: their absence is suggestive. The razor-bill is common in the bay; but he seldom or never appears among his drowned kinsmen the guillemots. The great northern diver floats into the Tay on every tide, and yet he is not dragged about, with his glorious neck licking up the pier-mud, like the red-throated diver. From spring to late autumn the eider is about; yet he is never

hanged in the meshes like the black duck or hauled out from beneath a scaly pile of fish. There was a slight remaining doubt as to whether the eider wintered with us. True, they were never seen; but then they might keep farther off-shore, and so escape observation, or at least some of them might. If any did, an odd one of their number now and then would be sure to blunder into the nets; and so, for the first time, we feel pretty safe in concluding that in ordinary seasons they all go away south.

As autumn deepens more and more into winter the sharks leave the bay, till not a hole in the nets tells of the passage of a single straggler. As spring approaches, the cod draw off to the deeper water, where their eggs may be floated out in greater safety, or they go after the shifting herring-shoals. The guillemots sail away, or with their quick, low flight pass swiftly over the surface to the rocky islet or cliff-ledge to repair the waste: one egg to each pair of birds to replace the drowned thousands. The black ducks face north to brood, some by a Caithness lake, but most of them beyond the sea. The diver, with the red already blushing over the feather-tips of his throat, stretches his long neck in front of him, nor stops till he sails down on to the bosom of his favourite sheet of water in Sutherlandshire. So the drama ceases for the summer months.

SOME RELICS OF THE PAST.

A FEW EXPERIENCES AT SCIENTIFIC EXCAVATIONS IN EGYPT AND MESOPOTAMIA.

By H. VALENTINE GEERE.



THE first archaeological excavations in which I took a part were those conducted by Professor Flinders Petrie at Behnesa in the winter of 1896-97. I well remember the interest with which I watched the native diggers start work at a series of low mounds on the edge of the desert, just beyond the tumble-down little village. What they expected to find I do not know; nor had I myself a very clear idea of what was likely to turn up at any stroke of a *fas* (hoo). That is the charm of digging in Egypt: you never do know what 'find' you may uncover at any moment.

Of course, the same remark applies, to a certain extent, to excavations in England; but the dry climate and soil of Egypt preserve *anticas* in a wonderful manner, and as to the picturesqueness of the work in the two countries there can be no comparison. The *fellah* is so much more attractive to look upon than the British navvy; and the colour of Egypt, especially on the fringe of the desert—what can compare with it?

The first mummy found at Behnesa caused a sensation. Two men, ex-soldiers, great, sturdy fellows, had been digging industriously in what

looked like an old cinder-heap, when suddenly I saw them throw away their implements and come tumbling in hot haste out of the hole they had made; and as soon as they were clear of the excavation they started to run as if for dear life. I hastened to the spot, calling to them to tell me what had happened; and they stopped in their headlong flight, looking somewhat ashamed of themselves. 'There is a corpse there, effendi,' they said; and when I looked into the hole, sure enough I saw a small mummy—a mere baby. At first I was considerably disappointed, for the mummy looked for all the world like a very dusty brown-paper parcel, not a bit like those I had seen at the Ghizeh museum in gorgeously painted and gilded cases; but in course of time I grew used to these 'cheap' burials, which were typical of the late period of Egyptian history to which the site at Behnesa belonged; and very soon our workmen too grew accustomed to them, and we had no more scares.

The old rubbish-heaps marked the site of Oxyrhynchus, a Roman town, and consequently all the relics we found there were quite late. Therefore Professor Petrie decided to hand over the place to Mr Grenfell and Mr Hunt, who were especially

anxious to secure papyrus; while he himself set out to explore the edge of the desert for a site, of an earlier period. Eventually he hit upon the cemetery at Deshashah, where I subsequently joined him; but before I left Oxyrhynchus I saw the commencement of the great find of papyrus which has since become so famous; and I was present at the finding of the 'Logia,' the fragment containing the 'Sayings of Jesus.'*

Besides the rich harvest of papyrus, many miscellaneous antiquities rewarded the diggers. There were ivory hair-pins which had formerly served dainty Roman ladies, glass and earthenware vessels of all shapes and sizes, reed-pens, wooden palettes, various ornaments, figurines of gods and goddesses, beads of all sorts, and hundreds of bone dice—many of them showing a marked tendency to throw sixes! A small cemetery of Ptolemaic times was also explored, and there we found a few stele and one or two massive stone sarcophagi. I remember one great black sarcophagus very distinctly. It was carved in the form of a recumbent figure, with formal wig and expressionless features, and down the body ran an inscription in hieroglyphics. Lying in its rocky tomb it looked truly impressive, and I felt some qualms about disturbing the dead. For a mere modern to intrude on such repose seemed impertinent; but, as it turned out, the tomb had been discovered and rifled by early plunderers, most probably Arabs or Copts.

To the reader it may seem that the examination of tombs is gruesome work, and, to tell the truth, I found it very little to my taste at first. I soon consoled myself, however, by the reflection that all the poor people had been dead so long that they seemed to belong to quite a different world from the present; and, again, our work was not undertaken for the sake of actual plunder, but purely in the interests of science. It was fortunate for me that I so soon overcame my first dislike for tomb-exploring; for that winter's work was almost entirely taken up in examining cemeteries.

At Deshashah, Professor Petrie explored a cemetery of the fifth dynasty, which lay on some rocky spurs a few miles out in the desert. Owing to the perfect dryness of the soil the antiquities we secured at this spot were generally in a very fine state of preservation. Some of the tombs were reached by very deep shafts; yet they had been cut out by means of wooden chisels and mallets, as was clearly demonstrated by our finding the tools and the baskets in which the gravel had been removed as it was cut away in two tombs which had not been finished. From the tomb-chambers we obtained some fine wooden coffins, including painted specimens; and the antiquities of the early period—head-rests, beads, amulets, ornaments, pottery, &c.

—were always interesting and frequently very fine in their workmanship.

From some of the graves we obtained quantities of clothing, which was often preserved in a surprisingly fresh condition. We found sleeved shirts and skirts, very like the dress worn by the modern Egyptians, and rolls of linen material, one over thirty feet long—wardrobes provided for the deceased by the care of their relatives; but we found also clear evidence that the graves had been frequently plundered, probably for the sake of these very clothes and ornaments; and so the poor souls must have gone wandering in a state of nakedness through the regions of the dead!

One interesting burial was that of an old man in whose coffin we discovered a stick which he had used to aid him in walking. An examination of the skeleton showed that his left thigh had been broken in childhood, and that when the bone had grown together again the leg was two inches shorter than the other one. Consequently, as he had needed the aid of the stick in his lifetime, when he died it had been buried with him.

In a Roman cemetery a little to the north of Deshashah I had a curious experience. In the graves at this spot there were frequently more than a dozen burials; but it was a low-lying place, and the damp had ruined everything. When the men had cleared a way to one of the tomb-chambers I prepared to investigate its contents; and on this occasion I fancied I should find everything intact; for as I stood in the small doorway I could see the outlines of many bodies lying around the chamber, and looking as if they had never been disturbed. Over all was a thick, velvety coating of dust. But as soon as I set my foot through the doorway the whole floor seemed to crumble and sink; a clogging dust and a sickly odour filled the tomb for a minute or two, driving me back; and when I looked in again I saw nothing but a number of skulls and a jumble of bones lying pell-mell on the ground. It was an uncanny experience; but the explanation was perfectly simple. After the burials the tomb had been rifled and then closed up again. Dust had settled thickly all over the bodies, and, absorbing moisture, had practically taken a perfect mould of what lay beneath. This cast was just strong enough to support its own weight when the bodies gradually shrank and crumbled; and it rested as a thin sheet of plaster of Paris might do until I broke through its crust, when it crumbled away utterly.

Near the same spot was a small military burial-ground, where I found many skulls which had been cut about and fractured, in some cases showing more than six distinct wounds. In the old days of hand-to-hand combat a thick skull was evidently a great advantage! One brick-built grave in this section contained a very large wooden coffin, in which lay the body of a man who had been well over six feet in height. His hair and beard were curly and of a fiery-red colour; and the dyes upon a shawl

* Published in pamphlet form (sixpence) by the Oxford University Press. See also the *Archæological Report* (1896-97) of the Egypt Exploration Fund, and *Deshashah*, by Professor Petrie.

which was folded to form a pillow were as fresh-looking as if it had just left the hands of the dyers; but it crumbled away after being exposed to the air a short while.

Very different from the work in Egypt was that at Niffer (ancient *Nippur*), in Mesopotamia, carried on by the Babylonian Expedition of the University of Pennsylvania, at which I assisted. The climate and soil of Mesopotamia do not serve to preserve *anticas* so well as do those of Egypt; and to my mind the objects discovered at Niffer, although interesting and often highly important, were not nearly so artistic as the Egyptian 'spoils.' The most important results gained at Niffer have been in the way of clearing some of the great buildings of the old city and the recovery of thousands of cuneiform inscriptions. Of the architectural discoveries this is not the place to write, nor need anything be said of the tablets and their inscriptions; but in the 'Library' of the ancient city, the discovery of which caused such a sensation in the world of Assyriology, a find was made which is sure to appeal to the sense of romance in everybody. It was nothing less than a small museum—a collection of antiquities made by a priest in the sixth century B.C. The treasures were contained in an earthen jar, and the high value of each specimen showed that the priestly collector who gathered them together was a fine judge of what was good. There were many documents (cuneiform tablets), one of which belonged to a period about 3800 B.C. (over three thousand years before the collection was formed), some brick-stamps of early kings, and a deeply interesting plan of Nippur itself at an early date, which was traced on a clay tablet.

Naturally, the great Temple of Bel, to which Nippur owed its sanctity, yielded a host of valuable information; and nobody who possessed a spark of imagination could help being stirred by the sight of its walls—which were crumbling to decay before Abraham left the country—being uncovered by the Arab workmen. By the finding of an arch which was built four thousand years before the Christian era the excavators upset all the theories previously held concerning the origin of the arch in architecture; and the character of a Babylonian temple has been shown by the Niffer excavations to be quite different from what it was previously supposed to be. But perhaps the find which would appeal most to the popular fancy was that of a tomb of quite a late period which we members of the expedition dubbed 'The Gold Tomb.' It was a low, vaulted chamber, lying beneath the floor of a room in one of the palaces. Its entrance was closed by a mass of stone and brick work; but when this was cleared away and the tomb at last lay open to our gaze, we saw at once the glitter of gold through the gloom. The intrinsic value of the articles discovered was not very great, but nevertheless we had to be careful to keep all but a few of our most trustworthy men out of the place; for the sight of gold always excites the Arab, and he is apt to get wildly exag-

gerated ideas of the value of any treasure. As it was, despite our caution, I soon heard most marvellous reports of our find.

The tomb contained two burials. The bodies had originally rested in fine wooden coffins, which had been strengthened by iron bands and provided with silver handles for lifting them by; but very slight traces of the wood remained, and the clothes in which the dead had been clad had utterly perished. The ornaments of gold, however, were quite bright and fresh-looking. There were thin sheets of beaten gold that had been placed over the faces of the dead, scalloped bands which had been bound round the brows, large barrel-shaped beads from tassels, about fifty buttons and a dozen handsome rosettes, a small ring, and two heavy buckles from the sandals of one of the bodies. Both buckles were ornamented with a lion's head in high relief, enamelled with turquoise and set with rubies, and each was provided with a strong wedge for fastening. All these articles were of fine gold, and there was also a gold coin. In two corners of the chamber stood vessels which had contained food and drink.

Of course we made many other interesting finds in the large mounds; but space forbids that I should attempt any description of them. If any reader is interested in knowing more of the work at Niffer, I would refer him to Professor Hilprecht's book, *Explorations in Bible Lands during the Nineteenth Century*, which contains the first full and authoritative account of the expedition, or to my own article in the *Monthly Review*, September 1903.

BORDERLAND.

LAST night the moon in driving cloud
Lay hid, as gathering gusts grew loud.
To-night she is both full and clear;
October hoar-frost weaves a shroud
For the autumn of the year.

Beneath the bridge the waters fill
The air with music; moor and hill
Stretch dim and distant in the night.
The little Border town sleeps still,
And its houses glimmer white.

On shadowy slopes the tired sheep lie,
Nor stir till morning decks the sky
With bloom of daffodil and rose,
And down the dun-red hills hard by
The keen wind wandering goes.

Now all is hushed. Two sounds alone
I hear: a watchdog's fitful moan;
And restless ohanticleer's shrill horn
Rings like a watchful warder's tone,
Who speeds the approaching morn.

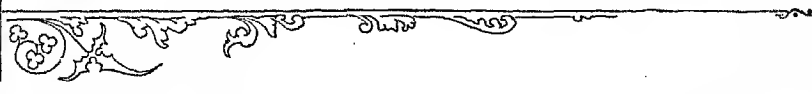
I'll home, and dying embers rake,
And watch the sleeping flames awake;
And brood a pleasant while, until
The shadows in the valley break
As the sun peeps o'er the hill.

LAWRENCE B. JUPP.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.



THE BURNS CULT IN AMERICA.

By JAMES MAIN DIXON, F.R.S.E.

IN the year 1867 a Burns Club was organised amid much enthusiasm in the city of Detroit. The president was James Black, a native of Scotland, who some years before had obtained, in an accidental way, a Burns treasure—to wit, a copy of the Edinburgh edition of 1787, known as the *Geddes Burns*. For nearly thirty years this Burns Club continued in existence; but its closing years were marked by feebleness; and when it was finally merged in the local St Andrew's Society a large deficit had to be made up. The founder was dead, and his family did not carry out his traditions. They have treasured the *Geddes Burns*, it is true, very jealously—so much so that it has almost ceased to be talked of in the city and neighbourhood. The volume lies hid away in a vault of the lofty Union Trust Building in Griswold Street, where I had the pleasure of handling it in February 1903. The owner, Mr George M. Black, a son of James Black, is auditor of the McMillan Estate, and was at one time private secretary to Senator McMillan.

In an address delivered by Mr James Black at the first regular meeting of the Burns Club, on May-day 1867, and published a few weeks later in the columns of the *Scottish-American Journal*, the speaker gave the history of his great prize: 'An unostentatious copy of the first Edinburgh edition of his [Burns's] poems, bound in honest calf, containing twenty-seven closely written pages in the handwriting of the poet, besides his original letter to the owner of the book, the Rev. Dr Alexander Geddes, afterwards Bishop Geddes, carefully stitched within the cover.'

There is a mistake here. The owner of the book was not Alexander but John Geddes. They were brothers, and came from the Enzie district of Banffshire. Alexander was the younger by two years; born and bred a Catholic like his brother, he became an eminent (and audacious) biblical critic, lost the confidence of his superiors, and was suspended from all ecclesiastical functions. John Geddes had been

a bishop for eight years when he first met the poet, whom he survived three years; and he was well esteemed in social and religious circles until his death. As a former rector of the Scots College at Valladolid in Spain, and being well acquainted with other institutions of learning on the Continent, he was of service to Burns in securing subscriptions for the poems. Besides being Bishop-Coadjutor for the Lowlands of Scotland, he was also Bishop of Morocco *in partibus infidelium*. Of genial disposition and courtly bearing, he won the heart of the poet, who regarded him as the 'first' or best cleric character he had ever seen; and so terms him in a letter to Mrs Dunlop, 'popish bishop' though he might be. Burns classes him with Professor Dugald Stewart as an admirable type of manhood.

The bishop had a copy of the Edinburgh edition bound with a plentiful supply of blank leaves ready for new entries. This he presented to the poet with the request: 'Won't you kindly write on the blank leaves some new poems, and return the volume at your convenience?' Burns consented to the arrangement, and carried the volume with him on his tour in the Highlands, which furnished material for several of the dozen poems that he inscribed on the blank leaves. At Ellisland he inserted a few more, returning the book by a friend in 1789. It contains five manuscript poems:

1. 'On reading in the newspaper the death of John M'Leod, Esq., brother to Miss Isabella M'Leod, a particular friend of the author's.'
2. 'On the death of Sir J. Hunter Blair.'
3. 'Written on the blank leaf of my first edition, which I presented to an old sweetheart then married. I was then on the tiptoe for Jamaica.'
4. 'An Epitaph on a Friend.'
5. 'The humble petition of Bruar Water to the noble Duke of Athol.'
6. 'On the death of Robert Dundas of Arniston, Esq., late Lord President of the Court of Sessions.'
7. 'On scaring some water-fowl in Loch Turrit, a wild scene among the hills of Oughtertyre.'

8. 'Written at the Hermitage of Taymouth.'
9. 'Written at the Fall of Fyers.'
10. 'Written in Friars' Carse Hermitage on the banks of Nith, June 1788.'
11. 'The same altered from the foregoing, December 1788.'
12. 'To Robert Graham of Fintry, Esq., accompanying a request.'

The entries have been carefully written with good ink on the best quality of linen paper, and the state of preservation is excellent. In addition, the poet has in many cases supplied with his own hand the names which were purposely left blank in the poems to avoid heart-burnings, quarrels, or possible litigations.

The good bishop fell into ill-health about eight years later, and went into retirement; and at his death in Aberdeen in 1799 the volume became the property of his sister Margaret, wife of John Hyslop, a surgeon in London. Their daughter, Margaret Hyslop, fell heir to the treasure; and in 1838, when her friend Henry Goadby, M.D., was about to leave for America, she gave it to him as a parting token of esteem. Goadby was a man of considerable scientific and literary attainments, and concentrated his energies on a *Text-Book of Vegetable and Animal Physiology*, believing that it would make his name and fortune. When he visited Detroit he was well off; and he cherished the book with extraordinary care. The local Scots invited him to a Burns celebration; and he brought the volume and displayed it before their admiring gaze. On this occasion Mr Black ventured to hint that if ever the volume was in the market he would be only too glad to become its purchaser. The next time he heard of Dr Goadby was in 1861, and from Milwaukee. Dr Goadby had been unsuccessful with his book, which was too abstruse, and his circumstances were embarrassed. Although he was parting with most of his valuables, he still clung to the *Burns*; and his wife shared his devotion. After two years of negotiation, however, they were compelled to sell it; and Mr James Black secured it, with a proviso that he would return it if the selling party were able to buy it back. 'In consigning to you the accompanying volume,' wrote Mrs Goadby pathetically, 'my only consolation in parting with it is in knowing that with you it will be fully appreciated. I could not bear to have it pass into the hands of a person who might be unmindful of its merits.' This was in December 1863, and since that time the *Geddes Burns* has been in Detroit.

Within the past ten years a citizen of Buffalo has obtained possession of the wonderfully interesting Burns-Dunlop correspondence, which remained for a century in the hands of her descendants, the Wallaces of Loch Ryan in Wigtownshire, Scotland. It was my great privilege to spend an afternoon with its present possessor, Mr Robert Borthwick Adam, who took me to his home from his place of business in Main Street. His library in the resi-

dence at 448 Delaware Avenue is unique. It contains the finest collection of Johnsoniana in existence. Some years ago the task of publishing this Dunlop correspondence was entrusted to the competent hands of William Wallace, editor of the four-volume edition of the Chambers's *Burns*. It was no slight pleasure to go through the original manuscripts, from the first bright epistle written in the hey-day of vigour and popularity, and signed boldly 'Robert Burns,' to the last sad note of July 1796, written with crippled fingers. Like the first, however, and unlike the bulk of the letters belonging to a time of strain and overwork, it has also the poet's name in full. The drift of the correspondence possesses a certain significance. The style is formal at first, and the handwriting somewhat boyish; later on style and script become more business-like. The usual signature is 'Robert Burns,' and there is pathos in his return to the earlier and more elaborate form in a last farewell to his esteemed friend.

The most important of the original manuscripts is a copy of Burns's 'Tam o' Shanter,' with one or two evident omissions filled in by a later hand. There can hardly be a doubt that, in the much-disputed passage at line 61, Burns never meant 'snow' to be hyphenated with 'falls,' as if to form a compound, 'snow-falls' or 'snow-fall,' equivalent to 'snow-flakes.' The poet was fond of hyphenating, even overdoing the habit. In addition, there is his fondness for omitting the relative pronoun even where it is in the nominative case. A study of Burns originals favours the explanation that the insertion of 'that' after 'snow' solves the difficulty. The original manuscript of 'A Man's a Man for a' that,' in Mr Adam's possession, bears the date 1794, and differs from the accepted version in small details. Stanza 1, line 3, has 'A coward slave;' and stanza 4, line 8, has 'Are higher ranks for a' that.'

The impression left by a careful perusal, in chronological order, of these letters of Burns to Mrs Dunlop is one of overwork—of a man burning the candle at both ends. His physical nature appears overtaken; the brightness and lightness characteristic of the earlier letters disappear. Several of the later ones are written after prolonged conviviality, and the writer makes the excuse of exhaustion. In many cases, though retaining the original date, the letter has evidently been written at odd times, with a lapse of several days at least. The only manuscript which has suffered appreciably from age is the 'Epistle to Davie,' the ink having grown dim. The others are remarkable for the excellent condition of the paper and the clearness of the handwriting.

The present centre of the Burns cult in America is, however, at the Capitol in Washington, where a Haddington man, Mr W. R. Smith, director of the Botanic Gardens, has for years been devoting his time and energies to the collection of all available printed matter dealing with the poet. He has now

over five hundred editions of the poet's works, and a mass of magazine and other articles published all over the globe which bear on the subject. I mentioned that my grand-uncle, John Gray, town-clerk of Ayr, was one of the secretaries of the great Burns Festival of 1844, held at Alloway; and Mr Smith at once turned up an Ayr paper of the time, in which the name appeared. He has also a fine collection of engravings, and a library which comes near to being an exact duplicate of the library Burns gathered together for his own use; it is a wonderfully solid collection, showing how ambitious was the Ellisland farmer. Many of the Craibe Angus treasures have come to Mr Smith, and since the break-up of that fine collection the Washington collection bids fair to take a first place. Mr Smith occupies a modest bungalow right under the shadow of the Capitol dome, and surrounded by hot-houses. Horticulture in America is largely in the hands of Scotsmen, and most of Mr Smith's gardeners hail from the land of heather. The active

Secretary of Agriculture, James M. Wilson, is a native of Ayrshire, and was brought up on the banks of the Lugar. He has been revolutionising the study of agriculture in the country; and the Agriculture Department at Washington, under his management, is virtually a college backed by the Government.

In Mr Smith's efforts he has had the co-operation of Mr Andrew Carnegie, and the final destination of the collection is the Carnegie Institute at Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, where it will have a special corner. The noble library-hall and picture-gallery, already built and furnished on one of the best sites of that busy city, are only the beginnings of a great institution that will cover many acres of ground and be a hive of keen brain-workers. As is natural, horticulture and theology at Pittsburgh are in the hands of Scotsmen born—Dr Christie and Mr William Falconer. When the Burns collection goes thither there will be many of Scottish ancestry and birth to carry on the traditions.

JACK NORMAN'S LOVE AFFAIR.

CHAPTER II.



N a fresh, pleasant afternoon in October, Jack Norman landed at the little station within a mile of his sister's house, and walked quietly away. He was well known now. He had been there many times since that first visit in the early summer, and the stationmaster had his name pat, and the porter touched his cap with a smile proportioned to the tip he knew he would receive later when he went up to Longmead with Mr Norman's bag.

Jack walked steadily along, his teeth clenched on his underlip, his eyes on the ground. He was thinking very seriously. This was not one of his ordinary week-end runs: it was an occasion big with moment, and he looked very resolute and a trifle pale. His deep abstraction made him fail to see a tall, slender figure moving down a foot-path which ran into the road he was following. The figure hesitated for a moment, then turned aside and was lost instantly in a cross-path bordered by a holly-hedge.

Behind the holly-hedge Evelyn glided along, crimson and furious. Had she fresh cause for anger against Jack Norman? None. She had never heard a word against him save that once from her brother's lips; though, to be sure, that was quite enough. It was a rebel within the pale that she had to crush. She had looked up suddenly and seen that tall form walking easily along, and her heart had leapt in her bosom like a wild thing. For an instant she had stood aghast, refusing to recognise the truth. Then she had turned and hurried along the side-path, resolute to hold down this wild impulse of joy at seeing him, and burn it

out of her heart with the fire of self-contempt and scorn.

She reached home without meeting any one, and went at once to her room determined upon facing the weakness of her nature, full of loathing for herself that, while professing dislike for a double-faced gambler, as she believed him, yet her heart had slowly and insensibly turned towards him. And so she sat and wrestled with herself a dreadful hour.

Meanwhile Jack Norman had arrived at Longmead, and been received there with much joy. His sister gave him some tea, and his niece installed him in a great easy-chair where there was ample room for her to snuggle in beside him. They spent an hour lazily and cheerfully over the tea; then Dorothy was called away by her governess, and Mrs Hope and her brother were left alone.

'What's on your mind, Jack?' asked his sister after a short silence.

Norman looked up with his quiet, pleasant smile. 'Well, there is something,' he admitted.

'Something!' laughed his sister. 'I should say there is. I haven't been acquainted with you all these years for nothing. Come, I've known pretty well all that's been in your mind since you've had one. What is it now?'

'Why,' said he slowly, 'I've come down this time to ask Miss Boyne to marry me.'

His sister nodded. 'I expected that,' she said, also slowly; and there was silence.

Jack Norman stood up and moved about a little restlessly. Then he came to a stand near the fire, leaning with one shoulder against the mantelshelf and staring into the blazing coals.

'You haven't much to say about it,' he said, with a forced attempt at lightness; 'you are not generally short of comments to pass upon anything I may think of attempting.'

'Jack,' said Mrs Hope, 'I don't know what to say. I can tell you frankly that it was my desire that this would come about when you first came down. I have never in my life met a girl I admired so much as I admire Evelyn Boyne. She is as strong as she is sweet, and as sweet as she is strong. And yet'—

'And yet you can't convince yourself that she looks with favour on a frequent visitor of yours,' he broke in, with an attempt at playfulness—an attempt belied by his eager eyes, by the nervous movement of the hand resting on the mantelshelf.

'I cannot understand her,' said Mrs Hope thoughtfully, her eyes fixed on the carpet at her feet. 'She cannot have anything against you.'

'Except that she does not like me. I have had no experience in my life in these matters; but I fancy that is reckoned something,' put in Norman.

'It is not that,' said Mrs Hope decisively; 'it is something I cannot fathom. I have watched her often, for I have known your hopes for a long time, Jack.'

'You have?' he cried in surprise.

'As if any woman wouldn't have known!' she said in a tone of tender mockery. 'You are a fine deep fellow to hide your feelings, of course; but not from me, my dear Jack, not from me.'

'There is something I do not understand either,' he broke out suddenly; 'something which bodes little good to me, I fear. I have watched her with other people, and she seems to meet them half-way, to be eager to understand them, to be frank, cordial'—He paused and threw out his hand.

'She is all that,' said his sister.

'And then I have approached her,' went on Norman, 'and while she seemed not less friendly towards me than to others, yet I have felt a sensation of flinging myself as it were against a smooth, hard slab, as if some icy barrier suddenly stood between us, a barrier she erected against no one else. I'm afraid I'm not very clear. I'm not used to trying to put such things into words.'

'I understand you perfectly, Jack,' said his sister; 'and, to tell the truth, I have seen it myself, and wondered not a little at it. It is a weapon which every woman has at command against presuming people who need to be taught their place. But you are a thousand miles from being such a person, and it has been sheer cruelty to use it to you. And yet she is not a cruel girl, a flirt, a coquette, one of those characters who use such a weapon for the pleasure of giving pain; she is, in truth, as far from that as you are from the rude, forward man who needs a lesson. I cannot understand it.'

'Well, there is one way of cutting this knot,' said Norman in a low voice. 'I will put my fate to the

touch. I'm bound to know one thing or the other then.'

'Oh! I do hope'—began his sister, then paused, her puzzled face bent upon the fire. Mrs Hope had never found it so hard to see through a tangle before. What in the world could the girl have against Jack, her handsome brother, a gentleman and good fellow to the finger-tips, as she would have declared in his favour anywhere? And yet she did not attempt to deceive herself for a moment. She had marked signs of aversion in Evelyn, signs so slight, so subtle, that a less keen observer would have utterly missed them, would have denied they had ever been shown.

'We are strange creatures, we women,' sighed Mrs Hope. 'It is a favourite thing with men to declare we are incomprehensible. And I—I agree with them.'

Her brother moved restlessly, and she changed the subject. But it soon worked back towards the Boynes. Not to Evelyn this time, but to her brother.

'How does Richard Boyne come on?' asked Mrs Hope.

'Oh,' said Norman slowly, 'he doesn't want for wits. He picked up his work in the office at once, and, I believe, does that to the great satisfaction of Baker, the chief-clerk. But I'm afraid he wants balance a little in some directions.'

'London streets are very dangerous places for a lad from the country to spend his evenings,' said Mrs Hope.

'Why, there you hit it, Alice, I fancy,' returned her brother. 'I'm rather of opinion he has not been spending his time lately in the most improving of company. I've been looking him up a bit, and keeping an eye on his leisure time, and what he does with it. He's a very nice lad, but easily led away, I should say.'

The conversation was now interrupted by callers and by the return of Dorothy, who took possession of her uncle, and could not be persuaded to leave his side until her bedtime arrived.

'Will you come to church with us, Jack?' said Mrs Hope next morning after breakfast.

'I don't think I will this morning, thank you,' replied Norman. 'I shall go for a walk. I feel wretchedly unsettled.'

When he went out he turned towards a lofty upland which ran along the broad top of the ridge sheltering the village. It was a morning of yellow sunshine and blue misty distances, the air fresh and sweet, the bushes knitted together with delicate threads of gossamer. But of these things Jack Norman took but little notice.

'What a coward I am!' he thought. 'I wonder if it rattles everybody like this. When you come to think of it, every man who gets married has to go through it, and most of them seem to take it easily enough; but'—and his bold reflections took a soberer cast—'perhaps they had some hopes to

encourage them. I've heard that some girls make it easier that way. I'm afraid'—and Jack shrugged his shoulders disconsolately. He rambled through the furze-dotted waste for an hour or more, then turned his face towards home. He had been carelessly following the rude paths worn by feeding sheep and ponies through the patches of brake, and had to collect himself to gain the right direction. Mounting a knoll, he glanced round and saw far away a little hill rising in the heath, a hill upon which many a beacon-fire had been lighted in other days. His road home ran past its foot, and he moved slowly towards it.

As he walked down the slope he ran his eye along the ribbon of heath-road visible from this point for a long stretch, and saw a tiny figure far in the distance. It was a woman's, and seemed to be coming his way. In a moment again he dipped into a hollow and lost all sight of the road. Strolling slowly on, he rounded a clump of thorns and saw the track not fifty yards off, and saw, too, the figure which had been moving along it. His heart gave a great leap. It was Evelyn Boyne. She had not seen him, and was walking steadily along, her head down as if in thought, one glove swinging idly from her bare white hand. For an instant Jack Norman stood as if he had been shot. Here was a piece of marvellous fortune. A year's planning could not have offered him a more favourable chance. Then he moved on again, his blood drumming in his ears. She had not once glanced in his direction, and was walking briskly. Before he reached the road she had passed the point where his path ran in, and was going on. He followed her, lengthening his stride to overtake her swift, graceful step, his heart in a tumult. And yet a feeling of hope crept in. It had no reason for existence save the happy conjunction of circumstances. That Evelyn should be crossing the heath at this hour of morning instead of being in the village church must surely be a lucky turn of fate; things must be working his way. He walked faster. A dozen strides brought him to her side, and he bade her good-morning.

With a quick start, Evelyn's face came over her shoulder. Was it surprise only which brought a lovely wave of colour up throat and cheek, and made her large eyes deep and sweet and soft? For a moment Jack Norman stood entranced; then in a flash the warm, bright colour faded, was succeeded by a severe paleness, and the eyes were cold and polite, and the little hand—the gloved one—which was extended barely touched his and was at once drawn back.

A touch of cold thrilled Norman. He murmured something, he scarce knew what it was; he fancied, afterwards, a request that she would permit him to escort her back to the village; but before she could speak he took his courage desperately in his two hands and poured out his heart to her. He did not do it well; he saw that himself with miserable certainty—he did not do it well. He stumbled; he repeated himself; he could only say that he loved

her better than anything in the world, better than his own life, and would she marry him? Evelyn heard him in silence, her face as pale and troubled as his own. But he saw with a secret sinking of his soul that she drew back a little and clenched her hand, the little bare white hand, upon her bosom.

'No,' she said. 'No, Mr Norman, it cannot be.'

The slow, quiet words fell chill upon his glowing hopes. He drew a deep breath, and felt like a man who receives a mortal wound. In the despair of this calm, stern refusal he lost his nervousness, lost his terror of the situation; his tongue became freed, and he pleaded earnestly, his white face eager and passionate—pleaded for a little hope, for a little delay. Would she not consider the matter before she destroyed his hopes for ever?

Never once did Evelyn look into his eyes, into the handsome face, suddenly worn and haggard as all his towering fancies sank into the dust. She stared steadily with dim, unseeing eyes into the far distance. How was he to know that her heart was torn even as his? How was he to comprehend the stern loyalty which bade her say no—a thousand times no—to such a man as her brother had painted?

His voice dropped, and for an instant there was silence. 'A little time,' he had concluded. 'Give me a little time.'

'It would be wrong of me to do so,' replied Evelyn, her low, sweet tones schooled to a dry steadiness which cut into his quivering nerves as a whip-thong might cut into bruised flesh. 'My answer could never be different.' A wave of that scorn and contempt she had felt a thousand times for the man who could lure a simple country lad into evil welled up in support of her pride, and she said swiftly, 'No length of time, I assure you, could induce me to alter my answer. I cannot conceive of any circumstance under which such an offer would be other than distasteful.'

The cruelty was desperate: it was a sheer laying on of the lash. But Evelyn knew well it was her only refuge; and who could merit sterner repulse than this man to whom her miserable, disloyal heart turned at once when she glanced up and saw his pale face whiten paler still under this stinging cut?

Jack Norman said no more. What remained to be said when his love was refused, and refused with withering contempt? He stood for an instant as if unable to believe his ears, then murmured a few words, and turned back into the heath. For an hour or more he walked blindly over the great furze-clad expanse, brain and heart in a whirl. The crushing completeness of his overthrow puzzled and bewildered him.

'Had I been an importunate and troublesome dog I could not have been whipped away more savagely,' he said to himself. 'I seem not merely to have lost my chance, but even her friendship. She must positively hate me. Who would have dreamed that

her beautiful eyes could look so coldly, so cruelly on one?' And so he beat forward wildly and unseeing, his heart smarting cruelly. How was he to divine that the beautiful eyes had been blinded by scalding tears as she, too, turned and walked through a land which seemed a desert?

When Jack Norman came to himself he found that he stood upon the edge of a little fir-wood and was looking down upon the village and the shining lines of rail running past it. He had made a great sweep and come in upon the other side of the place. He pulled himself together, sighed, smiled bitterly as he thought of the plans

which had floated through his mind as he climbed yonder distant slope above his sister's house, and stepped out for the station. His sister he could not face. To talk over what had happened was a sheer impossibility. He would rather a hundred times hold his finger in a candle-flame; the raw, smarting wounds would not endure even the lightest, kindest touch. He reached the station, sat down in the stationmaster's office, and wrote a brief note.

He had barely despatched this to Mrs Hope by a messenger than an up-train steamed in. Five minutes later he was being whirled towards London.

RECOLLECTIONS OF SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON.

By W. W. FENN.

HE was one of my very best friends, not only in the world of art but socially. Notwithstanding the distance that lay between his brilliant powers and my poor attempts to become a landscape painter, and the wholly different life that he led from start to finish, he never failed, after our intimacy had ripened, to salute me with the friendly pat on the shoulder and the 'Well, Fenn, old boy! how are you?' accompanying the words with a cordial hand-shake.

I first saw Frederick Leighton—and was lucky enough to be introduced to him on that same occasion—when he had but lately returned from Rome, radiant with the glory which his first picture had shed upon him. It was at the rooms of a distinguished numismatist, one Vaux, an official in the British Museum. This gentleman was, like most of us in those days (1854–55), a bachelor, and occupied rough-and-tumble, though very capacious, chambers in an old house in Gate Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields. He was a man who, so to speak, knew everybody; and on periodical Saturday nights during winter he used to gather 'everybody' around him in his large rooms. The entertainment was not sumptuous in the way of fare, which consisted of bread and cheese, beer, pipes, and 'baecy'; but it was rich from the intellectual side.

Ah, what gatherings they were! How genial, how enjoyable, and—how smoky! I wonder if there is anything like them going on at the present day? Perhaps, for the world is always young to the young, and, consequently, everything is new. If Vaux's Saturdays have their parallel in the beginning of this new century, I fancy they are vastly different. Bohemia has become more respectable, in the 'Clapham' meaning of the word. No youngsters who fancy themselves nowadays would think of appearing in public after 7 P.M. except in evening-dress, whilst a short pipe reeking with shag tobacco would be held as an abomination not to be thought of for a moment. In Vaux's rooms you could hardly see your way about at

times for the clouds of smoke; still, you managed to find there men not only of every degree but nearly of every profession. Very few were above middle age, the majority young, but all more or less possessed of some ability, talent, or genius that promised ultimate distinction—a distinction in many cases already attained—in music, literature, war (the Crimean war was then raging), art, or science. Most of them, too, were ready and willing to give to the company a taste of their quality, if it permitted of any display. There were amateur and professional pianists, fiddlers (young and elderly), singers (serious and comic, from bass to alto), actors, conjurers, ventriloquists, soldiers, and what not. Paintings and sketches, rare or curious, or just produced, came in for their share of attention as they hung temporarily on the walls or stood on easels; and portfolios of drawings of every kind, from water-colours to pencil, and etchings, all more or less the work of Mr Vaux's friends or his friends' friends, were exhibited.

And these friends! How they varied, as much in costume as in face, figure, voice, or manner! Cropped hair and long beards were not the fashion until after Crimean days; and the ample locks, frequently not too well attended to, lent an additional variety to the aspect. The host himself was an example. He generally wore a thick pea-jacket and roughish trousers not too new; and amongst his guests, who dropped in anywhere between 10 P.M. and 2 A.M., one saw fellows who had just left their studios, desks, or laboratories, smoking short clay-pipes, or others in immaculate evening costume smoking choice cigars. The foreign element alone smoked cigarettes (making these themselves); and if he had been a smoker—which he never became—Fred Leighton would have been conspicuous in this class of guests, for although he had the unmistakable look of an Englishman, there was a foreign tone about him, mingled with the *bel air* of the best cosmopolitan society.

It was not my good fortune ever to know Leighton on the same intimate terms that I knew

Millais; indeed, I do not believe any one could have known him under similar terms. He was not a 'knowable' man in that way; and although he and Millais were contemporaries, they were as utterly unlike in their individualities as any two men could be. In reality there could be no rivalry between them, and it always appeared to me perfectly ridiculous to speak of them in the actual sense of that word—as absurd as has been the vulgar custom of speaking of Dickens and Thackeray as rivals. Except that they were great artists living in the same period, their work no more clashed than did that, say, of Frith and Armitage or of Constable and Bonington. A story runs to the effect that Leighton, in speaking of Millais, used to say, 'Yes, he is a glorious painter, but it is a pity he is not more academic;' whilst Millais would declare that he admired Leighton enormously, 'although it might be a pity he was so academic.' I say this story, if it be not invented, at least completely and concisely describes the essential differences between the characters of the two men, both in their work and in themselves.

I forget whether Millais happened to be present on that particular night when I first saw Leighton at Vaux's. I rather think not, and I am pretty sure they had not then even met. At any rate, I can perfectly well recall my great chum Mike Halliday and myself saying, 'And so that is the handsome young fellow that Thackeray told Millais would "make him look to his laurels."' This remark, although it had never been told by Millais in public, had been mentioned by him to very many of his friends just previous to that memorable night in Gate Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields.

On that occasion, however, we had an illustration of Leighton's easy familiarity with foreign languages. We heard him more than once speak in Spanish, Italian, and, of course, in French; in the latter case notably, for frequently at the piano we found our friend the Chevalier Louis Desanges, the fashionable portrait-painter, in private life one of the most humorous, kindly, and genial dogs going, who on that evening had been singing his celebrated song, 'Villikins and his Dinah,' done in French. It was very funny his 'Sire Veellikins, Bar-onet-te Anglais, un jeune Lord Maire!'

Leighton, it seems, had known him in Naples, and when the song was over the two shook hands, and, both speaking at once, spat forth such a volume of Neapolitan *patois*, accompanied with terrific gesticulations, that it was impossible to say which was the most comic, the song or the ensuing dialogue.

Frequently, after this, Leighton and I met at various houses, especially at that of the distinguished actress Miss Herbert. She was then managing the St James's Theatre, and had made a great hit in the part of Lady Audley in a dramatic version of Miss Braddon's well-known novel, *Lady Audley's Secret*, then only lately published—the lady so often recognisable in the drawings and pictures of Dante

Gabriel Rossetti, Val Prinsep, and other artists whom she favoured with sittings. They called her 'The Stunner,' as well they might, for she was one of the most attractive and fascinating of the *belle dames* of the early sixties. The painter of the well-known 'Cimabue' picture was one of Miss Herbert's greatest admirers and friends.

Volunteering, however, it was which threw Leighton and myself, in a sense, intimately together; and this privilege once given to me, as I have said, I never lost, thanks to his generous kindness. Everybody knows how enthusiastic he was in the movement, and how eventually he became colonel of the Artists' Corps of volunteers, through sheer study and hard work at the art and science of war.

Those who may honour me by remembering what I said in my 'Memories of Millais' (*Journal*, 1901-1902) will see how unlike Leighton's tastes on this point were to those of his brother-painter. Leighton lost no opportunity of attending the musters from the first drills set afoot at the old Hanover Square Rooms. From private he became corporal, sergeant, ensign (the rank of ensign not being then abolished), lieutenant, captain, and so on upwards. It was when he had attained to the latter rank that the King, as Prince of Wales, was married. The line of route from Hyde Park Corner to the Marble Arch was kept by the Metropolitan and other corps of volunteers on the day when the Prince drove through the town with his bride-elect, the gracious and beautiful Princess from Denmark, who had but just arrived in England.

We did not know much about soldiering in those days, and we were not encouraged to learn; but outwardly we managed to look pretty smart, and the Artists' Corps, in its light-gray-and-silver uniform, we flattered ourselves, was conspicuous in this respect. We had a large muster, and were all extremely loyal and patriotic and earnestly desirous of showing up at the best, and of giving the warmest welcome to our future Queen. Frederick Leighton was captain of my company, and I had the honour of being what was then called his 'covering sergeant.' Thus he was in the front rank, and I (in the rear immediately behind him) stepped up into his place as he stepped on to the front at the salute as the carriage swept slowly past us. We were both within a yard or two of its royal occupants, and a closer or a better view of them it would have been impossible to get. Of course, Leighton was well known to the Prince, and I observed the look of recognition he gave my captain; the Princess, as I think, following suit. Anyhow, I have never since had so good a chance of seeing them both face to face, as it were. When they had gone past, and the regular formation in the ranks was resumed, Leighton whispered to me over his shoulder, 'Isn't she lovely, Fenn, my boy! We would fight for her, wouldn't we?' Needless to say I have never forgotten these words or that day, which fortunately remained fine

until the evening, when we were dismissed. Then I can well recall the fact that I got wet through as I went home; and though I did not mind it at the time, for my uniform was accustomed to it, unluckily I had good reason, later on, to find that my body was not! Often and often afterwards the call to arms threw the great painter and myself more and more together at our musters, drills, marches, sham-fights, 'alarums,' and 'excursions,' which were made by the volunteers in pursuit of the 'pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war.'

Frederick Leighton's earnest devotion to music and the drama was well known. All that was good enlisted his warm sympathy. Most people have heard of the Moray Minstrels, for they flourish still under the guidance of their original conductor, John Foster. They came into vogue very soon after the decline of the Vaux bachelor-gatherings, beneath the hospitable roof of one who has but lately passed away, Arthur James Lewis, a first-rate amateur artist himself, and the friend of all artists. When he was a bachelor living in rooms in Jermyn Street, he got together a band of glee and madrigal singers who were then known under the facetious title of the 'Jermyn Band.' The rapid growth of these Saturday-night assemblies was amazing, and became a sort of *édition de luxe* of those in Gate Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields. Arthur James Lewis, being a wealthy man, extended his invitations freely to all his best friends, collecting sometimes around him even more celebrities than were to be found in Mr Vaux's rooms. Of painters there were no end. From time to time we had our Whistler and Frederick Walker, Du Maurier, John Tenniel, John Leech, H. Stacy Marks, our Frith with the light of the 'Derby Day' fresh upon him, John Phillip (Philip of Spain, as we called him), Henry O'Neil, Elmore, Ansdell—half the Royal Academy, in fact; Leighton being conspicuously constant in his attendance, and always thoroughly enjoying the glee-singing, which, evidently, was the item in the entertainment most attractive to him. Immediately it was over he vanished, for rarely was he to be found amidst the company who finished the evening with a sumptuous feast of oysters, hundreds of dozens of which must have been consumed. The precious bivalves were only eight-pence a dozen, be it remembered, in those halcyon days; but I have heard Arthur Lewis say that his bill at Wilton's in Ryder Street, whence the succulent morsels were provided, oftentimes staggered him. What would they do now, I wonder?

The 'Jermyn Band' changed its title when Mr Lewis moved to the delightful Moray Lodge on Campden Hill. Then, when in the course of time he took unto himself as wife Miss Kate Terry, the most eminent and charming actress of her day, ladies became the leading features of the audiences assembled to listen to the Moray Minstrels and other more or less musical diversions.

Of these one or two are noticeable. For instance,

there was a highly humorous duologue in French entitled 'Les Deux Aveugles,' which was performed by Mr Du Maurier and Mr Harold Power, the latter constantly intervening with a huge, discordant trombone. The two blind men, both impostors, meet on the Pont des Arts, run against each other, then peep out of the corners of their eyes, and so recognise each their rival; then a very funny and mirth-stirring dialogue ensues. I wish I could remember the sentences and speeches uttered one against the other accurately enough to set them down; but they have escaped me, except that they consisted of abuse of each other, and constant appeals for charity from passers-by, such as, '*Avez pitié d'un pauvre aveugle, qui ne voit pas clair!*' '*Qui est frappé par la cécité,*' . . . and other ridiculous phrases. They spoke of each other as rivals, and, altogether, with their make-ups and bursts of song, used to throw the company into convulsions of laughter, for both gentlemen were admirable actors and singers.

Another dramatic interlude frequently given was of more importance—none other, indeed, than *Cox and Box*, the musical burlesque on the popular farce of *Box and Cox* by Madison Morton. Arthur Sullivan wrote the music for this clever trifle, and the book was by Sir F. C. Burnand, editor of *Punch*; but I perfectly well remember that the three characters were sustained by Du Maurier, Power, and John Foster, the musical director of the Morays.

Our charming English composer (alas! also gone from us) was a habitué of Moray Lodge, and superintended the rehearsals and productions of this operetta. The burlesque lines adapted to well-known songs were very droll and cleverly arranged—as, for instance, when Mr Box, superintending the cooking of his morning meal, sings 'Hush-a-bye, bacon, on the grid's top'—and admirably rendered by the amateur artist Harold Power; whilst the conversion of the landlady of the farce into a Corporal Bouncer, instead of Mrs Bouncer, was a most ludicrous piece of comic acting by the redoubtable Johnny Foster.

Details beyond the general notion of the pleasant absurdity have vanished from my mind; but I know that it was under Arthur Lewis's roof that *Cox and Box* was first tried, and not found wanting in any respect. Indeed, Sir Arthur Sullivan wrote it especially as a sort of dedicatory offering to Mrs Lewis.

Frederick Leighton was nearly always to be seen on these occasions laughing and enjoying himself to his heart's content; for, though he could not be said to display any great personal humour, he had the keenest sense of it in others, never failing to express his mirth with the utmost cordiality. We used to say that at Moray Lodge his appearances were like those of a beautiful meteor—in flashes, as it were. He had a knack in this sort of thing, coming like a bright particular star, and vanishing with the same dazzling rapidity.

In those later days when the increase of my blindness had given Leighton the opportunity of most practically showing his sympathy with and esteem and regard for me, he never failed to ask me to his studio on 'Show Sunday,' to hear all about the pictures he was going to send to the Royal Academy. Here, of course, one met many very distinguished people, and here I dimly saw, through the increasing haze slowly but surely dropping over my failing sight, such people as Robert Browning, George Eliot, G. H. Lewes, Joachim the great violinist, and many others whose names do not at the moment recur to me. But what does recur very forcibly is the never-failing cordiality of the greeting I met with from my gracious and always picturesquely attired host; nor can I do otherwise than gratefully remember the way in which he would take my arm and hand, and, at a little distance, sketch out on the front of his canvas the arrangement and composition of the various subjects, with his accustomed volubility of explanation and the friendly pat on the shoulder, ending

with, 'Do you think you understand it now, old boy?'

Here, in this slight record of my recollection of Leighton, is no place for any mention of particular pictures. What these were was seen at the collected exhibition of his works held in the winter immediately following his ever-lamented death after a long period of suffering. And, recalling that, the world is yearly becoming more and more conscious of what a great artist it has lost.

I have mentioned already his meteor-like appearances and disappearances, and I particularly remember being struck by this characteristic the last time I was near him. This was at the private view of the Winter Exhibition at the Royal Academy in 1896; and then, alas! it was for the last time that I heard the whispered 'Fenn, old boy,' and felt the cordial grasp of the friendly hand! It was only too soon after this that he passed from all human ken; but, I believe, it will be many a long day ere we shall have done with our recollections of Frederick, Lord Leighton.

THE SIEGE OF SAVIGNY.

By RAFAEL SABATINI.

HIGH-HO! A man of twenty in love is a sad fool. Yet who would not be a sad fool that he might be twenty and in love?

I sat idling in the guard-room of the Castle of Nogent one July morning, my twenty-year-old mind running upon a lady who dwelt at Juvisy, whose very name was unknown to me, but whose eyes—the bluest that I ever looked into—had naughtless made a fool of me. That pair of eyes had drawn me off of late to ride across the league and a half that lay 'twixt Nogent and Juvisy, so that I might pass beneath her window, and earn for all reward perchance a glance, perchance not that. So, thinking of her, as had become my constant wont, sat I that July morning when one of M. de Crecqui's men came to bid me wait upon the Governor.

I was genially received by my kind patron with the intimation that a hazardous enterprise awaited me if I were minded to undertake it: the business being his own rather than the King's. The Château de Savigny, which lay some ten leagues distant from Nogent, and thirty leagues this side of Paris, and which was the property of M. de Crecqui, had been forcibly seized by his brother-in-law, M. de Monravel, upon the plea—inaccurate, my patron said—that the demesne formed part of his wife's marriage-portion.

M. de Crecqui had garrisoned the place pending the legal settlement of the business, confident in his influence with the King to bring it to the issue he desired; but the audacious Monravel, knowing how weighty an argument at law is the possession

of the disputed ground, had duped my patron's men, and seizing the château, had set a slender garrison of his own—six men, as I afterwards learnt—to hold it against M. de Crecqui. Monravel relied as much upon his influence with the Parliament to establish the justice of his pretensions as did Crecqui build upon his influence with our good King Henry the Fourth.

In such a pass stood matters now; and, piqued by the affront that had been put upon him, it was M. de Crecqui's desire that I should start forthwith for Savigny, taking half-a-dozen men-at-arms with me, and there by force or strategy oust Monravel's knaves, and at any cost regain possession of his castle, holding it as a *place de guerre*.

I liked the business much; yet I was not blind to the risk that I ran did the Parliament prove the place M. de Monravel's. But my patron promised me in all solemnity that he would sustain me against all risks, and himself answer to the King for all that I did as being done in his name and by his express commands.

Thus reassured, I picked my men, and with the six of them in back and breast plates and pots of burnished steel, I rode out for Savigny without more ado, and preserving the utmost secrecy as to our destination.

I went by way of Juvisy, and had for my reward a glimpse of my lady coming out of the Church of St Jacques as we rode by. She was attended by an elderly waiting-woman, who came behind her at a respectful distance, and she walked with eyes demurely downcast and folded hands, as becomes a maiden fresh from her devotions; but the clatter my

fellows made in passing caused her to lift her eyes. They met my impassioned gaze, and for a moment they were not withdrawn. Mayhap the ardour of my glance it was, mayhap the brave figure I cut in my glinting corslet and plumed hat: I know not which of these, but this I know—that into her eyes, which hitherto had never bestowed upon me but an indifferent, almost contemptuous look, if they had looked at all, there seemed to leap a light of interest. Her lips—surely 'twas not my enamoured fancy—assumed the faintest of smiles; a smile of kindness methought it. The blood rushed to my head, and so far drowned my usual timidity that, bending low upon the withers, I doffed my hat in the courtliest fashion I was master of. Thus far did impulse bear me, but no farther. Draw rein I dared not, but passed on; and, growing presently conscious that my troopers' faces were all agrin, I swore softly to myself, and harshly bade them travel faster.

It is not my purpose to set down in detail how we took possession that very night of the Château de Savigny. The thing was accomplished with a simplicity rendered possible by the carelessness of the garrison and the unexpectedness of our attack. I turned all Monravel's creatures from the place, with the exception of an elderly dame who had charge of the kitchen, and whom we thought it convenient to keep with us. Four of my six troopers I sent back to Nogent, retaining but Barnave and Grégoire, for the place was of such strength that three men alert might hold it against an army.

Four days later an *huissier* sent from Paris by the Parliament presented himself at Savigny to demand of me that I should let down the drawbridge and deliver up the castle. I answered that I did not know him, and that I would obey nought but a written order from M. de Creequi, who had entrusted his castle to my keeping. That black-coated rascal answered me with threats of the hangman; whereupon I bade Barnave open the postern beside the portcullis and throw a plank across the moat. This done, I invited the bailiff to enter. He came gingerly enough, for he was unaccustomed to such narrow bridges. Had he known what awaited him he had not come at all; for when he was midway across, the plank was suddenly tilted over, and he was flung headlong into the slimy water. With a rope we rescued him, and sent him, wet and sorrowful, back to Paris and his Parliament.

This outrage must have made a fine stir, for three days later Savigny was visited by no less a person than a councillor, who came with all the pomp of office and a guard of honour of six archers. He was prodigal in threats—so prodigal that, grown weary of them, I bade the plank to be thrust out to him; but, knowing what had befallen the bailiff, and deeming that I intended him a like affront, he grew purple with rage, and with a parting volley of threats, he rode off in high dudgeon. Had I been older it might have afforded me uneasiness to think

that I had derided the Parliament, flouted its commands, and insulted its ambassadors.

It was on the morning of the second day after the councillor's visit that Grégoire brought me word that a lady was at the gates demanding speech of the master of the place. Now, if that information caused me some slight astonishment, it was as nothing to my amazement when, upon looking out from the postern, I beheld the very lady that was mistress of my thoughts: the lady of Juvisy. The horse she rode was bathed in sweat, flecked with foam, and breathing hard.

'Are you the master of this castle, monsieur?' was her panted greeting.

'I am in command here, madam,' I answered timidly.

'Then, monsieur, of your courtesy, of your chivalry, I crave shelter. I am being pursued.'

'Pursued, madam?' I cried, touched already by the distress in her voice. 'By whom?'

'Oh, what does it signify?' she cried, glancing fearfully behind her. 'By M. de Bervaux, my guardian. For Heaven's sake, monsieur, protect me!'

What answer could I make any woman who thus appealed to me? What answer could I make to her of all women?

'*Hola* there!' I shouted. 'Barnave! Grégoire! Quick, let down the portcullis.'

Breathing a prayer of gratitude to the god of lovers for this signal favour, I went hat in hand to assist her to alight in the courtyard, the while a very torrent of thanks rained down upon me from her lips in a voice so rich and musical that I listened as one enthralled; and when presently she paused abruptly, I looked up to find her eyes riveted upon my face, and her brows knit as though she looked on something that was puzzling her.

'Surely, surely, monsieur,' she said at last, 'we have met before?'

I went red from chin to hair. 'Indeed—indeed, madam, I have seen you often,' I stammered.

'At Juvisy, was it not?'

'Yes, madam, at Juvisy.'

'Ah!' And with the utterance of that monosyllable, so kindly and so witching a smile lighted her face that I know not what folly I had wrought but that shouts sounded without at that moment.

Grégoire came up with the news that a party of mounted men stood before the castle.

'Monsieur!' cried the lady in high distress, 'you will not give me up? Pity me, monsieur! I am a poor defenceless maid, and there are those without who would force me into a hateful marriage for the sake of what little wealth I am possessed of.'

'Say no more, mademoiselle.'

'Ah! but, monsieur,' she broke in tearfully, 'you must tell them that I am not here. In your mother's name, monsieur, I beg you, pity and help me!'

'I swear they shall go hence without you,' I answered firmly; whereupon she caught my hand and kissed it, blessing me for a brave and noble gentleman—my lips envying my hand the while.

At length I bade one of my knaves call Catharine, the woman that had been left behind by Monravel's men, and to her care I consigned mademoiselle. That done, I approached the window and looked out. I beheld a very magnificent gentleman, bravely arrayed and well mounted, and with him two fellows whom at a glance I took to be serving-men.

'*Hô!à*, my master!' I shouted, 'what seek you?'

'I am in search of a lady,' he replied, with princely hauteur.

'*Où!* A lady? Has she fallen into the moat?'

'You are pleased to jest, Master Jackanapes,' quoth he, with a scowl. 'I am in search of the lady who has sought shelter in this castle.'

'Jackanapes in your teeth, you dog!' I answered. 'Were I not?—'

'Answer me, sir,' he thundered, interrupting me. 'Are you harbouring a lady? I demand it.'

'*Où-da!* You demand it? Monsieur, I would have you know that my name is Armand de Pontis, and that'—

'I am answered,' he broke in angrily. 'And you shall smart for it, you knave. I am the lady's legal guardian, and deliver her to me you shall.'

'If you stay there another minute,' I answered, losing all patience, 'I'll deliver you a handful of carbine-shot.'

'I shall appeal to the Provost,' he threatened.

'Appeal to the devil, sir!' I retorted; and, slamming the window, I left him to his own devices.

As I turned I found mademoiselle standing behind me, her eyes alight with excitement.

'We have gained a respite, mademoiselle; but I fear that he will return, and the Provost with him.'

'What then, monsieur?' she cried in alarm. 'You will not abandon me to them?'

'Never, mademoiselle,' I answered resolutely. 'We shall fight this battle out together.'

To seal the bargain—and deeming that I had earned a right to this—I gallantly raised her hand to my lips.

'And I warrant you we will prove good comrades,' quoth she with an arch coyness that made me dizzy with hope.

Now, albeit M. de Bervaux was gone, he had left behind him his two servants on guard in the clear-ance before Savigny. It occurred to me to make a sortie and scatter them, and I mentioned this to Grégoire in mademoiselle's presence.

'Twere easily done,' said he; 'but it would avail us little unless'—His glance at mademoiselle completed the sentence.

'Mademoiselle remains here,' I answered, interpreting his glance.

That evening a letter reached me from M. de Crecqui. He lauded in it my treatment of those whom the Parliament had sent to me, and urged me to stand firm and give way to no threats, since he would be answerable for all. He was on the point of setting out for Paris to lay the matter before His Majesty. He ended with some touching professions of friendship, and promises of future advancement did I continue in this matter to show myself as staunch and trustworthy as hitherto. That promise of his was a pretty thing to dwell upon, and with his letter for a foundation I built myself as glorious a 'castle in Spain' as ever sprang from the hopeful soul of an ambitious boy; and in that castle of my fancy dwelt I and Henriette de Chandora—for such, she had told me, was her name. I pictured myself a knight of romance, and her the lady I had rescued in her hour of need; and as the days sped by this pleasant fancy grew and absorbed my every thought.

M. de Bervaux returned that night with the Provost and twenty men-at-arms—half of whom appeared to have been enlisted from the peasantry of the neighbourhood; and I was now called upon to give up the lady I had kidnapped. 'Kidnapped' was the word the Provost used, and 'tis small wonder I was out of temper at it. I was discreet, however, and did no more than swear by my honour that I had kidnapped no lady. He persisted that I held her a prisoner in Savigny; and, since I would not grant him leave to enter and search the place, he despatched a messenger to Paris to inform the King and the Parliament of what was passing. That done, and with wild threats of using cannon against me, he encamped his men in the clear-ance before the castle, and sat down to besiege me.

Four days went by ere the Provost's messenger returned, and were I minded to set down in detail all that passed in those four days 'twixt mademoiselle and me, the thousand things we said, the million thoughts I kept for later utterance, I should fill a volume as copious as the Bible.

On the night before the messenger's return we were walking on the ramparts—she wrapped in a man's cloak, and trusting to this and to the darkness to screen her from any prying eyes of our besiegers. I stalked along, talking as only a man of twenty will talk when the stars are overhead, the air is warm, and the woman of his heart doth bear him company. She listened and answered, and was kind, and so the thing came about; and before I quite knew what had chanced I was on my knees holding her hand in mine, offering her myself and all that I owned, and bewailing that my offering was so poor a thing—in which, in all truth, I did myself no more than justice. She said me neither yea nor nay, yet from her kindly tone and the touch of her sweet hand upon my head I gathered hope, and promised to wait, as she besought me, another day. She cried out that I bewildered her; that she must think at least until the morrow. And so we parted.

The morrow brought a more imperious summons from the Provost and M. de Bervaux. The Provost had word from the Parliament that I and those with me were to be held outlaws and taken dead or living unless I could prove that Mademoiselle de Chandora was not in the château. The news staggered me. What was M. de Crecqui about that such a decree as this was passed? And then I bethought me that this matter of mademoiselle was a thing apart from the mere holding of Savigny against M. de Monravel, and beyond the pale of M. de Crecqui's influence. The fear of disaster loomed suddenly before me.

'What proof will satisfy you, Master Provost?' I demanded.

'None but a search of the château,' he answered firmly.

'I have already told you, sir, that M. de Crecqui, my master, has forbidden me to open the gates to any one.'

'Have a care how you trifle, M. de Pontis,' he cried. 'I am empowered by the Parliament to proceed to extremities if you withstand me. M. de Crecqui's affairs are nought to me. Unless you admit me before sunset I'll send to Juvisy for cannon, and talk to you with them.'

Here was a pretty situation! And what would M. de Crecqui say if Savigny were demolished by cannon? I went over to the northern wing of the château, where mademoiselle had her apartments, and having found her, I told her what had passed.

'There is but one remedy,' said she, with a sigh.

'That is?'

'To hand me over to my guardian.'

'Were I minded to do so vile a thing, 'twould be too late; for if the Provost can prove that I have detained you I shall certainly be arrested.'

'Oh monsieur,' she cried, wringing her hands, 'is it for such a reward that you have befriended me? What can I do—what sacrifice can I make to save you from the consequences of your generosity?'

'So that you love me'—I began, when some one knocked. With an oath I strode to the door.

Barnave was there with a letter. It had been flung on to the ramparts with a stone attached to it from the eastern side, which was unguarded by our besiegers. Taking the package, I dismissed him, then eagerly tore it open. As I had already guessed, it was from M. de Crecqui, and dwelt at some length upon the charge which had been preferred against me.

'I more than half suspect,' he wrote, 'that this is a trumped-up lie of Monravel's, a pretext to gain admittance to the château and to overcome you. But the accusation is a serious one, and you must admit the Provost and one or two men—not more—to make their search. Keep close watch over them whilst they are in the place, and see that, as they enter and depart, your gates are not rushed. If by

any chance the story be true—which I cannot bring myself to credit—and you have a woman in the castle, we are all undone. I shall of a certainty lose Savigny, and as for you—may God have mercy on your soul!'

My heart sank at the last words, and in silence I handed the letter to Henriette. She took it, read, and fell to pondering with knitted brows. At length she looked up.

'If you were to get me secretly out of the château,' she said slowly, 'and then let the Provost make his search, would not the difficulty be overcome?'

'Ay, *ma mie*,' I answered, 'it would indeed. But how is it to be accomplished? The château is besieged.'

'On one side only,' she returned quickly. 'The eastern side is unguarded.'

'There are no gates.'

'But there are windows.'

'The lowest is thirty feet above the moat.'

'I might climb down a ladder.'

'Into the moat?' I asked. 'Child, the wall sinks sheer into the water.'

The information baffled her for a moment. 'I have it,' she cried presently. 'You have a rope-ladder in the château?'

I answered her that we had such things, and thereupon she suggested to me that after nightfall I should descend by it from the lowest window on the eastern side, and swim the moat, bearing the end of the ladder with me; then, having landed, I was to hold it taut, so that it sloped clear of the water. Down this she would descend; and, once she had reached the ground, it would be easy for me to re-enter the castle in the same manner as I had left it.

'But you, mademoiselle!' I cried. 'Where will you go?'

'To the Carmelite convent at Bernault; it is little more than half a league distant, and I know the way.'

I still protested that the descent would be fraught with peril; but she made light of my fears, and so the matter was settled, and the determination taken to carry out this plan of hers after midnight—in the hours when nature should have set the vigilance of our besiegers at its weakest.

It wanted a little to two o'clock in the morning when, having assured myself that all was quiet in the Provost's camp, I made my way down to the courtyard by the light of a lanthorn. As I stepped into the quadrangle I came suddenly face to face with mademoiselle, who had been waiting for me by the door.

'Where are your men?' was the question with which she greeted me.

'My men?' I echoed. 'Why, asleep upstairs; and with a jerk of the thumb I pointed over my shoulder up the steps that I had just descended.

'And the woman Catharine?'

'Is asleep also, I imagine.'

There was a pause. Then, laying her hand upon my arm and bringing her face so close to mine that I could feel her breath upon my cheek, she said in a whisper, 'It had been better you had brought Grégoire to guard that door. I am afraid of that woman. I mistrust her. She has been watching me all day, and I have begun to fear that she is spying upon me.'

'*Par Dieu!*' I gasped, 'tis possible. She was a creature of Monravel's.'

'Hist! What was that?' And her fingers tightened on my arm.

'What?'

'Behind you, on the stairs. Did you hear nothing?'

'No,' I answered. Then, smitten by a sudden thought, 'Wait,' I said, and, stepping back, I softly closed the heavy oaken door, and locked it.

'Now,' quoth I, with a chuckle, 'she may follow us, but not beyond that door. She may knock or shout, but none will hear; the door is too solid. Come, mademoiselle!'

I drew her across the courtyard and through the narrow doorway leading to the eastern wing. We hurried up the flight of steps and along the corridor to the window upon which we had fixed. Softly opening it, I peered out. Nothing stirred; and, although the faintest of crescent moons hung in the sky, the night was dark enough to please and befriended us. Swiftly uncoiling the ladder, I made the hooks fast to the sill; then, drawing off my doublet and my boots, I set myself without more ado to climb down towards the water.

I had gone half-way, and hung but some fifteen feet from the moat, when of a sudden something gave way above me. It seemed to me that the thin streak of moon swept suddenly across the sky; nay, the whole firmament had shifted, and where it had been I now beheld the earth, then the still, black waters of the moat as I splashed into them.

Dazed by my fall, and understanding naught of what had chanced, but still clutching the ladder, I rose to the surface and spat the fetid water from my mouth, thinking that, albeit I was not drowned, 'twas odd I should be poisoned. Too bewildered to act other than by instinct, I struck out for land. I stretched out my arm to catch at something that might help me from the water, when suddenly I felt it taken in a grasp and found assistance, as unwelcome as it was unlooked for; for as I was dragged out I realised with a shudder that the splash of my fall must have drawn the Provost's people.

Lanterns began to gleam, and men seemed to spring up around me as by enchantment. I stood up at last with a little knot of fellows surrounding me, and more than one mocking laugh smote my ear. Facing me I beheld M. de Bervaux, and by his side the Provost I had derided. Apprehensively

I glanced up at the window; but the darkness left me in doubt if mademoiselle were still there or not.

With a laugh, M. de Bervaux inquired what fancy it was had led me to bathe in the moat at such an hour; and I will not dwell upon the score of jests wherewith this was followed by these merry gentlemen. Sick at heart, dripping, and shivering with cold—in truth, very miserable—I was led round to their encampment.

From the dejected state I had been in before, I went beside myself with rage as, upon coming into the clearances that fronts the castle, I beheld what was toward. The postern stood open, and up a plank that was stretched across the moat the Provost's men were filing into the château. How had this thing come to pass? Who had opened the postern? Not Barnave nor Grégoire, nor yet Catharine, for I had locked them up in the northern wing of the building when I left it with mademoiselle. A light broke suddenly upon my mind, a light by which I saw things as they were; and in that hour I knew that I had been duped—the hooks of my ladder had not slipped from the sill by accident. I bethought me of M. de Crecqui, of his faith and trust in me, and a groan burst from my lips.

They took me a prisoner to Paris, and in my company went Barnave and Grégoire, whose glances I could not bear to meet. Them they set free; but me they flung into the Châtelet, and there I lay for a week, bitterly reviling myself and my fortunes, and yet more bitterly dubbing the fair sex the 'infamous sex,' with the gallows of Montfaucon looming sinister on my mind's horizon.

On the eighth day of my captivity my sour-faced jailer bade me arise and follow him, saying that Madame de Monravel was come to visit me. He ushered me into a room where I beheld the woman who had brought me to this sorry pass. Beside her stood he whom I had known as M. de Bervaux. From her first words I gathered not only that—as already I suspected—she was none other than Madame de Monravel herself, but also that the gentleman whom she had called her guardian was her guardian by right of wedlock.

I scowled fiercely upon the pair of them, whereupon she came forward with her sweet, scornful smile.

'Nay, not so glum, M. de Pontis,' she cried archly. 'I bring you news of your release and your free pardon for resisting the Parliament's authority. My brother, M. de Crecqui, has lost the Château de Savigny; but I think he recognises how desperate was his case, and I am sure that it will not be long ere he restores you to his favour. The Parliament would have made an example of you, M. de Pontis, but that I insisted upon your unconditional pardon. I owed you that, methinks,' she added slyly, 'for the sake—for the sake of Henriette.'

SINGULAR SERVICES IN LIEU OF RENT.



HE terms on which our ancestors were allowed to hold their lands seem often intentionally strange or even absurd; if the jester of the lord of the manor had been appointed as steward he could hardly have suggested proceedings more ludicrous than some which knights and nobles had to perform to maintain their tenures. May it not, however, have been that in an illiterate age methods in themselves merely curious were found to be practically useful by way of impressing the memories of witnesses? Just as in comparatively recent times small boys were occasionally made to suffer during the annual perambulation of the parish bounds in order that in later years they might recall the fact that this or that spot, sacred to the memory of a flogging or ducking, was within the said bounds; so in many cases, when neither lord nor tenant could read or write, and when in leasing the land no deeds passed between the illiterate contractors, it may have been exceedingly useful to insist on the performance of some service by the tenant which every bystander would easily remember solely because of the strangeness of the service rendered. Thus a series of witnesses would always be provided to prove the right of the lord to his manorial acres as evidenced by the fact that some service had been rendered for them by the occupier. Of these curious land-tenures the bygone history of the county of Stafford affords several instances.

Lavish hospitality and frequent festivity took place at Tutbury Castle under the Dukes of Lancaster. The lords of this manor evidently had an original turn for devising terms for the tenure of their land, and they took advantage of the feasting at the castle in their contracts with some of their tenants. Sir Philip de Somerville, in the days of Edward III., held the manor of Bredeshall and Tatenhill by tenures of this nature. For the former he was to wait on the Duke (or, as he then was, the Earl) of Lancaster whenever he kept Christmas at Tutbury; Sir Philip was to carry his lord's dinner to the table on Christmas Day, and carve at dinner and at supper. Lodging was provided for him in the town by the Earl's marshal of the house, and at his own dinner the steward was to attend him. On St Stephen's Day, after dinner, he was at liberty to return home.

The service exacted for Tatenhill was more elaborate. On St Peter's Day (29th June) he was to hunt the wild swine in Needwood Forest. He presented himself at the castle, saying he had come to hunt at his lord's cost. Thereupon the steward provided him with a horse ready saddled and a hound, with two shillings and sixpence for

himself, and one shilling for his servant, and a further sum of fifty shillings, presumably for the expenses of the chase; and all the Earl's foresters were summoned to attend. Of the spoils of the hunt, a certain proportion was to be given up to the Earl's 'lardyners' for replenishing the castle larder; the rest Sir Philip might keep for his own use. On the 14th of September the horse and hound were to be returned to the steward, who was to provide the knight with dinner; and the latter was to depart, having first kissed the porter!

Sir Philip, taking a hint from the service required of him, exacted similar terms from a tenant of his own for the occupancy of a portion of the manor of Tunstall. For this, Hugh, son of Walter de Newbold, had to bring to him and his heirs every Holy Thursday four loaves of bread, on Christmas Day eighty hens, and on St John Baptist's Day (24th June) a chaplet of roses for the Wichnor Fitch of Bacon (of which more presently); he was also to dress the bacon ten times a year with flowers, and twice (on the Eve of All Saints and of Christmas) with ivy.

The domain at Tutbury was greatly esteemed for the opportunities which it gave of hunting in the neighbouring forests of Needwood and Duffield. John of Gaunt kept quite a retinue of foresters and woodwardens, for whom a special feast was made on the festival of the Assumption of our Lady. After the honour of Tutbury became merged in the dignities of the Crown, it was chiefly for its hunting that the estate was valued.

The influence of this local interest shows itself in the boar-hunting of Sir Philip de Somerville alluded to; it is also suggested by the curious use of a hunting-horn as an evidence of legal tenure. Such a usage has several precedents in other parts of the country. The Horn of Ulf at York Minster, and the Pusey Horn at Pusey House near Farringdon, are examples of ancient charter-horns; and others might be quoted. One connected by association with this county was found at Hungerford in Berkshire, where the possession of a horn was the guarantee of certain fishery and other rights and privileges granted to the town by John of Gaunt.

A Staffordshire example is supplied by the Tutbury Horn, the holder of which could claim the duties and dignities of clerk to the market, coroner, and escheator throughout the honour of Tutbury, and also the stewardship of the manors of East and West Leke in Nottinghamshire. In the year 1679 the horn was described by Blount as 'a white hunter's horn, decorated in the middle and at each end with silver gilt,

to which also was affixed a baldric of fine black silk adorned with certain buckles of silver, in the midst of which were placed the arms of Edmund, second son of King Henry III.' Prince Edmund was the first Earl of Lancaster, and this assertion as to the arms implies that it was he who instituted the Tutbury Horn. It has been alleged, however, that the arms are of later date than this, and consequently that either the custom is also a later one, or that the arms are an addition to the original decorations of the horn. Thus writes Mr W. Carew Hazlitt: 'The first coat is quarterly France and England, with a label of fleurs-de-lis. Now, Edmund Crouchback had nothing to do with the arms of France, neither is there any instance of his bearing them at any time. Besides, in the French quarter the fleurs-de-lis are stunted to three, which was not done in England till the reign of Henry IV., or about that time. This coat, therefore, is no older than the age, and consequently must be the bearing, of John of Gaunt at the latter end of his time, or of his son Henry, afterwards King Henry IV.; probably of the former, and perhaps may be the sole instance now extant of his bearing the fleurs-de-lis so stunted.' Against this in part, and in defence of the earlier chronicler's account of the date of this custom, we may quote no less an authority in heraldry than Boutell, who says (*English Heraldry*, p. 123): 'In the year 1275, Edmund, first Earl of Lancaster, second son of Henry III., married Blanche of Artois, when he differenced his shield of England with a label of France, a blue label charged on each point with three golden fleurs-de-lis. Thus for the first time did the armorial insignia of England and France appear together upon the same shield.' The assertion as to the use of the arms of 'Modern France,' as they are called by heralds—that is, with three fleurs-de-lis only, arranged two and one—is apparently more correct, so that the date of the shields seems to be an arguable point.

The first holder of the horn of whom we know was Walter Achard, who held it in 1569, and from whom it passed by marriage to the family of the Stanhopes of Elvaston, and from them by purchase to Mr Samuel Foxlowe of Staveley, Derbyshire.

The Essex custom of the Dunmow Flitch of Bacon to be given to such claimants as, having been married a year and a day, could swear that they had never repented—this is well known; it is not such common knowledge that Staffordshire had a similar usage. This also was the idea of John of Gaunt. The village of Wichnor was granted by this lord of Tutbury to the aforementioned Sir Philip de Somerville on condition that a flitch of bacon was kept always hanging in his hall (except during Lent), ready for presentation to any wedded couple who should

appear there and take oath in the following form:

'Hear ye, Sir Philip de Somerville, Lord of Wichnover, maintainer and giver of this bacon, that I, A., since I wedded B., my wife, and since I had her in my keeping and at my will, by a year and a day after our marriage, I would not have changed for none other, fairer nor fouler, richer nor poorer, nor for none other descended of greater lineage, sleeping or waking, at no time. And if the said B. were sole and I sole, I would take her to be my wife before all the women of the world, of what conditions soever they be, good or evil, as help me God and His saints, and this flesh and all fleshes.' Two neighbours had then to take oath that they believed this to be truly sworn. To a freeman was to be given, with the bacon, a cheese and half-a-quarter of rye; a villain had to do without the cheese, but got the rye. Tradition avers that the prize was seldom claimed, and only thrice won. But the latter statement has all the appearance of a cynical joke, for it goes on to assert that the three lucky couples were a sailor and his wife who had parted on their wedding-day and had not met again for a year, a good-natured husband who had a deaf wife, and a pair who quarrelled so bitterly over the cooking of the bacon they had just received that it was taken from them again. That claimants were not numerous is likely enough, for we find the better-known flitch at Dunmow was hedged about with so many safeguards that it was not specially popular; and here at any rate no record exists of the bestowal of the gift. After hanging undemanded for a great many years, it is said that a wooden imitation was suspended in the hall, to save the trouble of the periodical changing of the flitch.

The king's tenants in Staffordshire were generally required to perform some duty more in accord with the traditional feudal usages. Lord Stafford held of King Edward II. the manors of Stafford, Madeley, and Bradeley, by 'barony,' which meant in this case that so often as the monarch waged war in Scotland or in Wales the tenant was to find three men and horses fully equipped for the campaign, and to maintain them for forty days. Similarly, John de Peiton held the manor of Peiton of Edward III. by grand serjeantry—'to wit, by the service of one man, armed with an aketon, a habergeon, a steel cap, and a lance, in the king's army, when he was engaged in a war with Wales.' The habergeon was a short jacket of chain-mail, and the aketon (acton) a coat of quilted leather worn underneath it, to keep the body from being chafed or bruised by the mail. Richard Littleton (or Lyttleton), by right of his wife Aliee, daughter and heiress of William Wynnesbury (or Winesbury) of Pillaton Hall, Staffordshire, held a messuage and other property in Huntingdon, in the same county, by grand serjeantry, which in other instances meant

the keeping of 'the Hay—that is, the park—of Teddesley, in the forest of Cannock.' This Richard Littleton was the second son of the famous Sir Thomas Littleton, author of the treatise on *Tenures*, a book which, though published in the middle of the fifteenth century, is still, through the commentaries thereon of Sir Edward Coke, a standard work. Sir Thomas was the founder of two noble houses—Lord Lyttleton, Baron Frankley, descended from Sir William, his eldest son, and Baron Hatherton from Richard above named, the second son; though in neither case in direct male descent throughout. Teddesley Park near Penkridge is still one of the seats of Lord Hatherton.

Simon de Rugeley possessed in the reign of Edward III. the right of fishing in a pond owned by the Crown near Stafford, his acknowledgment being that whenever the monarch came to the town Simon was to hold his stirrup on his first mounting his palfry. At a later period a steward of a more practical turn of mind let this 'stew' to Ralph de Waymer on condition that when the king himself should please to fish there he should keep all the pike and bream that he was fortunate enough to catch, Ralph having all the other fish that were landed, and paying besides the sum of half-a-mark at Michaelmas.

Another tenure of a practical kind was that of the manor of Eccleshall, held by the family of Broughton of the Bishop of Lichfield. The service in this case consisted in finding fourteen men at the chase of Padmore thrice a year for three days; providing two ploughs for two days at a time, in winter and again in Lent, to plough any part of the demesne that the bishop pleased; and fourteen men to help in harvest-time, or in lieu thereof to pay five shillings and ninepence; and, finally, keeping ward at Eccleshall Castle for forty days at his own cost.

As an illustration of the absolutely absurd services sometimes required, no better example could be found than one observed at Hilton so late as the reign of Charles II. Once every year the lord of the manor of Essington was compelled to bring a goose to Hilton, and to drive it round a room there under the following circumstances: A hollow brass figure about a foot high of a man kneeling upon his left knee, known locally as 'Jack of Hilton,' was brought forth and filled with water through a hole in the back, which was afterwards plugged up. 'Jack' was set on the fire, and as soon as the water began to boil steam issued in a fine jet from a pin-hole in the mouth; and so long as the jet continued the lord of Essington had to drive his ungainly bird round the chamber. At the end of this edifying exhibition he or his bailiff presented the goose at the table, and received a dish for his own dinner in return. The dinner was certainly well earned.

With an account of a more poetic custom we will close this article. Roger de la Zouch, lord of the manor of Tonge, anciently granted some of his lands and woods at Norton and Shaw to Henry de Hugesfort, on condition that if he, Roger, or his heirs were at Tonge on St John Baptist's Day, a chaplet of roses should be brought to him; if he were absent the flowers were to be placed about the statue of the Blessed Virgin in the church. This was done annually until the Reformation, when the statue was destroyed; the tenant afterwards placed his wreath round the neck of a figure representing one of the Vernons, on a tomb hard by, and until recent times the custom continued to be observed in this way.

BY THE WESTERN WAVE.

YE that in sultry cities pent,
Amid the hum and heat of strife,
For merest living toil intent,
And lose the immediate good of life;

And whosoe'er with sorrow dwells—
Some memory of a wounded Past,
Which mars the Present, and foretells
A loveless Future overcast:

Come ye, where in sunsets golden,
Full upon the western shore,
From the New World to the Olden
Floats the Atlantic evermore;

Where the vaporous sea lies gleaming,
Indigo and blue and green,
Headland after headland dreaming,
Faëry, in a mist of sheen;

Where, immingling sweet together
On the seaward-sloping chine,
Yellow gorse and purple heather
Their rich harmonies combine;

Where the waves, as breezes blow them,
Wrinkling shoreward, glistering bright,
Flicker on the sands below them
Traceries of limpid light;

Where the ripple fondly lingers,
Curving, creaming up the strand,
Thrusting little foamy fingers
Forward on the level sand,

Then, retiring, draweth after
Clouds of shimmery glittering grain,
But to meet in quiet laughter
That which cometh next in train,

So for ever, ever blending
Ebb and flow that never cease:
Come ye here, in secret wending,
Whispering softly, 'Here is peace.'

C. H. ST L. RUSSELL.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

A. TRANSANDEAN ADVENTURE.

IN THREE PARTS.—PART I.

WHEN I made up my mind to return to Europe from the west coast of South America, in the month of February of the year 18—, a friend in Valparaiso suggested that, as the passes of the Cordillera were open at that time of the year, I might avoid the monotony of six weeks at sea by travelling overland to Buenos Ayres, and thence by steamer to Southampton.

Tempted by the novelty of the idea, being then a young man and eager for anything in the shape of an experience, I did eventually decide to forgo the comparative comfort of life on board a P.S.N. Company's liner for the manifold hardships of a week's ride on muleback—nights spent for the most part on mountain-sides, and living chiefly on *charqui* (sun-dried beef).

Nowadays the journey across the Andes is accomplished with comparative ease and, for most of the way at least, in comfort; but when I made the journey the construction of the Transandean Railway had not been commenced. Consequently, to go from Los Andes, the farthest point reached by rail on the Chili side, to Mendoza in Argentina was somewhat of an undertaking.

After five days of hard riding we had accomplished the greater part of the journey, and towards evening our troop of pack-mules was slowly but steadily plodding along the track which climbs upwards after leaving the valley of the river Mendoza at the point where that stream turns south almost at right angles to the easterly course hitherto followed. The trail continued almost due east; and, after crossing a range of stony bluffs, we descended into the Uspallata Valley. The *arrieros* (muleteers) informed me that an Englishman owned an *estancia* in this valley, so I resolved to tax my countryman's hospitality to the extent of a night's lodging.

The view which greeted me on reaching the crest of the hill was so superb that I paused for a few moments to admire it. The sun had already disappeared behind the high peaks of the Andes to the

west; the valley in front lay in deep shadow; but a range of hills on the far side of it was still bathed in the crimson glow. The tinkle of the *madrino's* (bellman) bell could hardly be distinguished when I urged my mule down the flinty path just trodden by the troop. The trail presently landed me on a comparatively flat road, with, on one side, the refreshing verdure of fields of *alfalfa*.

I could make out the whereabouts of the pack-mules by the cloud of dust they were raising, and I was on the point of putting my animal at a trot in order to overtake them, when I was arrested by the sound of cantering hoofs behind, and a moment later the horseman checked his animal into a walk alongside mine.

In spite of the sombrero and poncho worn by the rider, I could tell at once that we were countrymen. We nodded, and each regarded the other before speaking.

'English?' he asked laconically.

'Yes,' I answered.

'Come from the other side?' he inquired again as his glance passed from myself to my saddle and mule.

'Yes. Do you live in this district?' I asked in turn.

'Yes; this is my place, and yonder is the house,' he said, pointing, with a wave of his whip, towards a clump of trees amid which the roof of his house appeared. 'You may as well put up there for the night,' he added in his hearty English way.

'I shall be very glad to do so,' I said.

'Do. Is that your troop ahead? Then let us overtake them and direct them to the corral.'

We cantered after the troop without further comment, and ten minutes later I followed my host into a low-ceilinged room opening off a wide veranda.

'Sit down, sir,' he said, pushing a chair in my direction. 'May I ask your name? Burton! Well, Mr Burton, I hope you'll make yourself at home. My name's Crawford, and this place is called The Laurels.'

As he spoke he went to the sideboard, and thence produced a bottle of whisky and two glasses. 'Help yourself,' he said, removing the cork from the bottle.

That was how I met Richard Crawford, little thinking that events would happen within the next few days which were destined to make us fast friends for life.

What a blessed comfort it was to bathe and get into clean linen after the five days' dusty ride! The bedroom into which my host led me was comfortable in a plain, clean, tidy way: clean-scrubbed boards underfoot, with a few dressed skins here and there, the furniture of white deal for the most part. I could tell at a glance that a woman's taste and deft fingers had been at work there. A square of spotless linen covered the dressing-table, upon which a few odds and ends were placed with that elaborate care to imitate carelessness which only a lady can manage.

My conjectures as to the personality of the lady in question were put at rest the moment I entered the sitting-room. Crawford introduced me to his sister, a tall, dark girl. Her face was of that striking cast which often causes so-called pretty women to fade into insignificance on being brought in contact with it. Her manner was so perfectly natural that restraint of any kind, even upon being first introduced to her, was at once dispelled. No laboured or studied effusiveness was forced into her welcome, and yet my mind was at once relieved of that dread of being regarded as an intruder which, under the circumstances, I could hardly do other than entertain. Before the evening had come to an end I was thoroughly at ease with my hospitable host and hostess.

First impressions are, naturally, instinctive, and instinct is seldom at fault. I experienced a liking for Crawford and his sister from the moment I met them. They were, above everything, natural, and so they conveyed the impression of being true; and that they certainly were, as I have reason to know.

Long after Miss Crawford had retired, her brother and I sat chatting as we smoked. The night was balmy and still, and so little suggestive of danger that a suspicion of what was about to happen did not for an instant enter our thoughts.

It was after a pause in the conversation that I referred to the object of my journey and my proposed movements on the following day.

'I intended asking you,' said Crawford, 'if you have heard that another revolution has just broken out in the province of Mendoza.'

'Never!' I exclaimed. 'Nothing very serious, I hope'—as visions of an interrupted journey and all it signified passed through my mind.

'Well,' replied Crawford, 'nothing serious enough to endanger the existing Government, I think; but sufficiently so to cause serious trouble in the locality. It seems that the governor of the province, Don Juan Elgaristo, caught ten men of the revolu-

tionists and had them shot. That occurred two days ago, and they say that the town is in a perfect ferment. In fact,' he went on, 'if you take my advice, you will stay here for a few days until we see how the land lies. We hear all kinds of rumours, one being that the revolutionists have cut off telegraphic communication with Buenos Ayres, and have blown up several bridges on the railway.'

Crawford's news, if correct, threatened to disarrange the programme which I had marked out for myself. I had no desire to be cooped up in a town where a state of anarchy might declare itself at any moment. The risk of so undesirable an issue induced me to act on Crawford's suggestion and await developments before leaving the comfortable quarters he so kindly placed at my disposal.

I was on the point of imparting my decision to Crawford in order to accept his kind invitation, when my companion gripped my arm with one hand, while with the other he pointed towards the far side of the garden, where a clump of young trees and shrubs cast a patch of shadow.

I saw the shape of a sombrero for a second between the masses of foliage. Crawford stooped down and bent forward, the better to watch the movements of the lurking figure, when at the precise moment that he did so a spurt of light was followed by the shock of a report.

This happened so unexpectedly that neither of us moved for a moment; nor did we realise at once that we were being made a target of. Then we both sprang from our chairs, and I followed Crawford as he ran across the garden. The ground was unfamiliar to me, and before I had taken many paces I found myself sprawling over some obstruction. Before I could recover myself, Crawford was bending over me under the mistaken impression that I had been shot.

'Good God, Burton! are you hurt?'

'Not at all,' I said, feeling particularly ridiculous as I rose to my feet.

'Oh! I thought you were shot,' he said.

We searched the garden, but without result. Whoever fired the shot had made good his escape. Then we returned in silence to our seats, and I suppose we remained in our former positions for another twenty minutes, more through backwardness to admit that either of us felt nervous than the desire to be sociable. The spell of the moonlit night was broken, and yet we lingered.

'Have you any idea who your well-intentioned friend may be?' I asked Crawford.

'Well,' he replied—somewhat reluctantly, I thought—the motive I can guess at; but as for the individual who fired the shot, frankly speaking, I haven't the least idea who he can be.'

'But surely the motive ought to suggest the actor,' I hinted.

'Not necessarily,' he answered. 'But look here, my dear sir, I'm sorry that you should have been put out by such a thing having taken place here. I must really apologise.' This he blurted out as

though the necessity of it had just struck him. 'Perhaps we'd better turn in,' he added. 'Let me show you your room.'

After lighting my lamp, Crawford hesitated for a moment as though on the point of speaking. Then he said, 'This room was my own bedroom up to last night; but as my sister occupies a room at the other end of the veranda, and felt rather isolated there, I have moved into the room alongside of hers.'

'Ah! yes,' I answered, at a loss to understand the necessity which induced him to make this lengthy explanation.

'Yes,' he went on. 'And perhaps—that is, it might be as well that you should bolt your door before turning into bed. The times are a bit unsettled just now, and it is best to be on the safe side. Well, good-night.'

'Good-night,' I returned as the door closed.

'Curious business,' I thought. 'I wonder who the enemy is, and what grudge he has against Crawford.'

Before putting out the light I acted on Crawford's advice to bolt the door.

I dropped off to sleep almost at once; and I suppose it must have been two or three hours later when I awoke to find myself perspiring profusely. The window stood wide open as I had left it on turning in; it, of course, was barred, and in addition was covered with stout wire-netting. The night had turned sultry, and I longed for a breath of air to cool the stifling heat of the room.

I was on the point of rising in order to throw open the door, when my host's words of warning occurred to me, and I lay down again. But all attempts at sleep were futile in that atmosphere.

At last I threw discretion aside. Air I must have, at whatever cost. I quietly unbolted and opened the door and stepped on to the veranda. I was rewarded by a faint breath of air, and after enjoying its freshness for a few moments, again lay down upon the bed.

I awoke once more, and this time with an instinctive consciousness of danger at hand. A man's figure, just distinguishable in the twilight of my bedroom, seemed at first to be standing outside and looking in through the window; but in an instant my awaking senses told me that he was inside the apartment, and not a yard from where I lay.

The sensations I felt on being thus awakened were so unnerving that I lay in a state of breathless suspense, my eyes riveted upon the figure which now seemed to be actually bending over me. I knew that my revolver lay on the chair at my bedside; but I dared not move an inch. I felt that if the intruder was bent on murder the first movement on my part would only precipitate matters.

The suspense became almost unbearable; I felt that if I remained without moving for another minute my heart would cease to beat. A ray of light cast by the moon, which was nearing the horizon, filtered through intervening foliage, and

lighted for a second upon the face bending over me. The features were photographed on my mind's eye with indelible clearness.

At that moment the spell which held me was broken by the sound of a door being opened at no great distance. I heard a voice call, 'Carlos!'

Then the figure at the bedside straightened and crept stealthily to the door of my room.

I recognised the voice that called: it was Crawford's, who at that early hour of the morning was rousing a servant. Again it broke the silence, this time with a variation of the same name, 'Carlitos?' with a slight interrogation in the voice.

Although my ears drank in the sound, my eyes watched every movement of the man in the room. He stood for a moment in the doorway, his head bent slightly forward, the rays of moonlight flickering upon him; then he slid out of sight.

Until he vanished I had lain all eyes and ears. That which put movement into my limbs was the glint of a steel blade upon which the moonlight twinkled as the figure turned to go.

To rise from the bed and follow the cat-like movements of the lurking intruder was a matter of impulse. His unshod feet made no noise, nor did mine.

I saw Crawford standing in the yellow moonlight at the far end of the veranda. 'Carlos!' Impatience was conveyed along with the imperative call.

'Señor!' The response came faintly from a distance.

The crouching figure in front of me was within a few yards of Crawford, who, intent upon listening for the response to his call, was altogether unconscious of the danger which threatened him. The would-be assassin was unaware of my presence close behind him, just as Crawford was of the presence of either of us. I saw the arm and weapon half-raised before I hit out with all the weight and goodwill at my command. The force of the impact sent my victim reeling along the veranda, and he lay a motionless spread-eagle where he fell.

'I say, Crawford,' I remarked to that astonished individual, 'is this a private lunatic asylum?'

'Hullo, Mr Burton, what have we here?' he said coolly as he stepped up to where I stood looking down at the man I had hit. 'By Jove!' he gasped when he saw the face beneath him; 'Don Diego Costa, by all that's incredible!'

After uttering these words, he stood looking from me to the prostrate man at our feet.

'Then he is not an inmate of your establishment?' I asked.

'No, no! But please explain the situation, Mr Burton. How did this happen?'

I informed him of my unpleasant awakening, and of the actions of the man he recognised as Don Diego Costa. In proof of my words, I picked up and handed to Crawford the knife which had dropped from the man's hand when he fell.

By this time the dawn was appearing, and Costa, after a movement of the limbs, opened two lack-lustre eyes and regarded us vacantly.

Crawford had thrown the knife into a shrub close by. 'Say nothing,' he whispered in an aside.

'*Como esta ahora, Don Diego?*' ('How are you now, Don Diego?') he said as he bent over the dazed native. 'It seems there has been an accident,' he went on. 'You must have fallen and hit your head against this post, I think. Can you rise now?' he asked as he assisted him to his feet.

Don Diego's expression of suspicious astonishment almost upset my gravity. I managed to keep my countenance, however. I saw his eyes peer furtively over the ground, and knew what he was looking for—namely, the knife which Crawford had thrown out of sight. The situation evidently puzzled him. He suspected our intentions towards himself, yet could not divine the extent of our knowledge regarding his movements before unconsciousness had so suddenly overtaken him. I saw a drop of blood oozing from his ear, and presently his hand went up to the spot I had struck.

'Ah! you have hurt your ear,' said Crawford. 'Come inside and have it bathed. And you must take something to pull you together.'

The bewildered native cast a malignant look in my direction before he followed Crawford, who led the man to his own bedroom. Carlos was sent to fetch hot water and spirits. My host was evidently bent upon heaping coals of fire on the head of the man who had so recently attempted to murder him.

PART II.



RETURNED to my room, where, as I dressed, I pondered over the strange occurrence of the morning.

Crawford's forbearing conduct was to me inexplicable. Not one man in a thousand, I reflected, would have shown the calm disregard of danger and the cool contempt towards an unscrupulous enemy which Crawford had displayed. That he would eventually settle accounts with the native I did not doubt. My host, I felt sure, was not the man to allow two consecutive attempts on his own life to pass without requital.

The longer I thought over the affair the more mysterious did it appear. The conclusion I arrived at was to the effect that Crawford had every right to treat his enemies as he saw fit, and that, without any doubt, he must have good reasons for acting as he did. In any case, I concluded that in a day or two I should have taken my departure from The Laurels and said adieu to the inmates thereof for all time.

I was hardly surprised to learn from Crawford, at the breakfast-table, that Costa had taken his departure. Curiosity urged me to question my host, but the manner in which he referred to the

morning's visitor clearly showed that he wished to prevent any knowledge of his narrow escape from reaching his sister's ears. Besides, I resolved that he should be the first to volunteer information, not I to seek it. This on account of the evident reluctance with which Crawford had answered the questions I put him with regard to the previous night's affair.

The two succeeding days passed very agreeably. Crawford lent me a horse, and Miss Crawford and he were kind enough to plan excursions in order to show me some of the surrounding country. On the third day, however, I was forced to announce my departure. To have delayed any longer would have been to have run the risk of losing my steamer at Buenos Ayres. I must say it was with great reluctance that I left, and I thought I detected a note of genuine sorrow in Miss Crawford's voice as she bade me good-bye.

Often since that day have I blessed the seemingly unfortunate chain of circumstances which brought us together again within a few days.

Upon deciding to stay for a few days at The Laurels, I had settled accounts with the owner of the troop I had travelled with. Crawford undertook to find the means of reaching Mendoza, and he now lent me a horse and instructed one of his *peons* to act as guide.

Two days' travelling brought us within sight of Mendoza, where further unpleasant experiences awaited me.

Towards evening we were within an hour's ride of the town, after having toiled across the arid, sun-baked plain over which stretched the road from Chili. Clumps of trees and vineyards, the latter enclosed by thick adobe walls, announced that we were within the irrigable area on the outskirts of the town. I had just distinguished church spires and cupolas appearing amongst the trees, when a cloud of dust ahead of us attracted my attention.

'*Soldados!*' ('Soldiers!') said the *peon*.

Soldiers they proved to be, and rapidly approaching us. We turned our horses to one side of the road to allow the squad to pass; but at the word of command, given by a young officer who rode alongside his men, the party came to a halt across the roadway, effectually blocking our passage.

The officer now approached and addressed me. '*De donde viene, señor?*' ('Where do you come from, sir?') he demanded.

'From Chili,' I answered in Spanish.

'I must beg that you will accompany me,' he said, with native politeness.

'But why, señor?' I asked.

'I have orders to patrol the approaches to the town, and convey new arrivals to the *juizado* for examination.'

'*Bien, señor; iremos?*' ('Very well, sir; shall we go?')

'*Vuelta por la derecha—al trote*' ('Right-about.

wheel—trot”), were the words of command, and we proceeded towards the town with an escort of ten mounted soldiers on each side.

Adobe huts and boundary walls were passed, and soon we were clattering over the cobble-stone pavements of Mendoza. We entered the town by a continuation of the principal thoroughfare; but before reaching the central part we wheeled into a side-street, and after passing several blocks of houses, our escort drew rein in front of an open doorway, over which hung a shield bearing the Argentine coat-of-arms and a plate with the legend, ‘*Comisaria del 5º Seccion*’ (‘Police Office of the 5th Section’). Here we dismounted, and were led into a *patio* or courtyard. Several individuals grouped together were evidently in a like situation to our own. We were instructed to await our turn by the officer who had escorted, or shall I say arrested, us.

A most tedious and aggravating delay occurred before my turn came to be ushered into the official presence of the *comisario*. At length, however, the truculent-looking native policeman accosted me.

‘*Venga!*’ (‘Come!’) he ordered.

Following him, I was shown into a plainly furnished room, where the *comisario* sat at a centre-table on which two revolvers occupied prominent positions.

The inimitable air of aggressive authority with which the *comisario* surveyed me was, I presume, calculated to reduce me to a proper state of nervous pliability.

‘*Su nombre, señor?*’ (‘Your name, sir?’) he demanded.

‘Tom Burton,’ I replied.

Here followed a lengthy cross-examination, of which my family history, movements during the past month, and probable movements in the future formed the subjects. I answered every question with becoming docility, determined that I should supply no possible excuse for detaining me. My replies were carefully noted, and I was ordered to retire to an adjoining room.

It was useless to inquire the reason for another hour spent in waiting. Darkness was setting in before I was allowed to depart.

Upon inquiring for the *peon* who had accompanied me, I was informed that he had been ordered to return to The Laurels without delay, and that he had departed along with the horse which Crawford had lent me. My saddle-bags were delivered by the soldier on guard; and slinging these over my shoulder, I stepped into the street. I paused in order to take my bearings. I knew the direction from which we had approached the *comisaria*; and judging from this, I set off in the opposite direction with the intention of reaching the centre of the town, where a hotel might be found wherein to lodge for the night.

I had traversed the street for several blocks, when the sounds of galloping horses coming in the opposite direction brought me to a standstill. The street

in my immediate vicinity was deserted, and the rapidly approaching sounds echoed loudly. A skirmish of some kind seemed about to take place. Two shots fired in rapid succession were accompanied by a volley of Spanish oaths from a horseman who came clattering up the street, and shouts at no great distance showed that he was being chased.

Instinctively I shrank into the shelter of a doorway to escape notice until pursuers and pursued should pass by. Happening to lean against the door, I was surprised to find it yield to the weight of my body. The uproar in the street was increasing. Several men on horseback had ridden up in the same direction as I had come; and on these meeting the pursuers whom I was avoiding, a scrimmage ensued not twenty yards from the doorway in which I stood. Any port in a storm, I thought. So, stepping across the threshold, I closed the door between myself and the combatants, who seemed to be drawing nearer to my hiding-place as they fought. I now deemed it expedient to shoot the bolt with which the door was furnished, before turning to inspect my surroundings.

The passage in which I stood was lit by a swinging lamp, and led to a paved *patio*. Doors opened off this courtyard into the rooms which surrounded it. I was on the point of clapping my hands in order to attract the attention of the householders, when I heard a fumbling at the street-door which I had just bolted. Some one was evidently trying to push it open, and I heard a whispered exclamation in Spanish, ‘*¡Curamba!*’ The door has shut itself. Have you got the key? Quick! quick! They are coming!’

Here was a predicament indeed. Having entered the house without so much as a ‘by your leave,’ I had apparently shut the lawful owners out of their own domicile. I hesitated for a second only, then hastened to draw back the bolt and open the door. As I did so an oath from those seeking an entrance was followed by shouts from others pressing in pursuit. I had barely unfastened the door when it was burst open and two figures shot into the passage.

‘Shut the door! Shut the door!’ they shouted.

I pushed with hands and knee; but the effort only served to close the door as far as the point of a bayonet inserted between it and the frame would permit; then with a crash it was forced open, and men tumbled across the threshold.

The impetus with which the door flew open forced me back against the wall, and I might possibly have escaped notice, shut within the recess thus formed, had not one of two struggling men, in seeking a support, caught hold of the edge and dragged the door forward.

Six men had followed one another into the passage before the door was thus swung to; and so, between the seven of us, we caused a very pretty hubbub in the narrow entrance.

To get clear away from this pandemonium was

now my only object; but, jammed as I was in the corner of the passage, and hemmed in by the six swaying bodies, escape seemed impossible. I saw the flash of steel, and the agonised shriek of a wounded man rang in my ears.

In desperation, I attempted to break away from the involuntary part which I was being forced to play in the deadly struggle; but I was not to escape so easily after having appeared to take part in the fight. I remember trying to force my way between the wall and one of the combatants; but even as I thought I was clear the shock of what must have been a stunning blow on the head deprived me of my senses.

When consciousness returned my first sensation was that of deadly sickness. All the world was swinging, swinging up and down, then round and round, and time was marked by rhythmic beats. It dawned upon my dizzy brain that I was being carried along. The tramp of marching feet and the movements of those who bore me showed that we were proceeding at a steady pace. This fact I managed to grasp; then I closed my eyes with the conviction that events had reached the point at which self-responsibility of any kind ceases, and that, come what might, the issue must be left in other hands than my own.

When next I became aware of my surroundings, the choking sensation of raw spirits being forced down my throat braced me into something approaching alertness.

I heard a voice which sounded far off speaking in Spanish:

'No, he will not die yet. It might be better for the poor devil if he did. I'm afraid he will live to be shot along with the others.'

A harsh chuckle in another key followed this speech; then receding footsteps and voices growing fainter showed that the speakers had gone.

I pondered vaguely as to who the subject of this conversation might be. 'He will live to be shot along with the others:' the words might apply to some red-hot revolutionist, I thought.

I heard a door bang and a bolt being pushed into place; then I raised my head and looked about me.

I lay on a *cotza*, or trestle-bed, which was the only piece of furniture in the room. Daylight streamed through a small barred window high up in the wall, and partially lit up the cell-like room in which I lay. The brain of one just regaining the use of reasoning power is slow to grasp a new situation, and therefore it was only after a considerable interval that the bare stone walls and barred window conveyed to my mind the conviction that I was occupying a prison-cell. When the significance of this fact was forced upon me I attempted to rise; but the effort brought back the horrid sickness, and I sank back once more. Putting my hand to my head, I found that it was bandaged. Like a dream, the recollection of the struggle in the passage returned, and then it faded again as sleep overcame me.

HARD-WEARING SUITS.



NOTWITHSTANDING the presentation of the Dymoke suit of armour to His Majesty, the wearing of coats-of-mail has not caught on in fashionable circles, perhaps because the price of a well-hammered suit runs into several thousands of pounds. For instance, the armour of the King's Champion, which dates from 1585, was sold by the Dymoke family for one thousand four hundred pounds in 1887, and was afterwards purchased by Mr Spitzer for between four and five thousand pounds, a sum very few would feel justified in giving for a single suit of clothes, however hard-wearing they may be.

Although a suit of armour is not considered a desirable substitute for a mackintosh, about half a dozen years ago an individual strolled into the court then presided over by Lord Brampton (at that time known as Mr Justice Hawkins) and Mr Justice Bruce, and asked for protection. The attire of the petitioner, a gentleman hailing from the learned city of Oxford, suggested that he was not altogether certain of securing the object of his quest, and so had prepared for the worst; for, in addition to the ordinary male habiliments, he wore a black gown, a mortar-board cap with bunches of variegated

ribbons hanging at the corners, and (strangest of all) a seventeenth-century coat-of-mail. It appeared that a certain Metropolitan magistrate had styled the armour-wearer a public nuisance; after which, for reasons best known to himself, he had gone in fear of his life. Hence his request, which the learned Judges did not see their way to grant.

In addition to Constantine von Bram—a distinguished Continental colonel assisting the Boers, who, when captured during the operations on the Tugela, was wearing an oilskin coat with steel netting—there are, if report speaks true, other people who wear armoured underclothing in self-defence and for better reasons than the afore-mentioned solicitant of legal protection had. For example, it is reported that the Czar has worn a mail-shirt of steel and nickel ever since his life was attempted by the Odessa Nihilists. That shirt cannot, during hot weather, be less irksome than the hair-shirts of mediæval times; but it is guaranteed to turn a knife, and might turn a bullet if its range were not too short, as the hard-wearing garment donned by Prince Bismarck did when Blind made his attempt upon the Chancellor's life in 1866. The Bismarckian undershirt was the invention of a young Hungarian magnate who had allowed his estates to remain

uncultivated in order to avoid the payment of any taxes; and the price he required for the article was simply the defeat of the Austrians. That this was paid in full very shortly afterwards is now a matter of history. In addition to their metal garments, according to information freely circulated for sufficiently obvious reasons, both the Czar and the Kaiser William never go anywhere without a small but serviceable revolver within easy reach. The Czar's weapon, it is said, was presented to him by his mother, and when he is out driving it is kept in a pocket in the carriage. The Shah of Persia relies in case of emergency upon a long jewelled dagger; and the Emperor of China carries three knives concealed about his person, which is a somewhat dangerous practice.

At the famous Eglinton tournament, in which the late Emperor of the French figured, it was found, when the distinguished competitors came to try on the armour of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, that the nineteenth-century man could not get into it on account of his larger proportions; nevertheless, it would seem that the price of armour has not increased in a like manner, for there is a warrant in the State Paper Office ordering three hundred and fifty pounds (a sum equivalent to about two thousand pounds at the present day) to be paid for 'one rich armour fairly gilt and graven' for Henry, eldest son of James I., and this price would obtain to-day.

To those who think of creating a sensation in Bond Street or of inviting a few *nouveaux riches* to their shooting-parties, a price-list of ancient armour may be of interest. A short time ago, at the Zschille sale, a damascened casque with decorations in relief in russet iron fetched three hundred pounds, a breastplate of russet steel one hundred and eighty pounds, and a shield of bright steel the same sum. On another occasion one hundred and ten pounds was given for a three-quarter suit of armour of bright steel, and a similar suit of blackened armour went for sixty pounds. Further, at a sale at Christies' some little time ago a *cap-à-pie* suit of German armour dating from the sixteenth century fetched two hundred and fifty-two pounds, and a three-quarter suit of fluted armour of the same date and nationality one hundred and twenty guineas.

The Earl of Ashburnham's collection, one of the finest in the United Kingdom, has been valued at thirty-five thousand pounds, a sum which would in days of yore have paid for nearly one hundred mediæval suits of 'overalls,' the most elaborate trousseau ever collected. In view of the fact that at the celebrated Bradley-Martin fancy-dress ball in 1897, Mr Belmont, of New York, sported a costume of the time of Henri IV., and over a suit of black

velvet wore a complete outfit of armour, inlaid with gold, valued at two thousand pounds, and, in addition, the order of St Esprit in jewels and a jewelled sword; and that a similar suit, the property of Mr Morgan Williams, exhibited at the Art Metal Exhibition in the Royal Aquarium the following year, likewise chased and gold inlaid, was insured for the same amount, it is obvious that only the most wealthy can indulge in such elaborate and extraneous adornment. Therefore, in the event of hard-wearing ulsters of mail coming into fashion for the approaching winter, the ordinary frequenter of the 'tub' can never hope to don such expensive trappings.

About five years ago, if reliance can be placed on the statement in a Transatlantic publication, a like number of American millionaires secured from Sheffield steel vests and coats warranted to secure to them immunity in ordinary cases of attempted assassination. The armour was of chain-mail so light that the wearers declared that after a week or two they became quite accustomed to it, and felt it no encumbrance; nevertheless it was sufficiently strong to turn a dagger or sword thrust. It is said that similar garments of mail were donned by quite a large proportion of our most prominent politicians at the time of the troubles in Ireland. However, probably nobody, even in the blackest days, went to the same extreme as Macready to accustom himself to his strange habiliments. It is said that the actor went to bed during the intervals of the rehearsals of *Henry V.* clad in the armour he was to wear in that play.

It is quite within the bounds of possibility that an ordinary cash-tailor, if requested to measure a client for a suit of mail of the latest cut, would express at least a modicum of surprise. However, a Glasgow firm, Messrs Edward & Son, goldsmiths and silversmiths, completed such an order within the last six years for one of the minor Indian princes, the Matra Rana of Oodeypore. This order—which would have rejoiced the heart of Mr Paul Hardy the eminent black-and-white artist, who is, we believe, the only amateur armourer living—was for a suit of armour consisting of helmet, cuirass, buekler, and gauntlets made of virgin silver, with the edges finished and decorated with twenty-two carat gold—a species of attire hardly conducive to comfort in a tropical climate. When decked out in all these, the Matra Rana would look quite as imposing as the Arch-Druid of Wales, whose luxurious costume, as presented by Professor Herkomer some six or seven years ago, comprised a flowing robe of pure-white crêpe, a wreath of oak-leaves worked in copper by the professor himself, and a carved breast-plate of gold that cost seventy pounds.



JACK NORMAN'S LOVE AFFAIR.

CHAPTER III.



WEEK before Christmas, Evelyn was seated near the window reading to her mother by the fading light of a December afternoon, when the gate clicked sharply. She looked up and started. Her brother Richard was approaching the house. A sudden sense of disaster smote her. He was expected a week later to spend his Christmas with them. What brought him now? Was he in fresh trouble? But he stopped as he caught sight of her and waved his hat gaily. His look was cheerful, his face one broad smile. Somewhat relieved, Evelyn told her mother who was without, and went herself to let him in.

'Why, Dick,' she said, 'this is a surprise. You're down a week before your time. Surely your holidays have not begun already?'

'No,' he laughed. 'I've come down to tell you some news.'

'Good news, I hope,' said his sister.

'Good for me, I assure you,' laughed Dick. 'And it will please both of you as well, I know.'

For a few minutes the news awaited its turn while greetings were exchanged with his mother and a dozen questions asked and answered upon points of personal welfare. Then his mother said, 'And what is it you have come to tell us, Richard?'

The young fellow was standing on the hearth-rug before the fire. He struck an attitude and bowed.

'Ladies,' said he, 'you behold before you the St Petersburg agent for the well-known, old-established, and highly respectable firm of Norman & Son.'

'St Petersburg!' cried Mrs Boyne in astonishment.

'There's nothing to worry about, mother,' he cried. 'I shall often be in England. I shall see you just as much as I do now. And I can tell you it's a tremendous move up for me. Why, the man who has been representing the firm in St Petersburg up till now has been with the Normans nearly thirty years, and is reckoned to stand in importance next to the chief-clerk. I hop over half-a-dozen heads.'

'And why is he leaving St Petersburg?' asked Mrs Boyne.

'Chest not up to the mark,' replied the young man, tapping his own; 'feels the cold dreadfully. I'll be all right there. I'm strong as a horse. He's coming back to manage the country department in the office.'

'But is it not a post of much responsibility?' asked his mother.

'Rather,' said Richard. 'We do a tremendous trade with Russia. I shall have to work and keep

my wits about me; but you can depend on it I shall do my best to prevent the firm from being sorry they tried me.'

'And why are you chosen before your companions?' asked Evelyn.

Richard laughed. 'I should like to say that the eagle eye of my employer detected my wonderful value,' he chuckled. 'But I'm afraid it wouldn't go down with you. You'd soon stick a needle into that windbag style of doing the boulder. The truth is, I owe it all to Jack Norman.'

'Jack Norman!' murmured Mrs Boyne, whose tone implied that she thought the use of the name rather disrespectful.

'That's all right, mother,' replied Richard, laughing easily; 'there's nothing else to call him. He was christened Jack, as was his father before him.'

Evelyn was grateful for the deepening dusk. The sudden round utterance of the name had sent the blood whirling through her heart. She felt the hot tide mount and dye her cheeks ere she could drive it back.

'Let me see: that's the junior partner, isn't it?' asked Mrs Boyne.

'In name he is,' replied Richard. 'In point of fact he's the firm. The old gentleman comes to the office now and again; but the young one's at the helm. And a splendid fellow he is. Everybody likes him. He hasn't a scrap of side about him. But what am I talking about? You must know him. He was down here at his sister's pretty often, I heard, last summer.'

'I never met him,' replied Mrs Boyne. 'It was one of my bad times. But Evelyn met him several times at Mrs Hope's.'

'Then you missed knowing a first-rate chap and a thorough gentleman, mother,' said the elated Richard.

'But why should he single you out?' pursued Mrs Boyne.

'My luck, I suppose,' laughed Richard. 'I only know I found him giving me all sorts of tips about Russian methods and Russian money, and setting me to handle the Russian invoices until I had our work in that branch at my finger-ends. And now I can see he was quietly training me on to take Marshall's place.'

Evelyn sat silent in the dusky room while the glad youth prattled away, putting his hero every moment on a loftier and loftier pedestal. A horrid suspicion began to grow upon her. Her heart began to throb tumultuously. Where was the truth? What was the truth? She clenched her hands, and wondered what had become of the self-control which was second nature to her. She burned to ask Richard there and then why he told now so

different a story from that he had told her by the garden-gate in the lane. But nothing could be done until her mother retired for the night. That time came at last. Evelyn did not lose an instant after she had seen her mother comfortably settled in her own room. She sought her brother with eager step. She found him in the hall lighting a cigarette. It was not late, and he was about to step out to see an acquaintance who lived near at hand. He paused and looked round inquiringly as his sister glided swiftly up to him.

'Dick,' said she, 'you told a very different story about Mr Norman when you came down here in the summer—the time you were in difficulties about some money.'

'About Jack Norman?' said he wonderingly. 'What on earth do you mean, Evelyn? I don't remember telling you anything about him.'

'What!' she said in a low, deep voice; 'you don't remember telling me that it was he who led you into gambling, and caused you to sink into debt so that you were obliged to take money from us to free yourself?'

Richard smiled and wagged his head gently. 'You've made a mistake, Evelyn; altogether a mistake. It is perfectly impossible that I should have brought his name into the matter. Why, it is he who has cut me off from going with the fellows who used to get me into fixes. There isn't a steadier chap in the world.'

Evelyn stayed no longer. She moved swiftly up the stair towards her own room. Richard laughed and struck a match for his cigarette.

'You can dismiss that idea,' he called airily after her; 'it's simply preposterous. He's a thousand miles from that kind of party.'

Evelyn made no reply. She saw it all. Weak, slippery Dick had caught at a substantial name to prop his downfall, to excuse his slide into the ditch, and then entirely forgotten upon what shoulders he had flung the blame.

Evelyn's cheek burned with a bitter shame to think that her brother's lie should have hurled her into such an *impasse*. She had treated with bitter scorn and contempt an honest man who loved her and whom—she loved. She did not attempt to disguise the truth from herself now. The cup of happiness had been at her lips, and it had been dashed aside; but of herself she thought nothing. Her heart was filled with sheer pity and grief for the pain she remembered so well in Jack Norman's clear, brown eyes.

Early in the ensuing spring Dorothy fell ill. It was a kind of low fever which attacked her, and she sank and sank, until Mrs Hope and Evelyn, who nursed her, sat for days in terror that she would slip from their hands into the grave. The roses faded from the exquisite curves of her plump cheek, and the plumpness followed the roses. It was a gaunt little face with great

hollow eyes which looked bravely up at them from her pillow, and the two women bent over her and fought for her life with a common passion of love and devotion which brought them near again. For it would be idle to deny that their friendship had not been as close for some time after Jack Norman's rejection. Mrs Hope had, by one of those mysterious intuitions which enable women to suspect how such affairs have gone, assured herself that her brother's rejection had been of such a nature that he felt further trial utterly hopeless, and that his attempt had left him bruised from head to heel. She did not learn it from Norman; whimpering was not in his line. But her sisterly heart was sore for him; and, though she was bound to acknowledge that the matter was one entirely for Evelyn to decide for herself, she had held it against Evelyn a little in her heart.

But the child's passion for Evelyn had never waned; and upon falling ill Dorothy had begged hard for Evelyn to be with her.

Thus Evelyn had spent night after night watching with Mrs Hope, and the shadow that had lain between them passed. At last a most happy and fortunate morning came when the doctor heaved a sigh of relief.

'You've pulled her through,' he said cheerfully. 'It has been touch and go with her the last three days, though I needn't tell you that, and now you've turned the corner. She has been saved by sheer nursing and care.'

A week later the little invalid sat up in bed. This was a great event, celebrated with much joyousness.

'Do you know what I missed when I was ill, mother?' said she.

'No, darling,' replied Mrs Hope. 'What was it?'

'I missed my uncle Jack dreadfully. I should like to have him as well.'

'But he is still in Russia,' returned her mother. 'He couldn't come. If he had been in London he would soon have been here.'

'Oh, I know that,' said the child.

'But after he knew you were ill he sent telegram after telegram asking for the latest news. Fancy sending all across Europe to ask how a little girl was!' said Mrs Hope in a tone of gentle railery.

'He would have sent across the world, I know,' said Dorothy, her weak voice taking its old firm tone for a moment as she vindicated her idol.

Mrs Hope laughed. 'I believe he would,' she said.

Nearly a week passed, and Dorothy grew a little stronger. Then there came an evening when Evelyn had run in for an hour. Her mother had not been so well the last few days, and her presence at home had been called for almost constantly. Dorothy had talked with her a while, then fallen asleep holding her hand. Into the quiet room came

the faint echo of a gentle pull of the bell at the front door.

Suddenly the child woke with a convulsive start, and clutched Evelyn's hand tighter still.

'That's my uncle Jack,' she cried; 'he's back from Russia. He's here. He's come to see me.' And she turned and fixed her eyes on the door with an eager look.

At the very thought of such a meeting Evelyn's soul shook within her. But it was impossible. She had heard no word of his return; she was sure that no word of his return could have come. Nothing would have prevented the child from speaking of it in the talk they had had before she went to sleep. Yet of a surety Mrs Hope was coming upstairs talking to some one, and that some one of a heavier tread. The doctor, without doubt. The door opened, and Mrs Hope came in gaily.

'Now, Dorothy,' she said, 'guess who is behind the door?'

'I don't need to,' cried Dorothy eagerly. 'It's my uncle Jack: I know it is. I knew it when he rang at the door.'

A tall figure stepped in, crossed the room with two or three long strides, and knelt by the bed. The child grasped him with a passionate hug.

'You dear old uncle Jack!' she cried.

For a few moments Jack Norman had eyes for nothing else than the poor, worn little creature who looked like the pale ghost of his little favourite. He had seen some one else there, but had not looked closely. A nurse, perhaps. But of a sudden some perception seemed to seize him. He looked up swiftly, and there he saw the face which never for a moment had been out of his thoughts since last he saw it, pale and proud, and set like flint against his hopes. He started, murmured an apology that he had not seen her before, and half-extended his hand, then seemed to check himself and wait for her. Evelyn gave him her hand, then rose as if to withdraw.

'No, no, Miss Boyne, don't go yet. I want to talk to you ever so much,' cried Dorothy. 'You know when you came you promised to stay till eight, and it's twenty minutes to, yet.' She stretched out her small, feeble hand and caught Evelyn's, and held it tightly. 'Sit down,' she implored; and Evelyn sat down again. There was a tap at the door, and a servant's voice inquired for Mrs Hope. She went away, and left the three together. The child lay contentedly, holding a hand of each.

'Do you know what I intend to do when I get better, Uncle Jack?' said she.

'What is it? Tell me,' said Norman.

'I intend to marry you.'

'Is that so?' murmured Norman softly.

'The last time grandpapa was here I heard mother say to him that she knew you would be much happier if you were married. Would you like to get married, Uncle Jack?'

'Well, a number of people try their luck that way, and a good many seem satisfied,' he replied, a fine healthy blush creeping up his brown cheek.

'Do you know what gave me the idea of marrying you?' went on the child. 'It came into my mind one day after Miss Vine, my governess, had been reading to me some stories from a history book. There was one about a little girl who married a king when she was eight years old. Which king was that, Uncle Jack?'

'Let me see,' said Norman, groping mistily in his memory for historical details; 'that would be Richard the Second, I fancy.'

'The king had had a wife before, but she was dead,' said Dorothy.

'Wasn't the little girl a French princess?' said he.

'Yes, a French princess; I remember that,' cried Dorothy.

'That fixes it,' replied Norman; 'Richard the Second it was.'

'Well,' went on Dorothy, 'I shall be old enough now in less than a year, and then we can be married too, and I can take care of you—can't I, Uncle Jack? Isn't it a good idea?'

'It's very original indeed; very original,' said he gravely.

'How do you live now, Uncle Jack; and how do you like it?'

'I live in chambers,' he replied, 'and I don't like it at all.'

'Why not?'

'Oh, it's pretty desolate.'

'But we should have a house, shouldn't we?'

'A house is the correct thing, certainly,' he returned.

'And then I shall make everything snug for you when you come back from those long, cold journeys you take,' said Dorothy. 'What do you like to eat, Uncle Jack? Are you fond of beef-steak?'

'When the steak's good,' said Norman, 'and there's plenty of it, and a man's hungry, there's nothing better.'

'And when you ring at night, I shall be ready to run and let you in. And I shall give you a big kiss, and help you to take your coat off, and then we'll go to the dining-room, where everything will be ready. And you'll tell me all about the strange people you've seen that day—what they said to you, and what you said to them; and I shall tell you how things have been at home. Oh, we shall be so happy!' sighed the child.

Ah, poor Jack! His domestic ambitions were of the simplest order, and the picture the little artist drew went to the core of his bruised heart. And there across the bed, listening with pale face and unsmiling eyes to this prattle, was she whom he loved with every fibre of his heart and soul, she whom it would be heaven to him to

give the place the innocent child was planning for herself.

It was no wonder that when Dorothy stopped speaking, and lay back on her pillows smiling at

them, there was a strained silence in the room. Neither of the elders could say a word. The rattle of the door handle, followed by the appearance of Mrs Hope, was an intense relief to both.

OIL-FIRES IN AMERICA.



THE operations at the extensive oil-deposits in the south-eastern part of the United States have resulted in the valuable discovery of the best means of preventing and extinguishing what are known as oil-fires. The Spindle Top district, where the principal oil-producing wells have been located, may be considered the most inflammable section of the earth's surface. On its limited area nearly a thousand wooden derricks have been erected to support the piping through which the oil is conveyed from the deposits. The derricks—constructed very closely together, owing to the limited area—are saturated with petroleum; and the smaller structures, such as the engine-houses, also built of wood, are in the same inflammable state. It may seem somewhat strange, but it is true, that in some places the soil will burn more readily than peat, for instance; it has been known to ignite merely through the dropping of a spark from a workman's pipe, and a lighted match will frequently cause a flame to shoot up a foot or more from a bare spot where the soil is saturated with waste fluid. In holes dug to a depth of four or five feet, oil which had percolated through the surface has been found at the bottom.

To clearly understand the situation it is necessary to give these and other details. The large quantity of oil which issued from some of the wells first bored is generally known. Some of the 'gushers,' as they are termed, probably discharged more oil than any other wells that have yet been sunk. The various estimates made by petroleum-experts of the quantity which issued from single wells in twenty-four hours ranged in several instances from fifty thousand to sixty thousand barrels. As a proof of this it may be stated that the oil was frequently forced by the pressure of natural gas and other causes to a height of over a hundred feet. When the first wells were 'brought in' the drillers had made little or no preparation for storage, and for days the oil from some of the larger openings was thrown into the air and fell over derricks and other erections, saturating large areas. As a number of the principal wells were allowed to throw out their contents at different times during several months for exhibition purposes, an enormous quantity, aggregating millions of barrels, was wasted.

The means provided for securing the oil after the abundance of the yield was realised were both crude and limited. Open ditches were excavated in the prairie to convey it into mere earthen tanks, which

were uncovered. These ditches varied from one to several miles in length, and in its passage from the wells to the reservoir much of the oil worked its way through the bottom of the ditches; and the banks of the reservoirs, merely lined with the prairie soil, soon became saturated. When piping and metal tanks were constructed the work was done so hurriedly that large quantities of the oil leaked through the imperfect joints, and in many cases could be seen issuing from the sides of the tanks and running down their surfaces. Many of the tanks were uncovered and unprotected from lightning, which has caused several of the largest fires. Under these circumstances it is not strange that the district has been the scene of several great oil-fires; and as at first it was found utterly impossible to extinguish them, they literally burned themselves out.

Realising that some plan must be adopted to cope with the fires, the owners of the wells isolated the larger tanks by throwing up walls of earth round them to a height of five or six feet, and made them more compact by covering their surfaces with sods. A large force of men were employed as day and night patrols, and shovels and other implements were placed at convenient points for the purpose of throwing earth upon the flames as soon as possible, thus checking the fire before it had obtained too much headway. The first attempt of this kind, however, was futile. The flames spread so rapidly that the men barely escaped with their lives; while on another occasion nearly twenty men were hemmed in by the line of fire and perished. It was thus evident that some more effective means must be adopted, and the application of steam was suggested. This was tried in extinguishing a fire which had been burning for a week on the edge of the district. An engineer employed at one of the pumping-stations believed that if a jet of steam were applied with sufficient force it would smother the fire; but the problem to be solved was how to apply it. It was decided to make the experiment on this fire, and a number of portable engines used for boring wells and other purposes were placed as near the fire-line as possible with safety, with a little space between each engine. To each boiler was attached iron tubing which led to a central conduit of suitable dimensions, and screwed into openings therein. The conduit was laid to a point as near the flames as the heat would permit, the joints being carefully caulked with lead and oakum to prevent leaks. At the end of the conduit nearest the fire the opening diminished somewhat, like the nozzle of a hose-pipe.

The nozzle was propped upon a bracket and directed so that the jet would strike the flames squarely. As soon as the pipe-line was completed, supplies of water and fuel were brought up to the engines and the furnaces lighted. When the pressure of steam was sufficient, the valves in the pipes connecting with the conduits were turned on and the steam allowed to pass through the line. Altogether about one hundred and fifty horse-power was represented by the boilers utilised, which furnished a jet of such force that it literally blew out or smothered the flames it came in contact with, apparently forcing a way through the fire for a distance of fully fifty feet. As the jet was applied where the fire was at its height, several hours elapsed before the flames were greatly diminished; but they were entirely extinguished where the steam-jet came in contact with them. Steam was then shut off until the pipe-line

could be moved and the jet aimed at another section. Thus the work continued for over ten days, until it was demonstrated that this was by far the most effective extinguisher. When the heat had been so far reduced that the gangs of workmen could approach near enough, earth was thrown upon the flames, which helped to extinguish the fire.

Since then the steam-jet has been used at a number of fires in the Texas field, and each time with success. A fire occurred in what is known as the Jennings oil-producing district in Louisiana which could not be subdued by the use of earth. Then the old boilers in the vicinity were requisitioned, and the plan described was put into operation, with the result that a portion of the field was saved from destruction; for had the fire continued probably every well in the district would have been destroyed.

LONDON LIFE IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

BY any one who can call to mind what the London of 1851—the year of the Great Exhibition—was like, and who has some present acquaintance with it, the changes that have been brought about between then and now, not merely in its external aspect but in numerous other respects, must be acknowledged as many and remarkable. It is not, however, our purpose to point them out or dwell upon them here, but to give a sketch of life in the Metropolis as it was in the eighteenth century, leaving the reader to draw the comparison. As historic time is reckoned, the period covered is only a very brief one; but never before, probably, was so marvellous a transformation wrought in the conditions of existence in a great city as during the years in question.

In these later days, when express trains run daily and nightly between the Metropolis and every quarter of the kingdom, it is difficult to believe that not quite a century and a half ago a slow, lumbering vehicle known as 'The Machine' occupied two days in the journey between London and Bath, carrying fourteen outside and ten inside passengers, in addition to the guard and driver, the charge being twenty-five shillings. It was held to be remarkably fast travelling when the journey from London to Newmarket or Norwich took no more than twelve hours by the 'light machine or two-end coach, carrying four inside passengers only.' Well-to-do people intending to travel any considerable distance in a post-chaise often advertised for a companion to share the expense and diminish the danger. In those days Edinburgh was nearly as far removed from London in point of time as New York is now.

During the first half of the eighteenth century a single post-boy, travelling three times a week,

sufficed to carry the whole of the letter-bags between London and Leicester, Loughborough, Nottingham, Derby, and Ashbourne. After the year 1755, however, postal communication was accelerated, and letters were conveyed on six days instead of three to many of the chief towns of the kingdom.

The population of London in the year 1756 was computed as being about seven hundred thousand souls—that is to say, little more than an eighth of its present sum total. At that time, and for long afterwards, the streets were abominably dirty, and very insufficiently lighted with a miserable array of oil-lamps. An open kennel flowed down the middle of most of the streets, which were paved with round cobbles, as were also the sidewalks, which were only marked off by a series of unsightly posts. Huge signs, many of them elaborately gilt and carved, hung from the front of every shop, tavern, and eating-house. One writer remarks that 'golden periwigs, saws, axes, razors, trees, lancets, knives, salmon, cheese, black men's heads with gilt hair, half-moons, sugar-loaves, and Westphalian hams were repeated without merey from the Borough to Clerkenwell, and from Whitechapel to the Haymarket.'

Gaming, it is safe to assert, was the crowning vice of the eighteenth century. All classes, from the duchess to the chimney-sweep, were infected by it. Horse-racing, cock-fighting, and betting of every description, together with cards and dice, formed the chief occupations of a large proportion of those in the highest ranks of life. Every fashionable assembly was made an excuse for indulging in the prevalent vice. When a lady received company, card-tables were provided for all guests, the games most in vogue being brag, basset, ombre, hazard, commerce, or spadille. The stakes at those mixed assemblies would be re-

garded in these days as ruinously high, and the consequences to the losers, especially when, as was not infrequently the case, a lady lost more than she durst confess to her husband or her father, were often of the most lamentable kind.

The deepest play, however, took place at the proprietary clubs—White's, Boodle's, Brookes's—the lowest stake at the latter being fifty pounds, and it was no uncommon event for a member to lose or win ten thousand pounds at a sitting.

During the latter half of the century gaming in private houses became somewhat less common than heretofore, its place being taken by other amusements which came into vogue about this period. The fashionable dinner-hour being three or four o'clock, ample time was left for a long evening's entertainment. Leaving out of account the theatres and concert-rooms, the chief places of resort for people of fashion, or for those who aped at being thought such, were Ranelagh, Vauxhall, Cornelys', and the Pantheon. Of these the most celebrated was the first-named, which was situated at Chelsea; and no country cousin deemed his or her visit to London complete without having spent at least one evening there.

A large orchestra occupied the middle of the Ranelagh grounds; but, generally speaking, the music discoursed there seems to have been very indifferent. The general company, as may be imagined, was of a very mixed character. Here clergymen, statesmen, authors, philosophers, and fine ladies rubbed shoulders with country bumpkins, city tradespeople, apprentices, women of doubtful character, and highwaymen and thieves. 'What are the amusements of Ranelagh?' asks old Matthew Bramble. 'One half of the company are following one another's tails in an eternal circle, like so many blind asses in an olive-mill, where they can neither discourse, distinguish, nor be distinguished; while the other half are drinking hot water, under the denomination of tea, till nine or ten o'clock at night, to keep them awake for the rest of the evening. As for the orchestra, the vocal music especially, it is well for the performers that they cannot be heard distinctly.' A caustic picture, truly! The Gardens were open at an early hour, and the price of admission, which was half-a-crown, included breakfast for such as went in time to partake of it.

Vauxhall, on the Surrey side of the river, might be termed a debased Ranelagh. Although frequented by numbers of fashionable and well-to-do persons, including citizens with the female members of their family, it was the scene of drunkenness, riot, and profligacy such as nowadays would not be tolerated for a week.

Persons of quality found other sources of amusement at Almack's, Cornelys', and the Coterie. The main attraction of the first-named was the high play which went on there. Mrs Cornelys kept a house in Soho Square, ostensibly of a very

exclusive character, but its reputation was more than questionable.

It was at the Coterie, however, that the open license of manners was exhibited in its most flagrant form. It was a mixed club of ladies and gentlemen strictly confined to persons of the highest fashion. The number of its members was limited, the rule being that the gentlemen should ballot for the ladies and the ladies for the gentlemen. Such a state of things, so open and unblushing, was almost too much for even the coarse taste of those days. Virulent lampoons and satire in its grossest forms assailed the Coterie and its frequenters, and nowadays it seems hard to understand how any woman with a shred of reputation left her, or any remains of self-respect, should have allowed herself, or have been allowed by those who had control over her, to become a member of any such discreditable association. It was during the time the Coterie was in full swing that the degradation of the morals and manners of so-called good society, so far as the eighteenth century was concerned, may be said to have reached its lowest depth.

Private balls when much crowded were called 'drums,' and a drum on a large scale was commonly termed a 'squeezer.' A satirist of the time writes: 'A riotous assemblage of fashionable people of both sexes at a private house, consisting of some hundreds, is not inaptly styled a drum from the noise and emptiness of the entertainment. There are also drum-major, rout, tempest, and hurricane, differing only in degree of multitude and uproar, as the significant name of each declares.'

That elandestine marriages, although often flaminated against by those in authority and declared to be illegal, should have been of daily occurrence can scarcely be wondered at, considering the facilities placed in the way of those who chose to take advantage of such a state of things. After having been a crying evil for a number of years, the notorious Fleet marriages—the fees derived from which had so long helped to replenish the pockets of a number of the biggest varlets unhung—were at length suppressed; but even after this such marriages continued to be celebrated in the Savoy Chapel, as constantly recurring advertisements in the newspapers of the time amply prove. Still, in one instance at least, the law, dilatory and semi-somnolent with reference to many matters as it generally was, did come down with sledge-hammer force. Thus, under date of December 1755, we read: 'John Grierson, the clergyman of the Savoy Chapel, being convicted of elandestinely marrying a couple, was sentenced to be transported for fourteen years. It is said that he married one thousand four hundred couples in the same manner and place, whose marriages, by this verdict, are null and void.'

To us it seems a curious whim on the part of

our ancestors of the eighteenth century that in their marriage announcements they should so often choose, and with such seeming complacency, to enlighten the world with regard to the amount of fortune received with the brides. Here are two cases in point: 'Mr James Coutts of Jeffry's Sq., merchant, to Miss Peagram of Knightsbridge, £30,000.' 'W. Smith, gentleman, of the 2nd Troop of Horse Guards, to Mrs Ann Gardiner, a maiden lady, aged, 'tis said, near 70, with a fortune of £20,000.'

A woman of fashion of the eighteenth century, if contemporary accounts may be relied upon, was a being of a far more artificial and unreal kind than her descendants of to-day. The novels of the period, almost without exception, depict her as a mawkish, insipid creature, without ideas or individuality. A cup of chocolate in bed was the usual mode of beginning the day, after which a few favoured visitors were admitted, when the latest bit of scandal in high life was discussed and the day's programme settled upon. Sunday evening was especially devoted to card-parties, the ordinary week-day amusements not being then available. A favourite occupation was to attend at auctions and bid for 'a heap of Oriental baubles, Chinese nicknacks, cockle-shells, and butterflies.'

However, that which engrossed far more time and attention than anything else was dress, a subject which here we can do little more than touch upon. The hoop was almost universally worn, and we are told that those of oval form measured from end to end about twice the height of the wearer.

Sometimes the hair was braided; more often it was adorned with a sprig of spangles or artificial flowers. Hats were much worn, varying greatly in shape and size from time to time, as is their custom still. But the most detestable fashion of all was that of arranging the hair with paste and pomatum so as to form a huge towering mass on the crown of the head. In a novel of the day we are told that 'a head properly made up with pins, paste, and pomatum will keep a month very well;' and, further, that 'Lady Lazy dresses her hair but once a quarter. 'Tis true we are enjoined to lie in one position, which, to be sure, is an inconvenience. Last night I went to bed somewhat earlier than usual, and was consequently restless; so, happening to turn on one side, de-ranged the right wing a little, but Betty has raccommoded it *passablement bien*.'

Still worse, however, than this dirty and abominable fashion was the use of paints and pigments, which was common among all classes. Women of the lower orders had to content themselves with a sort of cheap rough-cast for the face. Those pertaining to the middle class painted in size or oil. Among those still higher in the social scale a sort of fine mask of stucco or plaster of Paris was the rage, which would last as long as the

'coiffure' and 'withstand the collision of a gentleman's lips;' but for the *crème de la crème* there was 'a transcendent and divine pearl powder with an exquisite varnish superinduced to fix it.'

If the fine lady of the eighteenth century, as sketched by her contemporaries, does not present herself to us in a very attractive guise, the beau, or fine gentleman of the same period, fares little or no better at the hands of the same caustic observers. Perhaps no more vapid or inane being ever existed. Everything was done for the sake of effect, and all his actions regulated by some imaginary standard of fashion. The chief things expected of him were to drink deep, swear lustily, ride well, use an eyeglass, and be able to shoe his own horse. If he lisped and affected to be purblind and partially deaf he was looked upon as 'quite the thing.' Everything French was voted *comme il faut* and slavishly copied. A first-rate 'buck,' when he had made the grand tour and had learned by heart the genteel oaths of half the Continent, was entitled to be called a 'stag.'

Visiting at a country house, one of these same 'stags' complains that 'not a drop of Benjamin wash nor a dust of almond powder could be procured there, nor, indeed, in all the parish, and I was forced to wash my hands with filthy washball, which so ruined their complexion that laying in gloves will not recover them this fortnight.' Further, there was no pomatum for his hair, nor was there either snuff or smelling-salts to be had.

However contemptible the 'beau' and the 'buck' might be, as a rule they harmed no one but themselves. But the so-called 'blood' was a being of a different quality, a brute at once vicious and mischievously savage. Here is a description of one of them with some of the grosser traits left out: 'He is a "blood" of the first-rate. Sherlock has instructed him in the use of the broadsword, and Broughton has taught him to box. He is a fine gentleman at assemblies, a sharper at the gaming-tables, and a bully at casinos. He has not yet killed his man in the *honourable* way, but he has gallantly crippled several watchmen and most courageously run a drawer through the body.'

The following is a young Templar's account of a night's 'frolic': 'Sunday.—Past four o'clock afternoon—got up immensely sick—at "Shakespeare's Head" till five this morning—four dozen claret and eight bowls of punch. Burnt our hats and wigs by general consent. Tossed empty bottles out of window—demolished two pier-glasses, six china bowls, twenty-three wine-glasses, one table, and seven chairs. Sallied out in a body—set the watch-house on fire—carried to the round-house—from thence to Justice Fielding—gave bail.'

The middle classes of London vied with those above them in luxury and loose living. Dressed in the extravagant fashions of those days, well-to-do tradesmen and citizens, with their wives

and daughters, enjoyed the pleasure of jostling lords and ladies at Ranelagh and Vauxhall. To come a step lower in the scale, the town and its suburbs abounded in places of entertainment where shopkeepers and apprentices, together with their womankind, could disport themselves after their own fashion, or do their best to emulate the vices of their betters. A favourite place of this kind was Belsize House in the Hampstead Road, in the gardens of which tea, coffee, and other refreshments could be had, enlivened with music, from seven in the morning, with the advantage of having the road patrolled after dark by a dozen 'lusty fellows,' so that late stayers need not adventure homeward in fear and trembling.

It was not till the middle of the century was well past that any really effective steps were taken to deal with the numerous robbers and thieves with which the streets of the Metropolis and its suburbs were infested. Such was the contempt of those gentry for the constables and other guardians of the public peace that they would ride into Hyde Park in the dusk of evening, tie their horses to the rails, and make their way into the town on foot to stop sedan-chairs and unarmed pedestrians. A stage-coach was stopped at an early hour one morning in Charles Street, Mayfair, and the passengers robbed of their money and watches. In June 1755, as 'John Goodyear, Esq.,' was returning to his house in a chair about midnight, he was stopped by two footpads in Berkeley Square. He swore he would not be robbed, and ordered the chairmen to open the door. While this was being done one of the rogues shot the hinder chairman and killed him on the spot.

In October of the following year the Hon. Captain Brudenel was stopped in his chair at the same place. But the captain got out, drew his sword, and being followed by one of the chairmen and a watchman, set out after the two rascals, who had taken to their heels. In the result one of them was run to earth in Albemarle Mews, where he shot the watchman through the lungs, but was himself run through the body by the captain.

No unprotected person could go a mile out of town even in the daytime without running the risk of being waylaid. In the suburbs, so widespread was the feeling of insecurity that the inhabitants of Kentish Town subscribed for a patrol during the winter months to keep open the communication with the town. Much later still the Angel Inn, Islington, was the meeting-place of merchants and others returning home in the evening from business, whose only chance of safety

lay in forming themselves into a caravan for mutual protection. A well-dressed man or woman could not traverse the streets without risk of personal insult or injury. Carmen and hackney-coach drivers regarded it as excellent sport to splash decent people from head to foot; and when a terrified female or a bewildered stranger slipped or was hustled into the kennel the accident was hailed with shouts of delight. Yet, to make one's way through the streets in a conveyance was hardly a whit less disagreeable. Carriages and chairs were constantly coming into collision or being upset, and thieves were always ready to take advantage of the confusion, which in many cases they had themselves originated for their own purpose; while the ears were stunned by a storm of oaths and abusive altercations from the drivers, chairmen, and others.

Nothing tended more to brutalise the manners of the lower classes than the excessive rigour and savage penalties of the criminal law. When two lads could be hanged for stealing a purse containing a couple of shillings and a brass counter, it might well be said that the statute book was written in blood. Every jail delivery at the Old Bailey furnished the populace with excitement of the most odious and demoralising kind. Very often half-a-dozen poor wretches were sentenced to death at a single session. Those who had incurred the last penalty were drawn through the streets, seated on their coffins, to the gallows at Tyburn. By the mob those periodical processions were regarded in the light of a pleasant and stimulating spectacle. If the condemned man happened to be somebody notorious in the annals of crime, the cart in which he sat, manacled, but in full dress and with a nosegay in his hand, would be decorated with garlands and ribbons as though it were a triumphal chariot, while an admiring and applauding crowd would keep him company the whole way and not disperse till they had seen him comfortably 'turned off.' These grand exhibitions were varied with the minor diversions of the pillory and whipping at the cart's-tail. Which of the two was the more cruel and disgusting it would be hard to say. Those whose punishment was the pillory not infrequently lost their lives, without reference to the quality or degree of their guilt, owing to the ill-usage to which they were subjected at the hands of the mob. The practice of tying wretches of both sexes to a cart and dragging them half-naked through the streets, shrieking under the lash of the executioner, was not, one is ashamed to have to record, abolished till comparatively recent times.



A RARE AND VALUABLE BOOK.



ONE of the most notable books ever issued in the United States was recently produced for private circulation principally among the friends of the gentleman who arranged for its production. It is a history of the manufacture of the wonderful Oriental pottery which has interested connoisseurs in the Old World and the New; and it is noteworthy that the edition of only five hundred copies cost nearly ten thousand pounds. When Mr William T. Walters, who founded the famous Walters Gallery of Fine Arts in Baltimore, died recently, few even of his intimate friends knew that for fifteen years he had been preparing this book, with the assistance of artists, linguists, and ceramic experts selected from all parts of the world. These included Dr Stephen W. Bushell, C.M.G., late physician to the British Legation at Peking, who for many years devoted himself to studying Chinese ceramics at Peking, and is considered the great authority on the Chinese branch of the art. Dr Bushell prepared the text, assisted by Sir Wollaston Franks, of the British Museum. For several years four artists were employed in drawing the vases and other specimens of Oriental pottery in Mr Walters's collection in Baltimore, which is one of the richest and rarest private collections in the world, and includes the Peachblow vase, less than eighteen inches high, which cost three thousand six hundred pounds. But besides these, half-a-dozen artists worked several years in Europe making fac-similes of the choicest specimens for the same purpose. Each illustration was finished in water-colours. Then the question of reproducing them was taken up. It was necessary to lithograph these illustrations, and they required the most exquisite preparation and finish. European and American masters of the art were asked to submit samples of stones, and twenty firms in Paris alone made offers for the contract; but it was given to an American company. The expert designers and mechanics of this establishment, among the largest in the world, devoted their energies to the preparation of the plates for the last nine years; and to give an idea of the magnitude of the task it may be stated that no less than fifty lithographic-stones were sometimes required for a single illustration, some of the stones being atoms in size, yet perfectly polished and rounded, and fitting with minute exactness. The book is an imperial folio, eleven inches long by thirteen inches wide. It contains one hundred and sixteen coloured plates and four hundred and thirty-seven black-and-white half-tone engravings; and the lithographs alone required two thousand stones, which, if piled on each other, would be three hundred feet high. The vast amount of labour required in preparing these stones can hardly be conceived. The lithographic-works are at Roxbury, Massachu-

setts; and this book is considered the firm's greatest achievement. In order to reproduce the marvelously delicate lines traced on much of the Japanese ware the most accurate measurements had to be made and every precaution taken as to colouring. Yet such is the excellence of the artists' work that even the transparent quality of some of the porcelain is imitated in such a manner as to produce a fac-simile that is really marvellous, and one can scarcely realise it is only a pictorial representation. The tints of many specimens are of a remarkably delicate shade, and all the water-colours had to be mixed with infinite care to reproduce the creams, blues, opalescents, &c.; but it was accomplished, and the expert in ceramics can trace in this book the grades of work in Japanese, Chinese, and other Oriental ware, some of it done a thousand years B.C. The principal idea Mr Walters had in view in creating this wonderful book was to produce a thoroughly reliable authority on the study of ceramics. In spite of the many books on pottery already published, not one is considered to be above criticism, as the study presents so many perplexities. Professional critics in America and abroad, however, acknowledge that this work is high above all other efforts. By the use of its illustrations it is believed that thousands of pieces supposed to be genuine will be detected as frauds simply by comparing them with the colouring and design of the genuine articles.

OCEAN VOICES.

When the dusk of evening slowly
Falls o'er hill and vale and shore;
Sitting lonely, listening sadly,
To the ocean's ceaseless roar.

When the dusk of evening's creeping,
Mingling in the ocean wave,
Songs of triumph, sounds of weeping,
Are the requiem of the brave.

Sometimes in the burning noonday,
Idly watching by the strand,
I can hear the rippling wavelets
Singing softly to the sand:

Sometimes softly, sometimes sadly,
Whispering the grand old song;
But their secret, few can guess it—
Only those who love them long.

Oh, what voices intermingle
In the waves that beat the shore!
Telling of the ages vanished,
Of the days that are no more.

Now the sun in glory setting,
Now the dusk creeps o'er the sky,
Louder, louder sound the voices
From the days that are gone by.

MARJORY ANGUS.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

A CHRISTMAS CRACKER.

AH! a pair of seedy old maids. Poor things!' These were the words we heard a happy bride whisper to her lover-husband on Christmas Day, just a year ago, as they stood near us waiting for the train to start: they on their honeymoon-trip; we on a pleasant, novel journey too, had they only known it, and not the pitiable objects they imagined us to be. Indeed, we were striking examples of the old adage, 'Appearances are often deceptive.'

'A pair of seedy old maids' we were in truth: small, wizened, limp, shabbily attired, all brightness and energy well-nigh squeezed out of us by the life of a daily-governess—a life we had led amid the smoke and din of a great city for twenty long years.

'Ah! poor things! A pair of seedy old maids.' We glanced at each other as we heard the words, and sighed; but the next moment we were both smiling, because our hearts were positively light that day, and with good reason. We had each been presented with an annuity of fifty pounds! This great kindness had been bestowed on us by an angel who has the good sense to do the kind acts prompted by her tender heart while she can still look on and see the happiness it is in her power to dispense.

We had no sooner been assured of our good fortune than we resolved to escape from city life, which had no charm for us since youth had fled. Where were we going? We had settled all that. We had, for a good many years, set our hearts on a certain thatched cottage in a quiet village which the railway had passed by. It was clothed with ivy, roses, and honeysuckle; had a small garden in front and behind; and—I tell the truth—the rent was only seven pounds. This paradise—for such it was in our regard—was very close to the village though not in it; it was also very near the manse; and these were very great advantages to us lone females, who might have eerie feelings on occasion, having no one of the stronger sex on the premises.

We had been living in two rooms in town, furnished with our own belongings, including a fairly good piano. We did not, therefore, require much additional furniture; but for the odds and ends that were necessary we had a little store of savings which enabled us to provide them, and still have a few pounds over in the savings-bank.

We had been saddened for many years by the dread of approaching old age, inability to work, and the thought of what should become of us if overtaken by illness. We never mentioned this horror that weighed down our spirits; but each knew quite well whenever it was uppermost in the other's mind, though we uttered not a word to each other on the subject. These distressful imaginings we had now cast behind us for ever, and the relief was unspeakable.

Oh, the joy that filled our hearts inside the wizened environments! Well-to-do mortals, who have every wish gratified, cannot imagine it. This happened a year ago, and what have twelve months of our new life done for us? Upon my word, if you had known us then, and could see us now, you might have some difficulty in recognising us. We are round and ruddy, plump and rosy—a desirable condition for elderly women; much better than sickly pallor and wrinkled scragginess. As for my sister Jane, she looks quite sweet and fresh now. I had this feeling in my own mind, and it was confirmed when I heard Kirsty MacBride, one of the villagers, whisper to her neighbour the other day as we passed them, standing at their doors with their babies in their arms: 'The wee ane's rale bonny noo, since the colour's come back to her cheeks.'

Our hands may be slightly red and rough at times; how can they miss, healthily employed as they are? They dig and weed, tend poultry and carry water, besides doing housewifely duties too numerous to mention. Still, these well-used hands are not *very* coarse, because we are careful of them. We work with gloves a great deal, and we use that wonderful softener glycerine, and that healthy cleanser, borax.

I must confess that we had rather a hard time before paradise was evolved out of chaos, as we did most of the papering, painting, stencilling, and general ornamenting of the cottage ourselves. The winter season, too, made things all the harder; but we were bright and cheery through it all, being freed slaves, with no carking care for the future.

We are in beautiful order now, and would not feel 'put about' though our gracious Queen were to honour us by a visit. We keep up dainty ways of dressing and manners; for when we started this new life we made a vow that we would not become dowdies nor gruesome frumps, and have kept it. To help us in this endeavour we have an appetising little dinner every evening after our work is over, and dress for it.

And now for a few words regarding our neighbours. We have made heaps of friends already, and we have found them hearty, sympathetic, and warmly hospitable. As for the family in the manse, words fail me when I attempt to make their kindness known. Our garden has been stocked from theirs with an endless variety of growing things, from cabbage-plants to infant laburnums, besides all manner of lovely flowers, old-fashioned and new. We seldom leave these generous friends, indeed, without being laden with spoils; and more often than not one of the kind inmates has helped to carry the load, which was thought too heavy for us. It goes without saying that these good friends find great pleasure in doing all these kindnesses, for what delight is finer than that of the unselfish giver, who expects no return save regard, or, better still, affection?

I must not forget to mention that my sister Jane has three pupils—all farmers' daughters—for piano lessons. The fees yield in all twelve pounds a year, a large sum to us, and enable us to have a visitor for a day or two now and again. We know more than one hard-wrought friend who gladly comes to us at the week-end for quiet and recreation.

And now I have to divulge the object I have in writing this paper: it is to try to induce some kind souls who have more money than they absolutely need to follow the example of our beloved friend and benefactress, and pension off, by annuities preferably, some aging women who have worked themselves out, and are shrivelled up and weary. If I can persuade even *one* individual to act in this way, what a delight it would be to my sister and me!

There are many pretty cottages to be had in out-of-the-way country villages, at very low rents, which could be done up into marvels of comfort and elegance by deft-handed and refined gentlewomen.

Such as we can be of use, too, in these remote, sleepy places. We show what can be done with little, and we lend a hand here and there. We even took charge of the school for a few days when the mistress fell sick. We do a bit of sewing for the poor, worn mother who is nursing her cross-tempered fourth, sixth, or seventh baby night and day; and we read to old Joe Pringle and blind Betty Cricket. What do we read? Sometimes the Old or New Testament; at other times fairy tales and other equally light literature. Yes, we can help in many ways, and give ourselves pleasure at the same time.

As a cheery finish up, I shall now tell what happened the other night. We had a call from our clergyman and his sister; they are both elderly and unmarried like ourselves, and, as I have stated, delightfully sympathetic neighbours. They came to offer Jane the post of organist in the church at a salary of fifteen pounds a year. 'True, it is only an American organ,' said Mr Maegregor, 'and rather humdrummy at present; but under your touch, Miss Jane'—Then he stopped. I felt as if for the moment a shadow of a boyish blush might have been seen had any of us dared to glance at him; but we all sheepishly looked at the carpet, and the sentence remained unfinished. Then followed an awkward pause; but it was a very short one, for I gathered myself together smartly, and, to appearance, said quite coolly, 'Of course, Jane, you accept our kind friend's offer?' But it was evident that I had put my foot in it this time, for now it was Jane's turn to blush, not at all in an imaginary way, and rather unbecomingly for her age, as I thought. However, she managed to stammer out, 'Gladly.' This fifteen pounds will be quite a little fortune to us. We can now have one of the village children morning and evening to run our errands and do our roughest work; and this, though I may have given an impression to the contrary, will be, I must confess, a mighty relief.

I shall now say 'good-bye,' wishing any friends who may read this A Merry Christmas and a Prosperous New Year: in other words, great happiness. Above happiness I place blessedness; and, to gain this, I wish for our friends renewed goodness of heart to prompt the kind word, the cheery smile, and the helping hand.



JACK NORMAN'S LOVE AFFAIR.

CHAPTER IV.



URING the spring Jack Norman ran down constantly to see his sister and niece. It is true that he managed to catch a glimpse of Evelyn as well at times, and this was of much comfort to him, despite his hopelessness.

As for Evelyn, she passed the unhappiest time of her life. The situation was simply desperate. Her own fine simplicity of nature had caused her at once to accept and believe her brother's story; but on looking back she reproached herself. She should have sifted it. She had learned before, unhappily, that Richard could not implicitly be trusted. Yet how sift it? At the moment she had nothing in the world to rest upon save the account which Richard himself had furnished of his temptations and his tempter. What more natural than that the sister should be hot against the man who was dragging her brother and finally themselves down to ruin? Day and night she turned the matter over and over, and saw nothing, whichever way it was looked at, save a wretched, hopeless muddle.

On a warm, sunny afternoon in late spring Jack Norman arrived at his sister's house, and found her seated at an open French window looking out to the garden, now full of the tender green of new leaves and the glory of spring flowers.

He sat down beside her, and leisurely extended his long legs.

'Looks cheerful after the bricks and mortar,' said he, nodding at the riot of spring sweetness without; then he suddenly started and moved in his chair. His sister knew well what that start meant, for she was aware that Evelyn and Dorothy were in the garden. She raised her eyes and saw them passing a gap in an espalier-lined path. She drew a few long, thoughtful stitches at the work in her lap, then resolved to say what was in her mind.

'Do you remember, Jack, coming down here last autumn one Saturday afternoon, and we were talking of Evelyn Boyne?'

He moved uneasily in his chair, and said, 'Yes,' but not frankly, not willingly. His sister knew the wound was green as ever and hurried on.

'You know we had an idea, Jack, that Evelyn Boyne seemed to have something against you. Well, I am now perfectly certain that she had. I should not be so sure if I were not just as certain that, whatever it was, it has gone. She has found it was a mistake.'

Norman's restlessness had vanished. He was now listening eagerly and intently.

'Of course I know nothing save what I can glean from her manner,' went on Mrs Hope. 'Evelyn is a hundred leagues removed from the girl who talks about people and lets you peep into her heart; she is far too proud and delicate. But

there is something different about her with regard to you. It is not to be openly perceived; that would be impossible. Only another woman, perhaps, could divine it.'

'It must be so,' murmured Norman, not very hopefully. 'I have seen no change in her.'

'Poor dear, dull, old Jack,' laughed his sister. 'How deliciously wooden a man is! A girl has to fling herself into his arms before he can see that she has a *penchant* for him. Not, of course,' she went on, 'that that remark is to be applied to the present situation. I only spoke on general principles.'

'Just so,' said Jack. He tried to keep his tone dry and matter-of-fact; but in truth his heart was surging wildly. He still loved Evelyn so deeply, so whole-heartedly, that even his sister's guarded hints as to her mere change of manner stirred him deeply and set his wild longings once more aflame.

At this moment their conversation was interrupted. Dorothy came into sight alone, and sauntered towards the window at which they sat. She raised her eyes and saw Norman. Her saunter was changed at once for a flying run, and in she came at full speed.

'And where is Miss Boyne?' asked her mother.

'She has gone home,' said Dorothy. 'Their maid came to the garden-gate and said she was wanted to give some orders.'

In the evening Norman and his sister went for a walk.

'We'll take a turn along the river,' said Mrs Hope. 'I don't think you've been that way, and it's very beautiful. There's a spot where it winds under a very old single-arch bridge that's worth going a long way to see.'

At the foot of the heathy slopes upon which the village was built, a chalk-stream ran—a river with still, gliding flats and merry pebbly shallows, bordered by willows and tall hazel-thickets.

In the golden May evening the walk by the river was beautiful indeed. The crystal stream wound by reed-bed and tiny eyot, by pollard oaks where blackbirds fluted, by willows with polished, shining stems mirrored to the last of their numberless twigs in the clear flood below. Presently the river ran through a wood; but the smooth, easy path still continued along one side.

'How lovely it is!' said Norman. 'One would have thought a number of people would be out to enjoy such a stroll as this on such an evening.'

'It isn't often I meet any one,' replied his sister. 'The country-people proper rarely take a walk for a walk's sake, and the river winds so that the path is never used as a thoroughfare. There are a score of nearer ways.'

"With here and there a lusty trout, and here and there a grayling," quoted Jack Norman, marking a

huge rise under a willow on the other side of the stream. 'I say, Alice,' he went on, 'there are some thumping fish in this river. Is it easy to get a day on it?'

His sister did not answer him. While he had stood to watch the leaping trout she had walked slowly on a dozen yards or more. Now she turned and came swiftly towards him.

'Jack,' said she, 'I'm going back.'

'Oh,' said Norman, 'all right. But where is that bridge of yours? I thought we were to go as far as that to drink in its beauty.'

'Now you shall go that far,' said his sister, 'for making fun of me. But you shall go by yourself. It isn't a long way: not more than a quarter of a mile.'

'I don't know that I'll trouble,' he replied.

'But I know that you will trouble,' she cried. 'You are to go to that bridge, Jack, touch it, and come back.'

'Look here, Alice,' said he, 'what's in the wind? There's more in this than meets the eye.'

'Jack,' said she, laying her hand on his arm, 'will you, as a favour to me, go to that bridge and back while I stroll homewards?'

'And you won't tell me why you want me to do so?'

'I won't. I'll only ask you to trust me and go.'

'Oh, all right,' said Jack; 'anything to oblige a lady. How far do you say it is?'

'Not more than a quarter of a mile.'

'Very good,' said he, grasping his stick in the middle and squaring his shoulders. 'You move on gently, and I'll catch you up in a few minutes.'

'You needn't hurry,' said his sister, with an enigmatising smile.

Away strode Norman, and was out of sight in a moment round that bend of the path at which his sister had paused. A hundred yards farther was another sharp turn. Norman wheeled round it and pulled up dead.

'Alice had seen her! Alice had seen her!' he murmured to himself. Quietly walking before him was a figure which every fibre of his being thrilled to recognise. As he stood and stared Evelyn disappeared round the next bend. Jack Norman moved slowly on. Should he step out and join her? He remembered how he had done that once before, and his soul shivered within him at the recollection. Perhaps, however, she would pass the bridge before he reached her. He walked on, and his nerves jumped when he found himself within twenty yards of her. She had halted near a gravelly shallow to watch a shoal of minnows flashing to and fro in the crystal water. At the sound of the step on the path she looked up; their eyes met. It would have been hard to say at that moment which was the paler. Norman walked up; she gave him her hand, and the ordinary salutations of acquaintances passed.

'I was going up to see a picturesque bridge of which my sister spoke to me,' said Norman.

'Oh, yes,' replied Evelyn, 'it is a little farther on. I am going that way; I will show it to you.'

'You are very kind,' he said; and they walked on side by side, for the first time since they had known each other.

'Let me see; your brother hasn't been home since he first went to Russia, has he, Miss Boyne?' asked Norman.

'Richard?' replied Evelyn. 'No; but he writes in the highest spirits, and seems to like his work.'

'He's doing it very well,' said Norman; 'and you'll see him next week. We wired to him yesterday to come over for three or four weeks. Things are very slack now in St Petersburg, and we want him at hand to deal with a number of questions and papers not easily to be handled by post.'

'It will give my mother great pleasure to see him,' murmured Evelyn.

'Naturally,' replied her companion; 'and he well deserves a holiday. He has quite surpassed our expectations. He has done wonderfully well.'

This praise of Richard from the lips of a man whom he had so cruelly wronged stirred Evelyn deeply. It was more than she could bear, and she stopped unconsciously, her hand clenched upon her bosom—her favourite gesture when greatly moved—her dark eyes burning with a wonderful lustre in her pale face. A score of thoughts went through her mind at once, and each one ended with a hopeless sigh. Nothing could be done; nothing could be said. It was impossible; but how bitterly cruel was the tangle! In an instant the Gordian knot was cut.

Jack Norman had paused also, and marked the play of emotion on the beautiful face. He saw that she was stirred, but why he could not divine. Then he, too, was seized and shaken by an overmastering impulse.

'Miss Boyne,' he began in a low, troubled voice, 'I hope you will not consider me importunate; but may I beg of you to listen to me for an instant?'

'Oh!' said Evelyn swiftly, 'it is not you who should beg of me.' Then she stopped; the words had slipped from her on the impulse of the moment, the cry of her sore heart. But Jack Norman stepped nearer, his brown eyes kindling, the colour coming and going on his handsome face.

'If possible,' said he, 'I love you more than I did last autumn. Oh, believe that!'

He marked the lovely wave of colour which flooded her face, and his heart began to beat tumultuously. The face which his memory had enshrined as cold and pale and proud was now glowing and sweet and tender.

'Evelyn! Evelyn!' he cried, 'is it possible that you have learned to care for me?'

'I cared for you then,' she murmured brokenly; 'but I had been misled. I will tell you—I—'

'Tell me nothing, dearest, sweetest,' said Jack Norman as he took her in his arms. 'I know all I wish to know: that I am the happiest and most fortunate man in all the world.'

THE END.

M O M B A S A.

FOR the benefit of those—and their name is legion—who do not know anything about Mombasa, I may state that it is a town on an island of the same name, situated about one hundred and forty miles north of Zanzibar, on the east coast of Africa. Being the starting-point of the famous Uganda Railway and the capital of the British East Africa Protectorate, it is rapidly increasing in importance. Possessed of two fine harbours—Mombasa and Kilindini—and being the natural outlet for Uganda as well as the British East Africa Protectorate, it is probable that in the near future Mombasa will be the most important seaport on the east coast of Africa.

It was on the 25th of July 1900 that I found myself entering Mombasa harbour on board the German mail-steamer *Reichstag*. After the oppressive barrenness of the desert around the Suez Canal and the dreariness of Aden and Cape Guardafui, Mombasa looked a little heaven in the early morning light. The white line of surf breaking on the coral-reefs extended as far as the eye could reach, and on shore the dark-green of the coco-palms reflecting the sun's morning beams looked wonderfully beautiful. Such must it have looked to Vasco da Gama and his mariners when, centuries ago, they landed for the first time to obtain fresh-water and fruit.

Entering Mombasa harbour, the steamer passes close under the British Consulate and Government officers' bungalows; and my spirits rose at the civilised look of the place. I had expected to see a few broken-down 'iron shanties;' and, behold, trim coral-built bungalows with flower-gardens in front! It was only when we reached the anchorage and the dense mass of the native village displayed itself to my gaze, and the steamer became the centre of a howling mob of Swahilis in boats of every description, from the prehistoric dug-out to the trim four-oared gig, that thoughts of the fate of Captain Cook and other voyagers began to rise within me. Truly, thought I, this must be the 'Heart of Darkness.' The frankness of the boat-boys with whom I negotiated the transport of myself and baggage to the landing-stage soon reassured me, however; and I made many a firm friend and spent many a pleasant day among these Swahilis before I was escorted, with something of an ovation, three years later to the steamer which was to bring me home to Bonny Scotland.

The European population of Mombasa numbers about eighty. While by no means unhealthy, the excessive heat makes the climate trying to Europeans, especially to the female sex. Yet the number of ladies is continually increasing, while smart perambulators with dusky ayahs in charge are becoming quite a feature of the scene. Here, as everywhere else, the Britisher keeps himself in

'form' with games; and cricket, football, and tennis are indulged in after business hours. Those inclined for more profitable sport can shoulder their shot-gun, and, crossing over to the mainland, have a good time among the pigeons and guinea-fowl that frequent the *shambas* of the natives. Altogether, despite the heat, life in Mombasa is very pleasant, and would be much more so were the white people more sociable and less bent on making caste distinctions. The Government officials especially pose as the aristocrats, and that in a population of eighty!

The greater part of Mombasa is, of course, occupied by the natives. To give anything like an adequate description of the village or town would be impossible. Picture a conglomerate mass of wattle-and-mud huts thatched with dried coco-palm branches (*makuti*), set down without form or symmetry, and narrow alleys winding in and out among them. Plentifully dispersed all over the village are coco-palms, mango-trees, and banana-plants, which give it a very picturesque appearance when seen from a distance. In hot weather the shade afforded by the projecting roofs of the huts is most welcome; but during the rainy season each roof becomes a waterfall and each alley a roaring torrent.

Every Eastern nation seems represented in the crowds that throng the passages of the village, and the diversity of languages one hears spoken at the same time suggests a second Babel. The Swahili, of course, predominates, and there is a liberal sprinkling of up-country tribes. Here may be seen a stream of Wakamba warriors walking along in single file (from being accustomed to narrow paths), their arms and legs covered with brass wire, strings of beads round their necks, and heavy ornaments depending from their ears. Or we may see a Wanyika family coming in from the mainland to sell the produce of their *shamba* or exchange it for the much-coveted brass wire or glass beads with which all tribes love to decorate themselves. First walks the paterfamilias, glancing furtively from side to side, a stout stick in his hand denoting that he is the equal of friend or foe. After him comes the mother, wearing in addition to ornaments a sort of prehistoric kilt, and carrying a large basket of fruit on her head. Generally there is a naked baby strapped to her back, who amuses himself by digging his face into his mother's perspiring back. Next comes the family, ranged according to age, each with a basket of produce poised on the head and all gazing wonderingly at the sights of this busy mart. Washiris ply busily from house to house their water-carrying trade. Here is a system of water-supply reduced to simplicity itself, two kerosene-tins suspended from a long pole being all the Washiri's stock-in-trade. India, too, is well represented. Punjabees, gentle and woman-like Bengalees, and servile, shopkeeping

Banyans—the latter the sport of the more manly and independent Swahili—are all to be seen pushing their fortunes in this the America of the Indian.

Constant intercourse with other nations has raised the Swahili much above his up-country brethren in intelligence. He at least has learned that the day of the foray and of reaving is past for him, and that henceforth he must earn his bread in the sweat of his brow. Like a true Mohammedan, he bows to the inevitable, and a more cheerful and willing worker would be hard to find. Like all Africans, he is fond of dress; and, to his credit be it said, he delights in cleanliness. His dress consists of a piece of cotton with coloured border (*kanga*) wrapped round his loins, a singlet, and over all a flowing white robe called a *kamzu*; on his head he wears a white embroidered cap (*koffia*). A showy pair of sandals and a walking-stick of white Bokara wood complete the outfit of the Swahili beau. The female taste runs strong on colour; and—tell it not in Gath!—fashion, though confined to the pattern of her cotton *lesso*, runs as strong in Mombasa as in any European city. The *lesso* consists of two pieces of print cotton, one wrapped round the body and tucked under the armpit, the other thrown loosely over the head. Large ornaments made of coloured paper are stuck in the lobes of each ear; and armlets, anklets, strings of beads, and nose-rings put the finishing-touches to the adornment of our dusky belle. She is vain as a peacock, and, though not beautiful according to our standard, looks decidedly handsome as she walks along with a swinging, erect gait. As our eye follows her we are tempted to compare her very favourably with our own puny town-bred girls; but suddenly disenchantment comes. Our Queen of Sheba squirts an avalanche of chewed betel-nut out of her mouth, and we recognise that there is no inward grace.

The patriarchal Arabs, in their magnificent robes and coloured turbans, lend richness to the scene. The Arabs are the aristocracy of Mombasa, and are the chief property-owners. Their haughty bearing, as they walk along the streets, conveys the idea of supreme contempt not only for the natives but also for the grubbing *Mzungu* (European), with all his ways and institutions. They are profoundly religious, and divide their time between visiting the mosques and entertaining each other to coffee. Their greetings are most profuse. When they meet there is a regular round of hand-shaking, hand-kissing, and pressing of hands to hearts and foreheads. The stereotyped greeting is: 'How are you, sheik?' 'Well.' 'What news?' 'Good; better than ever before, praise be to God!' ('Praise be to God! *El Himd, el Allah!*'). What scenes have not some of these old sheiks witnessed in Mombasa before the establishment of the *Pax Britannia*! What stories could they not tell us of *safaris* (journeys) into the interior after ivory—black and white! It is no longer profitable to go long jour-

neys in search of white ivory, nor may 'black ivory' be brought to be sold into slavery in the public auction at Mombasa. And so the Arab, his occupation gone, resigns himself to leisured ease, and, whatever may be his opinion of the new régime, submits to *kismet* (fate).

Mombasa affords a splendid market for the produce grown in the surrounding country. The native bazaar (*suka*) is an interesting spot. It is a raised square made of concrete and covered in by a *makuti* roof supported on poles. Here all manner of commodities are exchanged or sold. The merchants squat on their hunkers beside their goods, and haggle leisurely with would-be customers in the most approved Eastern fashion. They cannot understand the European method of having a fixed price for an article. I have sometimes heard the remark made by a merchant who refuses to *pungusa* (reduce) his price, '*Dusturi yangu kama Mzungu—mano mmoja*' ('My custom is like the English—one price'). Fruit is the chief article of commerce; and great baskets of oranges, mangoes, pine-apples, and bananas are ranged in tempting show. Streams of natives arrive with great baskets of fruit, tobacco, Indian corn, &c., and depart with beads, calico, and brass wire for adornment. The salubrity of the bazaar is much impaired when some lucky fisherman captures a shark. Sun-dried shark is counted a great delicacy—the 'higher' the better. But salubrity is hardly a word to apply to an African native bazaar; and, despite its interest, the European visitor feels instinctively drawn to windward.

Apart from native products, the trade of Mombasa is chiefly in the hands of Indians, who are ousting the less quick-witted Swahili from all profitable employment. With the British Government encouraging the immigration of Indians, it looks as if the poor African is destined to go to the wall.

The standard of morality in Mombasa, as in all Mohammedan communities, is very low. It is notorious that uncivilised communities deteriorate when brought into contact with whites. Mombasa is well blessed with missionaries; but their labours are not much appreciated either by blacks or whites. The blacks thoroughly despise mission 'boys,' and the whites hold that a mission boy is a boy spoiled. Though strongly biased in favour of missionaries when I landed in Mombasa, my experience leads me to prefer the most unsophisticated inland savage to some of the finished product of the mission-schools. An abundant and magnificent field for missionary effort lies in the training of the negro to work, as is being done at Lovedale and on Lake Nyassa under Dr Laws. To teach the rudiments of agriculture to a people who depend on the bounty of nature for their sustenance is surely as much a Christian duty as it is a noble work.

A chance for a millionaire! That is what British East Africa offers at present. What could not be done with a modest one hundred thousand pounds!

It may soon be too late, for once the dividend-seeking syndicate becomes established in the land the negro is looked upon as a beast of burden. Certainly we would look for a dividend on the invest-

ment of our one hundred thousand pounds, only the dividend would be made subservient to the moral welfare of our negroes. Perhaps, after all, the philanthropies which yield dividends are the best.

A TRANSANDEAN ADVENTURE.

PART III.



WHEN I awoke my head felt lighter and I had regained full possession of my senses. The door of the cell stood open, and an attendant in uniform held a bowl of *caldó* (a kind of beef-tea) in his hand.

'Drink!' he said, holding the bowl towards me.

The savoury steam arising from the soup was appetising, and I drank the grateful stimulant with gusto. Feeling considerably revived after taking this nourishment, I ventured to question my jailer.

'Tell me where I am, if you will,' I said in Spanish.

'*Esta preso*' ('You are a prisoner'), he replied curtly.

'Why? For what reason?' I asked.

'If you don't know I cannot tell you,' he answered gruffly. 'Don't speak any more,' he ordered as he left the room, closing and bolting the door as he did so.

For two days and nights I saw only this individual, who brought me food at regular intervals. He would make no reply to the questions I put to him, so I gave up the attempt to get information.

The morning of the third day, however, brought a variation to the miserable inaction and suspense of my confinement. I was now able to dress myself and make my own bed; and having just accomplished these duties, I heard the tramp of approaching footsteps, the bolts were shot back, and an officer in uniform entered, along with two soldiers. My right wrist was handcuffed to the left wrist of a soldier, and I was ordered to march. Along with four other prisoners I was thus ignominiously led through the streets of Mendoza.

Those who have visited that town will remember its avenue-like streets, with rows of fine trees meeting overhead. To this day I cannot see streets thus garnished without a feeling of ignominy at the recollection of that public parade.

The file of soldiers which hemmed us in prevented the rabble from approaching closely. Some of my companions in distress seemed to be on the outlook for friends amongst the crowd; but no time for the interchange of signals was permitted by our guards; we were hurried along without a moment's delay.

Just as we turned a corner leading from one street to another, a man on horseback paused and glanced at us from his elevated position. I recognised Crawford in an instant, but no sign of recognition lit up his features. A look of pity was in his eyes, and he was on the point of turning his

horse's head in order to free himself from the crowd when I called to him.

'Crawford! Crawford!' I cried, waving my free hand to him.

'*Callate!*' ('Shut up!') said one of the soldiers as he brought the flat of his sword across my shoulders.

I did not resent the blow. I saw that Crawford had heard his name pronounced, and a moment later he caught sight of me. His lips moved, and a look of blank astonishment and dismay spread over his features as he recognised me.

Then I lost sight of him as the crowd thickened, and the soldier to whom I was handcuffed dragged me roughly with him. Here I became aware that we were passing through an arched gateway; and when the last of our escort had passed, the iron gates clanged behind us, the crowd remaining outside.

The knowledge that Crawford had recognised me changed despair into hope, and braced my languid body with new life. I knew Crawford's character sufficiently to feel certain that he would move heaven and earth to relieve me from my predicament.

The courtyard in the middle of which we were drawn up gave entrance to an imposing building which, I learnt from the whispers of my fellow-prisoners, was the dwelling-house of the Governor of the province, Don Juan Elgareto. The name was familiar to me, and I suppose that Crawford's recent appearance helped my memory to recall our conversation at The Laurels, when he told me that this very man had caused ten men to be shot as revolutionists. So the same harsh individual was, I felt sure, about to judge me and probably to pass sentence of death upon me for an imaginary offence. Had I, then, been taken prisoner as a suspected revolutionist? If so, who was there to prove my innocence? Crawford. Yes, he was the one and only person with whom I could claim acquaintance.

These reflections were cut short by my guard, who ordered me to accompany him. We fell into line along with the other prisoners, and filed up the broad steps leading to the entrance-hall of the building. The place fairly bristled with sentries carrying rifles with fixed bayonets.

From the marble-paved hall where we halted I could see, beyond an arched doorway, the magnificently furnished room into which the first of the line of prisoners was being led. The Governor, I presume, sat there in state to pass judgment upon us revolutionists. What the verdict and sentence

would be there could be little doubt. I, at least, had been taken apparently red-handed along with others who might or might not be *bona fide* revolutionists for all I knew.

'*Sera fusilado*' ('You will be shot'). These words, pronounced in a loud, harsh voice, sounded through the hall with unmistakable clearness. The sentence of death was pronounced upon the leading prisoner, and the words, uttered in a merciless tone, caused a quiver of consternation to pass along our line. The same pitiless voice uttered the same death-dealing sentence as each of the four prisoners who preceded me was halted in the centre of the room in order to hear the recital of the crime with which he was charged, and the inevitable sentence of death awarded.

When I stood on the spot just vacated by the fourth doomed wretch, there was a hitch in the proceedings. The clerk, who had already commenced to recite in a sing-song voice the usual damning list of evidence, was silenced by the Governor, who then leant his ear to be whispered into by an officer in uniform. The pose of the figure was familiar to me, and when I caught sight of the face, memory took me back to the veranda at The Laurels in the dim light of early morning, and the figure of this man leaning on Crawford's arm.

Diego Costa it was who whispered into the Governor's ear. As his lips moved his eyes cast a side-glance in my direction, and I knew that the blow which I had dealt him was being repaid.

I watched every facial movement of the Governor and Don Diego Costa, and saw my fate written there as clearly as though a sheet of paper bearing my sentence in black and white had been held before my eyes.

The words and gesticulations of the officer were received by my judge with various exclamations and changing expressions, until at length the stern, relentless eyes were glued upon me from beneath bushy eyebrows drawn into a fixed frown.

'Enough! enough!' he exclaimed impatiently. 'No more evidence is required.'

The officer saluted and retired behind his superior's chair; the latter immediately waved a signal to the clerk, who proceeded to intone the charge against me. I translate it, as far as I can remember, as follows:

'Tomás Burton [Thomas is my Christian name, but how I hate the Spanish equivalent!], you are found guilty of having unlawfully taken up arms against the Government of this Republic, and of having opposed by force of arms the representatives of the *fisco* in the discharge of their duty, thereby causing the death of one of its officers. This town having been declared in a state of siege, his Excellency the Governor of the province, Señor Don Juan Elgareto, will judge and pass sentence upon you.'

A pause meant to be impressive here ensued, and I deemed it an auspicious moment for protesting my innocence.

'*Con el permiso de su excelencia*'—('With his Excellency's permission')—I began.

'*Silencio!*' exclaimed the overbearing voice of the Governor. Then, after another interval: 'Tomás Burton, I understand that you are a foreigner. Is that so?'

'I am English,' I hastened to answer.

'Ah! you are an Englishman, and as such you no doubt consider that you are at liberty to do as you please the world over. But I am about to make an example—an example which I sincerely hope may prevent any of your countrymen or other foreigners from mixing themselves up with the political questions of the Republic. You are not the first of your countrymen who have taken part in revolutions against the rulers of this country; but I shall make certain that this will be the last time that you at least will do so. Tomás Burton, you are condemned to be shot.'

It was no more than I expected, and, curiously enough, the condemnation produced no effect upon me. I even smiled as I thought of the ridiculous manner in which Dame Fortune had chosen to thrust me into my present undeserved predicament. No doubt the Governor felt fully justified in condemning me to death in view of Costa's statements, along with the circumstantial evidence as testified by my captors. To have taken part, apparently a voluntary part, in the fight between the police and the revolutionists, and to have been knocked on the head by one of the former, was without doubt sufficient in the Governor's eyes to brand me as a red-hot rebel.

I remember the remainder of that afternoon performance as though I had witnessed a play from the stalls of a London theatre: the scenes were so real, and yet they seemed to lack reality; just as a very realistic piece of acting, while it enlists the sympathies and thrills the sensibilities of an audience, fails to persuade the onlookers that a tragedy in real life is actually taking place. On looking back even now, I can hardly realise that I took any active part in the proceedings after leaving the Governor's house. The conviction that I was an onlooker is so firmly rooted in my mind that a feeling of pity for the *five* doomed wretches being led out for execution rises within me as I recall the various scenes in the play. The reader will make allowances, therefore, if I merely sketch an outline, without filling in all the details, of that afternoon's series of changing pictures.

A fatiguing march over cobble paving-stones beneath arches of greenery, to the accompaniment of the tramp of soldiers and the jingling of their accoutrements, and in the background a crowd of people—supers, as it were, in the massing of the scene. My overtaxed brain refused to grasp the reality of passing events. Only the impression of endless streets of overhanging foliage, and underfoot those water-worn, rounded boulders that wrenched one's ankles at every step. I longed to sit down when we halted in an open space, and the

sound of running water which gurgled in an irrigating ditch close by made me long to remove boots and stockings and plunge my aching feet in the cool liquid. When my wrist was freed from that of my guard I took a step in the direction of the stream, but was seized at once, and my hands were fastened together behind me. This annoyed me, and I spoke sharply to those who handled me.

I was then placed standing at one end of the line of prisoners. The officer in charge gave some brief words of command, and five soldiers drew up in line in front of us, with their backs turned to us; another word of command and they marched forward, the officers with drawn swords alongside. At a distance of perhaps fifteen paces from where we stood, the soldiers halted and wheeled round to face us, each with his rifle at the shoulder.

The performance interested me. I admired their way of moving and the precision of their actions. But when they became motionless my gaze wandered across the open space in which we stood to where a cloud of dust announced the approach of a man on horseback. He drew nearer every moment, and I could make out that the horse was going at a furious pace.

The five soldiers were handling their rifles. I could hear the sharp click of opening breeches, and the snap as they closed again. The officer stepped to one side as he gave an order, and I saw five rifles pointed in our direction. But my attention was again arrested by a shout on our left; it came from the man on horseback, who was wildly waving his hand. The officer heard the shout and turned his head. I saw Crawford's face as he slid from the saddle and handed the officer a paper; it was white, and excitement shone from his staring eyes.

They—Crawford and the officer—walked in my direction; my hands were unbound; the officer said something to me, and smiled. Then Crawford took my arm and led me away.

Thus far and no farther does the recollection of my experience extend. The remainder is a blank, until I awoke in another world. So it seemed to me at least.

The delirium of brain-fever had been creeping over me all through the day of my trial and the execution I had narrowly escaped. Crawford had barely succeeded in rescuing me, when the collapse of both mind and body reduced me to a state of insensibility. Upon recovering the use of my faculties the worst part of a long illness was over, and the care which Crawford and his sister bestowed upon me was so conducive to recovery that within a few weeks I was declared convalescent.

Only then was I able, with Crawford's assistance, to pick up the threads of the web of conspiracy in which I had unwillingly become entangled.

To begin with, the motive for Diego Costa's two attempts on Crawford's life must be made clear.

My friend had two reasons for wishing to hush up the affair. One of these was the fact that Crawford was personally acquainted with the mem-

bers of Don Diego's family, and was virtually engaged to be married to Don Diego's sister, although the engagement had not been publicly announced. The other reason is interwoven with the motive which induced—perhaps I should rather say compelled—Don Diego into attempting the assassination of Crawford. It appeared that a secret revolutionary society existed in Mendoza, of which Don Diego Costa was an important and active member. By a most unfortunate accident, the existence of this society became known to Crawford on the death of one of his *peons*. The man was dragged by his horse while out on the *rodeo* or round-up of cattle, and was so seriously injured that death ensued shortly after he was brought back to the *estancia*. Before he died he confessed to Crawford that he belonged to the secret society, and also revealed the fact that the assassination of the Governor formed part of the plot by which the revolutionists hoped to eventually overthrow the existing Government.

These secrets weighed heavily on Crawford's mind. He was undecided at first what to do. To communicate direct with the Governor would mean to mix himself up in political matters, which might lead him into endless trouble. So, finally, he resolved to consult Don Diego Costa, and allow him to act as intermediary in order to save the Governor's life. Not for an instant did he imagine that Costa, who occupied an influential post on the Governor's staff, could belong to a body of men whose object was the death of Elgaristo.

Don Diego received the confidence; but as a matter of course, being a sworn member of the society, he was forced to abuse it, and Crawford now unconsciously occupied a position of extreme peril.

Alarmed by the arrest and execution of the ten men shot by order of the Governor, the secret society resolved that the risk of the exposure of their plot by Crawford must be prevented at all hazards. Consequently a meeting was called; and lots being drawn, the carrying out of Crawford's assassination fell to the lot of Don Diego Costa. To refuse the task could only mean death to himself and the short postponement of Crawford's assassination; to perpetrate the crime would be to kill his sister's *fiancé*. We know the path he chose, and also the failure of the two attempts.

When charged by Crawford with the premeditated crime Don Diego confessed everything; and upon Crawford assuring him on his word of honour that no further steps would be taken to expose the existence or plots of the society, Don Diego swore to do all in his power to prevent any further attempt on his friend's life, and to warn him of any new danger that might threaten him. Towards myself Don Diego nursed a bitter hatred, and resolved to be revenged should opportunity offer, for the blow which I had dealt him. On seeing me brought before the Governor charged as a revolutionist, he whispered into the Governor's

ear the false evidence which contributed towards the sentence of death, from which I had a narrow escape.

When Crawford saw me led into the Governor's house for trial he suspected treachery of some kind; and having by the merest chance encountered Don Diego as the latter left after sentence had been passed upon us, he threatened to expose all he knew to the Governor unless I were immediately reprieved and released. How Costa managed to

do it does not materially affect the issue. Certain it is that my reprieve was signed by the Governor, and handed by Don Diego himself to Crawford, who arrived upon the scene of the execution just in time to save my life.

As this is no love-story, I shall not enlarge upon Miss Crawford's skill as a nurse, nor upon the double wedding which took place before my wife and I left Mendoza *en route* for England and our honeymoon.

A P P O S I T E T E X T S.



DESPITE the long-windedness of old sermon-writers, their adventurous thoughts and hazardous expressions that would astonish the more refined congregations of to-day, a fund of quaint entertainment lies buried in their expositions, resulting not only from oddity, but from ingenious originality and conceit; and their exhumation will afford considerable diversion to a curious reader.

In the days of good Queen Anne, the Duke of Ormond, when on passage to take up the duties of Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, was driven by contrary winds upon the then almost barren island of Ilia. The only domicile with tolerable accommodation was that of the poor curate of the island, where the Duke received every hospitality. At breakfast on the morning of his departure he inquired of his host, whose name was Joseph, what the living was worth. 'Only twenty-two pounds,' he replied. On leaving, the Duke made the curate's wife a handsome present, and promised to do something for the husband's advancement. After waiting with anxiety a long time for the something promised, Joseph resolved to cross to Dublin on the first opportunity, and endeavour to obtain the Dean's sanction to his preaching a sermon in the cathedral where the Lord-Lieutenant and his suite attended. This, after the necessary inquiries, being granted, the curate mounted the pulpit, choosing this remarkable text: 'Yet did not the chief butler remember Joseph, but forgot him' (his Grace's name was Butler). To make a long story short, he preached such a tactful sermon that it resulted in his preferment to a living of four hundred pounds a year.

The author of *Tristram Shandy*, in the company of three or four brother-clergymen, was relating a circumstance that happened to him at York, after preaching in the cathedral. An old woman, who had been sitting on the pulpit-steps, stopped him as he came down, and begged to know where she should have the honour of hearing him preach the next Sunday. Sterne, having mentioned the place, found her seated in the same position as on the previous Sunday, and she repeated her question. He told her he was to preach the following Sunday four miles out of York; and, strange to say, she was

there too. 'On which,' Sterne said, 'I took for my text these words, having expected to find my old woman as before: "Because this widow troubleth me, I will avenge her, lest by her continued coming she weary me."' One of the company immediately replied, 'Why, Sterne, you have omitted the most applicable part of the passage, which is: "Though I fear not God nor regard man."' This unexpected retort, it is said, silenced the wit for the remainder of the evening.

Coming down to more recent times, an unpleasant experience befell the Rev. Thomas Smith, vicar of Walkley, Sheffield, who, some years back, read in the local paper the announcement of his own death, supplemented by an appreciative notice of his career. The following Sabbath he discoursed upon the early portion of Ezekiel xxxvii., commonly known as the 'dry bones chapter,' selecting from it as his text the words, 'Can these bones live?'

During the memorable siege of Kimberley—in the defence of which the writer's son played his part—when provisions were at a very low ebb, some sound advice was proffered from the pulpit to the unfortunate inhabitants of the Diamond City concerning the necessity of husbanding their slender resources, the text expounded being John, vi. 12, 'Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost.'

In time of any great national or mundane upheaval, the cause thereof very naturally forms the subject-matter of much pulpit discourse, for which a concordance has to be consulted for the furnishing of an appropriate text; as on the day appointed for mourning our late beloved Queen almost every verse, from the tenth to the thirty-first, of Proverbs xxxi. was requisitioned as a text.

The Jesuits entertained a cordial hatred for Galilei (better known by his Christian name Galileo), as he had joined the party by whom they had been expelled from Padua. The progress of his astronomical discoveries was, therefore, reported to the Inquisition at Rome as dangerous to religion, and he was openly denounced from the pulpit by Caccini, a friar, who is reported to have taken as his text: 'Homines Galilei, quid statis in celum spectantes?' ('Men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven?')

The moral and religious objections addneed against the introduction of inoculation operated most perniciously in prejudicing the masses. A furious pulpit warfare was waged in many churches. On 8th July 1772 a scathing sermon was preached against it by the Rev. Mr Massy, in St Andrew's Church, Holborn, on Job, ii. 7: 'So went Satan forth from the presence of the Lord, and smote Job with sore boils from the sole of his foot unto his crown;' in which he depicted the devil as having first put inoculation into practice upon Job. This diatribe called forth the following epigram in the *Monthly Miscellany*:

We're told by one of the black robe
The devil inoculated Job;
Suppose 'tis true what he dees tell,
Pray, neighbours, did not Job do well?

The cause, however, had many able and zealous advocates, one of whom was Dr Maddox, at that time Bishop of Worcester, who delivered a very telling and excellent discourse in its support from Luke, vi. 9: 'Is it lawful . . . to save life, or to destroy it?'

Outside the pulpit the clever adaptation of a text has, without in any way sullyng the dignity or solemnity of religion, repeatedly served a wholesome purpose and driven home many a useful lesson. 'A verse may find him who a sermon flies,' and, as Burns wrote in his 'Epistle to a Young Friend,'

Perhaps it may turn out a song,
Perhaps turn out a sermon.

Edward Young, author of *Night Thoughts*, when vicar of Welwyn, paid a visit one afternoon to Archbishop Potter's son, who was rector of Chiddingstone, near Tunbridge. The roads in the neighbourhood of the rectory were wet and miry; and when Dr Young, after some danger and difficulty, arrived at the house, he inquired whose field it was that he had just crossed. 'Mine,' answered his friend. 'Truly,' said the poet, "'Potter's field, to bury strangers in.'"

A curious old volume, *Elegant Anecdotes, calculated to Inspire the Minds of Youth with Noble, Virtuous, Generous, and Liberal Sentiments*, by the Rev. John Adams, A.M., is responsible for the following: 'A very young clergyman, who had just left college, presented a petition to the then King of Prussia, requesting that His Majesty would appoint him dean in a certain city where a vacancy had just occurred. As it was an office of much importance, the king was offended at the presumption and importunity of so young a man; and, for answer to the petition, he wrote underneath, "2 Sam. x. 5," and returned it. The young man eagerly examined the quotation; but, to his great disappointment, he found that he was advised "to tarry at Jericho until his beard was grown." The Rev. Mr Kletochke, chief chaplain to part of the Prussian army, requested, in a memorial, that the king would grant him the right to appoint all chaplains to the regiments under his care, and endeavoured by many

arguments to prove that this right more properly belonged to him than to the commanders of the several regiments. The king, in answer, wrote under the memorial, "Your kingdom is not of this world."'

Some, by a happy witticism, have made a lucky hit and secured a big prize for themselves. Of such was a clergyman named Mountaigne—sometimes, as in the *Clergy List*, spelt 'Monteigne'—who was private chaplain to James I., and on very intimate terms with His Majesty. The bishopric of London fell vacant; and so equal were the conflicting claims of the various candidates that the king was puzzled whom to select. He confided his perplexity to his chaplain, who tendered this ready and witty advice: 'Sire, the Scripture will tell you how to act, for doth it not say, "If ye have faith, and shall say to this Mountaigne, Be thou removed, and be thou cast into the Sea, it shall be done"?' The king was so pleased with this apt and arch suggestion that he acted upon it, and Mountaigne was made Bishop of London.

Dean Swift once put a text to very practical purpose. 'In 1722,' so runs the story, 'there being a scarcity of copper coin in Ireland, George I. granted to William Wood a patent-right to coin farthings and halfpence to the amount of one hundred and eight thousand pounds. The grant was made without consulting the Lord-Lieutenant or Privy Council of Ireland, and had been obtained by the influence of the Duchess of Kendal, one of the king's mistresses, who was to have a share of the profits. It was, in fact, an infamous job. The Irish Parliament expressed their dislike by a remonstrance, of which no notice was taken, when a voice was heard which apparently arose from one of the trading class. A letter was published signed "M. B. Drapier [draper], Dublin," and was followed by other five or six. The effect of these *Letters* is known. All Ireland was roused. No one would touch the contaminated coin. A reward of three hundred pounds was offered for the discovery of the author of the Drapier's fourth letter. A bill against the printer was about to be presented to the grand jury, when the Dean addressed to them *Some Seasonable Advice*; and the memorable quotation from Scripture was circulated, "And the people said unto Saul, Shall Jonathan die, who hath wrought this great salvation in Israel? God forbid: as the Lord liveth, there shall not one hair of his head fall to the ground; for he hath wrought with God this day. So the people rescued Jonathan, that he died not." The grand jury wrote "*Ignoramus*" on the bill, and Judge Whitshed could only vent his rage by dismissing them. Ultimately the patent was withdrawn, and Wood was compensated by a grant of three thousand pounds yearly for twelve years. After this Swift's popularity was unbounded. The Drapier's head was painted on signs, engraved on copperplates, struck on medals, and woven on pocket-handkerchiefs.'

Richard Watson, Bishop of Llandaff (1783-1813), a

clever politician, but a disappointed man, relates in his autobiography a passage of arms which, though not embracing any Scriptural passage, is cognate and decidedly good. The Prime-Minister, to whom he owed his advancement, expected him to support the Government in the House of Lords, but on a certain occasion Watson wrote: 'I do not consider it consistent with the Christian religion to support such a measure.' 'And I,' the Minister replied, 'do not think it consistent with the Christian religion that the first thing a newly appointed bishop should do is to forget his maker.'

'There can be no pleasantry where there is no wit; no impression can be made when there is no truth for the foundation,' wrote Dryden; yet this concluding sample possesses certain force, though resting upon very rickety groundwork. It is said that a well-known ministerial educator was in the habit of testing the ability and self-possession of the theological students under his care and instruction by sending them up into the pulpit with sealed envelopes in their hands containing the text of the sermon or address each one was to deliver on the spur of the moment. On one of these occasions the student, on opening the paper, found this subject and direction given to him: 'Apply the story of Zacchæus to your own circumstances and your call to the ministry.' And the student promptly delivered himself in the following way: 'My brethren, the subject on which I have to address you to-day is a comparison between Zacchæus and my qualifications for the pulpit. Well, the first thing we read about Zacchæus is that he was small of stature; and I never felt so small as I do now. In the second place, we read that he was up a tree, which

is very much my position now; and, thirdly, we read that Zacchæus made haste to come down, and in this I gladly and promptly follow his example.'

Whilst tens of thousands of anxious preachers all over the empire were lately preparing their Coronation orations, it may still be well to remind them that it is possible to lose the prospect of preferment through choosing an inopportune text. The grandfather of Sheridan the dramatist was an Irish divine who enjoyed the friendship of Dean Swift. He was on the fair road to promotion when he ruined his chances by the text he chose on the anniversary of the accession of the House of Hanover. He spoke from the words, 'Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.'

Dr Charles Riley, the Anglican Bishop of Perth in Western Australia, is a chartered humorist, and an amusing anecdote he told at a recent banquet has not hitherto been recorded. On his first arrival in his Australian diocese, nine years ago, he determined to visit his clergy incognito, and attended the service at a country church. To his utter discomfiture, the rector announced the text, 'And when they saw him they besought him to depart out of their coasts.'

The old-fashioned fox-hunting parson is rapidly becoming extinct, but a few clergymen still share the pleasures of the chase. Among them is the Rev. Arthur Standidge, rector of Bradfield, Berks, who is a follower of the South Berks hounds. A short time ago the master and some members of the hunt rode over to divine service at Bradfield Church, when Mr Standidge preached from an appropriate text (Song of Solomon, ii. 15), 'Take us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines.'

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE STEEL INDUSTRY.

IN a recent address to the Iron and Steel Institute, Mr Andrew Carnegie gave a very interesting review of the progress of iron and steel metallurgy in America during the past thirty years. In that comparatively short period the blast-furnace product at Pittsburgh increased more than six times, while the rail-mills could show a like progress. The work which used to occupy a week can now be done in a day, and there have been made and sold without loss hundreds of thousands of four-inch steel billets at three pounds for a penny! *Cassier's Magazine* points out that in order to make that three pounds of metal at least ten pounds of materials were required—namely, three pounds of coke, mined and transported sixty miles to the works; one and a half pounds of lime, which had to be brought one hundred and fifty miles; and four and a half pounds of ironstone, mined at Lake Superior, nine hundred miles away

from Pittsburgh. It is believed that steel at this low figure is a thing of the past, and that as the present source of ore-supply becomes exhausted prices must go up considerably. There are vast deposits of the ore in Utah and in South Carolina; but these may be regarded as inaccessible districts. The supplies of ore within reach will last, at the present rate of consumption, for about sixty years.

CONCRETE BUILDINGS.

Concrete is coming more and more into use for construction purposes. At the monster harbour-works at Dover, the bricks employed are represented by concrete blocks weighing each about fifty tons, the outer surfaces of which are faced, for appearance sake, with granite. Concrete has also been largely employed of late years in the construction of houses, and quite recently the material has been used in a machine which will turn out hollow bricks of any desired form and pattern. A house built of these bricks looks as if built of stone, but is far cheaper; while the hollow

spaces in the material tend to ensure warmth in winter and coolness in summer. The moulds are made with removable sides, so that each block as formed can be removed to be dried. The whole process is illustrated by photographs, including one of a house in course of erection, which are published in a recent issue of the *Scientific American*. It is said that many houses have already been built on this principle, and that they give such satisfaction that they are likely to be followed by others.

PAPER CORKS.

It would seem a difficult matter to provide an efficient substitute for cork as a stopper for bottles, so admirably does this description of bark fulfil the purpose. The glass marble which is kept in position by the pressure of the gas in mineral-water bottles answers the purpose of a cork, but comes under a different category. If it had not been invented the demand for the natural product would have possibly been greater than the supply. India-rubber corks are occasionally met with in bottles containing chemical preparations; but they are expensive luxuries. The only cheap substitute for cork as a bottle-stopper is paper, but this has not come into extensive use. Paper corks are not new, the first ones manufactured having been made by running pulp into moulds and afterwards drying the 'corks' so made, and dipping them into paraffin-wax or some preparation of the kind to prevent absorption. A more recent method is to roll the paper on a rod, like a firework-case, afterwards cutting it into lengths, pressing it to form in a mould, and finishing it with a wooden core. It is said that these paper corks are made in America, Japan, and China in large quantities; but they are certainly seldom seen in Britain. They would evidently require a new type of corkscrew to draw them from the neck of a bottle.

THE OCTOPUS.

Mr Martin Duncan, lately lecturing at the London Camera Club on the octopus and the cuttle-fish, told how he had carried out some interesting experiments with these creatures in a specially constructed tank of sea-water. Wishing to test the truth of the many stories which have been told of monster cephalopods dragging human victims to the sea-bottom, he placed in the tank with an octopus a doll of the same specific gravity as a man, and baited it with a crab. Attracted by this tempting morsel, the octopus made for the figure, seized it in its powerful arms, and tried to drag it under water without success. It then urged its body towards the edge of the tank; and, holding on to the glass with some of its arms, it dragged its prey beneath the surface, and crushed the crab-shell with its powerful jaws. Mr Duncan believes that this experiment affords a conclusive proof that the octopus can only drag its victims far below water near rocks to which it can attach its suckers. There is one spot in the Bay of Naples where these crea-

tures grow to a large size, and now and again a fisherman is reported missing. It is believed that such disappearances are due to the unfortunate men being caught by the leg by a concealed octopus and dragged under water. In the case of such a repulsive and powerful creature as the octopus it is difficult to separate fact from fiction.

ARTIFICIAL PUMICE.

Natural pumice is so common to volcanic eruptions that after such outbursts the surface of the adjacent seas have been covered for miles with a mass of the floating stones. The material is a kind of glass (obsidian) which, while in a molten state, has been rendered porous by the expansion of gas or steam in its substance. This familiar stone has always been useful in the arts; but it is not a reliable compound, for it will vary both in grain and hardness sometimes in the same piece. This has suggested the introduction of an artificial stone which is designed to answer the same purposes as natural pumice without its faults, and the new product is now being made for the markets of the world at Bietigheim, in the valley of the Enz. Its constituents are sandstone and clay, and there are no fewer than ten different grades of the stone manufactured. There is a hard and a soft kind designed for the leather, waxcloth, felt, and wood industries; another kind for stucco-workers and sculptors; a soft, fine-grained variety for polishing woods and for tin goods; another kind suitable for the treatment of lithographic stones; while other varieties of the new product are fitted for various duties. We are indebted to the *London Chamber of Commerce Journal* for these particulars.

ALUMINIUM WIRE.

The results of some interesting experiments which were designed to test the suitability of aluminium as a conductor for electricity on overhead lines were given to the engineering section of the British Association by Mr J. Kershaw. Aluminium in the form of rod and wire was procured from different firms, and was submitted, together with samples of galvanised iron wire, and copper and tinned copper wire, to atmospheric exposure for three months in two different localities in Lancashire. All the samples of aluminium gained in weight, and they were all pitted and corroded, especially on the underside where the raindrops had collected and dried. The rods did not suffer so much as the wires, and the author therefore assumes that in the operation of drawing aluminium undergoes some physical change. The conclusion arrived at from these tests is that aluminium is not a satisfactory substitute for copper in bare overhead transmission lines or for electrical work which involves exposure to the atmosphere near the sea.

A NEW VILLAGE.

A scheme is under consideration at Foyers in Inverness-shire which will meet with the approval

of all lovers of the picturesque. It will be remembered that a few years ago the British Aluminium Company established a factory there in order to harness the famous falls to their dynamo machines. They encountered much opposition; but the works were established, and the dire consequences predicted have been no more heard of. The company now wish to provide houses for about three hundred workpeople; and, instead of at once running up some cheap barracks which would be a blot on the beautiful scenery, they have expressed the intention of putting the scheme into the hands of a committee or syndicate which will take care that the cottages erected are in harmony with their surroundings. Artists will be consulted with regard to the designs and situations of the houses, and there is every hope that a beautiful village will be the result. Something of the kind has been done in a few other localities; but the general model of a modern cottage is that of a brick box with a slate roof, which is remarkable for its hideousness.

A GARDEN CITY.

A still more important project is that of a company which has acquired an estate of nearly four thousand acres in Hertfordshire, which includes two villages and part of a third. Upon this estate it is intended to build a town, the population of which would be limited to thirty thousand inhabitants, while the greater portion of the land will be reserved for agricultural purposes. The general idea of the scheme is to encourage agriculture, to tempt people back from the cities to the land, and to invite manufacturers to establish works there, where their employes can live in good houses at a cheap rate. Such a town would be a valuable market for the farmers round about. It is believed that if this praiseworthy intention can be carried out it will help towards the cure of many evils which we have at present to deplore. Workmen's dwellings, which have done so much good, and which can be made to yield a safe dividend of 5 per cent. on the capital invested, show how schemes for the public benefit can be made quite self-supporting.

SOLID MILK.

There is a tendency nowadays to compress all kinds of things into small bulk, and many drugs and foods are now supplied in this form. The familiar picture of the ox mourning the remains of his brother which are contained in a small bottle of fluid extract may soon be followed by that of a cow gazing with interest at a packet of dry milk, for this recent product of the dairy is an accomplished fact. Milk-powders are produced by passing fresh milk over a heated surface, so that its contained water is immediately evaporated, leaving a solid residue which can be ground in a mill or between rollers. This residue contains the solid constituents of the milk, the heat taking nothing from it but its water; and, being soluble, the liquid state can at once be restored. Our dairies

must be careful at the outset to produce a solid milk of the best possible kind, for this new process is sure to be taken up by other countries, who will endeavour to flood our markets with similar preparations. Milk depends for its excellence on good pastures, and those of Britain are of the best.

CHINESE GUNMAKING.

We have many of us been apt to regard Chinese military methods as almost beneath contempt, and there is a general impression that most of their weapons of war are of an obsolete pattern. But it would appear from a recent letter from a traveller which was published in the *Civil and Military Gazette* of Lahore, that the Chinese are not standing still, as so many imagine them to be. He visited a great Chinese arsenal, some way beyond treaty limits, where rifles and guns of all sorts, up to monsters of forty-five tons, were being made. The factories covered many acres of ground, and they were turning out these weapons, including machine-guns perfect in design and construction, by the hundred. All the hands were Chinese; but they had a couple of Englishmen directing their movements. The writer of the letter asks the question, 'If these men can make the guns, why may they not work them some day?' Some day, no doubt, they will do so; but many things in the country must be reformed before the people can be educated up to fighting for it; before, that is, they acquire the virtue which we know as 'patriotism.'

FORESTRY IN GERMANY.

In a Foreign Office Report the British consul at Stuttgart calls attention to the great trouble and expense devoted to instruction in forestry in the German Empire, nearly one quarter of which is covered with trees; and he shows how well the outlay has been repaid by the results achieved. The beautiful mountain-fir, or Scotch pine, is the most widely cultivated of any tree, and it is chiefly found on the plains of north-eastern Germany. The oak finds favour on the lower Rhine and in Westphalia, the beech in Pomerania, the pine in central Germany, while the elm, ash, beech, oak, and birch are grown everywhere in low-lying localities. Würtemberg, which has a million and a half acres of forest land, showed in 1900 a profit of nearly a million and a quarter sterling, or about sixteen shillings per acre. It is being asked, 'When will adequate attention be given to arboriculture in Britain?'

MIRAGE.

Stories of mirage in connection with desert places are familiar enough to all readers, and these stories are mostly to the same effect. The thirsty traveller sees before him a lake in which palms and other objects are reflected; but when he attempts to approach its margin to drink he finds that it is an optical illusion. The recent unseasonable weather has not unnaturally led to strange appearances. Waterspouts have been reported in the

English Channel; hailstones of unusual size have fallen in various parts of the country; but perhaps the most remarkable atmospheric vagary of all is the apparition of a mirage at Putney, a prosaic metropolitan suburb. A cyclist came upon this wonder one Sunday morning, seeing in the High Street what he believed to be a lake, in which the dresses and sunshades of the ladies leaving church were gaily reflected. He attributed the unusual appearance to floods, and was considering the best method of wading through the water, when he discovered its aeriform nature. We may mention that some time ago a very interesting account was published of an artificially made mirage. The apparatus consisted of a sheet of iron covered with a layer of sand, and warmed from below with gas-burners. An appropriate background, the details of which were refracted by the layers of heated air, completed the ingenious arrangement.

DEFAACEMENT OF NATURAL SCENERY.

The charge has often been brought against this country that in its zeal for missionary enterprise abroad it is apt to forget the work of reclamation at home. We are reminded of this taunt when we read of the protest which is being made against the building of a girder bridge across the Zambesi river in far-off South Africa. The railway company are making preparations, we are told, to carry 'an unsightly, spidery lattice-work of iron girders' just in front of the Victoria Falls, which are considered by many to be the most beautiful piece of scenery in the whole wide world. The only reason that can be discovered for what is rightly regarded as an act of vandalism is that the directors of the Chartered Company at home have no idea of the beauties of the district and of the dangers of leaving everything to the engineers and contractors on the spot. We fear that in business matters little attention is given to such questions as this, otherwise we should not have to deplore the ruin of so many beauty-spots in our own fair land. However, the intention is a praise-worthy one; and, although few of us are destined ever to gaze upon the Victoria Falls, we wish their advocates success in the endeavour to preserve their natural beauties unimpaired.

AGRICULTURAL EXPERIMENTS.

The man who could make two ears of corn grow where only one grew before did better work, according to Swift, than the whole race of politicians. If this be true, those who are endeavouring to increase the yield and improve the size and quality of our cereals and other farm products must be equally deserving of honourable mention. Dr John H. Wilson, lecturer on agriculture at St Andrews University, has lately exhibited to a party of farmers the results of certain experiments in which he has been engaged for some time. By crossing one fine variety of Swede turnips with some other kinds he has been enabled to produce an exceptionally large and well-shaped root. Similar promising results

have been attained by crossing Swedes with yellow turnips. The successful results of crossing different kinds of wheat were also shown; but perhaps the most interesting exhibit was a plot containing twelve thousand plants of oats, the produce of eleven plants which attracted a year ago much attention because of their splendid appearance. The seed had been selected and sown one by one by hand. It is gratifying to note that experiments of this nature, which have proved of such value in Canada, are being carried out with so much promise of success under the auspices of Dr Wilson in the mother country.

LHASSA.

One of the most interesting of forthcoming travel-books should be that of M. Zybikoff, a Russian subject who has penetrated to the sacred city of Lhasa, and returned with an immense number of photographs and drawings. Since Huc and Gabet were expelled early in 1846 there has been little reliable information received about Lhasa. The explorer is a Buddhistic Buriat of the Baikal region and a graduate of the University of St Petersburg, and it was because he was a Buddhist and familiar with the language that he entered the country as a lama. The population of Tibet, which has been stated as thirty-three millions, Zybikoff alleges is not more than a tenth of that number, and is decreasing through disease, small-pox, and the large number of celibate priests. Lhasa, he believes, has about ten thousand regular inhabitants, is an important commercial centre, and the traders are mostly women. The town has a picturesque location on the southern slope of a mountain, with luxurious gardens to west and south. The temple of Buddha in the centre is one hundred and forty feet square, three storeys high, and has three gilded Chinese roofs. It contains the gigantic bronze statue of Buddha, which has a hammered-gold jewelled head-dress, in front of which burns a sacrificial fire fed with melted butter. As many as one thousand priests engage in religious processions to this mountain. Since the fifteenth century all power, civil and spiritual, has been nominally in the hands of the Dalai Lama, but China maintains a Manchu resident and an army. Labour is badly paid, little more than a penny a day, and the morality of the Tibetans is low.

OLD SCOTTISH CLOCKMAKERS.

We all look at the clock, but seldom give a thought regarding the capable and clever hand and brain that put it together, so that it has become an heir-loom in the family for two or three generations. Mr John Smith enables us to be a little more intelligent, at least as far as Scottish work is concerned, by his compilation, *A Handbook and Directory of Old Scottish Clockmakers from 1540 to 1850*, published by Mr W. J. Hay, John Knox's House, Edinburgh. Some of the case-clocks by famous makers are illustrated, including one in marquetry case by Thomas Gordon (1703-43); another, in

marquetry case, by Andrew Brown (1675-1711), the property of the Faculty of Advocates; another, in oak case, by James Cowan (1760-81), the property of the Society of Writers to the Signet, Edinburgh; and one in painted case by James Howden (1775-1809), the property of the Society of Antiquaries, Edinburgh. A picture of Parliament Square in the eighteenth century, the centre of the clockmaking industry, shows the shops clinging like barnacles to the outside of St Giles's Church. We learn from the Introduction that during the sixteenth century the use of clocks and watches in Scotland was very limited; these were only to be found in large towns and in various abbeys and cathedrals. By the middle of the seventeenth century clockmaking was recognised as a branch of the locksmith's art, and clockmakers were members of the various Hammermen's Incorporations. After 1700 Scotland improved in this industry, and good work was done well into the nineteenth century; 'but the practice of importing movements and parts of movements, and merely putting these together, arose, so that by 1850 or thereabouts the trade declined.' This and the cheap American importations combined to extinguish the industry. Since 1880 the value of case-clocks has increased, although Mr Smith warns purchasers against those which have been decorated in a style that does not belong to the age in which the clock was made. There are nearly nine hundred entries; but it will be quite possible for the reader to add to the number. We see no mention of Synnington, of King's Kettle, Fife, son of William Symington, engineer and pioneer in steam navigation, whose grandson is with a watchmaker and jeweller at Oban.

1703-1903.

VANISHED are the airs and graces,
Patches gone, and curled peruke;
Yet time-honoured Pump-Room faces—
Whether roué, lord, or duke,
Lounging rake or politician,
Littérateur, and the rest,
Plebeian, coquette, pale patrician—
Fascinate us in their quest.

For fine foibles ever yearning,
Students only *à la mode*,
Through days of dilettante learning
When blue-blood at Bath abode;
Courtly dames in Watteau dresses,
Gallants gay with ogling air,
Powdered wigs and falling tresses,
Strange old smiles tho wearied wear.

Smirking from forgotten fashions,
Phantoms now of long-past days,
Gilded shades of olden passions
Hide like lights through evening haze.
Wistful glances are directed,
Nathless, by our lingering gaze,
When Time's pages show dissected
These unreal yet fragrant ways.

Lyric days in England's story,
Ease with elegance arrayed;
Though the rouge lent fame *sans* glory,
'Twas not all a masquerade.
Men they were and women, fated
With old Time a part to play,
To Pageantry and Pleasure mated
Till the last Shade crept their way.

ROBERT W. BUTTERS.

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EXTRA CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

CONTENTS.

IYVINDA.	By EDWIN LESTER ARNOLD.....	PAGE 1
A VETERAN'S GHOST-STORY.	By the Author of <i>The Attack on the Farm</i> ..	18
THE FATE OF SIR AUBREY DRAXELL.	By T. W. SPEIGHT.....	25
BREAKING THE RULES.	By the Author of <i>Matthew Dale</i>	32
HIS BEST FRIEND.	By WALTER JEFFERY.....	38
THE SLEEPERS ON THE VELDT.	By the Author of <i>Miss Molly</i>	48

CHRISTMAS 1903.

IYVINDA.*

By EDWIN LESTER ARNOLD,
AUTHOR OF 'PHRA THE PHœNICIAN,' ETC.

CHAPTER I.



HUNDRED aurei for her alive, or fifty dead,' cried Aulus Atticus, our master of the horse, clapping his silver cup down so angrily on the table that the Rhenish wine sprang out and ran to the floor in a red pool. 'A hundred aurei from the public chest to the man who will bring us this Pictish she-eat bound, or her head, it matters little which. Gods! are we to be thwarted in our marches and have all the country stirred up like a hornet's nest by another Boadicea? I tell you, sirs,' he said to us who sat in our dinted armour at mess that night with him, playing at luxury on poor soldiers' fare—'I tell you this northern witch, this Iyvinda, daughter of Galgacus, is at the bottom of all the opposition to us. It is she that has fired these sluggish northern churls with most inconvenient patriotism and mended their jealousies with her magic tongue. It were better for Rome that she were dead than any five thousand of her countrymen; and as a good soldier I vow I would go fifty miles to-morrow to see her burnt.'

We laughed, and shaking our heads, looked

into our wine-cups. It was not that we did not covet the helmetful of gold Aulus offered, since pay was scarce and everything that made life pleasant in these northern wilds was worse than costly. But the daughter of Galgacus! Again we laughed, and, laughing, looked at the fine, sunburnt fellow at the head of our table. He might as well have asked us to bring him one of the goddesses from Mount Ida!

'Come, Flavius,' he said presently, turning to me, a centurion in his command, 'you were ever reckoned a lady's man. Your brass still glitters when ours is green with the mildew of these hills; never was battle set so early but you found time to crimp your hair for it; and, above all, you have more knowledge of the barbarous speech of the rascal Caledonian tribesmen than any of us. What do you say? Could you not get sight of this lady somehow, and having bedazzled her with your presence, lure her to secret tryst where a handful of our fellows might pounce on the lovely prize? 'Tis a wild fancy, no doubt; but you have wit to plot and pluck to venture, if any have.'

Could I? I shook my head; and yet—and yet! That golden blood-money dazzled my fancy. Jove! how much it would buy! And then again, if by some desperate luck I succeeded, promotion was certain—quick promotion, such as I might hope in vain for any other way. No, it was impossible. Who was I, Flavius Quintillus, a poor soldier of fortune in the army

* The scene of this story is laid in and around the estate of Delvine or Inchtuthill, Perthshire, which the writer assumes is the site of the battle of Mons Graupius between Agricola and the Caledonians. This is referred to in a monograph by Sir Alexander Muir Mackenzie, entitled *Memoirs of Delvine* (Perth, 1903).

of Agricola, Roman legate in Britain, to snatch this northern wild-cat single-handed from her nest? And yet! Atticus had somehow fired my fancy; I could not shake the idea off. All that night after we had gone to rest I thought about it; it haunted my dreams, dogging my waking fancies; and, to be brief, ere the second day was out I had made up my mind to go on the quest.

'No, no, Flavius,' said Atticus when he heard my decision; 'it was only a foolish suggestion of mine, born of the third wine-up. It would be sheer folly, and just throwing away a good officer. Let us hear no more of it.'

But I was determined, and in the long-run he had to give way, for luck was on my side. Two ambassadors from the Picts, who had come in to us about an exchange of prisoners, were returning that day, and, as it chanced, hoped to fall in with our gentle firebrand, 'out hunting,' they said, in the woods beyond the Tay. We guessed, though, that that hunting had more to do with us than boar or beaver. Now, could I go with them, half the difficulty were solved. Then Atticus saw that, and, loving dangerous quests himself, at last fell in with my wishes.

So, behold me, an accredited envoy in turn, sallying out next morning with those returning ambassadors, bedocked from head to heel, my black hair curled, my brass glinting like water, a brave steed below me, and the vainglorious heart of a boy in my breast. Never had larks sung so gaily; never had scabbard made pleasanter music on stirrup-irons, or wild moorland breezes tasted so sweet. And between then and now the gods made a man of me, taught me in a few short days the splendour of hope and the dignity of patience, and the bitterness of a black disappointment which will ever be cherished amongst the dearest and sacredest things of my existence.

Nothing I knew or cared for that as we stretched away into the rolling pine-clad hills. Of fear I had none; of remorse at the object of my errand none. Why should I hesitate to entrap if I could, by fair means or by foul, this she-cat who annoyed and thwarted us when all Caledonia lay at our feet? A sour, lean virago I pictured her, all fire and spleen, whose spiteful tongue wagging up and down the country put the tribesmen into heart against us; it would be a blessed thing to send the soul of such a drab to rant in Hades if it might anyhow be managed; and if not, why, I could but come back as I went, safe in my guise of friendly negotiator.

So on we rode, and at noon fell in with some wandering pedlars coming down to the coast, and from them heard the chieftainess had been out to the west a fortnight since, and was now passing home by easy stages with but a slight following. She was lying that night not six miles ahead, those fur-wrapped hucksters said, and I vowed a stone altar to Mereury, patron of

thieves, on the spot if my errand should turn out as well as this seemed to promise.

We lost our way once; and, somewhat tired and travel-stained, it was nightfall before we came in sight of a cluster of Pictish huts in a forest glade, with many fires about them, as though more were in the village than it was meant to hold. Then, perhaps, my errand did look more serious than it had done by sunshine; but there was nothing for it now save to push boldly on. So, trotting ahead down the slope, we were within the circle of the fires before any knew of our coming.

Truly it was the wild-cat's nest! Every hut was full to overflowing of Pictish folk, and all outside they were trotting to and fro, busy over the evening meal, or tending to their mountain ponies, near a hundred of which were tethered about; while chariots stood unhorsed in one place with their war-seythes off and strapped along the shafts, arms were piled against liehened rocks, brass-centred bucklers lay around, and under neighbouring branches hung deer carcasses from which cooks were busy hacking supper-steaks. Truly had I got into the thick of them; and putting the best face on matters that might be, I dismounted. Striding up to a big fellow standing with his back to me as he leisurely ate some roasted meat from a spit, I elapped him on the shoulder and called out, 'Hullo, comrade!'

That bulky savage jumped at my salutation a foot high in the air; then, seeing my Roman armour, and still holding spit in one hand and meat in other, glared at the forest around and up at sky to see if any more of my kind were dropping thence.

'Comrade,' I said, 'I have come to see your chieftainess, Iyvinda. Is she here with you?'

'Iyvinda?' growled the fellow, with a look of gaping stupidity.

'Ay, Iyvinda,' I said; and to and fro for a minute we bandied the name without getting any more forward.

Meanwhile, as you may guess, others had come round, a wide staring ring of barbarian faces, most of whose owners had never looked on a Roman before; and one ugly rogue, constituting himself their champion, set himself in front of me and came slowly forward, rolling his eyes, raising and lowering his body, and drawing his sword inch by inch in a most warlike way.

Before he could do any mischief, however, a third thrust himself between us, a man of much better appearance; and waving the others back, he turned and said:

'Forgive them, stranger; that first one is a fool by nature, just as this other is a cut-throat by profession. You are a Roman?'

'May Heaven never ask you any harder riddle, sir,' I answered.

'And either a madman to come here alone, or a messenger claiming the protection of that name.'

[Christmas Number.]

'A messenger, good friend, and here are my sponsors,' I said as those who had come with me rode up. These coming made all things plain; and after a few words with them, my new friend told me, to my delight, the chieftainness was there, 'in yonder long barn of turf and timber, supping with her friends.' Then, signing to me, he forthwith led the way through the scattered camp-fires. Near the door he suddenly turned and asked me simply, 'Has your general sent you to say he will surrender?'

'No,' I laughed; 'he has not come quite to that; but so much I may say, that his errand is friendly. And now to the lady.'

He led me on without another word, across the clearing, through a group of wondering guards, up a couple of solid oak stairs, and so into a great, low chamber such as might be used for storing food in peace-time. Now there were rough tables built of turf down the sides, at which many men sat eating, their shields and spears and furs hanging behind them on pegs driven into the walls. In the centre were servants hurrying here and there with drinking-horns or wooden trenchers of smoking venison. Across the top was another table with half-a-dozen men of better degree—and one woman! They were talking eagerly amongst themselves, and so great was the clamour of the menials, and so thick the haze from the spluttering torches fixed about the hall, that none noted me until I was standing, arms folded, in respectful silence before the dais.

Then the woman looked up and saw me, and the others saw me, and silence fell on every one. The meat stopped half-way to the mouths of the astonished guests; the wondering servants stood arip, the gravy trickling from their tilted platters to the sandy floor; the very torches seemed to cease their splutter for the moment. And then the princess—for I could not doubt it was she whose name was known wherever the Roman tongue was spoken—rose and wonderingly asked of my guide:

'A prisoner, Uf?'

'Daughter of Galgaeus,' he answered, bending low, 'a free man till you wish otherwise, and new come into camp.'

'He ought to be an honest ambassador who arrives so trustfully,' said the princess; and coming down from her table, she approached within a couple of yards, and there stood unabashed, looking as gravely at me as I looked at her in turn.

By Venus's self, never was such a contrast to what I had imagined! Graceful with the suppleness that comes of constant exercise in the open air, that lady wore a dress of dark-green fabric not unlike that of our own women, but closer fitting. On her feet, and reaching to her knee, were buskins of fine brown fur, cross-laced. About her middle was a belt beautifully worked with native gold, a wallet hanging on the

right and a dagger on the left. Round her neck was a necklace of amber plates and beads, while a string of amber threaded on green flax bound up the loose coils of her ruddy hair. She was of middle stature, and mayhap twenty-five years of age. Never did a more keen or truly damsel step on heather, I thought in our first moment of acquaintance; but it was her face that moved me. Never before had I seen a countenance of such mingled sweetness and dignity; never one that could change so quickly or be so eloquent of the keen mind and brave heart that burnt within. Even at that first moment of our introduction I felt its magic; and now that it is a memory—now that I can recall it tender with woman-love, flushed in pride, stern-set in anger, or white with coming death—it is to me like some beautiful book to which one turns and turns again, ever marvelling lovingly at the bitter sweetness of a story that promised so much yet gave nothing but a splendid disappointment.

The world was a little different to me from that moment, and I started guiltily when the lady, breaking the silence, said:

'Your message is not urgent, Roman?'

'It can wait, madam, your pleasure.'

'Why, then, let it, and come and sup with us; there are few messages that do not sound better after meals than before.' And taking me by the hand in the simplest way, she led me to her table and made room for me between her and a brother, a brave-looking boy of seventeen, who welcomed my coming with no great good-humour.

Such a meal we had! Never shared I one living longer in my memory. Never came heather-reared venison from embers tasting better than the meat from the spits of those wild-wood cooks; never were drinking-horns deeper than those which they filled to the silver rims for me, the friendly enemy, that night. Never was upper air fuller of barbarian songs than in Iyvinda's shed that night; never was lower air made more dulcet to me than by her quick, incisive talk, her shrewd questions and ready answers. We talked and drank till half the thanes were sleeping where they sat, and all the camp without was hushed in silence; and then the lady, after the courtesy of her country, rose and kissed the stranger upon the cheeks, and sent him in charge of her brother to lodgment outside, mind dancing with strong mead, heart pulsing with a new-born fancy, and senses all in a tangle.

The camp was astir next morning by the time the level sun threw a golden web of light over the forest lawns, and the chieftainness sent for me in the midst of the bustle.

'Quintillus,' she said—for I had told her my name overnight, and it sounded wonderfully pleasant on her tongue—'to-day the greater part of these men you see with me turn home; they

are but a convoy come so far from civility. My brother and I, with but the handful left, travel slowly on to my father's town upon the big river. Now, what say you to coming at least part of the way with us? Your errand done, and nothing urgent, our company will save from chance annoy upon the road; and—and,' she added, hesitating a little and blushing slightly, I thought, though mayhap it was only the red of sunrise coming in at the door—'and in truth I am very eager to hear more as we ride of that city of yours men say is built on seven hills, of your great men, and of your women—how they dress and bind their hair; you remember you told me nothing of that last night.' Then she suggested we might afterwards sleep that evening in a glen near a tall menhir all the British knew, and not fifteen miles as raven flies from where Atticus lay camped with the front of our invading army.

Here was a chance! At once the scheme I had made flashed back upon my mind. The princess herself had baited the trap. To hesitate now was to lose her for good and all. Yes, I would go with her for certain; and when so much was settled, hot on my purpose, I went out and presently spoke privately to a camp-follower, a pedlar who dealt in Gaulish trinkets—a low, morconary-looking rascal suited to my purpose—asking him if he would secretly take a message for me to the legions. At first he demurred, guessing that were dangerous which must go covertly; but when I offered as recompense a handful of gold pieces, 'more than ever he was like to see else in the rest of his greedy life,' his yellow eyes blinked, and he said he would venture. So him I took into a thicket, and there, tearing off the unused margin of Agricola's pass, scrawled a hasty line to my fellow-conspirator, telling him how things were, of the lonely halt that night, and ending by saying if he could bring a score of swords up in hot haste and ambush us, the prize were ours. That misgiving the pedlar hid inside his dirty leggings; and ten minutes after, his pack upon his back and astride of his ragged pony, he had slipped away southwards down the hillside.

We, too, started before the sun was clear of the pines, Iyvinda with her brother and I, on either side and behind us a scanty dozen of riders. The lady was blithe as a lark, witty and keen and clever—all the woman for the nonce—and making the gray old rocks echo to her honest laughter as we rode down the narrow forest-roads, and now singing a verse or two of song in her own harmonious tongue, or reining close up to chat with me about the wide world beyond her native hills that interested her so greatly: a splendid girl, ruddy and brave and strong, linking a man's ardour with a woman's tenderness. Gods! if she were mine, as I hoped she might be, not all the world should take her from me; to win her was the first thing, I

argued with myself, and then a hundred ways would open of saving her from the shameful fate they planned. So we rode until the afternoon had come, and then that happened which, though I thought little of it at the time, meant much to me.

Ambling between the birch thickets, the broad river glinting far away in the vale below, two fellows overtook us, and falling into the rear, sent word they would speak with the princess and her brother. Little recking of their conclave, I went earolling on alone till, half-an-hour later, those two came up again; and now the boy's brow was black as thunder, while Iyvinda had two angry spots upon her cheeks, and all her lightness was gone.

'No ill news, dear lady?' I asked gaily.

'News,' she answered, 'of a false friend whom we liked and trusted; but news in time.'

'Great Jove be thanked for that!' I cried innocently; whereon the proud woman looked at me, and her expressive lip curled disdainfully, though she said nothing more.

But now a blight hung over our cavalcade which I tried in vain to lighten. The brother rode, grim and watchful, on my left; the men behind whispered together, scowling whenever my face turned towards them. As for the princess, wrath and hesitation seemed at war within her. So we rode on a mile or two; then suddenly turning, she asked, 'What would you do, Roman, were I a prisoner in your camp?'

Without waiting to think, I blurted out the first thing my lover-heart prompted to my tongue: 'Do, lady! Why, sell my life a hundred times ere yours should harm.' That answer, now I know all, it seems to me, saved my life.

'Is that truth?' asked the girl a little more softly.

'Ay; by all the holy gods I swear it!'

Whereon Iyvinda came closer in, and brightened a little, though still seeming perplexed in mind at times.

Across the flat shadows we rode, into the twilight of the northern evening, and so at last to our camp by the menhir.

A gloomy glen, dense with stunted pines, littered with fallen rock and ferns, it was the very place for an ambush; and there on the greensward in the ghostly shadow of the old altar-stone, a dim little trickle of water on one hand, and the firs almost meeting overhead, we bivouacked for the night.

All helped in the frugal preparations. While I with some others gathered firewood, others again built a turf-table by way of dais after their habit, covering it with a wide saddle-cloth where the three of us were to sit at meat. Down came darkness, and up got the moon, bringing the shadow of that ancient menhir right athwart our supping-place. Fires flickered, and in the ruddy glow all presently lay about to

[Christmas Number.]

eat; I by the princess at the table, and her brother at her feet.

Think how my heart beat now that the time was come! Think how I peered secretly into the black wall of darkness all about, seeing a glint of Roman armour in every wandering strand of moonlight, hearing a Roman footfall every time a deer moved on the corrie or a mountain-fox set a stone rolling from above. How had my messenger fared? Was Aulus there? For aught I knew he might be at arm's-length even while we ate, and any moment plunge that strange banquet-hall into the bloody arena that would mean life or death to me. Yet minute by minute slipped by and nothing showed.

At last, to end it—for the suspense was growing intolerable—when the meal was over I unslung a little bugle-horn I carried and asked the princess whether she would care to hear some of our hunting-calls and military notes; and she, half in angry pity and half-sardonic, as she had been all the evening, nodded her assent.

So first I played them a gentle flourish, and then such notes as we call our legionaries to muster with. Still nothing moved. Next I sounded the 'make ready,' whereat an owl laughed hideously somewhere back in the shadows of that haunted valley. Jove! what a sluggard Aulus was! Would he never show? Then in desperation I set the bugle to my lips once more, and blew a charge—a wild, tumultuous war-note that every Roman from here to hot Syce could understand; then waited with bated breath till, one by one, those fateful echoes dropped listlessly away into the distant hills.

'A stirring sound!' said the daughter of Galgacus icily; 'but it seems to me it lacks a meet response. Try again, centurion.'

So again I tried, and again naught but echoes.

'There is no answer!' said the princess.

'No, madam. Sometimes there is, but none, it seems, to-night.'

'No!' she cried in a voice that filled all the glen like the cry of an angry banshee, and bounding at the same time to her feet—'no! And will you learn why there is none? Look, ambassador! Look, peaceful messenger! Look, suppliant for our courtesy and hospitality!' And, snatching off the saddle-cloth that had covered the turf-table, there in a hollow right at my knees, in touch all the time I had eaten, was a blackened, grinning head, staring and horrible, with something white set crossways in the foamy teeth!

Another look, and I knew it. It was the head of my messenger; and that bloody wisp of parchment between its lips, the letter I had written to Aulus! Then I understood. They had watched my pedlar ride away from last night's camp, and sent after him. They had killed him, then found his message. It was his

slayers who had joined our train that afternoon, with their grim trophy hidden beneath a cloak; and this was Iyvinda's answer.

I seowled for a minute at that bloody thing glaring at me in such accursed fashion; and then, knowing the game was up, and disdaining to ask for favour, drew sword, flung scabbard to earth, set back against the old gray stone, and shouted:

'Come on! come on, you jackals, you skulkers in woods and forests! If all your trees were men, and every leaf a sword, I would not ask for mercy.'

And at me they came without more to-do: Iyvinda's brother first; but he, tripping on a root, fell harmless at my feet. Then next a hairy savage, who got the Roman steel between neck and shoulder, and went screaming down. Then another, bounding across his body, had my fist sheer in his face, and sprawling back, fell through the nearest fire, which roared about him and rose in a monstrous column of sparks tree-high. He whom they called Ugnar, he who had killed the pedlar, next lay kicked and howling athwart the litter of the table, grappling in his agony the senseless head of the very man he had killed that morning. Another and another went down. But what was one man against so many? For a time I kept those howling wolves at bay, and then one lean villain got behind me. I dimly remember something heavy and chill dropping, it seemed, from the starlit heaven itself upon my head. Pines reeled, fires blazed and danced to sky, ten thousand swords glittered before my reeling eyes, and then I in turn went headlong down.

CHAPTER II.



STRANGE feeling of unreality lay on me when I awoke after the events set down in the last chapter. Was I in the abodes of the blessed? As the first dim recollections of the fight and its ending came to my mind, that seemed the most reasonable conclusion; yet somehow I had an instinctive feeling I still lived.

Then, as consciousness slowly broadened and my eyes opened to the realities about me, the materialness of my surroundings became more and more certain. I was lying on a couch in a roomy chamber, with peaked roof overhead and walls of roughly squared logs on both sides, while by a fire on a stone hearth in the centre an old crone sat, humming to herself while cooking something in an earthen pot. Presently entered another person whose arrival filled me with delight even before I recognised her.

'How fares our guest?' asked the new-comer. 'Still asleep?'

'Ay,' answered the crone; 'but mending fast,

and wakes to-night, I think.' Whereon she shuffled out of the room on some errand.

Then Iyvinda—for of course it was she—came over to where I lay, apparently still deep in a state of trance, and looked down at me steadfastly for a moment. Assuring herself no one was watching, she bent and kissed me on the forehead.

It was a gracious kiss; and, as if at the touch of a magician's wand, all my senses sprang into life on the instant. Turning delightedly, I opened my eyes. Thereon the Pietish girl started back, flushing redly to her hair, and stared at me half in shame and half in anger.

'It seems, stranger,' she said haughtily, 'the gods have appointed you ever to set ambushes for me. How long have you been awake?'

'But this moment, lady, and would sleep ten thousand times to be so roused again.'

'Enough,' she cried, waving her hand impatiently, though the tell-tale flush still showed on her cheeks; 'it was a mistake, the foolishness of a moment, already repented of. How fares your wound?'

'Oh, mending rapidly, as far as brief consciousness permits me to judge; and that calls to mind a tussle I had last night, in which your ladyship was mixed. I could have sworn I had the worst of it, and looked just now to wake in Elysium; the which I did, though not exactly as I had planned.'

'It was not last night, Flavius,' said the princess, seating herself at the foot of my couch. 'That fight was many nights ago.' Forthwith she proceeded to tell how, at the nick of time, she had saved me in the forest brawl, had brought me on here to her father's city by the river Tay, and nursed and tended me back into consciousness. It was a gracious deed; and I thanked her heartily before she presently went away, and I thanked her again when she came the next morning; and, what between gratitude and that gentle lady's presence, I mended so fast that in a day or two I was near myself again.

Many long talks I had with the princess in the porch of my chamber, the passers-by of the busy Pietish town oying us not too friendly the while. Of her I learnt more than was known in all our empire of this weird Caledonia of hers; and she of me of Tiber, and temples, and a thousand marvels that made those keen, blue northern eyes open wide with wonder. So the days were spent, forgetting time and place in the deepening delight of each other's company, until one evening she came in haste to where I sat looking out on the wide marsh-lands about the beautiful island-city of Inchtuthill, and taking my hand, as was her friendly habit, said:

'Great news, and bad for us, my Roman! Firstly, your all-devouring legions two days since stormed our town of Bertha; and our routed clansmen, pouring hither, clamour to appease the gods by making a sacrifice of you.

Secondly, our chiefs are sending me and my brother in hot haste to ask help from the friendly Catti across the sea. I dare not refuse to go, and dare not leave you here alone. There is but one thing for it. You can ride, I think?'

'I have been in the saddle since I first got from my mother's knee.'

'Good! There is a horse new come into camp that must be your ransom; a glorious beast, taken from your friends in a foray yesterday. They sell him, saddle and all, in the market-place in half-an-hour. Bid for him yourself. Pay no heed to black looks; ask leave to ride round the market-square. Once in saddle, Flavius, may the Great Unknown who rules our comings and goings be your helper!'—this with a strange little break in her voice. 'The near wicket-gate in the ramparts will be wide open, and the road beyond clear to the river and your comrades. 'Tis the best I can do.'

'And you, lady?' I said, taking her hand.

'Oh, I shall watch that huckstering, and be at hand if the worst should betide you, as I was once before.'

'Ay; but I meant afterwards. I would rather stay and face all your friends than think that here we part for ever.'

'Not for ever, perhaps, my Roman,' she answered. 'Not unless you wish it so. But go now you *must*, and we will trust the future to kind chance. Oh, may fortune be with you, and the white-winged flame of heaven in your horse's feet!' Wrenching herself from me before I could pretest, she went swiftly from the room, and disappeared amongst the sullen townspeople without.

In full war-gear, I was in the market-square of the fort in half-an-hour to see that horse sold. A beautiful steed indeed, full of courage and fire, though all ungroined; and when he saw me the poor beast recognised my trappings, and angrily shaking himself free of his Pietish groom, came bounding over, with a whinny of pleasure, thrusting his velvet muzzle into my hand, and asking with great, soft eyes to be taken from the strangers back to his master. Alas, poor beast! there was dry, black man-blood caked upon his mane, and a gash of spur-rowel all across the Roman saddle, such as an armed heel would make in falling, and well I guessed what those things meant. They hardened my heart; and turning to him who had the selling of the animal, I asked:

'Will you give me this horse, Mr Huckster, out of friendliness?'

'No,' answered the man sulkily.

'Will you sell him, hoof and harness, at your own price?'

'No,' again said the fellow, looking round for support to the scowling faces about him.

'Then,' said I, putting toe in stirrup and jumping into the saddle, 'by the Temple of Vesta and the pool where the Twin Brethren

[Christmas Number.]

washed their steeds, I will borrow him, good fellow, till we meet again.'

Giving the reins a shake, I swung the great war-horse round towards the gateway in the ramparts which Iyvinda had said should be open, and charged right through the screaming crowd. The die was now cast, and horse and rider knew it. Down the cobbled market-place we flashed; green grass whirled away under foot, and high rose the ramparts. The wicket loomed ahead, and when we came to it—all the town buzzing behind like a nest of angry hornets, and mounted men galloping down on every side—it was barred and silent! Some one had played Iyvinda false; but there was no time to think of that now. There was nothing for it but to ride the ramparts themselves, and the gallant beast seemed to know as well as I did what was needed. He scrambled with me up the green grass slope to the gangway, and thence again with a leap to the narrow top. Beyond was a drop of eight feet, and then a little sandy eliff of as much again, ending in a gravel-shoot leading steep down into the coppices and valley below. Up reared the horse, a fine sight against the clear light for all Pict-folk to see; and turning in the saddle, I shook my fist against the yelling mob behind, then clapped heels to flanks, and rode the willing charger right out into the sunshine!

'Twas less heroic than it looked. We lit safely, in a whirlwind of dust, and then galloped down to the marsh-road, arrows and sling-stones singing through the bushes as we fled. The Picts chased us across the moor, but as well might jackdaws chevy a homing peregrine; and when the river was reached we swam it into safety in face of the tribesmen reined up in a sudden line on the northern bank.

'Ay, a good fellow he was in his way,' Aulus Atticus was saying as he toyed with his goblet at supper that night; 'conceited, arrogant, vain of his handsome person as the worst fop amongst us, yet bold in danger, quick in decision, resolute and brave, fearing neither men nor devils. Our master could have spared many a good soldier more conveniently than poor Flavius.'

'Is there no hope he has escaped?' asked another in the tent.

'None,' said the Master of the Horse. 'Tis said he was roasted alive by the menhir in the country of the Horestii two nights after he left us.'

'By Castor and Pollux! I would not have been his cooks, unless he was taken sleeping,' quoth another. 'All his things are to be sold to-morrow for the benefit of his soldiers.'

'And if prices are good,' laughed a centurion lounging a little way off, 'the sum will suffice the company to get its beards trimmed next feast-day: one linen shirt much rent, a cooking-pot without a handle, a mouse-trap, a bundle of love-letters, and sundry pomatum-jars, mostly empty. Surely our jolly comrade's fortune lodged in his scabbard.'

1903.]

'And where else,' I said, striding in from the night outside—'where else should a soldier's fortune dwell?' For a minute they stared incredulously; then, as my personality dawned upon them, down went beakers and up rose a joyous shout of greeting, and those good fellows, rushing round, welcomed me back to safety in royal fashion.

Thereafter succeeded a period of quiet. Our great legate Agricola was too far from rescue, if aught went wrong, to take any risks; so he moved slowly, consolidating each step of conquest before he made another. But about the end of the first week orders came from him that I was to take a hundred horsemen at once, to cross the river by the ferry, and thence, riding eastward along the coast for a day or two, glean tidings if possible of that help which we knew was coming to the Caledonians from overseas. Above all was I to obtain news of 'the dangerous princess, the firebrand of the border,' for whose body, alive or dead, Agricola again offered a splendid reward.

The weather was bad just then; but joyfully I welcomed the chance to be in saddle once more; and as for that sweet firebrand, I could but pray the gods might send her across my path again. Very strangely they answered my prayer.

CHAPTER III.



DAY after day we floundered along on the errand set us in the last chapter between the heather and the slob, straining our eyes seaward for the expected foemen, our tempers getting sonner and more sour. All day my scanty hundred rode their reeking beasts over hills covered in mist and down into valleys where the streams chattered dismally between the rocks, the gray sea for ever on our right, the salt air coating our brass with green mildew, our swords rusting in their scabbards, and our plumes sagging like our spirits.

No man crossed our path in that forsaken region, and naught happened until one night, when the weather had somewhat mended, we were sitting round a fire we had built up with pine-bark, our horses tethered amongst the birch-trees, the men all drawn in close to the main blaze, and young Caius Lycius stood up to sing to us. The most comely boy I think he was on this side of Propontis, and little did he know as he strutted out into the blaze of the fate which was lurking for him in the shadow of the birches! First he sang us a lampoon made by himself in saddle yesterday on the General's wife back in our camp. It was witty, and, Heaven knows, indecorous enough in part; but it made those gruff legionaries about me roll with laughter, and though rank treason in my

presence, yet perforce I forgave it for their sakes. Then that stripling, after a caper or two, changed his mood, and throwing down his forehead-band that his curls might hang the looser, cast about his shoulders a blue robe he had stolen the day before from a deserted village, and masqueraded as an injured damsel pleading with her soldier-lover. We knew that piece. It was done by a great poet in drunken mood, and, as far as I know, perished for ever that night with Caius. But never to this day can I think of those passionate lines, that liquid stream of glowing love bursting from the woman in the narrative and melting even the adamant of the false soldier, without a thrill. In the end the poet has made the soldier waver, half-relent, and then, in a moment of returning fury, strike the girl senseless to his feet. And there was Caius, a born actor, as beautiful as Lysbie herself, his long hair adrift, his eyes aflash, his cheeks now hot, now cold, as the love-verse rose or sank, pouring out that fervid epic against the black curtain of the night, the while the rain-drops hissed into the fire, and the distant British wolves howled the white stars down, one by one, to bed.

There was not a man amongst us that night who did not look back into his soul with reproach, and Caius worked upon us until at last, as the end came, we were strung to the highest pitch. Then a strange thing happened. The actor had just made a last impassioned appeal, and was standing, hands clasped and raised in supplication, a vivid cameo in his blue gown against the black setting of the night, when something fitted across our little arena, and the boy, exactly as his part prescribed, threw up his arms, and with a bitter cry fell headlong to the ground. With a roar of delighted applause the Roman soldiers acclaimed the consummate actor. Again and again they cheered and laughed; yet, his part done, he still lay face down upon the turf. How still he lay, and unmindful of our praise! We rushed and turned him over. He was as limp as a dead flower; and his face! Oh, horrible! all the beauty of a minute before was now crushed into a shapeless mass of blood and bruises and hair, deep amongst which was embedded a Pictish sling-stone of half a pound in weight.

Poor Caius! a hundred swords leaped from their scabbards to avenge you; a hundred eager men sprang into the gloom of the birches; but of what avail? As well might one have chased the shadows thrown by the fire itself as the lurking enemy who had cast that cruel shot. One vowed he had seen a black form slip from tree to tree, and another had heard an elfin laugh on the rising ground beyond the stream; but the swords came bloodless home.

All night we sat, chins on knees, around the singer, hearing the echo of his song in the sighing of the wind and the wailing of the moun-

tain streams; and in the gray morning we buried him where he had sung, and went on our way more silently than we had done for many marches.

We passed at noon round a deep sandy bay with a creek at the bottom, and a knoll we had marked as our northern turning-point; and seeing nothing from there but an interminable coast beyond and Germanic brine creeping ever away eastward into the shadow of the fog-banks, we set our faces southward once more with the heartiest goodwill.

By nightfall we were back round the bay anew to a point near to where Caius fell, but closer to the sea; and there we set camp again amongst the sand-dunes, with a stream of brackish water at our feet to help our scanty supper, and the crying of curlews by way of orchestra to send the meal down merrily.

We had been set there for about a couple of hours, when, as I came back from a bath in the stream, my brass helmet full of little crabs caught for the cooking-pot, judge of my amazement to see sitting by my fire, and solemnly turning the embers with his spear-point, a Pict in his wolf-skins! Down went helmet and out jumped sword in a second. Surely we were betrayed, and the enemy amongst us. But no, that hide-bound gentleman was all alone; he had passed through my sentinels in the ghostly way these hill-folk have, and now, rising to his feet, drew the back of his hand across his mouth; by which sign I knew him at once to be one of our Pictish spies, one of those mean rogues who were ever ready to sell their kinsmen's cause for a miserable handful of silver.

That same night the fleet from overseas was coming, and we had chanced upon its very landing-place. Think, after all that weary tramping to and fro, how my heart beat at the thought of onset and blows! The news spread like wildfire amongst the men; our very chargers forgot their weariness. My plans were soon made. While two legionaries on the best horses went back to tell our distant comrades and the General, six others by my orders hastily set the dry heather in piles about a square of several acres, so that when they were fired it might seem in the night as though a Roman host lay there encamped. Lastly, with the rest I went down near to the creek in the bay, meaning more to watch than with any real hope of keeping the foreign aids from landing. Little did I guess what the night had in store for me.

We had lain out there between the heather and the sea for an hour or two, the night had darkened, and a silver moon got up, against the shine of which our Pictish spy was squatting on the summit of a mound like a toad-stone, when presently that keen-eyed rascal beckoned me to him and pointed out to seaward. There across the white moon-path, and away into the black fields on both sides of it, were many ships

[Christmas Number.]

coming inshore. Closer and closer they drew till all were in the bay and apparently heading for the creek. In face of such a force I began to think it was time to go.

Yet I was loath to turn, for my Tuseans were more hungry for knocks than ever they had been for meat or meal. Against all that fleet we could do nothing, yet surely the gods would send us a waifling from the host, just some little for our hunger from all that many; and as I stood there knee-deep amongst the grass, all my eager fellows eronehing silent behind me, I lifted my bare hands wide to the silver-chequered sky and vowed from my heart an altar of stone to the war-god if he would befriend us.

I prayed and I looked, and lo! the armada was stayed, and one ship alone came swiftly in toward us. Never was prayer more promptly answered, and a grim sigh of pleasure rippled through the ranks behind me.

The main fleet kept about a mile from shore, as though waiting for some signal from friends on land whom our patrolling had scattered, mayhap. They rode there like dead, black leaves on the path of the moonlight, a red spark glimmering now and again amongst them as we caught a glint of a galley-fire; or ever and anon a flash of steel, whiter even than the night-shine, twinkled down a vessel's side as the light played on ranged buelkers or sheaves of spear-heads.

Meanwhile that single vessel we watched came swiftly on. She put up a clamorous flock of sea-fowl from a bare sandbank; she erept into the creek-mouth, and we distinctly heard the Danish captain call for her brown square sail to be lowered, and then the rattle of ropes in blocks. They made fast where doubtless some had often landed before, and very soon a score or so of men and small mountain-horses had come over the lowered gangway and were making across the grass two hundred yards away for a knoll whence they could see all round the country.

Silently I gave the signal to mount; silently my brave fellows slipped into their saddles; and then, whirling out my sword, 'Rome!' I cried, and all my hundred yelled, 'Rome and Vesta!' and away we went at them. Those gentle voyagers must have deemed we had leaped straight out of the ground, so sudden was the onset; but they had little time for thinking of any kind. In a minute we were on them. Then it was *thump, thump*, and *clash, clash*, as the heavy Roman sword lit on bull-hide and brass; the shouting of fighters, and the shrill cry of pain from wounded men or horses. I myself put two barbarians down; then wheeling round, singled out another limber rogue who was making off inland. He was well mounted, and took me farther than I meant, over a hillock into a grassy dell out of sight of the main fight; and then, just where some boggy ground checked him for a moment, I came up with that mid-

1903.]

night rider. Down went horse and man under my shock, and down I jumped to slay, with heart on fire. But the ground was bog and slime, and before I could steady myself that mountain-cat had disentangled himself from the stirrups, serambled to his feet with extraordinary agility, and would have got off had I not gripped him by his wolf-skins. We staggered and plunged in the sloppy mire, reeling and tumbling, until at last we were prone amongst the hummocks, rolling over and over in the death-grapple. It was fierce but brief. The shallow strength of that fellow—surely he could have been but a boy—was quickly spent, and I was uppermost. For a minute I lay so, front to front with him, hearing his half-stifed sighs, and feeling the panting rise and fall of his breast even through my brass and leather. Then—for we gave no quarter in those good old days—I took sword by a short grip, bared the pulsing white throat under me, and in another minute would have struck.

But in baring his neck I loosed the fur hood he had worn, and thereon, from under it, burst out a loose mass of long hair, red as the blood that was to have run; and from between the hair, as my enemy turned with one convulsive struggle, shone out a face in the moonlight—a sweet white face, with frightened eyes staring into mine! Jove! was I mad? Was it—could it be? Yes, by all the powers! there was but one such face in all the world.

'Iyvinda,' I cried, relaxing my hold; 'you here, and like this!'

'And you, Flavius!' cried that lady as she struggled from my grip.

Never shall I forget the scene. We twain, panting, besmeared, and spattered; the night-wind waving gray grass upon the hillocks, the last shouts of the fight dying away in the distance, the stars twinkling overhead, and red fires of the false camp on the black hillside now blazing up finely.

The lady spoke first, and it was feminine. 'What,' she said fiercely, 'do you mean by pulling my hair down?'

'As I live, madam, I did not know there was so much to loosen.'

Whereon she frowned, and set to work to braid her locks anew.

Presently she spoke again. 'I suppose I am a prisoner, Roman?'

'Yes,' I had to answer, though the word stuck in my throat.

Then again she asked in a lower voice, 'Can I buy my freedom? I am rich in many ways.'

It was quiet enough now; the sky was velvet over us; a small, fine seent was coming from the sand-convolvulus, and she was wonderfully beautiful as she sat there, the flush of recent exertion on her face, and the night-fire running down the loose strands of her hair like liquid flame. Gods, what a girl to crucify or send to

Rome! Yet how could I choose? No; she must take her chance, as many a better before her had done. Yet—and yet the infatuation of her presence and the love I already felt rose strong within me; meanwhile duty was ranked upon the other side. So I could but hide my indecision behind an anger I did not feel, and jumping up, slammed sword into scabbard.

'Yes,' I said, 'a prisoner, trapped by night like a wild-cat, and about as likely to have ransom.'

Thereat the lady sighed; but whether she would have argued it or no I cannot say, for ere we could speak again the moon twinkled on the arms of a dozen of my fellows, red sword in hand, riding over the hummocks to see what had become of their captain.

Then came quickly over to me the princess and whispered in my ear:

'This at least may I ask of one who perhaps owes me some little gratitude: that for the time I may be to others that man my clothes bespeak me. These good fellows of yours, centurion, are apt to be rough travelling-companions for a maid far from her friends.'

That at least I could grant. Indeed, my jealousy had prompted the thought already; so hair was swept back, belt tightened, hood drawn over face again, and by the time the soldiers came on us there was I with my captive chief as plausible as could be.

Back we went to the fighting-place, to find there the ship already gutted by the men, while my sham camp behind was showing up very prettily on the far hillside; and the Danish fleet, taking for granted the lights ashore and noise of fighting meant a powerful Roman force awaiting them, was putting to sea again in excellent haste. Seeing all had turned out so well, and feeling there was no chance of more usefulness so far from home, I called in all straying men by bugle-blast, and ordered a two hours' rest; after which, as soon as daylight should come, the quickest way with our news to camp. My captive I gave into the charge of a gruff old Thracian veteran who was body-servant to me, bidding him secure the 'boy' near to my fire, and then went out to post some sentries on the hills. I was away an hour or two on that business or watching the Danish fleet safely into the distance, and coming back, found all my tired men asleep by their fires. The eagle was planted in the sand by my own embers—for we had no tents with us—and close by were two lying asleep, who turned out to be the Thracian and the Piet. The veteran, seeing nothing substantial to tie her to in the neighbourhood save ling or cotton-grass, had made her ankle fast to his own; and there they slept, the soldier little wotting what a sweet bedfellow he had, and the weary princess, worn with voyage and excitement, in placid dreams beside him. It moved my jealousy, yet I forbore to disturb them, for no better anchorage

could have been found for a restive captive than that gaunt old warrior; and going a little way off, I threw myself down and slept in turn.

The great black sea was all on fire with sunrise when I woke again, and the camp already busy, while from the watercourse behind a mound came an uproarious sound of laughter, and voices calling out:

'Take his pelt off.'

'Throw him in just as he stands, Titus.'

'Chuck him to us, old Thracian, and we'll soon rinse the Piet out of him. We'll make him the cleanest savage that ever slept on cow-hide.'

In general I left the men to their sports unhindered; but something misgave me at that moment. Where was the princess? What were they doing? I rushed to the top of the rise, and there saw in the brackish pool below a dozen soldiers up to their chests in the water. On the bank was my burly henchman, scolding and expostulating; and, finally, in a burst of virtuous anger, he was about to tear the wolf-skins from a shrinking figure there was no mistaking. Cursing my stupidity, I fled down the slope and rushed between them.

'What's this?' I cried. 'I told you to keep the prisoner safe, not to duck him.'

'But, sir,' answered the Thracian, 'this beastly Piet of yours won't wash. 'Tis a fine morning, a long march before us, and I told him a dip would do him good, and brought him here squealing and fighting like a rat in a trap; but he clings to his furs as though he had grown to them.'

'Perhaps,' I answered grimly, 'he has some good reason. Let him be, Titus, and get into your green slime-puddle yourself. Come on, Piet; if you cannot wash, maybe you can cook, and breakfast will be much to the point just now.'

A little later we set off southward to join the main force, the men joyous at thought of seeing their comrades, and I happy enough in a soldier's duty done, with maybe a chance of promotion to follow, yet deeply in love, and perplexed as to that sweet captive we bore along with us.

Now that the rush and turmoil was over, that prize of mine loomed overwhelming on my mental vision. For what had I enslaved her? To what fate was she going? I knew only too well those iron-souled men back yonder would have no pity. Their kindest charity would be the flaming stake or that horrible crucifix they were so fond of, and the long, withering pain on some hill-top from dawn to sunset: an example, they would call it, to those who urged resistance to Imperial Rome. And could I be her lauded captor through the camps? Could I endure, with her price in my hands, to stand by and see that white flesh cringe as the tendrils of the fire lapped about it, or those brave eyes dim as they stared in the monotony of that other death

[Christmas Number.]

into the shadows of her native hills? That was the kindest they could do. Or, if they elected to send her to Rome, degraded, alone; passing from hand to hand amongst the rough soldiery, and from tent-door to tent-door of dissolute consuls and praetors till the long journey brought her at last to the place where her fate was certain. Could I bear to think of her like that—I, to whom she had been so generous, who had taken blood-money for her? Yet to set her free would be rank treason. By all the infernal deities, it seemed to me I was bound to be a traitor whichever way it happened! All that first morn'g my chin hung so low on my chest that presently my fellows began to notice me. A lieutenant in our troop, one Longinus, a Lusitanian, presently rode alongside and asked:

'What is it, Flavius, sits so heavy on you? No secret hurt, I hope, taken in last night's tussle. If it is a splinter under your cuirass or a broken arrow-point that rankles, out with it, sir. There are fellows here who have learnt enough leech-craft in the bloody lecture-halls of war to mend worse hurts than that.'

'No, no, Longinus. I am sound above and below, and, the gods know, had a lighter bout last night than most of you.'

'Then maybe it is the crabs this morning. I trust there were no green ones in your pottenger.'

'Again no, Longinus. I tell you I am sane and sound, and only thinking what I will do if the army vote me to the purple for last night's work. There, ride on again, like a good fellow, and about sundown watch for a safe camping-place: grass, water, a clear view, and room to swing swords if need be. You know how the Roman sleeps as well as I.' And the Lusitanian, shrugging his shoulders at my moodiness, perforce turned and rode away.

There was nothing more of adventure during the day except that, crossing round the breast of a hill near to where the salt sea narrows in to the estuary of the Tay, we came into sight of the whole of our fleet—the white numerals on their sails distinguishing them clearly from all other galleys—bound northward. By their direction we guessed, though too far for signalling, our friends had heard of the fight and were in search of the enemy's ships. They were but black dots on a shimmering golden field; yet somehow, as I reined in my charger on the Pietish heather, a prophetic pride swelled in my heart, and I said to myself that yonder blue plain was the true Road of the Masters. To own that road is, and must be, to own the world. Would we had taken to it earlier! Had Rome been founded where Venice stands, and our beloved eagle born web-footed, what might she not have done!

The next morning rose ruddy and golden in the east, and we were early astir, since one morn'g, all knew, should take us into sight of 1903.]

camp; and though it was but a few days we had been away, we already felt like exiles returning, and thirsted desperately for sight of comrades. Consequently there was not one who was not cheerful; none save the prisoner and I, her captor. She ate her bread and water, standing a little aloof from us; and then, when the time came, patiently mounted astride of the hill-pony we had allotted, and suffered the Thracian, who was her tether-peg by night and surly guardian by day, to fasten her ankles lightly together under the beast's belly, so that she could by no means descend without help. But of tears or protests she had none, and just endured.

That somehow made me fret the more; and, while my heart kindled over her with constantly increasing warmth, I could in nowise see a way out of the dilemma into which fate had thrust me, or get help from any expression of hers as to solving it.

Yet I need not have chafed so much. Though women have been made weak of execution, they have often been fertile of design. There was shrewd conjecture in those glances which I saw, without understanding, the girl shoot at my troubled face now and then as we rode along. Under that wolf-skin hood a nimble brain was at work on an idea the consummation of which even now makes me frown and laugh as remembrance of my own stupidity, or of that dear lady's simple cunning, rises for the moment dominant in my mind.

Therefore you will please imagine us pacing, three abreast, southward through the hot autumn day, a thin line of Roman gray and scarlet: I and Iyvinda and Longinus, with a few others, in the front; behind, the Tungrian cohort; and behind again, a score of dark-clad British mercenaries from the south, hating and hated of their northern countrymen; the sea not far off upon our left, the purple heather under hoof, and the circling pewits overhead; a glint of keen white water in the west, and now and then a snatch of Tuscan love-song or a timely jest rippling down our ranks. But never a sight of home or homestead, kine or keepers, in all that wilderness.

Yet the day was not quite without adventure. We had ridden the sun right round from left to right, and were going a little carelessly down a narrow gully having steep, rocky banks on each side, covered with fern and birches up to the thicker woods atop. There was a brook below, and a green way on one bank, six feet wide, kept as smooth as velvet by rabbits, and along this we were pacing, full only of thoughts of the evening meal and the rejoicing to-morrow, when—and I tell it not more briefly than it happened—a figure started up on top of a pinnae of rocks above our heads and blew a blast upon a cow-horn trumpet such as the natives use to call to battle. Instantly the whole glen became peopled,

as far down as we could see, with armed Caledonians. They rose all along the sky-line like mushrooms that grow in a night; they cropped up in bunches amongst the rocks; they rose from the dense cover of the ferns like some quaint growth of a disordered dream; they stood amongst the birches in knots; and, as they rose, every man silently lifted a bow and drew a long arrow up to the head against us! There must have been nearly a thousand on foot within the time it has taken you to read this—enough arrows to have transfixed my poor handful at the first discharge; while against me, as the conspicuous leader, sufficient shafts were turned at that moment to have set me thicker, had they been let loose, than ever was porcupine with quills.

I gave a gasp, and rubbed my eyes to make sure it was not some ugly dream. I could almost have laughed, it was all so sudden; but it was no laughing matter! To turn back was not to be thought of; to ride forward was to court a wintry rain of shafts from which not one man in twenty would escape; to charge up either slope was to have the same arrows before and behind, so narrow was the pass. I glanced back over the halting column. The British were huddled together and already tremulous with the throes of disaster; the Roman veterans, though they had been jerked suddenly from their merry choruses into the presence of ugly death, were unmoved. Not a man blanched; all their hands were on their hilts, and all their faces set towards me, while they waited orders as stolidly as though I were but a drill-master teaching them goose-step in a prætorian barrack-yard.

There was nothing for it, I thought to myself in swift decision, but 'All to foot; Tungrians, cross the stream and charge to right; you, Picus, with your dozen Gauls and as many British as have pluck to follow, storm the nearer slope.' To hesitate was to die as we sat in saddle; and snatching a bugle from the man nearest to me, I prepared to sound the charge. But just as I put the brass to my lips the princess, who had calmly set herself between me and the most threatening of the enemy, laid a quiet hand on mine and said, 'Stop, Roman! I think I can play better music here than you can,' and without more to-do, slipped her hand into her vest and brought out a whistle made of an eagle's wing-bone cunningly inlaid with gold from her native hills. She put it to her lips, just as the figure on the rock raised his to sound an onset, and blew so wild and shrill that the linnets stopped feeding on the brambles. Then she blew again in another key, and a quiver of astonishment seemed to pass over the ranks of the tribesmen. She blew again, and all the taut bow-strings, that had been glistening up and down the glen like dry bents on a hillside in August, were relaxed. With a sound like the wind in the pine-trees came the murmur of her name. Never a word she said, though I saw her blue eyes

flash with pride and mastery. She waved her hand, and down they sank: the rocks drank them up; they melted into the greenery of the bracken; they were no longer amongst the birch-trees; the shadows of the pines were vacant. As my princess finished, I glared in amazement up and down a glen that was as silent and unpeopled as though no human feet but ours had trod it since the making of the world.

The rest of the day was all plain marching, and at nightfall Longinus chose us a heathery spur for camping-place, with a torrent on one side and a few pines and birches atop, amidst which my place was made and my charger stalled. Fires we made none that night, for we were in the enemy's country, and being so high, durst not kindle blazes which would attract their attention. We ate our black bread and the remains of what we had saved from the morning in little groups, the moon when it arose filling the place with shadows, and the voices of the forests around stirring our southern imaginations with vague, mysterious terrors.

My princess ate her share of dry soldier-fare by my side almost in silence. I had kept her close by me through the march, nominally using my captive as a guide; but in reality I was partly jealous of other companionship for her, and partly fearful lest she should escape. She was by me all day, and by me when the sun went down; and it was so pleasant to be with her that all my soldier duties and ambitions, my fears and hopes, seemed slipping away into a distance of infinite insignificance compared to her sweet presence. They had tethered the princess to a log by one ankle, like a mountain-goat; and when our black bread was done, and the last draught of water in the picher drunk out, I went and sat down by the prisoner, yet even then had but little to say.

She eyed me out of the corner of her quick feminine eyes as she had done once or twice before during the day, and her expression was not angry. Then presently she drew closer with a little frightened shudder, and raising a finger, asked:

'Didst hear that, Flavius?'

'Hear it, lady? Why, it would have turned the cold heart of one long dead,' I answered as the echoes of a dismal cry from some evil fowl of those haunted woodlands drifted away.

'And you know what it means?'

'Not I, unless it is a bittern calling to its mate in the swamp below.'

'It was no bittern, Roman. I heard it last night as well. The soul of my fathers was behind that cry, and they call me to come to them.'

How can I express the infinite pathos of those words? They were plain enough in themselves, yet, coming on all I had thought that day and in the silence of the evening, they fell on my heart like lead.

[Christmas Number.]

I rose to my feet and paced to and fro before the downcast girl, more agitated now than ever before, until in a minute or two my resolve was taken; and stopping before her, I took her hands in mine, and lifting her to her feet, exclaimed:

'Iyvinda! we Romans are brief in many things, and briefest of all in emergencies. Now, here is an emergency between us two for certain. If I take you back to-morrow to yonder camp, no influence I have—not even your good deed to us to-day—will save you from a fate which will be certain and horrible. If, again, I set you free of my own will, I am false to my General, false to my comrades, false to my country, whose enemies you inspire. But, Iyvinda, not for comrades or country, not for my life itself, will I sell you into a foul slavery. Do you know why?'

But the fair Piet only sighed softly and answered with a faint turn of her head that shook down the ruddy curls from which she had put back her cape to hear the better.

'Then,' said I, 'I will tell you. It is because you have moved me as no other woman has done before; because I, who thought never to have a home but the camp, and never a mistress but the sword at my side, have been treasuring your image in my heart since I saw you first, thinking of you by day and dreaming of you by night; because, in brief, Iyvinda, I love you.'

The princess was a woman, and very simple was the emotion with which she averted her face for a few seconds; then, turning again, she put one hand in mine, placed the other on my shoulder, and kissed me softly on the cheek. That gentle salutation was genuine, past a doubt. I had not expected it so briefly; and I, who thought myself proof against all woman-arts, in turn hung my head. Whereat the princess—with smile at my discomfiture, and under the discreet shadow of the evening—kissed me again; and it was so pleasant I must needs have another, and another afterwards, to prove the first were true samples of those to come. Then there was no more diffidence; her head was on my shoulder, only the pale stars looking at us through the black screen of the pines, and her face shining up into mine in simple happiness. Presently she demurely released herself, and pointing to her still hobbled foot, said she could be happier with the ropes away. 'In Rome, do you always keep your ladies with one leg tied to pine-logs?' Was it likely I, a brand-new lover, could refuse? Her foot was untied and the bonds thrown aside in a moment. Then, with a sigh of relief, the chieftainess sat herself upon the tree-stem, and made me sit at her knee, leaning against the fallen pine.

It was she who spoke next. 'All this is very pleasant, Flavius, and my heart rebels to break the thread; but the night wears on, and to-morrow comes. Those red flames your good

comrade Atticus prepares for me will bite quite as sharply after what has just been done as before; or do you mean to claim me as private spoil, in spite of prefects and emperor?'

'You must never get so far as the camp, lady. If I hesitated once, I hesitate no longer. For you I will gladly give up everything. I have strong friends and influence, and there are those in the empire who love to harbour such as have broken with imperial tyranny. We will slip aboard ship to-morrow, and, once across the narrow seas, start afresh. Jove! but I will wring such splendour for you from the times. You shall have marble villas and baths, and purple and silk, and slaves and unguents; and I shall be so proud of you, you and your ruddy hair; and all men shall admire and envy, and none shall come within a spear-length but for homage.'

'Or why not,' she said when I paused—'since break you must—why not take the nearer road, and come where I can give you more lands than ever your sword can win? Come with me,' she said gently. 'Even from here the watch-fires of a town of my kindred shine in the darkness, and once with them all Rome could not hurt him whom I had chosen. And I could give you more sunny corn-fields, my centurion, than all your legions could harvest; and great woods lapping unnumbered hills with greenery 'tween here and the northern sea; and strong navies sailing oceans no Roman ever yet set eyes on—seas that flame in crimson when the sun goes down at nightfall; and henchmen, rough, but loyal as sword-hilt to hand; and damsels—blue-eyed, ruddy-haired, nimble as fawns—to sing and dance to you, for I would not be very jealous. All the summer we would lie out in the forests, hunting, seeing our fleets come and go, and taking tribute from feudatories; and all the winter we would laugh and lie abask by the blaze, drinking mead and listening to the Sealds, and plotting new ventures while the storms thundered outside. Surely these things might be pleasant.'

But as to these rival projects, I could only shake my head reflectively. In truth, I was getting very sleepy after a long day in saddle. Seeing this, my charming prisoner bent low over me and whispered, 'Well, never mind, then; to-morrow we will decide. To-night,' she added, stooping so low that her hair made a tent about me, and her eyes were like soft stars overhead, 'is it not enough to know that *I love you*? Thereon, stroking my black Roman curls the while with a rhythmic touch, she began softly crooning over me a gently undulating, fancy-haunted Pictish love-song. Enough? Gods! what lover would say that was not more than enough? And, tired, happy, and soothed by those cadenced verses of hers—so strange, so dreamy, that presently I began to fancy the very night-breeze itself was playing orchestra to them in the sighing fir-trees

—soothed by all those things, my tired eyes presently closed, and my soul slipped softly out into a deep, untroubled region of sleep.

When I awoke again it was still dark, though the dawn was coming, and I stretched my hand out for the hand of Iyvinda; but no answering touch met it. Then I felt for her knee, and it was not there. I started up, now wide awake. Iyvinda was not by me! I felt the bed they had made for her under the log, and the heather was stiff and damp with night-dew. I stared out a few yards to where they had tied by my charger the hill-pony she used, and the empty halter was hanging from the tree! I stared at the log where she had been sitting, and noticed something lying on it. This I snatched up, and in the first gray light of the dawn saw it was a spray of bog-myrtle, the symbol of love, bound round and round between the glossy foliage with a braid of red hair!

Then vexation and wrath swept in a torrent into my heart, and I knew my princess was free again.

CHAPTER IV.



HEY gave us a fine welcome when we rode into camp on the Tay somewhat late next day. The news of our exploit had gone before us as we trooped, weather-stained, through the main gateway. Seeing we had encountered the enemy by land and sea, they laughingly called us the Amphibians; and the Amphibian Cohort we are to this day.

Agricola was bathing in a bull-hide bath when I arrived, yet sent for me to his tent at once. There I found the great soldier—the bravest, keenest, and most generous of all Rome's marshals—with a towel round his middle and another circling his head, having the news of the day repeated to him, while two negroes kneaded and rubbed him dry. Between the rubbings the all-powerful legate heard my story piecemeal, and told me I had done well. He heard of my prisoner and his escape with a shrug of his shoulders.

'Set naught by that, Quintillus,' he said. 'Captive Pictish rascals will be as common in our camp in a few days as blackberries on the hedges in September. Something we might have learned from him, it is true; but I have handier means of information than that.—By the way,' said the General to his secretary, who was standing near, 'where is that spy who came in with news from the Island City an hour ago?'

'He is with the guards outside, sir.'

'Bring him in.'

Presently a cringing fellow entered. Think how my heart beat when, at the General's command, he told his tale, relating how the daughter

of Galgaus had arrived unexpectedly at her father's town of Innis-na-tuathail, as the Caledonians call it, that morning, and gone straight to the council board, travel-stained as she was, to find, so the fellow said, all in disorder; that the army which should have been ready was still away harvesting in the Highland glens, and naught but jealousies thriving in the city. Well indeed could I picture the scene, and the fiery wrath of my princess. But to Agricola it was only good news, and gleefully he gave orders to march for the Pictish town on the morrow.

March we did. We pushed slowly forward up the south bank of the river until we came opposite to where that lovely island rose green and fertile out of the plain below, to which Iyvinda had conveyed the wounded. On the southern and eastern side was the big stream, and on the others stretched lagoons: altogether a fine and stately place against the backing of the purple hills beyond. I, who rode at his rein, saw the legate's lips tighten and his eyes flash with pride and soldier-covetousness as he stared hard at that natural stronghold. Then he smote his hand upon his thigh as he sat his charger, and, laughing, said, 'Here is another Athens, and I another Sylla! By the holy flame that fell from heaven! I will not touch flesh or wine until I dine in yonder citadel.'

The legate broke his wine-vessels that noon, dined on dry biscuit, and thereafter devoted himself with remorseless energy to preparations for the assault.

A ford was first found in the low river; then light horsemen—many of whom never came back—scoured the flats right up to the slopes of Inchtuthill, looking for the safest passages. While they were away incredible numbers of faggots were made to form causeways over swampy places for the attacking army, all the heavy gear and provender was stored in a roughly-made fort amongst the oak-trees, and every man was told off to his place. Then at last, when the hot day ended and the tired soldiers sank down to rest by their arms, the officers slipped from group to group, whispering in sleepy ears, 'To-morrow at sunrise!'

But fate forestalled us! The dark night had come. The Pictish citadel stood out like a black island against the low yellow glow in the north, its battlements like fine ebony fretwork against the golden sheen. Then, down by the ford, a wakeful sentinel called out to a comrade, and he to another, until presently a murmur went through the camp that set us all on elbows, sleepily staring northward. The Island City was on fire! By fives, and tens, and twenties, little spirals of smoke went into the black air above, and presently up these wavering columns tendrils of rosy flame began to twine, at first threads in the gray, but soon increasing until they budded and broke into crimson flowers aloft that lit the country round. The town was

[Christmas Number.]

all of wood, great solid beams from ancient forests, backed by massive walls of sun-dried turf, and it burnt like a furnace. As we watched, the first few columns of light grew into a hundred; then, down below, red fissures began to gape in the foundations, and rosy filaments like fine roots ran here and there across the dark earth; then distant roars of falling roofs, each accompanied by fountains of embers sending a thousand new constellations into the sky, fell on our ears.

Wider and wider grew the glint. Burning buttresses and battlements began to pour down the slope just as I have once seen the Cunnanian hill pour its molten gold into the sea; and overhead, like a fiery canopy that same hill wore, a wide roof of crimson clouds reflecting the glow beneath, till river, lake, and swamp glittered as though the very earth were paved with gold.

We watched that strange sight until at last the light went off our faces as we talked in low tones together, the distant blaze died fitfully down, the stars came back, and we waited in wondering disappointment for the sunrise.

Now there was no need to hurry. We crossed the Tay at sunrise; and in a long, trailing line, with native scouts on either side to prevent surprise, we picked our way through the fen. It was my privilege to be one of the half-dozen who rode ahead with Agricola; and as we turned to the westward, and saw the steep slopes rise above us crowned with the smouldering remains of ramparts, and looked in vain for a road, we recognised the strength of the fine natural fortress which had fallen so easily into our hands. Riding on west and north at a gallop, we presently got between the water and the hill, and, striking a road leading from the mountains, rode up through a cleft, and there on top the master of Britain pulled rein.

'Jove!' he said, turning lightly to us with the flush of exertion on his face, 'what a pleasant place! These Pietish friends of ours chose well when they set their standards here; and, please Heaven, others shall inherit from them who will appreciate no less.—Here, Flavins, I think I will set my villa, with terraces and gardens looking out to yonder hills: eastward we'll make a temple to Mars, who has scattered our enemies; while beyond will come the ramparts of hard white stone circling a camp that shall last for ever. We'll make it as snug an eyrie as ever the Roman eagle built, and lord it over the glens, taking toll of every caravan that goes by fell or flood.—Come on, comrades; let us see what the brave Galgaeus has left for us.'

It was little enough! All the town I knew so well was a smoking ruin, with only here and there ragged walls standing above the desolation. In one part a small field of new corn had escaped destruction, the wild flowers in it contrasting strangely with the black of the charred oak-logs lying around, and the dazzling white of

peat-ash. There were many dead horses littered about, and the crows were already collecting to feast on their roasted flesh as we picked our way across to the southern rampart. There, between the gaps, we looked down on the long trail of our army coming up after us, and over a fair, wide country of wood and meadow, of broad-bending river, of lagoons and hills innumerable. Truly it was a fine property, and even the weather-beaten cheeks of our General flushed with pleasure as he looked over the splendid land our swords had won, and heard the roar of victorious salutation which came up to him from the flashing stream of brass and steel passing below.

Then back we went, and in mid-plateau found the ruin of the many-chambered palace where Galgaeus had held his court. It was better built than the rest; more was standing of it; so across the central hall Agricola had a coloured canopy spread, 'neath which he and we bivouacked amongst the ashes. It was a merry, noisy meal: kites screaming overhead, sun blazing on the ruins outside, swine and deer flesh in captured silver smoking on the half-burnt Pietish tables, and red Rhenish wine flowing like water down our dusty throats.

Meanwhile, you will bear in mind, we did not know whether the enemy had fled for good and all, or whether they but postponed the fight. While we waited several days for news of their intentions, the legate marked out a camp in the north-east corner of Inchtuthill, turning the first sod himself, and working bare-armed amongst us, as was his habit now and then. We built, swept, and shovelled, ten thousand of us, till the Inch must have looked like an ant-hill to the smiling gods above; and, helped by some rain which fell from their hands about that time, in an incredibly short space of time we converted the place into a prosperous Roman camp.

A week had passed with no tidings of the barbarians, when one night a strange thing happened. I slept soundly in the ruins of the very chamber where Iyvinda had nursed me back to life after the fight at the menhir. A little past midnight I took to tossing restlessly, and dreamed of my Pietish maid so vividly that presently I awoke with a start, and saw for a minute, with my wide-open eyes, her face on the far wall, half-veiled in a pale-blue haze, but so true, so certain was it, that with a cry of surprise I rose; whereon the image vanished. Springing up, I lit a second lamp from the one dimly burning in a niche, and looked about, but nothing showed. Going to the door, there outside was the starlit night, and a sentinel walking stolidly to and fro before the main gate: nothing there, either, to note. So out I blew my taper. On turning into the chamber, I suddenly recoiled with a start; for, sitting on my bed, and dressed simply in woman-clothing, was Iyvinda again—herself, her very self, more dear, more beautiful than

ever before—with little of the princess about her, but much of the woman. For a minute I stared in breathless astonishment, then held out my arms.

'Iyvinda,' I cried, 'my soul, my life! Black have been the days when you were away!'

Rising, she turned on me a gentle, anxious face, and also held out her hands.

I touched them! I felt the cool, soft firmness of those finger-tips as certainly as I have ever felt sword or spear-shaft in battle. I got so near to that yearning face that I could see a tear shine upon it against the blackness of my room; and then the lips moved and my name crossed them, with a sigh as soft as a sleeping infant's. Striding forward, I made to enclose that charming maid, never for a moment doubting she was there in reality; but she was gone. Again I made the same futile search within and without; then I cast myself on my bed, and after an hour of confused thinking, dozed once more. No sooner were my eyelids closed than Iyvinda was kneeling at my side, gently holding me down by mental force in sleep.

Yearningly she whispered over me, 'Flavius, my heart is heavy. Come to me, Flavius, while there is yet time and shelter offers. Come to me, my beloved, for that happens which I cannot stay. The clamour of battle is in my ears, and the cry of the dying; and I fear for you. Come to me, my best beloved, for to-morrow it may be too late.' Then, with more which I may not tell, she slowly slipped from my senses.

Between cock-crow and mustering-call next morning a spy came in to report the Caledonians were gathering for battle. In some incredible way his news was known all over the camp as soon as the General knew it; and as he came with set face from his doorway all our ten thousand men burst into one wild cheer of exultation and defiance. Agricola stared out at the Pictish hills as though he had heard nothing in that tumult; but in his heart he knew he had heard the presage of victory.

By noon the next day we were faced with the enemy for battle, and all the sound of preparation had died down to a deadly silence. Near our western cliffs a thousand Roman veterans were in reserve; and farther out, across the grassy plain, was our main battle. Yonder, where the land rose gently up by sloping foot-hills to pine-covered ridges, the Caledonians were ranged against us to the number of thirty thousand.

Aulus Atticus, his eyes blazing with delight, and the colour coming and going on his cheeks as though it were a feast-day and he a village-girl waiting for the first dance, commanded the cavalry on the right; I at his charger's flank. So still each army lay in the plain for an hour, both hesitating to invoke the dreadful chance of battle, that the plover settled again on the open ground between us, and now and then we could

hear the Pictish babies, brought to watch their fathers fight, crying amongst the wagons on the hill-top.

At last there was a movement on the hill Grampius. Light horsemen galloped out of the masses of their kindred and taunted us; the Pictish women set up a dreadful wailing, rising and falling like the sound of the sea at night; and, even while we looked, the lowermost tiers of the Piets came slowly surging down towards us like a far-reaching black tide. Then dismay seized our mercenaries in the centre for a moment, and they begged, in face of an enemy so formidable, to have the Roman veterans sent for.

'What!' cried Agricola laughingly; 'spill blue Roman blood when a muddy tide such as fills your veins may suffice to float us to victory! No, no, my whelps; to-day is yours. Six months in camp your busy tongues have asked for such a chance as this; and, now 'tis here, show your teeth like the gallant cubs of the mother-wolf I know you are. See! I will have no vantage of the meanest of you. Thus—thus I throw in my lot with yours;' springing down as he spoke, and with a single stroke of his sword, killing the beautiful white horse he loved. 'Now let me see the coward who durst not follow though all hell were ranked against him when Agricola leads on foot.'

Naught might stand against such argument, and, with a cheer, our battle rose and charged across the plain to meet the foemen. It was a stirring sight, with a kingdom for prize. The dust rose in a fog above the fighting men, the light ran twinkling up and down a wavering tangle of steel, and the roar of twenty thousand men at each others' throats was dreadful to listen to. With ever-increasing strength it was 'Rome! Rome and Vesta!' Ownerless chariots went flying across the plain, and wild-eyed horses dragging bloody corpses by the stirrup-irons galloped heedlessly through the sunburnt meads; wounded men staggered out and lay down to die in shady corners of the war-fog; and standards dipped and fell as to and fro the long line of battle bent and swung. But ever it was 'Rome! Rome or Hades!'

Back at last the barbarians began to go before our invincible wall of shields; and when their kindred on the hills saw that, another tier and another of their host was launched; and back in turn the struggling Latins reeled.

'Curse on them!' cried Aulus, gnawing his helmet-strap with anxiety and impatience. 'All the furies of the nether world be upon them! Are we to sit idle here all day while the fight is lost or won?'

Hardly had he spoken when a horseman galloped up from the centre. 'Word,' he said, 'from Agricola! The barbarians are coming on you from behind the northern slope. Charge them! Then round behind our battle, and

[Christmas Number.]

charge again where they threaten on the south. This from Agrieola.'

Wo did not want a second bidding. Some five thousand of the enemy, hoping to outflank us, had come down, as the General saw, on our right; and joyously we went at them as they swept out, horse and footmen, into the meadows. There were three thousand of us, and after months of sword-fast we went at them as though each man were riding to his mistress's arms. We fell on with blind fury, and the crash of our meeting was heard right over to the far end of the fight. It was a wild, tumultuous chaos of dust and horsemen, a fierce drive through a tangled thicket of spears and swords, in which those who fell fought each other as they died underfoot, and dying horses kicked and bit, and an indescribable roar of mingled rage and pain went up into the sky. Then we were through, and what was left of the enemy flying for the woods.

'Now to the south, comrades,' cried Aulus, covered with blood and dust, but as handsome as the war-god himself. 'There is still another course to this feast, and I think you are as hungry as I am.'

To the south we went, wheeled into line, and again charged the tribesmen. Meanwhile our Batavian and Tungrian cohorts, finding the enemy wavering, had linked their shields and, with a rush, borne them headlong backward upon their rear ranks, who became wedged up and confused, and broke! Then it was 'Rome! Rome!' again, and back our gallant mercenaries drove the reeling clans, hacking and stabbing as they trampled down their ranks, while horrible confusion spread up the hill, and the plain behind the victorious Romans darkened with dead.

'Now, once more, friends,' said Aulus—'once more on them, and the land is ours.' And away we went again headlong into the helpless confusion of the Northmen. Bravely they stood against us here and there, even when they saw the day was lost to them; but of what avail was it? They went down like sheaves under a mower's sickle. We cleared the whole of the foot-hills.

Then Aulus, wheeling round to disperse a gathering still holding a knoll in the Pietish centre, sent me with a handful to see how the rout progressed in the north. When the errand was done, to my incredible surprise evening was on us! The whole day had slipped by with magic swiftness in what seemed but an hour of wild excitement. Would that my soul had sunk for ever in the happy oblivion of battle, for there is now to tell that which spoils everything, dimming the shine of victory, and numbing my pen, though many months have passed since the thing happened I write of.

The evening was on us. The tired Romans were camped about the plain, and the far sky—
1903.]

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line was flecked with red where the flying Caledonians were burning their villages. I had sent my handful to their supper, and was pacing moodily along where the fight had been thickest, when a voice called to me from amid a group of dead men.

'Flavius the centurion!'

I reined up, and, staring hard, saw a living Piet strapped to the wheel of an overturned chariot.

'Flavius,' he said, 'you know me not?'

'Not I, you son of darkness.'

'Yet it was I who felled you by the menhir in Horestia.'

'And now you would have me settle that score by finishing the work some foolish, slave-taking soldier of ours has left undone.'

'Not so. I called to you to say I will buy my freedom, if you will unbind me, with great news.'

'Beast! keep your gossip to yourself. I would not listen to it to save a thousand such as you from the galleys.'

'What? Not if it concerned the Princess Iyvinda?'

Out jumped my sword, and in a moment the man's lashings were cut through. 'Speak,' I cried; 'you are free. What of the princess?'

'Go to the knoll,' answered the fellow, edging away into the darkness, 'where we made the last stand against your horsemen. She is there.'

Iyvinda on the hillside in the gathering darkness! Oh, what did that mean? With a cry I could not control, I stirred my charger with the spurs; and away, loose-reined, he flew through the labyrinths of dead or dying men and the black-red puddles on the hillside—away to the hillock where all the bravest Pieties had fallen. There, in the hush of the August twilight, I cried aloud, 'Iyvinda;' and from just in front of my horse-hoofs a voice answered gently, 'My Flavius!'

I was down in an instant and kneeling by her, and all my heart turned to water, for I saw she was wounded and dying.

'I am glad you have come,' she said quietly as I propped her against my knee. 'We made our stand here, but none may hold against the Roman. They came at us like ravaging wolves. Oh, how weak I get! Yonder big man who was leading—who is he?' I looked where she pointed, and saw a figure, already stiff in death, staring coldly up at the coming stars, and cried in horrified astonishment, 'Aulus Attieus!'

'What!' cried the princess, a gleam of barbarian pleasure lending her a flash of life for a moment; 'Aulus, who offered the blood-money for me?' Then, as the smile died down, she went on: 'It was he who stabbed me in the mêlée; and my brother, ere he fell dead across me, stabbed him in turn to the heart—my brother—my comrade—he who had no thought in life but my happiness!'

After keeping silent for a time, she asked for water to drink. When I brought some from a rill hard by, she was so weak she could hardly speak, but rallied again as I lifted her gently. 'It is best like this, Flavius. I should have made but a poor slave—even to you—and you but a poor dweller in the woods. Is he still asleep?' she asked, pointing to the brother at her side. 'Oh yes, I remember; he is dead. I kissed him till he died, Flavius, for he loved me with all his heart. Oh, how cold the night-air is!' Then she grew faint for a minute or two, and on reviving, whispered, 'You will put me in Knowe, by the city yonder, my Roman; I was born

there, and loved it.' With a little gasp, she took my hand, and the brave, kind eyes looked into mine for a minute; then the dear ruddy head came down gently upon my shoulder. Her spirit had fled.

We put her in Knowe, as she wished, by her own island town; and generous Legate Agricola, bareheaded, threw the first stone on her mound, crying as he did so, 'To a brave enemy!' They buried her at that place which men thereafter called 'The Woman's Knowe;' and long her name shall be cherished in her country, and as long as breath and life shall continue by him whom she ennobled with her friendship.

A VETERAN'S GHOST-STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE ATTACK ON THE FARM,' 'FOR THE SAKE OF A KISS,' ETC.



It was a fearful night, as dark as pitch, and outside in the forest it seemed as if the Storm Fiend had let loose all his myrmidons to play their own wild will with everything in their way. The storm that had threatened all the evening had come at last; and the thunder broke with a bellowing crash just above us, the blue blaze of the lightning showing up the tall, dark pines as they swayed and creaked, and more than one came crashing down. Then for a moment there came a lull, as though these demons were satisfied with the mischief they had done, and nought but the heavy downpour was heard; but it was only momentary, for on they came again with a rush and a swirl, the rain beating against the panes as if savage at being baffled in the attempt to break through them.

Hearing the storm without, as we sat in the snug parlour of 'The Little Black Squirrel,' listening to the thunder as it rumbled away over the mountains, we drew our chairs closer to the blazing fire and thanked our stars we were under cover. It was not surprising on that dark autumnal night our conversation should have turned on ghosts; for if ever there was a time that would suit them to be abroad it was then. So much so did we all feel this that no one seemed inclined to joke about them or attempt to deny their existence.

'Well, I know one thing,' said Pierre Deslin, the landlord; 'I saw what I thought was a ghost once, and, *parbleu!* I don't want that experience over again—though, as it turned out, it was not a ghost after all; but I should say that a real one must be the very deuce. *Ma foi!*' he continued, with a grin and a sly twinkle in his eyes, 'you fellows had better be careful

when you go home to-night, and keep together, for I guess if there are any ghosts about, you will all run pretty quick.'

Now, old Deslin was as brave as a lion, and as modest as he was brave; and, what's more, he had a kind heart. He was a veteran of the Grande Armée, and had retired with the rank of a *maréchal des logis en chef*. If his parents had only had the sense to have made him learn his letters better he would have had a commission, and Heaven knows what he would have been then—something better, I warrant, than the landlord of a little mountain tavern in Alsace. Pierre, with his varied experiences and keen sense of humour, could tell a good story when he liked; and seeing that he was in the mood, we pricked up our ears, and for the time being forgot about the raging storm outside.

'Never you mind about us,' said Boussier the verderer; 'let us hear about the ghost you saw, whether it was a real one or not.'

'*Bon!* but fair-play is a jewel. One does not keep this place, my boy, for amusement,' replied the old veteran, who was never above making a little money.

We understood, and accordingly ordered double *bocks* all round. Then, when we had made up the fire and recharged our pipes, the old soldier began:

'It was on 4th December 1805, two days after the battle of Austerlitz, commonly known as the Battle of the Three Emperors, that I and my comrade Jean Breckner, troopers of the 2nd Chasseurs, received orders to act as escort to Captain Norderman, who, for conspicuous bravery as a lieutenant in Oudinot's Grenadiers, had lately been made aide-de-camp to Prince Murat, for whom he had to carry despatches to General Drouvardel at Lasowitz, near Zwittau, on the Hungarian frontier.

[Christmas Number.]

'Now, though I have got the battle of Austerlitz at my finger-ends, I am not going to tell you much about that; but I must tell you a little, so that you may see why it was I was selected to go with the captain. And, besides, it does one good to think how the Russians and Austrians went head over heels into the trap the Emperor had set for them by inducing them to attack us on our right, between Tellnitz and Sokolnitz.

'Half a squadron of us, fifty-eight sabres, had been detached from Murat's brigade of light cavalry, composed of seven regiments on the left, to serve with Friant's division under Legrand on the right, whose command had to bear the whole brunt of the Russian attack at the point I have mentioned. Of course we had to fall back; but we kept our ground so tenaciously that, to oblige us to give way, the allies had to bring up men from their centre at Pratzen, and so weaken it; which was just what the Emperor wanted, for that was such an impregnable position that, if the fools had only stopped there, the Emperor would rather have retreated than have attempted to take it; but they, in their arrogance, little guessing his real aims, played into his hands.

'The heights of Pratzen were taken, and by three o'clock the battle was actually over. It is admitted now that our great chief made one mistake in allowing fifteen thousand Russians to escape by the Monetz defile, for we had to fight these men over again three years later at Eylau and Friedland. It is noteworthy that at Austerlitz Napoleon employed little more than half his men, and consequently there were many who were quite fresh, and some of these might well have annihilated that fifteen thousand, had they followed them up.

'It will be remembered how the Emperor, with marvellous forethought—diabolical cleverness, his enemies called it—had, towards the close of the battle, as the Russians were retreating over the frozen lakes, ordered the artillery not to fire at the men, but into the ice in front of them. Many of the Russians, in their frantic fear, rushed on; but the bulk of the poor wretches, seeing the fate that awaited them, turned back, only to be shot down by our men on the banks. Some few did reach the land; but these were quickly bayoneted into the icy water again.

'We Chasseurs were spread out behind our men on the banks, in case some might by chance escape those who were awaiting them; so we were silent witnesses of this butchery. I was on the extreme right of the line. Our lieutenant had been wounded that morning, and we at that point were under a *maréchal des logis*—a regular brute he was, too—named Coussin. It happened that one of the returning fugitives reserved his fire till he was close to the bank, when he shot one of our men and clubbed

another; and though he received a wound himself on the head, he got through the cordon and darted off for dear life. I can see the poor wretch now with the blood running down his face. Observing this, the *maréchal des logis* ordered me to follow him and cut him down. It was a sickening duty, for I thought the poor hunted fellow deserved his freedom.

'It was easy for Coussin to give orders; but there were a lot of willow-stumps just there, and I did not want to lame my horse, and, honestly, it was no easy work to follow him. I could, if I had wished to bring down the quarry, have dismounted and taken a steady shot at him with my carbine; but, as I really wanted him to escape, I let him run across this frozen swamp, and soon he got on the ice, and reached an island with some thick willows on it. There he was perfectly safe. It would have been useless to follow him. However, to keep up appearances, I fired in that direction. Coussin, who had been watching me, was perfectly furious when I came back, for this man was the only one who escaped, though at other parts of the lake some commanding officers allowed the Russians to give themselves up as prisoners. "I will pay you out for that, *mon enfant*," he said, with an oath; "you see if I don't."

'So I was not surprised that when it came to choosing the two who should go on the somewhat dangerous duty of escorting Captain Norderman, he selected me for one. However, I did not mind; I was glad to get away from him for a little. He was always finding fault with some one, and his wrath would probably be turned on somebody else by the time I returned. A few days before I had been present at Brunn when so many Russian wounded were burnt to death in the hospital; but their cries did not dwell in my memory as did the heart-rending shrieks of those poor unfortunates on the lake as they were forced into their watery graves. That was another reason why I was not really sorry to leave the locality for a little.

'Just as we started on our mission, we met the Emperor surrounded by his *état major*, among whom I recognised Murat, Junot, Soult, Bernadotte, Duroc, Bessières, Suchet, and many others. The only general of importance who was missing was Lannes, who had gone off in a huff to Paris because he considered—and rightly too, for no one had done more to bring about the victory—that his services had not been sufficiently recognised in the official bulletin. Napoleon was at that very moment on his way from the Château of Nasiedlowitz to take part in the memorable and historical meeting with the Emperor of Austria at the Mill of Poleny.

'It was a sharp, crisp morning, and the sun shone brightly, but not with sufficient force to melt the snow that glistened and sparkled on the trees.

'I noticed at once that Captain Norderman, splendid soldier as he was, like many infantry officers, had not a good seat on horseback, though I do not think I should have paid much attention to that had it not been for what happened afterwards. We had gone some distance through an interminable pine-forest, when we pulled up at an inn to give our horses a rest. Not very long after we started, as we were going down a steep incline, the captain's horse stumbled on the slippery, frozen ground, and fell heavily with its rider. I feared at first, as he lay motionless and as white as the snow around him, that he had broken his neck; but he regained his senses after I had given him some spirit from his flask. His right arm was broken and his head cut so badly that it was useless for him to attempt to continue his journey.

'Jean Breckner was really my senior; but he was a dull, heavy fellow, and I suppose the captain saw that. "Look here!" he said to me. "Take my sabre-tache. These despatches are important, so hurry on with them; and if everything goes right, it will be a good thing for you."

'I may state here that the captain was as good as his word, for on my return, through his influence, I was made a brigadier; and having got my foot on the first rung of the ladder, my promotion from that time was as rapid as I had any right to expect.

'Though I was sorry for the captain's mishap, I was naturally elated at the chance of gaining a little distinction, and after I had helped my comrade to lift the wounded officer into his saddle, I started to perform my duty as fast as the dangerous state of the ground would permit.

'I was filled with a strange and glorious sense of freedom. For the first time since I had joined the service I felt I was my own master. I had taken part in many foraging expeditions, when we had driven off cattle and taken everything that came in our way; but then I had always been under a *sous-officier* or *maréchal des logis*; now I was a free agent, and I could ride fast or slow, just as the fancy took me. But at the same time I was fully aware of the responsibilities and dangers of my position. We French, as conquering invaders, were naturally hated with a deadly hatred by the Austrian peasantry. Many a small escort, as I knew well enough, to say nothing of a solitary *estafette*, had been killed in cold blood; but I was young and reckless, and the dangers around me only gave a zest to my duty.

'My route was north-west, and I rode with the sun on my left. As I proceeded the sky gradually became more and more overcast, and a keen wind from the north sprang up. It was getting on towards four o'clock, and the winter day was coming to a close, when I came to a little inn, called "The Three Magpies," on the verge of the forest. Before me I saw nothing

but a vast bleak plain, with here and there a stunted tree upon it. I did not like the prospect, for the clouds were getting blacker than ever; so I resolved to give my horse rest and get some refreshment myself ere I crossed the desolate waste in front.

'The landlord—a rough, uncouth fellow, with a huge black beard and small, cunning eyes—told me that, apart from some rye-spirit, he had nothing to offer me; adding, with a sneer, that that was too good for a — Frenchman. It so happened that as he spoke I heard a cock crow. Nettled by his manner, without saying a word, I took my steed round to the stable, where I found several chickens. I had caught and wrung the necks of two, when the man altered his tone and told me that perhaps he could find some goat's-flesh.

'A soldier *en campagne* never knows when he may get his next meal, so I made a very good one, and what I could not eat I put into my haversack. I also took some of the rye-spirit, and uncommonly strong it was, too. I wished afterwards I had left it alone. The landlord, however, drank this raw, fiery stuff as though it were water; and, apart from making him more talkative, it did not seem to affect him at all. "I don't envy you your ride," he said when I had finished. "You see, it will snow soon. Where are you going?" "To Lasowitz, the headquarters of General Drouvardel," I replied.

"That's three good leagues," he said. Then he gave me some directions, as there was a mere track across the plain. "You see that solitary pine? Well, you keep that to the left. When you get level with it you will see a clump of firs on the horizon; you must go to the right of that. From that point you will see a forest right in front of you, and by skirting to the right of it you will come upon the road."

'I thanked him for his information, and went to fetch the horse. I was engaged in tightening the girths, when he told me I owed him two thalers.

'Never since I crossed the frontier had I paid for anything, and I was quite astonished at being asked to do so. As a matter of fact, I had no money; and I told him he could go to the deuce, and that he ought to be grateful that I had not put a bullet in him for telling me lies and saying he had no food in the place.

'We should probably have come to blows, when, at that moment, the fellow's young wife arrived. She had just come from market, and had a basket on her arm. Young and impressionable, I was perfectly astounded by her extraordinary beauty. From her splendid figure and flashing yet languorous dark eyes, I felt sure she was of Hungarian origin. The Austrian women are pretty, *très gentille, très chic*; but they have not the irresistible, passionate fire of the Hungarians. Moreover, there was a suspicion of *diablerie* in her manner, and that added

[Christmas Number.]

to her beauty. I had mounted my horse and was about to start. "Come, my brave lad," she said coaxingly, placing her hand on my knee and looking up into my eyes, "surely you will pay for what you have had. We are very poor; the war has nearly ruined us. I have been to market, and I have not been able to sell anything." She spoke, to my surprise, in very good French.

"Every one has a weak point—mine in those days was a pretty face. I had never seen her equal before. *Ma foi!* the heavens were in her eyes, and her lips were the gates of paradise. It was a case of the old fable of the Sun and the Wind. Her brute of a husband would never have got a *silber-groschen* out of me; but with her I was as clay in the hands of the potter. Doubtless she saw her advantage. "Come," she continued in French, "and have a glass before you go." "And what about a kiss, my beauty?" I said in a low tone and in the same language. "Well, we will see about that," she laughed, with a toss of her head. "Come in."

"Forgetting all about the despatches—in fact, everything—I led my horse into the stable again, and, like a young fool, followed her into the tavern as innocently as a lamb skips into the butcher's yard. I liked the idea of the adventure. I felt sure there was some mystery connected with the girl. I could not imagine one so lovely being married to such a clown. From her voice and manner, she had evidently been well educated, and I wanted to solve this enigma. I had expected the landlord to follow us; but for a while he remained outside. "*Parbleu!* I am going to have the kiss now," I said, placing my hand on her shoulder. "No, no," she said, with a sharp movement, and the blood mounted up through her warm olive skin. "You sit there."

"So I took a seat at the table, and she sat opposite and poured me out a glass of the ardent spirit; then, clinking our glasses, she drank to my health and I drank to hers. Her husband at this point came into the room. "Listen, *mon brave*," she said, leaning across the table; "you really must give us something. You soldiers have always plenty of money. Give us a trifle, just for luck, you know."

"It had chanced that at cards on the previous night I had won from a comrade a piece of coral, mounted in gold, and a few precious stones he had taken from a shrine. "I cannot give you money," I answered. "I have not got any myself; but I have got some things here," I continued, foolishly producing the little bag which contained the jewels. "There, *ma chérie*," I said, "you can wear that on Sundays;" and I presented her with the piece of coral. Her face beamed with delight; and, seeing a guitar in the corner, and quite carried away by her beauty, I was going to ask her to sing me something, when I was struck by the effect

[1903.]

which the sight of the stones had on the ruffian standing beside her. As soon as he saw them his eyes were filled with a dangerous, fiendish look of greed and curiosity; so much so that I hastily put them away.

"There hung on the wall opposite a large hunting-knife. I had noticed it before. I saw the man, in an absent-minded sort of way, go and take the knife down, and in an equally leisurely manner walk round the room with it, and he took up a position behind me. I saw this, I say, but still I suspected no danger. At that moment the woman made a hurried, involuntary movement, and her face turned deadly pale. Our eyes met only for one moment; but it was enough, for I read her meaning, and sprang up just as the innkeeper had raised his arm to stab me in the neck. "You cursed scoundrel!" I cried as I sprang back and covered him with my cocked pistol. "Hands up, I say, or you are a dead man." I had got the table between us, and had him completely at my mercy. At least he thought so; but, to tell the truth, my pistol (a beautiful, silver-mounted one I picked up on the battlefield) was not even loaded. With an oath he dropped the murderous weapon. I compelled him to go out in front of me to the stable, where I mounted my mare and rode off as fast as I could.

"I had not gone a hundred metres when a bullet whizzed past my ear; and pulling up my horse, I saw the cowardly ruffian with the gun still smoking in his hands. My first resolution was to dash back and chastise him; but I soon saw the utter uselessness of doing that, as he was already reloading his weapon; and from the interior of his dwelling he could easily get another safe shot at me. So I resumed my road with the determination of paying him a little visit when I returned.

"I was convinced from her manner that the landlord's wife had no evil intention when she induced me to enter the inn. I quite acquitted her of all blame; in fact, but for her warning glance my fate must have been sealed. Perhaps, however, her beauty had something to do with this lenient view.

"I was so preoccupied with the thoughts of my providential escape, and the vengeance I meant to take on the first opportunity, that I did not at first notice the increasing darkness, nor even that snow had begun to fall. Had my mare only known the road, neither the darkness nor the snow would have troubled me so much, for horses have a wonderful instinct for finding their way; but, as I still had to go three leagues, I began to get uneasy and look anxiously for the landmarks the man had given me.

"I had passed the solitary tree he had spoken of; but, alas! I could not distinguish in the gloom the clump of firs. There was nothing but a great, bleak, undulating plain in front of me as far as the eye could see. Faster and

faster fell the snow, and as it reached the ground the strong north wind blew it as frozen powder in blinding gusts in my face, freezing me to the very bones as I bent down almost to my horse's crupper before the icy blast. I soon felt convinced that my horse had got off the track, as she stumbled through the ice of some of those salt-marshes that abound in that district. My hands and feet were becoming numbed. I could hardly hold the reins, and I had not the least idea where I was going. I began to fear that I had made my last campaign, and that it was useless to struggle on, when through the snow I saw a small hut about a hundred paces from me. Thanking Providence for my good fortune, I urged my tired horse towards it.

'At all costs I determined to pass the night there; but remembering my late experience, I stopped and loaded my pistol ere I approached the dwelling. My precautions, however, were needless, for I found the place was empty. The unfortunate inhabitants had evidently only recently fled, for the remains of a fire were still warm. The little hovel was divided into two parts, the family using one, while the other was evidently a stable. My first care was to see to my mare; and after I had brushed and groomed her, I gave her a good feed of oats that I had brought from the inn. Then, with a light heart, I made up the fire. As I had not sufficient wood, I was breaking up the manger, when, as good luck would have it, I found therein a child's cap and cape and a small sack of carrots and potatoes, which the peasants must have overlooked in their hurried flight. The carrots I kept for my mare, while I placed the potatoes round the fire, on which my soup was soon simmering in my *marmite*.

'The storm outside still raged with unabated fury, shaking the little cabin to its foundations; but little I cared for that, for I was warm and snug before a blazing fire, and I listened with complacency, almost with a secret pleasure, to the wind as it blustered and howled down the chimney; and no king in his palace was happier than I.

'Then, when my meal was over—and I had made a good one, too, for, apart from the goat's flesh, I had brought away the two chickens—I lighted my pipe, and by the flickering flames began to spell over with some difficulty—for I never was a scholar—the only letter I had ever received from my *fiancée*, Charlotte Frezbach, who was far away in Alsace, and who, I had no doubt, was also thinking of me. Naturally I could not help comparing her with the lovely Hungarian I had seen at the inn. Now that I was no longer under the immediate influence of the latter's dark, flashing eyes and the effect of the ardent spirit I had imbibed had died away, I might perhaps admit that she was really the more beautiful of the two; still, I

felt that, after all, Charlotte, with her true heart and simple nature, would make the better wife. Then my thoughts quickly turned to the jewels I possessed, for was it not with these that I expected to do so much when I returned? With loving care I opened the little bag and gazed over the gems as they sparkled in the firelight. What a price would they not fetch!

'I grew quite sentimental. I thought of how I would go back to my native village covered with honour and glory and riches, and of our happy married life. I thought of how my dear one would amuse herself looking after our pretty cottage, our children, and the cows and chickens; while I, as a veteran, would fight my battles over again, and sit and drink and smoke all day and half the night down at "The Garland of Flowers."

'Oh, *parbleu!* men try and look into the future; but it's a good thing they cannot do so. Jewels and women are not always what they appear. Within a month I was destined to find, when I tried to sell them, that the stones were only paste; and when I returned to my home three years later, Charlotte had been married long ago. But I did not know that then; so, with these happy thoughts in my head, after I had made the fire up and looked at the mare, I wrapped myself up in my long cloak, and with my saddle as a pillow, I soon fell into a heavenly slumber.

'I must have slept some hours, when I was suddenly awakened by a sharp, shrill, almost human cry from my mare—a cry I had sometimes heard horses make on the battlefield when the poor brutes were wounded. But for a mass of red ashes on the hearth, all was dark. I was about to rise, when, suddenly looking up, what should I see—and the sight froze the very marrow in my bones—but a white face with a pair of enormous gleaming red eyes watching me intently through the bottle-end glass windows! No creature made of flesh and blood could have such eyes. For the moment, often as I had faced death, I was speechless with fright, and the perspiration broke out on my forehead. Till then I had never believed in ghosts, and had laughed at those who did. The mare also added to my agitation by her frenzied efforts to get loose, for she was kicking and plunging with fear to such an extent that I wonder she did not bring the whole place down.

'Luckily, at that moment my nerveless hand fell on the cocked pistol beside me. The feel of the familiar weapon brought me back in a measure from the supernatural; and, whether it would affect the supposed spirit or not, I raised it mechanically and fired. The face disappeared, and with its disappearance my courage returned. Springing up, I saw by the light of the moon, which had just come out from behind a cloud, that the ghost was nothing but an old gray wolf that was limping off, leaving a trail

[Christmas Number.

of blood behind it on the snow. The brute, however, soon stopped; and after vainly trying to lick the wound, it sank down dead, for my bullet had passed through its neck. My mare was still trembling with fright, and I could only quiet her by bringing her in to the fire, which I quickly made up again.

'Though my courage, I say, had quite returned now that I knew my visitor was of flesh and blood, and that the terrible aspect of the great red eyes that had so much alarmed me was only caused by the reflection of the fire through the magnifying power of the little, round, bottle-end panes of the window, still the knowledge that there were wolves in the vicinity was discomforting. We had wolves in Alsace, and I knew that a wolf that has become gray and toothless, like the one I had just seen, is generally driven from the pack, but he keeps near on the chance of getting anything they may leave. I knew, moreover, that with the keen sight and smell of the animals, the carcass outside might attract them, and before morning I might find the little hovel surrounded by wolves.

'No wonder, then, as I sat down and counted my bullets and looked to my powder, I wished it had never fallen to my lot to carry the captain's despatches. I wished the *maréchal des logis* at the deuce for having chosen me to act as escort. I even thought bitterly of the landlord's wife; for if she had not enticed me to follow her into the tavern I might have got across the plain before the snow came on. In fact, I blamed everybody except myself, as we usually do when we make a *faux pas*. However, it was no good worrying about it. I had been in many a dilemma before, and got out all right; so, after throwing on some more logs, lulled by the flicker of the flames, I soon went off to sleep again.

'The next morning before starting I went out and made a good survey of the surrounding country. The snow had quite ceased, and the red sun was slowly rising through the mist in the east. I was much surprised and delighted to see the clump of fir-trees the innkeeper had spoken of some distance to the rear; and, making all allowance for the blinding storm, I wondered how I could have missed it. What was more, I also saw the forest away to the north on the horizon. Not a wolf was in sight except the dead one lying in the snow; and, little guessing what was in store for me, I almost laughed at my fears of the previous night. My natural spirits had returned, and I mounted my horse and trotted gaily over the snow towards the forest, where I knew I ought to find the road. I reckoned I had not much more than a league to go, and I ought soon to be at the General's headquarters.

'I must have been a thousand metres from the forest when I suddenly saw a squadron of 1903.]

cavalry marching in double file towards the rising sun, at right angles to me. Why, if they were French, they should be going due east, and why they should keep so closely under the shadows of the trees, I could not make out. Besides, if I could see them, they must have seen me, a solitary horseman on the plain; yet they made no sign. They were hardly likely to be Russians, and they were certainly not 'white-coats,' as the Austrians were called; but I could not be too careful, for some of their uniforms wore uncommonly like ours.

'Seeing a hollow near, I hastily rode in that direction, resolving when I reached it to watch them more closely. As soon as I got to the hollow I dismounted, and lightly holding my horse's rein, I crawled up on hands and knees to observe them. The sun shone brightly on their seabboards and accoutrements, and my fears were soon at rest, for there was no doubt that they were French Hussars. Being convinced of that, I was just going to get up and mount again, and ride forward towards them, when suddenly my mare jerked the reins out of my hand, and with cocked ears stood still for a moment. I tried to catch her; but ere I could do so a sound came over the plain which sent my heart into my mouth, and with a snort of fear, she, free from all burden, flew *ventre à terre*, with the stirrups flapping against her sides, over the snow-clad plain, straight for the men I had been watching.

'Then—oh, great heavens!—my heart sank within me, for I had heard that sound before; I knew at once it was the baying of a pack of wolves. I took one look. They were still a good distance off; but I knew I had no chance unless the soldiers in front saw and realised my plight, and that right quickly. Just as I had at first wished to be unobserved, now I prayed to Providence that I might be seen. My carbine was on my saddle; I had but my pistol and sword. If the worst came to the worst, I determined at last to turn and face my foes; but still, life at that age is very dear, and I ran and ran as I had never run before.

'To give myself a better chance, I threw off my long cloak. But nearer and nearer came the deep, loud baying. Impeded by my great boots, it was impossible for me to make great progress, and I felt I was fast sinking. All my past life seemed to flash upon me in those terrible moments. But my prayer was answered. My riderless horse had been seen. I heard the trumpet in the distance sound "the trot" and then "the gallop." It was a race for life. It all depended whether my rescuers or the wolves would reach me first. The mere knowledge that help was coming, though I feared it might be too late, to a certain extent drove away my utter despair. On and on I struggled, but getting weaker every moment. I dared not

look round; but something after a little while told me that my crafty pursuers were relaxing their efforts, for the yelping and baying, though continuous, did not appear to be getting any louder. On the other hand, I saw the Hussars racing towards me. Nearer and nearer they came, and soon a clear, sharp voice rang out across the snow: "*Courage, mon enfant! Courage!*"

'In another moment, just as I fell exhausted on the snow, with a swoop my brave deliverers, jingling and jangling, their horses straining forward on their bits, and their drawn swords glittering in the sun, dashed past me, with a cheer, straight at my pursuing foes, and I knew I was saved! The wolves, in fact, never waited for their onslaught; but I heard the crackle of some carbines, and I learned afterwards a few were hit.

'My heart went out in gratitude to these brave fellows; but it was some time ere I could get my breath to thank them. When I had done so they crowded round me, asking me whether it was true that the Emperor had gained a great battle, for rumours had reached them of a victory; but they had seen no one who could give reliable particulars. Loud and long were the cheers that arose when I gave them particulars of the battle of Austerlitz, and for some time I was eagerly questioned by the officer in command and by his excited troopers.

"Well, my lad," said the captain after I had finished my narrative, "you have had a narrow escape, and I am glad we were able to help you; but it seems to me that, if you belong to Murat's brigade, we must have been on the wrong road." "Of course you were, *mon capitaine*," I replied. "You were going due east, and you ought to be going south-east." Then I gave him full particulars of his route; nor did I forget to tell him of "The Three Magpies" and the treatment I had received from the landlord.

'He was an uncommonly handsome young fellow this captain, with a reckless, dare-devil look about him. "You say," he exclaimed, with a twinkle in his eye, as he twisted his moustache, "that we shall find plenty to eat and drink, and a pretty woman into the bargain. *Parbleu!* then it is time we were off." Thereupon, turning to a brigadier, he ordered him and a trooper to act as my guides, and soon we were trotting in opposite directions over the plain.

'That young officer, whose name was Raymondière, and whom I was destined to know well in years to come, had very much taken

my fancy, apart from the great debt I owed him for saving my life. He was evidently very popular with his men, and many a story the troopers told me of him as we cantered along. There was no greater Don Juan in the service, according to them. If half the stories these fellows related to me were true—well, I felt sorry for the innkeeper, villain as he was, if this well-known lady-killer should find his pretty wife at home. And, as it happened, he did.

'On delivering the despatches, I was ordered to return at once with the two men who had come with me. On my way back, when I reached the single pine-tree, I naturally expected to see the inn; but there was no appearance of it, and I almost feared I had mistaken the track. Then as we got nearer we saw that it had been burnt to the ground, and only the blackened walls remained. I was very vexed, for I was anxious to see *la belle Hongroise* again. The more I thought of that beautiful girl the more mystified I became; but the desire to see her did not prevent me from resolving to settle accounts with her husband. To quiet my conscience—and it is very easy to find a way to do that when we want to—I persuaded myself that that ruffian had got the girl into his power by some unfair means; but I was soon to find out that others had paid off this score for me. I had just got up to the building, which was still smouldering, when my mare suddenly swerved aside and came to a sudden halt. Trembling all over, she planted her feet before her, and the breath came sharply through her distended nostrils. Wondering at the cause, I looked up, and saw among the trees quite close to me the body of the innkeeper swaying in the wind. His repulsive face, with its great black beard, looked more repulsive than ever. On his shoulder a carrion crow was perched. One eye had already been pecked out, and the bird was busy pecking at the other.

'A horrible feeling, half-fear, half-disgust, fell on all three of us. "*Allons!*" said the brigadier, with a ghastly look on his face—"allons!" and he and his comrades went off as though the Evil One were behind them. Digging the spurs into the mare and giving her her head, I forced her past the body and raced after them.

'I had certainly not been sorry the day before to leave the scene of our great victory; but I know I was precious glad when I pulled up my jaded steed once more at Prince Murat's headquarters.'



THE FATE OF SIR AUBREY DRAXELL.

Being an Abridgment of a Manuscript recently Discovered in the Muniment Chest at Ravenscrag in the County of York.

By T. W. SPEIGHT.

PART I.



HAVING, through the merey of Heaven, reached my eighty-sixth birthday, and being convinced, owing to my growing infirmities, that my departure from the stage of this life cannot be much longer delayed, I, John Somers of Ravenscrag, sometime Colonel in His Majesty's Dragoons, have determined (after much cogitation), while my intellect is still clear and my memory nearly as fresh as ever it was, to put on record, and in my own handwriting, the particulars of a certain event, now nearly fifty years old, which have never yet been made known to the world, and must otherwise die with me.

The event to which I refer is the disappearance of Sir Aubrey Draxell, whose house of Langrig was just ten miles from my own place of Ravenscrag, both being in the county of York.

Aubrey's father and mine had both hunted behind the same pack of hounds, had both sat on the same bench as county magistrates, and had had many a jolly drinking-bout together.

Draxell and I went up to Cambridge within a few months of each other, and there formed a close bond of friendship which lasted unbroken through the whole of our college course. A little later we saw much of each other in town; and when at length we parted, I to take up my commission in the army, and he to go back home, where his father lay ill of a mortal complaint, it was as brothers part who have never had a wrong word between them; and as we shook hands for the last time and emptied a last bumper to each other's health, the eyes of both were moist, and we walked out at opposite doors of the tavern, each being ashamed to let the other see how unmanned he was.

Ten years went by, at the end of which, after having seen considerable service in the colonies and elsewhere, I was invalided home, with the rank of colonel, an ugly scar, the result of a sabre-slash, across my right cheek, and a confirmed limp of my left leg.

One of the first persons I met after my arrival in town was my second cousin, Onoria Ferrers, whom I had not seen since she was a girl of twelve. She was now a beautiful young woman of twenty-two. She had come up from York-
1903.]

shire with her aunt, Lady Hoylake, who always contrived to have a month in London before going on to Bath for the season.

For me to see Onoria was to fall madly in love with her. I had not been ten minutes in her company before I lost my heart to her, never to find it again during all the happy years that were to come. She, on her part, seemed to find something attractive in the war-worn soldier, his searred cheek and his limp notwithstanding. I was never one to let grass grow under my feet. At the end of a fortnight I asked her to become my wife, and for answer she laid her hand in mine.

When I told Lady Hoylake she said: 'I congratulate you, my dear John. Onoria will make you an excellent wife. I am more than ever pleased that I brought her to town with me, for I was really afraid that, had I left her alone in the country, your old acquaintance, Sir Aubrey Draxell, would have succeeded in winning her in her own despite. He is a man whom I have always disliked, and Onoria never really cared for him; but he seemed to have a strange and quite unaccountable influence over her. He repelled her and yet attracted her, if you can comprehend such a thing; and I verily believe that he would have persuaded her into accepting him had he not been called away in the nick of time on one of those mysterious errands which have taken him from home so often of late years. An hour before he started he sought and found Onoria in the garden, and there and then asked her to give him her promise to wed him on his return, and tried to coerce her into an acceptance of a betrothal-ring he had brought with him. Happily, my dear girl had enough power of will to repulse him and say him nay. But he wholly refused to accept his dismissal. "I will call upon you as soon as I return," he said; "by which time I trust that you will have seen well to change your mind." Then he added, "I love you, Miss Ferrers, and you shall yet be mine. It will be an ill day for any man who dares to come between me and you." With that he turned and left her, and we have neither seen nor heard of him since.'

Here was strange news! And yet I could not wonder at my old friend falling in love with Onoria when the chance of doing so came in

his way; the wonder would have been had he failed to do so. For the threat conveyed in his last words to her I cared nothing. It did not cause me a moment's disquietude. From the beginning of our friendship I had been aware that there was a dark, and even a sinister, side to Draxell's character; but how often soever it might have been turned towards others, it had never been turned towards me. I knew, too, that he was a man of iron determination, of tempestuous passions, and volcanic temper; for all that, I believed him at heart to be a gentleman and a man of honour.

Time went on till it wanted but a fortnight of my wedding-day, and still nothing had been seen or heard of Sir Aubrey. Then one afternoon, while walking in the Mall, he and I met face to face. I know not which of us was the more startled or surprised. On the impulse of the moment, and forgetful of everything but our old-time friendship, I frankly proffered my hand, only to withdraw it a moment later. 'Aubrey, my dear old friend'—I began; and then, as I noted his sudden change of expression at sight of me, I came to an abrupt pause.

'Colonel Somers, there can be no friendship between you and me,' he replied. 'With me the past is a dead letter. In you I behold the man who has treacherously robbed me of the only woman I ever loved or ever can love. I am glad to have met you, since it affords me an opportunity of telling you that I hold you as my deadliest enemy, and that henceforward there will be that between us which can only be wiped out by the blood of one or both.' His heavy brows were drawn together; in his dark eyes there glowed a sombre fire. He spoke in low, envenomed accents, and with a sort of concentrated ferocity which of itself was enough to prove in what deadly earnest he was.

At his first words I had drawn back a step or two. 'Draxell,' I now said, 'you wrong me most grievously in imputing even a shadow of treachery to me. I wooed and won Miss Ferrers as an honourable man should do. Not till after she had promised to become my wife did I learn, and then not from her lips, that you had pressed your suit upon her. Rely upon it, Draxell, that had she cared in the least for you, she would never have accepted me. You won no promise from her—none.'

'You were always an adept, Somers, at quibbles and quirks, and were more fitted to be a lawyer than a soldier,' he broke in, with a savage sneer. 'I have neither time nor inclination to listen further to you; but understand this—that what I have said I maintain, and shall do, in spite of all your plausible disclaimers. I repeat, it was by an act of treachery and falsehood that you won the hand of Onoria Ferrers. I regard you as my bitterest enemy, and I swear to you by all I hold most sacred that one day I will claim my revenge and exact it to the uttermost fraction.'

A slight foam had gathered on his lips while speaking; his eyes had in them that which would have slain me on the spot had their power been equal to their will; but he still spoke in guarded tones, so as not to draw the notice of the saunterers in the Mall.

'One day, Sir Aubrey Draxell!' I said, with a touch of scorn, for his words had not failed to sting me. 'Why wait for an indefinite "one day"? What time could be more convenient than to-morrow morning? At any rate, here is my card; and I wish you clearly to understand that I am at your service whensoever and wheresoever it may suit you to fix the time and place.'

'I only wish to the Lord it was in my power to meet you to-morrow morning,' he replied, without heeding my proffered card. 'That I would gladly do so you need not doubt. Just now, however, my time is not my own. I am engaged in a matter of much moment, and am under pledge to start on a long journey in an hour from now. But I am a patient man, Colonel Somers, and can afford to bide my time. When that time comes, you may rely upon it that I shall know where to find you.' He took off his hat, swept me a ceremonious bow, and passed on his way without another word.

When I called upon Lady Hoylake next day I gave her an account of my interview with Sir Aubrey. She fully agreed with me as to the advisability of saying nothing about it to Onoria. To have done so would have served no useful purpose, and might only have tended to unsettle her and make her fearful for my safety.

Onoria and I were wedded in due course, and before long had settled down at Ravenscrag, which was to be our home—for we were no gadabouts—for at least ten months out of every twelve. Time passed on, and in the course of the following year the Rebellion of 1745 broke out. In the interim I had heard nothing of Sir Aubrey, so far as I was personally concerned. All I knew was—and that only from the common rumour of the country-side—that he had not been seen at Langrig for more than a year; that the house was shut up; and that news had come to hand that its master had at length definitely thrown in his fortunes with the Stuart cause, after having coquetted with it and been more or less mixed up with its intrigues for years.

By-and-by came news of the battle of Culloden and of the flight of Prince Charles; and then before long we heard that Sir Aubrey had deemed it advisable to put the Channel between himself and those myrmidons of the Government whose business it was to hunt down every prominent Jacobite and bring him either to the gallows or the block. After that there came news of him by fits and starts, generally with long intervals between, as being now at St Germain, now at The Hague, and once as far

[Christmas Number.]

away as Rome. He was more fortunate than many others of like opinions, for his estate was not attained; indeed, it was pretty well understood in our part of the country that he was not without powerful friends at Court.

But as time went on instructions came from Sir Aubrey to his bailiff to dispose first of one slice of property and then of another to the highest bidder—the entail had been cut off in his grandfather's time—and remit the proceeds to him abroad. I myself became the purchaser of a couple of farms at a fair valuation.

Thus it came to pass that when about ten years had gone by all that was left to him of the goodly estate which had come down to him from his ancestors was the old fortified mansion of Langrig and the thirty or forty acres of dwarf woodland in the midst of which it was situated. Then one day Sir Aubrey came back home. The influence of which mention has been made had been brought to bear in his favour, and it had been intimated to him that if he chose to return and keep himself quiet no proceedings would be taken against him.

During all these years my wife and I had been leading the soberly happy life of two persons who, being fairly well endowed with this world's gear, have no ambitions and few cares, and whose desires rarely wander beyond the little space of ground they call their home. A few weeks in London in the course of each year satisfied all our longings in the way of change and gentel dissipation, and served to keep us abreast of the times. But, indeed, the journey from Yorkshire to the Metropolis is such a long one—leaving out of account the frightful state of the roads and the risk of being waylaid and robbed—and involves such a waste of time and patience, and such an outlay of money, that to venture on it oftener than once a year was a thing which neither my wife nor I cared to do.

Although we were now old wedded folk, I verily believe that we were still as much in love as if our honeymoon had lasted all these years. Our friends often twitted us with being so wrapped up in each other, and wanted to know when we were coming to our senses; but we could afford to treat their badinage with the smile of those who have within themselves a fount of happiness the world wots not of.

It was only to be expected that my interview with Sir Aubrey in the Mall should now and then recur to my mind; but as the years went on I thought of it less often, and long before the time when the master of Langrig came back home it had all but died out of my memory. Of his threats I had thought but little from the first, setting them down as the temporary ebullition of an ungovernable temper which would burn and flare itself out in a little while, leaving nothing behind it but a pinch of ashes, and a bitter memory as of one who has tasted of rue and cannot forget it.

1903.]

But Draxell's unexpected return brought everything freshly to my mind, and for a week or two I waited with a sort of half-expectation of hearing from him; but day after day went by and no message reached me. The news we had of him was to the effect that he was living at Langrig in utter solitude, save for the old couple who had acted as care-takers at the Hall during his absence abroad; that he saw absolutely no company; and that not till night had fallen was he ever seen outside the precincts of his own demesne; but that when the stars were out, or the moon had risen, he was often encountered by those who were abroad at such hours, riding along the country roads at a breakneck pace, as if the shadowy horseman who is said to haunt our part of the country—to be overtaken by whom means death within a twelvemonth—were in close pursuit of him.

A month or more had gone by, when, one night as I was about to sit down to supper, a letter was brought me which I was told had been given into the charge of one of my servants on his way back from the village by a man muffled from head to foot in a long cloak, of whose features in the dusk of a country road nothing could be discerned. 'To be delivered into the hands of the master of Ravenscrag without delay,' was all the unknown had said before he turned on his heel and was gone.

As the missive was plainly addressed to me, I broke the seal without hesitation, and read as follows:

'The writer of these lines is the bearer of a last message and a souvenir to Colonel Somers from his late nephew, who died of his wounds soon after the fight of Culloden, ten years ago.

'The writer deeply regrets that circumstances should have rendered it impossible for him to deliver the message in question till so long a time after it was entrusted to his keeping. He has been, and is still, under the ban of the law, and it is at the risk of his liberty, if not of life itself, that he has undertaken this journey into the wilds of Yorkshire (where he has trusty friends) in order to fulfil the behest of his dead friend, and so relieve himself of an obligation which has weighed heavily upon him for years.

'If, therefore, Colonel Somers will meet the writer at the hour of eight to-morrow evening at the entrance to the Lady Cavern, he will deliver the message and hand over the souvenir; but it is absolutely essential that Colonel Somers should come to the rendezvous unattended and alone.

'Should he be under any apprehension with regard to his personal safety, he has merely to stay indoors, and allow his nephew's message to remain undelivered; but should he decide to be at the rendezvous at the time specified, let him, on receipt of this, cause two lighted candles to be placed for the space of half-an-hour in the centre window of the five in the second story of the west front of Ravenscrag.'

After having read this singular missive twice through, I handed it to my wife. The nephew to whom it referred was no blood-relation, but merely the son of my step-sister. Still, I had been fond of the lad, and had done my best to keep him in straight courses, but to little purpose. Having galloped through the fortune left him by his mother, he had joined the Stuart cause in the rising of '45, had been wounded at Culloden, but had escaped to the West Highlands, and was reported to have died there a few weeks later. Still, no authentic tidings of his death had ever come to hand, and I had often wondered whether it were possible that he was still alive. But all doubt on the point was now set at rest.

The Lady Cavern, as it is locally called, of which mention was made in the letter, is merely one, and by no means the most remarkable, of a number of similar caves in the limestone formation with which that part of my native county is honeycombed. As a boy, and in the company of my playmates, I had more than once explored both it and others. It was there that I was to meet the unknown bearer of the message from my dead nephew.

'You will not keep this appointment, John, will you?' said my wife as she gave the note back to me.

'Why not, sweetheart?' I asked.

'Because—because there is something about it which I do not like. You may think me fanciful, but I have a presentiment that there is more—much more—in it than meets the eye. I seem to read in it a hidden danger—a menace—a something, I know not what, which frightens me and bids me warn you not to go.'

She spoke with an air of such intense conviction that I could not laugh at her, as I might have done at another time; but it was not likely that I would allow her foolish alarms—for such I set them down as being—to influence my decision either in that or in other matters; rather did they spur me on to take my own course, as it behoves a man to do who is not in the habit of submitting to petticoat government.

'You are indeed fanciful, dearie,' I replied. 'Although, for certain specified reasons, the note is not signed, it seems to me a straightforward document enough. What harm should come to me from keeping the rendezvous? None that I can see. Besides, I am very naturally desirous that poor Dick's last message should reach the person for whom it was intended, and that the souvenir he bequeathed me, how trifling soever it may be, should find its proper resting-place at last.'

My wife sighed, and smiled that little wistful smile I knew so well. 'Of course, if you have made up your mind to go—and I can see that you have—nothing I can say will avail to keep you at home. But you know how often in the past my presentiments have proved to be any-

thing rather than idle fancies, and if in the present case'—

I rose, crossed to her chair, bent over her, and stopped her mouth with a kiss. Then I rang the bell and ordered a couple of lighted candles to be brought. These I carried upstairs; and, in accordance with the directions in the note, placed them in the centre window of the five in the second story of the west front, and there left them. At the end of half-an-hour I again went upstairs and extinguished them.

PART II.



FORGET what the month was; but it was that time of the year when the sun sets about half-past seven, so that when I reached the rendezvous it was already dusk. Once again my wife had entreated me not to keep the appointment. She had been troubled with bad dreams, and certain omens in which she had implicit faith all pointed to some great trouble or danger impending over the head of the house. Or, if I persisted in going, she begged that I would at least let Grimes, my old colour-sergeant, and now my body-servant, keep me company. But I pooh-poohed her womanish fears, with which, indeed, I had scant patience, and pointed out that, by the terms of the note, I was to go unattended, and that to take any one with me would assuredly bring my errand to naught. There were tears in her eyes as I parted from her; but I kissed them away and bade her be of good cheer.

From Ravenscrag to the Lady Cavern is a distance of about two and a half miles. After passing through the village of Withyburn the road is a very wild and lonely one, and from that point I did not meet a creature all the way. There being no perceptible footpath to the cave, and its entrance being shrouded by a growth of brushwood and dwarf shrubs of various kinds, I experienced a little difficulty in finding it; but there it was at last.

As I emerged from the brushwood into the tiny clearing in front of the entrance I said to myself, 'Ah, ha! my unknown friend is the first here—which is so much the better.' For there, blocking the opening as it were, lounged a man with folded arms, who was smoking a short pipe. At sight of me he pulled himself together, crammed the pipe into one of his pockets, and greeted me with a military salute.

On drawing a step or two nearer, I saw by the fading light that he was not merely a singularly ill-favoured and sinister-looking being, but that he unmistakably belonged to the lower orders. Before, however, I had time to digest my surprise, he said, 'Be you the master of Ravenscrag, sir?'

[Christmas Number.]

'I am,' I replied shortly.

'Then I have a message for your honour. The—the person who wrote to you yesterday is waiting inside the cave, where he trusts that you will join him. He would have waited for you here, as he promised; but, if he did so, he was afraid of being taken, seeing that he has been informed against, and that the countryside is being scoured in search of him; for King George's Government would give a thousand pounds to lay hands on him. Of course, your honour must please yourself about following him into the cave; but if you are afraid to do so, what he has to say to you will remain unsaid for ever.'

'Afraid!' I sternly rejoined. 'You have no right, sirrah! to make use of such a word in my presence.'

'I humbly crave your honour's pardon. It was a slip of the tongue.'

But to me it seemed no slip of the tongue: he had spoken too glibly, and as if what he said had been learned by heart. What to decide upon I knew not. The hunt for fugitive Jacobites was still warm in many parts of the country, and the fellow's tale was plausible enough. On the other hand, my wife's unheeded warnings now took on a force they had not possessed before. I could not resist a feeling of vague uneasiness. Was I about to walk into a trap which had been purposely set for me? But even to imagine such a thing seemed absurd. What had any one to gain by such a proceeding? Then, again, in the word 'afraid' there lurked a sting which urged me on to see the affair through, at whatsoever cost to myself. My mind was made up.

'Lead on with a light, and I will follow,' I said to the man, who was awaiting my decision with apparent stolidity.

Retiring within the entrance so as to be out of the draught, he drew from a pocket in his wide-skirted coat a tinder-box, together with sundry other articles, and proceeded to obtain a light in the usual way by means of flint and steel and a sulphur-tipped match. With the latter he then lighted a candle, which he stuck in a wooden spatula with a handle to it.

That done, he said, 'I'm at your honour's service,' and thereupon led the way into the cavern, holding the light aloft. I followed close on his heels, for so narrow was the passage that we were compelled to proceed in single file. In no place was it more than seven or eight feet in height, and it turned and twisted in the most bewildering fashion, and had several other still narrower openings leading out of it. Both walls and floor were damp and slimy, while every few seconds a single heavy drop of water would fall from the roof.

After proceeding thus for some three or four minutes, although the time seemed much longer, we emerged into a spacious and lofty chamber,

1903.]

which I remembered to have visited when a lad. The name it is known by to this day is the Queen's Parlour. At the opposite end a hand-rail bars farther progress, a couple of feet beyond which yawns a huge opening in the floor. Out of the unfathomable blackness of this gulf, when one listens intently, there ascends a weird murmur of running water—of an underground river, which, taking its rise in the bowels of the earth, flows no man knows whither and is for ever unseen of mortal eye.

On this occasion the Queen's Parlour was lighted by three large flares, or torches, placed at different angles, which burnt with a clear, steady flame, and illumined every corner of the place. For a moment or two I was overcome with astonishment. To serve what purpose, and by whose orders, had the cavern been thus lighted up? But hardly had I asked myself this question before my eyes were drawn to a cloaked figure, slowly pacing to and fro, who took no apparent notice of the entry of myself and my guide.

'Who is yonder person?' I asked in a low voice.

'The gentleman your honour has come here to see and talk with. He's a bit deaf—more's the pity; but if— Ah! now he has seen us, and is waiting for your honour to advance and introduce yourself.'

He was right. The cloaked figure had come to a halt in the middle of the floor, and was looking towards me as if inviting me to go forward. I advanced slowly, my left hand resting on the hilt of my sword, like one who knows not from moment to moment what may happen. Then, as I drew nearer, something in the attitude of the man struck me with a sense of half-forgotten familiarity. It was as though a ghost of the dead past had suddenly risen to confront me, and it hardly needed that he should lift his hat and make me a ceremonious bow to assure me that I was in the presence of Sir Aubrey Draxell.

Involuntarily I glanced over my shoulder: my guide had vanished.

'At length, Colonel Somers, we meet again,' said the baronet in his deep, well-remembered tones.

A bow as stately as his own was my sole response. Indeed, for the moment I found not a word to say. That I had been inveigled to the Lady Cavern by a fictitious message was now evident; but for what purpose was as yet by no means clear to me. Not long, however, was I to be left in doubt.

'It is many years since we last set eyes on each other,' resumed Sir Aubrey; 'and when we did there was a little score—at any rate on my side—left unsettled. It would have been wiped out at the time had I not been called away on business which admitted of no delay. But the score is still there, and at length the day has come for its final settlement.'

'Pardon me, but I fail to apprehend your meaning,' I said coldly, although it was beginning to dawn upon me.

'Then are you duller-witted than you used to be,' he replied, with a sneer.

'Proceed, sir.'

'On the occasion of our meeting in the Mall, I told you in plain terms my opinion of your conduct. That opinion has in nowise been modified with the passage of time. What I asseverated then I repeat to-day. In you I behold the man who treacherously robbed me of the only woman I ever loved or ever could love. For which reason I hold you as my deadliest enemy; and there is that between us which can only be wiped out by the blood of one or both. Those words, Colonel Somers, are as true now as on the day they were spoken.'

'And I, in my turn, Sir Aubrey Draxell, asseverate that as regards one particular there is not a syllable of truth in them. To state that I won the hand of my wife by treachery, or by any sort of underhand proceeding, is to assert what is absolutely contrary to fact. In other words, it is an unmitigated lie.'

He started as if my last words had stung him to the quick, and I now saw how changed in some respects he was from my last recollection of him. But he seemed still as active and alert as ever he had been, and the fire of his eyes as undimmed—nay, it even seemed to me that I could discern a gleam of madness in the fierce regard he bent upon me. It was a discovery which had the effect of steadying my pulses as if they had been touched with ice.

'Tis enough, sir, and any further words would be superfluous,' he said in chillingly polite accents. 'I perceive that you have not come unarmed; but should you prefer a different arrangement, I have here a couple of matched rapiers, of which you shall have your choice, and I will take the one that is left.'

'Sir Aubrey Draxell,' I replied, 'if fight you I must—although, Heaven knows, I would willingly sacrifice half my fortune rather than do so—it shall not be here. I will meet you to-morrow at your own time and place, and if'

He broke into a savage laugh.

'Colonel Somers, only one of us two shall leave the Lady Cavorn alive. I have sworn it!'

'I refuse—refuse absolutely—to be a party to any such scheme of assassination.'

'Assassination call you it? It will be nothing of the kind, but an honourable encounter between two gentlemen who, for private reasons, are desirous of dispensing with the presence of seconds. For, look you, sir, should I fall, no one will ever know that it was by your hand, for my man is sworn to secrecy, and I can trust him implicitly; while, should the misfortune be yours, your body will be conveyed to your

friends, together with a statement signed by me, detailing how you came by your end.'

'In such a case you would be arrested as a murderer.'

'Sir, before the steps needful for my arrest could be taken I should be beyond the seas.'

'For all that, I refuse to be a party to any such arrangement.'

'You were not wont to be a coward, Colonel Somers, and it is hard to believe that you are one now.'

'What has that to do with it? I have already stated that I will meet you at any other time and place you may choose to name. So I have now the honour to wish you good-evening.'

With that I lifted my hat and bowed to him; but before I could turn on my heel he strode up to me, his eyes blazing.

'Coward! will nothing move you?' he exclaimed in tones half-suffocated with passion. 'Then take that!' and before I could fathom his intention he smote me lightly on the cheek with one of his gloves.

I sprang back as if a serpent had bitten me. Every drop of blood in my body seemed to turn to liquid flame. 'Tis enough, Sir Aubrey Draxell: I am at your service.' My voice was strange to me.

'So! I have pricked your laggard courage at last,' he said, with a sneer. 'Twas indeed time.'

Therupon he went aside, and unfastening his cloak, let it drop to the ground. Then he stripped off his coat and vest, tightened the girth of his small-clothes, and having drawn his rapier from its scabbard and tested it with his thumb and finger, he took up a position in the centre of the cavern, and bowed as an intimation that he was ready.

'Am I to assume, Colonel Somers, that you prefer to fight with your own weapon?' he asked.

'That is what I prefer to do.'

By this time I too was ready, and advancing, I returned his bow.

Having measured swords, we drew back a pace and looked into each other's eyes. What he saw in mine I know not; but I was conscious that I was looking into the eyes of a man whose reason had already touched the thin line which divides sanity from madness, and might overpass it at any moment. Another thing I read there—that he had made up his mind to kill me, and that, should the advantage be his, I need look for no mercy at his hands.

'En garde, monsieur.'

It was Sir Aubrey who spoke, and hardly had the words left his lips before our blades crossed.

When at college we had practised with the foils nearly every forenoon. In those days I had been more than able to hold my own with him. He used to attack with impetuosity, and with an amazing quickness of wrist-play; my plan being to remain on the defensive till he had

[Christmas Number.]

to some extent tired himself out, and then to press him home with all the energy of which I was capable: and such were the tactics I proposed to adopt in the present case, whatsoever the result might be for either of us.

Draxell's attack was marked by all his old-time *brío* and impetuosity. All I did was to parry each venomous lunge in turn, and act solely on the defensive. Foot by foot I slowly gave way before him, till, stepping backward, I had described a circle and reached the place where our encounter began. Then my opponent drew back a pace and dropped the point of his sword. A brief breathing-space was needed by both.

'John Somers, I shall kill you yet,' he said in a tone of profound conviction between his laboured breaths.

'*À la bonne heure, cher monsieur,*' I replied cheerfully.

Another minute and our swords crossed for the second time.

In one respect I was at a serious disadvantage. My ankle had not been properly set after my fall when my horse was shot under me in an Indian skirmish, a chronic weakness being the result, which showed itself in a slight permanent limp. Thus it came to pass in this second round, as I was again yielding ground before Draxell's attack—which was, however, becoming wilder and less effective minute by minute—that all at once my ankle gave way under me. I staggered, reeled, vainly tried to recover myself, and came to the ground, snapping the blade of my rapier as I did so.

An instant later Draxell was bending over me, the demon of madness glaring out of his eyes.

'At last, O mine enemy!—at last!' he exclaimed. 'Oh, the sweet moment! This pays for everything. I swore to be revenged, and I am. Good-bye, Somers, and *bon voyage!*'

His sword was lifted, and in another second it would have pierced my heart, when the cavern rang with a loud report. Draxell's sword dropped from his hand; he flung up both arms; his body straightened itself, seeming to stiffen as it did so, spun round twice, and fell without a word or a groan face downward.

My brain was in a whirl. I comprehended nothing. But hardly had I time to raise myself on my elbow before my wife was kneeling beside me. It seemed to me, so dazed was I by the suddenness of what had happened, that she had sprung out of the earth.

'You here, sweet!' I wonderingly cried. 'What does it all mean?'

'Nothing will I tell you till you assure me that you are safe—that you are unhurt.'

Her arms were round me; my head was pillowed on her shoulder; she kissed me passionately again and again.

'I have not a scratch on me,' I replied. 'I 1903.]

owe my life to the person who fired that shot.'

'Then see at once, dearest, how it fares with *him*—with that man.'

Her arms released their hold of me, and I rose limpingly to my feet. Onoria, still crouching on the floor, turned her face aside, shuddering visibly.

Stooping over Sir Aubrey, I partially raised him, and turned him over on his back. 'He is dead—stone dead,' I said half-a-minute later.

At these words my wife stood up. By the light of the flares I could see that her face was nearly as white as freshly fallen snow. A great horror looked out of her eyes.

'Take me away, John,' she said—'take me away at once or I shall faint.'

'But whose was the hand that fired the shot?' I asked as I slid a supporting arm round her waist.

'Mine,' she said in a strangled voice—'mine. But Heaven knows that my intention was not to kill *him* but to save *you*.'

'And that you have done. His blood be on his own head. He brought his fate upon himself.'

Slowly we made our way to the opening which led to the outer world. The fresh air blowing through it revived Onoria wonderfully. There, as if to confound me further, stood Grimes.

'Will no one tell me whether I am sleeping or awake?' I asked.

'Listen, dearest,' said my wife. 'You had scarcely left the house when an inner voice which I durst not disobey bade me follow you. I decided to take Grimes with me. By my orders he took a pistol from the stand of arms in the hall and loaded it. (You know how often you and I have practised pistol-shooting at a mark.) You had not been gone more than a quarter of an hour when we set out. With us we also took a dark-lantern, for night was falling. When we reached the cavern, with which Grimes was already acquainted, we found the entrance barred by an evil-looking fellow, whose sullen refusal to answer any questions redoubled my fears about your safety. When I bade him stand aside, he replied by a foul oath and drew his sword. But Grimes had not come unarmed, and the next thing I knew was that they were lunging fiercely at each other. Presently Grimes gave ground a little way—of set purpose, I verily believe—and the other followed him up, thinking to have the better of him. Then, seeing the way clear, I slipped into the entrance, drew back the slide of my lantern, and followed the passage till it brought me here. The rest you know.'

'My brave darling! Had you come half-a-minute later I should have been a dead man.' Then turning to Grimes, I said, 'But what became of the rascal who barred the way?'

A grim smile overspread the old soldier's rugged features. 'He was a poor-stomached one for fighting, your honour. When he found he was having the worst of it he turned tail and bolted—yes, just bolted.'

'In the cavern lies Sir Aubrey Draxell, dead,' I said. 'What is to be done with him?'

'Don't fash about that, your honour. I'll see to him. It's a job for me. Excuse my speaking o' it, sir; but the mistress is shivering as if an ague fit had hold of her. If you'll take my humble advice, you'll get her home as soon as possible.'

We took his advice; indeed, it was the only thing we could do. Sir Aubrey was dead, and nothing could alter that tragic fact. Whatever consequences might ensue would have to be faced when they should present themselves.

Next morning I sent for Grimes. 'What has become of the body of Sir Aubrey?' I asked.

'There was nobbut one thing to be done with it, your honour, and I did it. I just tumbled it over the edge into the watter that runs through the black gully at the back o' the cavern.'

I stared at him for a little while in horrified silence. Then I said faintly, 'Leave me,' and he went. Nothing could be done: the body was irrecoverable.

Time passed on and, to my great surprise, and,

I must in fairness add, not a little to my relief, no inquiries were set afoot about the missing master of Langrig. He had lived such a secluded life, keeping himself so resolutely aloof from his fellows, and for so many years had been in the habit of going and coming, with long intervals between, without a word to anybody, that one absence the more created no alarm. Not till three years had gone by did the heir-at-law put forward his claim to such property as Sir Aubrey had left behind him; and even then some considerable time elapsed before it was allowed by the courts of law.

On his deathbed, some years after these events, Grimes confessed to me that he had lied in stating that the man on guard at the entrance of the Lady Cavern had turned tail and fled. In reality Grimes had killed him in self-defence, and had disposed of his body in the same way that he had disposed of Sir Aubrey's.

My task is now at an end, and thankful I am that it is. I do not think that I could die comfortably, or with a clear conscience, without having left on record, for the information of those who will come after me, a statement of the facts in connection with the disappearance of Sir Aubrey Draxell; leaving it for them to decide whether what I have here set down shall be made known to the world or shall remain a family secret for all time.

BREAKING THE RULES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'MATTHEW DALE.'

CHAPTER I.



AM the wife of one of the partners of Flaxman & Sons, a firm of old-established drapers and haberdashers in a thriving town in the Midlands. We are what may be called well-to-do people, with a fair amount of family pride, making us hold our heads perhaps a little higher than we would do if we were taking ourselves at other people's estimate instead of at our own.

At the time of which I write the family consisted of my mother-in-law, the acknowledged head of the firm; the eldest son, George, my husband; the youngest son, William; and an only daughter, Kate. Will—we never thought of him by any other name—was a bright, handsome young fellow, with a certain light-headed thoughtlessness about him strangely at variance with the usual type of Flaxman character. But with the introduction of fresh strains of blood by each succeeding generation, we need not wonder that there should be considerable diver-

gence at times from accepted family traits. They were all in the business—my mother-in-law, her two sons, and her daughter; and I might have been in it too but that I had persistently declined having anything further to do with it than sharing the profits; believing that I was in my proper place looking after my house and my two boys, and keeping all bright, myself included, for my hard-working husband when he came home to his little villa in the evenings.

Of course I patronised the shop, paying it a visit at intervals to select what I wanted for myself and the chicks. On these occasions I used to walk right past my husband's counter and make my way to the back-shop where Will presided. Here the bright, frolicsome lad would receive me with mock gravity, place me a chair, and inquire with affected solicitude what he could have the pleasure of showing me. Then I would reply in the same bantering tone, and thus we would amuse ourselves while I made my purchases.

[Christmas Number.]

But of late I had noticed a want of spirit in Will's fun, a too apparent effort that completely spoiled it; while there was a far-away look in his brown eyes, as if my wants and my wishes were the last things he was thinking of.

At length it all came out. One morning I had gone down to the shop early, and as usual I walked through the place, thinking of nothing but the exact shade I wanted for my boys' new blouses. To my surprise, Will was nowhere to be seen; but instead, Kate, whose proper sphere was upstairs among the ribbons and laces, emerged from behind a pile of soft goods, looking thoroughly scared and unhappy.

'Kate!' I cried, in amazement, 'has something happened? Where is Will? And what is the matter with you?'

'Hush!' she replied in a stage whisper, and with what seemed unnecessary caution; for there was no one within hearing but the young lady-cashier, a quiet-looking girl, who as she sat in her raised desk seemed as if her eyes and her ears might be equally unresponsive.

'Where is Will?' I asked again. 'And what has become of the mother?'

Still no words came. Kate was too provokingly stupid this morning. But at last, with a wild look at the cashier, she made me understand by a silent gesture that the parties I sought were to be found in what we called 'the sanctum.' This was a business-room adjoining the shop, sacred to the use of the old lady, who there received any customers who required extra civility, and such of her employees as stood in need of attentions of another kind. So I feared it boded no good to Will his being closeted with his mother at this early hour of the day. For she was quite of the old Spartan type, Mrs Flaxman; and if her son had been transgressing against the very strict rules of the establishment, it would not avail him that he was her youngest and best beloved.

As there seemed no hope of enlightenment from my sister-in-law, I made for the door of the private room, and, after a smart tap, I turned the handle and entered. At a glance I saw that mother and son were engaged in mortal combat, only it was with scowling brows and haughty gestures and sharp words they fought; and though it was evident that there had been several rounds already, neither party showed any indication—in prize-ring slang—of 'throwing up the sponge.'

The old lady's usually good complexion had deepened to a bright copper, and Will's handsome face was flushed with passion. They stood facing each other, and though both paused for a moment to accord me a slight greeting, they immediately resumed the battle with renewed vigour.

'If she were the best in the town'—cried the mother.

'She is the best!' echoed the son.

1903.]

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'Much you know about her!' sneered the old lady. 'She may be the veriest'—

'Whist, mother!' shouted the exasperated lad; 'if you but name such a thing, I declare I'll—I'll—' Mother! mother! you are going too far,' he half-sobbed, suddenly breaking off in the middle of his threat, probably uncertain, poor boy! what form it was to take.

I thought it high time to interpose.

'Will,' I said, taking him by the arm, 'it is you who are going too far; remember your duty to your mother. She is thinking of nothing but what is best for you.'

'That may be, Janet,' he replied; 'but you must allow a man should have some say in the management of his own affairs.'

Will's sudden assumption of manhood was too absurd. Hitherto he had been the baby of the family; and when he came down to our house of an evening he really seemed more of a brother than an uncle to his young nephews. Indeed, not so many nights back my six-year-old boy, in all good faith, had pulled him over to the floor and told him to 'lie there till he learned to do as he was bid.' Now his mother appeared to be making some such demand, and Will was 'kicking against the pricks,' and assigning his newly discovered manhood as the excuse.

'Go back to your counter, my boy,' I said. 'I am certain you are badly wanted there; and your mother and I will talk matters over.'

The young man was evidently only too happy to be released; but I do not know that my mother-in-law quite relished my interference, for she looked sulky, and did not attempt to speak. But, upheld by a sense of conscious rectitude, I opened the ball by asking what it was all about.

CHAPTER II.



HAT was my surprise to learn that the calm, impassive-looking girl in the cashier's desk was 'the little fire' that had 'kindled so great a matter,' and that my young brother-in-law's heart was just then undergoing a process of combustion, not altogether spontaneous. Added to the fact of Will's being rather too young for such things at all was the further transgression of violating one of Flaxman & Sons' most stringent rules. To think that a son—nay, even a partner in 'the house,' where flirting was not allowed and love-making not to be so much as thought of—had laid his heart at the feet of one of the hands, betrayed a want of self-respect that augured ill for the future that lay before him. What made matters more aggravating was that the whole affair had been conducted under the deeply disgusted nose of the head of the establishment, and she had been blind enough never to notice it.

Certainly, judging from appearances, our cashier would have been the last one would have suspected of a clandestine love-affair. With none of the self-confident airs that many of our young people thought proper to put on, and with an apparent entire absorption in her duties, it never occurred to us that Will's proximity to her was a position of danger. But when 'love laughs at locksmiths,' a desk and a counter are of small account as obstacles; and as for sentimental hindrances, they only accentuated the situation. All we knew of Miss St Clair's private history was that she was in reduced circumstances; that her accomplishments entitled her to some higher position; but that, for the sake of being free to spend her evenings with her mother, a confirmed invalid, she sat day by day at her monotonous work, making entries in her ledger and dealing out small change uncheered—till Will crossed her path—by a word of sympathy or friendship. But nothing availed her in the eyes of my commercially-minded mother-in-law. Refusing to see in her anything but a shop-hand, ignoring all but the transgression of which the poor thing had been guilty, the old lady fumed and stormed and would not even listen to me.

'It's no use talking, my dear,' she said. 'The whole thing must be nipped in the bud.' (I had my suspicions that it was beyond the budding stage, and was already a tolerably full-blown affair.) 'It is clear my son and the young woman cannot be here together; and as we have the choice of a month's notice or a month's wage, I shall certainly count the money well spent to get rid of her.'

'And if we turn her off, who will take her on?' I asked. 'Probably loss of employment may simply mean starvation to them; and the mother so delicate!' I added.

'That is their lookout,' she replied coldly. 'If the young woman had kept her place she need not have lost her situation'—nearly stumbling on an involuntary pun. 'As things are,' she continued, 'there is but one alternative, and she has only herself to blame for it.'

'You forget,' I said, 'that in these cases it is usually the man who takes the initiative. Why should you lay all the onus on the girl?'

'I have no doubt she has been laying traps for Will,' she said; 'and he, poor silly moth, has been too easily caught.'

'Moths fly to the light,' I said; 'they don't walk blindly into traps.' But arguments of that kind had no weight with my mother-in-law; and as, woman-like, we had already run off the rails more than once, I proposed calling George in to help us.

'George, indeed!' she scornfully echoed. 'When my head is lying low it will be time enough for George to step in.'

'At least let the day pass,' I urged. 'The matter can be calmly discussed in the evening;

and, indeed, it might be all the better for sleeping on.'

Little guessing, poor unhappy mother! how little she would sleep at all that night, I took my leave of her and re-entered the shop. As I passed the little boxed-up desk I stole a glance at its occupant, half-expecting that, mixed up as she was with our excitement, some of it might have found its way to her. But not a bit of it; and the notion seized me that while we were middle-class folk, with strong and undisciplined passions, she had the air and manner of high-bred repose.

William was not in his place; he was doubtless too much upset to go straight back to business. So Kate and I managed between us to supply my wants; but in the near vicinity of an interested party not a word could we exchange.

According to custom, my husband would come home to dinner in the evening, and after that we would go down to the old lady's and try to make things smooth for poor Will. But, to my surprise, George arrived an hour before his time, breathless, pale, and anxious.

'Has Will been here?' he asked excitedly. 'No,' he echoed; 'then he has never been near the shop since morning, and no one has seen him. You know how things have been going with him, Janet,' he added. 'My mother is in a bad way, and we should go down as soon as possible.'

The meal was hurried over—a mere pretence it was. Will was all but as dear to us as our own little lads. I saw that George was greatly put about, and, after the fashion of womankind, I began to dread he knew more than he was telling me.

With as little delay as possible we set out for the old, rambling house above the shop, where, with its dark staircases and its spacious rooms, my mother-in-law still clung to the home of her early married life.

We found her with her face set and rigid, evidently suffering untold woe; while poor Kate, as was natural, was dissolved in tears. We had just one hope that our lost boy might have taken refuge with the St Clairs; and it was arranged that George should make inquiries there. We could not employ a messenger; the wound was still too raw for exposure. It was the first faint breath on the mirror of our fair fame, and we were tender over it with a sensitiveness out of all proportion to its significance.

'The girl is a tramp!' were my husband's first words on his return; 'and her mother is as nearly a saint as can be.'

Mrs Flaxman grunted disapproval of both sentiments; but Kate and I gathered up to George for further particulars.

'They have neither seen nor heard of Will since last Sunday night,' he went on. 'That

[Christmas Number.]

evening the girl told him she would not have him coming there unless his friends knew of his visits; nor, for the same reason, would she enter into any formal engagement. They are nearly as much distressed as we are,' commented George; 'and Miss St Clair feels Will's going without a word to her very keenly. She will give up or go on just as we wish; but it needed no spectacles to see that giving up meant loss of daily bread to them.'

'And what is that compared with the loss of my boy?' cried the full-fed, prosperous woman, who had never known what it was to want a single meal, or how keen are the pangs of even the first few hours of hunger. 'Send her a month's wages,' she continued, 'and never let me see her face again.'

We all stood aghast at the heartless utterance.

'No, mother,' I said; 'Will has not been lost so long that we should despair. Let the cashier have a holiday, if you will; but do not ask her to give up.'

'Janet is right, mother,' said George, emboldened by my little stand; 'let us wait and see how things shape. My brother may either come home or write.'

After some little pressure, Mrs Flaxman at last gave in so far that George was authorised, on behalf of the firm, to offer Miss St Clair a short holiday, 'the house' to provide a substitute. At my suggestion, he also enclosed a week's salary; but that was declined with thanks. Yes! evidently they were very proud.

CHAPTER III.



EXT morning's post brought a letter from Will. It came addressed to my husband at his private abode, and George was to make its contents known or not as he saw fit.

William had 'cut the concern,' he said, as his mother had told him that he and the girl he loved could not be both there, and he knew what the loss of her situation would mean to Emily. She would accept nothing from him—not even himself—without his mother's consent, and that the *mater* had explicitly refused. What could he do but go? asked the young Don Quixote, who, much as we thought of him, was no hero. Had he consulted his brother, or perhaps his brother's wife, some better way out of his difficulties might have been found for him: but not a word about his plans; nor did he give any address.

It was a miserable production to take to the mother, who, for all her hardness, was thoroughly wrapped up in him. In a wonderfully short time she drooped from a hale, vigorous woman to a querulous, desponding old dame; and my husband, dreading the effect of Miss St Clair's

presence on her, very unwillingly brought the young lady's engagement to an end. This was a fresh trouble to us, for it seemed like wrong done to two friendless women, and it was difficult to know how to help them.

With George's approval—indeed, at his instigation—I went and made the acquaintance of Mrs St Clair and her daughter; and sweeter, braver women I never came across. The mother told me her late husband had been a doctor in a northern city, cut down in the prime of life, and called away from a flourishing practice; and now they were evidently hiding their troubles far from the associates of happier days, whose sympathy might have degenerated into pity. Out of a large family Emily was the sole survivor, and how eagerly the mother would have saved this one ewe-lamb from suffering or sorrow was not difficult to imagine. But her own health had failed, and then the daughter, nursed in the lap of luxury, had taken up the burden and become not only the comforter, but the breadwinner of the family.

Meanwhile they dragged on somehow. The mother's smile, though wan, was still patient; the daughter's head went higher every day; but the drooping eyelid and the pallid cheek told a tale that all her honest pride could not conceal. And there was no way that I could discover of rendering them any solid assistance. Little sick-bed delicacies I could, indeed, convey to the mother, though even that had to be done with caution; but how could I say to that proud girl, 'You are starving, half-naked; here are food and raiment'? Yet that was what it was fast coming to.

Three months passed, and we had heard nothing of Will; neither had any employment turned up for Miss St Clair. It was much against her having been paid off by the highly respectable firm of Flaxman & Sons, and no assignable cause being forthcoming made it all the harder for the friendless girl. I would have given her my boys to teach; but that looked so much like flying in their grandmother's face that out of decency I forbore. Neither could I recommend to others what I did not do myself, and all the time I felt we were deeply responsible, and the shame of it lay heavy on my heart and would not go.

I felt I must make another attempt to save them. I would go down to the cottage, and out of the full heart I always brought away with me I would lay the case once more before my mother-in-law, and make it plain to her that she was laying herself open—if not legally, at least morally—to the charge of murder. Yes! I would use strong language, for I was getting desperate; or perhaps I should say I was getting fanatic enough to hope to carry my attack at the point of the sword.

It was a fine spring morning I chose for making my visit; and from the brightness around me

I drew the happiest auguries. My own spirits were greatly lightened, and so, to my surprise, were those of my poor friends. In some confusion of mind I asked myself, could Will have turned up, or what? For certainly I was not to be the beneficent fairy! Some other had forestalled me, and visible evidence was not wanting to show that my good offices were no longer needed.

'How we have longed to see you, my dear!' cried Mrs St Clair, eagerly holding out her hand, and retaining mine. 'You have often been our comforter in our sore need, and we felt our relief would be incomplete till you knew of it. I wanted Emily to write or go to you; but she is a sad, wilful girl'—smiling sweetly on her daughter—'and she persisted the good news would keep till chance brought about a meeting.'

When I heard the story—told between smiles and tears that were not of sorrow—I understood Miss St Clair's reticence. For it appeared a brother of her father, whom they had long looked on as dead, had written from Australia to say he had only heard that day of his brother's death and the change it had made in their circumstances; enclosing a cheque for present needs till he could come home to look after them.

'So our money troubles are over,' remarked Emily, with a sigh; and I knew by the girl's tone that though the stress of poverty was removed, another cause of anxiety still remained.

And still no word of Will, and our hopes grew fainter every day as one scheme after another was tried without result, and one or two startling rumours investigated only to leave us thankful they did not concern us.

CHAPTER IV.



SPRING grew into summer, and as I had always a great belief in sea-bathing for youngsters, I persuaded George to take lodgings at Saltburn for a month.

Thither we betook ourselves, having also prevailed on the old lady to come down for a change, which seemed to cheer and brighten her.

Being thus thrown together, of course we had many opportunities of discussing the St Clairs, and if I did indulge in some 'tall talk' about the rising fortunes of my friends, and if she felt inclined 'to eat her fingers,' I thought it was only her deserts, and I hoped it would do her good. As far as remorse went, I believe I had my wish; but whether repentance followed is quite 'another pair of shoes.'

But it was all nothing to what she must have felt, and what we all felt, when George came over at the week-end with the astounding intelligence that Miss St Clair's uncle had died suddenly, leaving a fabulous fortune, to which

his niece was sole heiress. I could not help looking at the old lady when this startling bit of news was unfolded. If she did not rave and tear her hair, it was only that there were too many witnesses; for later in the day I saw her, when she did not see me, carrying on a silent but energetic conflict with some invisible foe—striking out right and left, 'fighting as one that beateth the air,' though, to be sure, there was no 'uncertainty' in the way she was doing it. It was a painful sight—a woman well on in years wrestling with the demon of her fate when she should have been meekly bowing to the rod she had had so much hand in pickling.

Immediately on getting home I went to see the St Clairs. They were still at their little cottage, and seemed half-dazed and altogether unable to realise the turn their fortunes had taken. They were more pleased than ever to see me, for they had known few friends in their adversity, and the worshippers of the golden calf had not had time to gather round them. From the mother I learned that Emily's attachment to my brother-in-law remained unaltered, and on reading the communication from her uncle's solicitors advising her of her heirship, her first exclamation had been, 'Oh, Will! Will!'

After this our intimacy grew apace. I took Kate down to the cottage; and the two girls, so lately employer and employée, were soon bosom-friends. Now that Miss St Clair was relieved of the sordid cares that overshadowed her young life, it was difficult to remember her as the staid occupant of the cashier's desk. I could not wonder that our poor Will had lost his heart to her; rather my wonder was how he could go and leave her! He had, indeed, explained the why and the wherefore, probably with some misty idea that his self-denial had been little less than heroic. Poor youth! what chance had he but to be the 'low man' whose hundred is soon hit, rather than the 'high man' who, aiming at a million, 'dies ere he knows it'?

The St Clairs still stayed on at the cottage. Emily would not leave it, her mother said; but comforts grew around them, and every fine day Mrs St Clair had an airing. It was while waiting their return from one of those excursions that I chanced to lift an Australian newspaper, and among the advertisements—I have a trick of reading advertisements, often finding in them no end of useful information—I saw the following:

'If this should meet the eye of W. F., he is requested to communicate at once with Messrs Stager & Holden, solicitors, Melbourne.—E. S.'

I saw it all in a moment: W. F., William Flaxman; E. S., Emily St Clair; and, to make assurance doubly sure, the names of the St Clairs' men of business. I looked at the date of the paper; already it was two months' old. By this time he for whom the notice was intended might have seen and acted on it.

[Christmas Number.]

Naturally I told my husband. But matter-of-fact George shook his head. Kate, I found, was in the secret, and pluming herself no little on the share she had in it.

'Well, you see, Janet,' she said, 'Emily and I made out that only Will could have told the old gentleman about them, and given him the particulars. Don't you think it was rather smart of us?'

I could not deny the notion some credit. What was to come of it remained to be seen.

Even now Mrs Flaxman and the St Clairs had never met. As the old lady had over-estimated her social status at first, her great respect for realised capital had landed her in the same dilemma reversed. But it was clearly her part to make the *amende*; and I considered Miss St Clair showed a proper self-respect in declining to return Kate's visits. So Miss Flaxman had to put her pride in her pocket; and, indeed, she was actually spending a week at the cottage, helping her friend to look out for news, which, when it came, turned our nameless dread into a dire calamity that left no room for hope. It reached us in a telegram to George:

'Cooke Brothers to Flaxman & Sons.—Australian mail steamer in collision in the Channel. Great loss of life. Name of William Flaxman, of Flaxman & Sons, on passenger-list, but not among the saved.'

This was what my poor husband, who had already had to break the sad news to his mother, handed to me, and I saw he could not trust himself to speak. The cab in which he had returned was in waiting, so I knew my first duty was to get him ready to bring home—if such consolation was left to us—the lifeless clay of the bright young brother who was so dear to us all.

After seeing my husband off on his melancholy errand I went straight to Mrs Flaxman's, and found the stricken woman in a state of mind bordering on distraction. Kate had not returned, but had been sent for, and in the meantime I did not know how to comfort the unhappy mother, whose agonies of remorse were pitiful to witness. At last, to my relief, Kate returned; and with her came Emily, to rush across the room and throw herself at the old lady's feet. I do not think she saw me at all, but clasping her arms round the mother of her lost lover, she laid her fair young head in Mrs Flaxman's lap. It was a touching scene, and when the elder woman stroked the auburn tresses, saying softly amid her heaving sobs, 'Poor child! poor child!' I thought how a common sorrow can make the world akin. Meantime Kate and I were weeping in each other's arms, and for some time only the voice of mourning was heard in the room.

Emily was the first to speak. 'I did it for the best! I did it for the best!' she sobbed, in 1903.]

a voice choked by emotion; 'and now—and now!' and, unable to proceed, her head drooped again to its strange resting-place. Poor, unhappy girl! how I pitied her, and how I loved her for her devotion to all that was left of our lost one—a sacred memory!

It would be hours before we could hear from George—probably not till morning; and what a weary time of waiting it seemed to us! After a while I bethought myself of that feminine comfort, a cup of tea; and, rising to ring for it, I was suddenly arrested by the sound of heavy footsteps on the stairs. One gets confused at such times; but my first connected thought was, would it be my husband with his sad burden? 'Hush!' I said, holding up a warning finger, and with bated breath we waited and listened.

We were not kept in suspense. The door was thrown open, and on the threshold, quietly surveying us, stood the cause of all our anxiety. It might well have appeared to our bewildered vision to be some 'glad ghost' but that William, big, burly, and embrowned by his two sea-voyages, could not well have personated anything pale or ghostly. But his consternation at the scene before him was at once ludicrous and pathetic: for Emily was still sitting with her head in the mother's lap convulsed with weeping; the old lady herself was in agonies of grief; while Kate and I were in that tear-stained state which, however it may add to the attractions of heroines in novels, is certainly very trying to people in real life.

'Mother! Emily!' he cried, 'what is it? What has happened?' For William, in his haste to get home, and by what he profanely called 'luck,' had left the ill-fated steamer at Portsmouth, and had never heard of the disaster.

It was somewhat difficult to adapt ourselves to the altered circumstances. With deeply thankful hearts we welcomed our truant home; but the mind is a complex machine, and can decline on occasions to be made the football of Fate. However, we fell back on my notion of the 'cheering cup,' and under its influence we began to realise our happiness.

Then Miss St Clair bethought herself of her mother, and left for home, her lover, of course, accompanying her—giving the young couple a chance of discussing their affairs, and affording us an opportunity of discussing them.

The marriage took place in due time, and in the arrangements connected therewith my husband became the head of Flaxman & Sons; the old lady retaining a life-interest in the business, and undertaking to provide for her daughter. But the daughter she likes to hold her hands round is Mrs William Flaxman of Granby Hall, a lovely old place three miles out of town, where, for Will's sake, if not for their own, all Will's friends receive a hearty welcome from its fair young mistress.

HIS BEST FRIEND.

BY WALTER JEFFERY,

AUTHOR OF 'A CENTURY OF OUR SEA STORY,' 'THE KING'S YARD,' ETC.

CHAPTER I.

H.M.S. 'HOTSPUR' AND HER CREW.



THIS MAJESTY'S sloop-of-war *Hotspur* was on her way to the West Indies with despatches and stores for the squadron under Sir Samuel Hood. The service was one not at all to the liking of Captain Brooks, who thereby saw his smart sloop cut off from any chance of distinguishing herself, and converted into a mere despatch-vessel and store-ship; so he began the voyage in such a bad temper that even the fair wind down Channel did not restore his good humour. The irritability of the captain soon had its effect upon the officers, and they in turn made it felt upon the lower deck. Then the ship's company were slack in their work and sulky in their demeanour, so that before the English coast was lost sight of more than one man was down on the first lieutenant's black-list for punishment. And what a crew it was!

Stephen Barton's youth in the fore-castle of a little Portsmouth merchantman had been spent among rough men and the coarsest fare and meanest lodging, then as now considered by England good enough for her seamen; yet the men with whom Barton had sailed were for the most part sailors, having wives and families in Portsmouth or Gosport, and accounted respectable. But among the two hundred and odd fellows who slung their hammocks on the lower deck of the *Hotspur* not more than half of them had been to sea before, and the half who were landsmen were the sweepings of the streets, most of them capable of any crime, from picking pockets to manslaughter.

In all the years that Barton had followed the sea he had never since his first voyage felt as he felt on this night of the sailing of the *Hotspur*. He had never looked upon the fast-receding cliffs of the Isle of Wight through tear-dimmed eyes, as he was doing now, since the first time he stood upon a ship's deck—more than five-and-twenty years before—holding his small bundle, his mother's Bible the heaviest article in it.

After years of honest striving he had risen to be mate of a brig trading between Portsmouth and the Mediterranean. Her owner had promised to give him the first chance of a command in

one of his vessels, and had looked kindly upon the love-making between Barton and his only daughter. At sunset one evening Barton landed on the beach at Point after a three months' voyage in the brig, and but for Fate, with a warrant of impressment as its instrument, ten minutes later would have held his sweetheart in his arms. The *Hotspur's* sailing orders were imperative: men were scarce and she was short-handed. A press-gang from the sloop met Barton on the beach as he landed, and he and half-a-dozen other human items in a ship's equipment were gathered in and carried off to sea before their relations so much as missed their regular home-coming.

Barton, leaning over the ship's rail, thought bitterly upon his ill-luck. The press-gang was a British institution, a bulwark of liberty, and all the rest of it; yet Barton was conscious that it might be managed a little less harshly. But he was not given much time to brood.

'Now then, my lad, tail on to them foretop-sail-sheets! Don't go to sleep!' shouted the boatswain to him.

'Ay, ay, sir,' replied the ex-mate of the brig, and cheerily put his weight on the rope, the sharp word of command acting upon him like a tonic.

Till well on in the night all hands were kept going smartly. Then the watches were set, the men divided into messes, and their hammocks served out. Barton was supplied with a blanket and clothing from the ship's store of slops to the value, as the purser told him, of a month's pay; and the recipient smiled sadly as he thought of his sea-chest in the little cabin of the brig.

When the watches were picked, the first lieutenant chose Barton first; and before a second twenty-four hours had gone by the man discovered that he was the only practical sailor in his mess of a dozen men, mostly rascals gathered from the banks of the Thames and despatched to Portsmouth from the Tower tender.

'I shall rate you as an able seaman, Barton,' said the lieutenant to him; 'and if you show yourself to be a good man I'll soon make a petty officer of you. You ought to shape better than those water-rats from London.'

'I'll do my best, sir; and'—

[Christmas Number.]

'Don't argue, my man. I'll take devilish good care you do.'

The watch was mustering, and Barton had been the first to fall in, anxious to show himself willing and capable, but the stern lieutenant's check jarred on his nerves. 'I have made a fool of myself,' he thought, 'talking like a sea-lawyer. This comes of having been too long in merchant-ships.' And he fell into the rear-rank of the lines of men.

The officer saw him slink back. 'That fellow sulks,' he thought. 'Presently I'll take all that kind of thing out of him.'

During the first week at sea Barton tried very hard to please his many masters. He who had lately walked his vessel's deck as absolute in his small charge as was the lieutenant in the sloop had now to fly hither and thither at a motion of the hand or a word from the lips of the youngest mate or midshipman. But this was no grievance with Barton, as he had learnt to obey long before, and he was too good a seaman to find obedience a hardship. His working-hours, he saw, would be his least difficult time, and there was precious little leisure on board the sloop. Such time as was to be spent in the watch below would be hours of misery. The brig's little cabin, with her cupboard on either side the companion, was a paradise compared with the lower deck of the *Hotspur*. In the brig 'Mr Barton' went below when he listed, and had his proper seat at the little cabin-table, where, besides his skipper, there sometimes sat at meals passengers who preferred to travel in this way rather than by the lumbering old stage wagons and coaches. When the mate turned in, it is true, his berth was small and the standing bed-place left no room for other furniture; but these things, such as they were, he was absolute master of. But Stephen Barton, able seaman, was now a number in a mess and of a gun's crew, his hammock one of scores, slung between that of a ruffian from the purlieus of the Tower on his right and a notorious Southampton jail-bird on his left; his miserable food was swallowed in company with wretches who had never before earned a meal honestly, and to whom the life they were now leading, except the work of it, was a luxury. Just distinguishable at night in the dim light of half-a-dozen tallow candles in horn lanterns hung at intervals, the hammocks were slung in rows so close together and hung so low that a man walking along the deck was forced to bend double and to shoulder the sleepers aside to make way between them. To Barton the unwholesome air in the low 'tween-decks, with all the horrors of sea-sickness and the dirt and foulness of the men, made the watch below a horror almost unendurable.

Naturally there was much hard work in licking such a crew into shape, and the boatswain and his mates plied their rattans freely and cursed from daylight till dark and from dark 1903.]

to daylight again. Every day, at first, one or more of the crew turned upon the officers and answered back insolently, or point-blank refused to obey some order. Then they would be reported to the captain, who, finding the minor punishments were of little avail, much as he objected to flogging, soon fell in with the views of the first lieutenant and the customs of the service; so that, by the time the ship had been a fortnight at sea, gratings were rigged nearly every day and some fellow was brought to reason by a strong-armed boatswain's mate with the cat as his argument.

When Barton saw these things going on about him, and contrasted his present with his past life, he had a hard battle with himself to keep up his courage; but he thought of the girl he had left behind him, and pictured her joyful face and cry of delight when he should once more land on the beach and clasp her in his arms.

With such reflections Barton tried to comfort himself and to settle down in his new surroundings. But Ward, the first lieutenant, was continually fault-finding. Barton at first thought, and justly, that with such a crew a discriminating captain would very soon make a petty officer of him, when his lot would be a little less hard; but the rough old first lieutenant's attitude soon undeceived him. That officer had taken a dislike to him for his slowness and his clumsy ways, and he felt that there was no help for it.

CHAPTER II.

INSUBORDINATION.



THE *Hotspur*, after having duly met the flagship, discharged her stores, and delivered her despatches, was sent by the Admiral to cruise off the Virgin Islands until she fell in with the *Rattlesnake*, for whose commander Captain Brooks was entrusted with important orders from the Commander-in-Chief. Having delivered these, the ship was to proceed to England. In among the islands the *Hotspur* was frequently becalmed or battling with light head-winds, making it tedious work to keep her to her station, all hands heartily cursing the *Rattlesnake* when day after day passed by without the look-out man reporting her in sight. The water on board was running short, and more than once they had been compelled to renew the stock from one or other of the islands; and, as it was an unusually dry season, the water they obtained soon became almost undrinkable when it had been kept a little while in the ship's slimy casks. This, with the poor salt-food—the beef so hard that the men carved tobacco-boxes from their allowance; the pork, evil-smelling and rancid lumps of fat, which seemed only put to its proper

use when melted into oil for the ship's lanterns—was not improving the temper of the crew. The sweltering tropic heat, the monotonous life, each day so like the other in the round of washing decks, bracing yards, and furling and setting sail, kept officers and men in a dangerously irritable state. Offences against discipline were alarmingly on the increase and punishments proportionately more frequent.

The spectacle almost daily of men being flogged alarmed Barton, and he kept a constant guard upon himself lest some hasty word or sullen look might lead to the cat. He could hardly form the word in his mind, the horror of it so affected him; but even at this time, in his most wretched moments, he tried to persuade himself that he should be cheerful, for the end of the cruise must come in a few weeks.

The men's allowance of drinking-water was kept in a scuttle-butt at the fife-rail round the mainmast. To obtain a drink from this water-cask it was necessary to use a cylindrical tin dipper, the diameter of which exactly fitted the bung-hole on top of the butt. By an ingenious device to save the water, often practised in the days when condensers were unknown, this dipper was kept hanging at the main-royal-masthead, and a marine stood sentry at the cask. If a man wanted a drink he was compelled to go aloft to the royal-masthead to fetch the dipper, and then return and replace the tin after he had taken his drink. The sentry was there not only to compel this, but he had also to see that one man did not aid another; each man wanting a drink must make the two trips aloft. By this rule a man had to be very thirsty before he would trouble the scuttle-butt. One day near noon, when the boatswain had just piped for dinner, a thirsty seaman descended from the foretop, where he had been tarring the rigging, dry and crackling in the tropic heat that on this day was not tempered by even so much wind as would idly flap the sails. At the moment when the sailor swung himself off the bulwarks to the deck abreast of the fore-rigging, Barton descended from the main with the dipper in his hand to take the one drink a day that he had taught himself to exist upon.

The marine-sentry was watching the officers on the poop taking the sun, and longing for eight bells and his relief. Pacing the deck for two hours in full regimentals, the pitch boiling out of the seams beneath his feet, had put him in a bitter humour. The man from the main-rigging made a mute signal of distress to the man from the main-royal-masthead. Barton, who noticed the appeal, looked hastily at the sentry and saw that his back was turned, so he stepped across the deck and gave the man the dipper. The thirsty wretch seized the dipper and put it to his mouth.

Then the sentry suddenly turned. 'You, Peters, what are you doing with that dipper?—

I saw you, Barton, coming down the rigging with it a moment ago,' he said.

Peters, insensible to everything but the delight of his drink, kept his head back, his cracked lips glued to the tin, and the gurgle of the cooling stream in his parched throat was all his answer to the marine's challenge.

Barton, conscious that the spirit of the ship's law had not been broken, answered promptly, 'Yes, I gave him my drink.'

'I am not a fool. You thought you'd do me; but you are not clever enough,' retorted the sentry.

'I tell you that I handed the man my drink,' replied Barton.

'It won't do. What about your own?' persisted the sentry.

Peters turned the dipper upside down and pointed expressively to his throat. 'He is speaking the truth. His drink is here.'

'This game has been tried before; but I am too old a hand to be caught. You've had two drinks for the one climb,' answered the sentry.

'I am going aloft with the dipper. You can believe me or not as you like,' said Barton.

'You've always put on airs, you Barton; but you won't bounce me. I shall report the both of you,' the sentry answered.

'If you report that I have done anything else but give my drink to Peters you're a liar,' said Barton as he stepped back to the butt to take the dipper and carry it aloft; but Peters held it from him and laughed.

'Look here, Barton,' he said, 'this damned villain means to get us flogged, so you take your drink. You may as well have it, as we shall be flogged anyhow.'

Peters was a young Portsmouth waterman who had been the support of his widowed mother. The press-gang had seized him on the same evening as they had taken Barton, and he had a grievance. He knew his mother was starving, or begging, or at the best had gone upon the parish, for without him she was helpless, and the need of the king's service did not seem to him a sufficient answer to that fact.

'Come, come, Peters! there's no harm done if you give me the dipper,' said Barton.

'I'll not. I'll take another drink if you won't,' answered Peters.

Then eight bells struck, and the sentry saw his relief coming.

'Here comes the corporal,' he said. 'Now, you put that dipper down or it'll be the worse for you; and, anyhow, you shall pay for calling me a damned villain.'

'Put it down, Peters, for God's sake! Remember the consequences,' Barton pleaded. 'It's my duty to carry it aloft again, and I will.'

The sentry made a step towards Peters; then the sailor flew at him. 'I called you a damned villain, and you are one, so are all your officers. Take that! I would kill you with it if I could.'

[Christmas Number.]

Then he dashed the dipper full in the sentry's face, clenched as it was in his fist. The man fell to the deck, and the tin by the force of the blow was beaten flat.

Barton sprang forward to defend the sentry, and the corporal with the relief ran up as their comrade dropped. The metal was too light to injure the marine, who called out at the top of his voice, 'Mutiny! Seize the pair of them, corporal.'

Every one heard and most could see the squabble, and soon half the ship's company, including the officers, ran to the spot and surrounded Barton and Peters.

'Iron the pair of them and carry them below to the cells,' ordered the first lieutenant.

'Won't you hear what we have to say first, sir? The sentry brought it on himself,' said Barton.

'No, I won't. One of you struck the sentry, and I saw you myself make a rush at him. I will hear nothing,' replied the lieutenant.

'It was my fault in the first place,' answered Barton. 'I gave the water-dipper to Peters.'

'And I struck the sentry, and Barton tried to stop me; but I'd strike him again if I could,' said Peters.

'I don't doubt the villainy of the pair of you.—Take them below, master-at-arms. Why do you stand there allowing them to argue?' ordered the lieutenant.

'What is the meaning of it all, Mr Ward?' asked the captain when the lieutenant went on to the poop.

'That fellow Barton, sir, with another of the same sort named Peters, tried to trick the sentry at the scuttle-butt; and when the marine caught them they attacked him,' replied the lieutenant.

'Bring the pair of them on the quarter-deck after dinner, Mr Ward, and I'll take that spirit out of them,' said the captain.

Half-an-hour later the two men were brought on the quarter-deck, and Captain Brooks, with the first lieutenant and the marine-sentry who had been the cause of the trouble standing beside him, proceeded to judgment.

Ward was a just man according to his lights; and meanwhile, having made careful inquiry, he had come at a pretty fair estimate of the rights of the case.

'Captain Brooks,' he said as the prisoners were brought on the quarter-deck, 'I have gone into this affair, and I don't believe Barton either intended to strike the sentry or even to play a trick on him. I think he is more fool than knave, and that he is a sulky fellow; but I don't think he is a rascal.'

'Very well, Mr Ward; but, all the same, I shall have to make an example of the pair of them, and I'll hear for myself what they have to say.'

'I don't think it would do Barton much harm
1903.]

if you did take him in hand, sir. He wants waking up badly.'

Then the captain turned to the prisoners. 'Now, my fine fellows, what have you to say for yourselves? You shall each have a double allowance of the eat unless you tell the truth and clear up this affair.'

Barton's big, burly frame trembled; but he stood erect as he replied, 'Neither of us is guilty, sir. I have already told Mr Ward the truth; but he has never seen any good point in me from the day I came on board.'

'Well, Barton, I am sorry for you. The first lieutenant tells me you are either very lazy or very slow; but he is just, and says this is your only fault.—Come, you, Peters, what have you to say? Do you deny striking the sentry?'

'No, sir. I have told the truth. Barton is innocent. We were both innocent until the sentry aggravated me; then I struck him, and I am sorry I didn't kill him.'

'All right, my fine fellow; I'll attend to you presently,' said the captain.—'Mr Ward, what do you think of the other man? I don't believe he is a liar. Shall we let him off with a caution?'

All this bother annoyed Ward. He had been too long at sea and too long a first lieutenant to understand why there should be so much talk about a mere sailor. To him men only differed in their ability to hand, reef, and steer. For a man to do these things well and quickly was for him to be smart and industrious; if he was a bad workman he was a useless land-lubber; if he was a good seaman but slow in his movements, then he was lazy and the cat was needed to liven him.

'Well, sir,' he said, 'I think Barton's better than many of them; but he's big and lazy. However, I don't think he is lying about this affair. I don't want him flogged.'

At this answer of the lieutenant's Barton trembled still more and his face turned livid, for it was only with the greatest effort he could keep himself from taking Ward by the throat and shaking him like a dog. The contemptuous bearing of Ward exasperated him far more than the bullying of the boatswain and his mates. Another word from the lieutenant and Barton would have lost control of himself.

Ward put the man's appearance down to fear and turned away disgusted. He would like then to have changed his mind and flogged Barton for his cowardice. That Barton's excited appearance should be owing to anything but fear never entered Ward's mind any more than he would have supposed that the soul of one man before the mast differed from the soul of another, or that the figurehead of the sloop was not as fine a piece of carving as the work on the stalls of Westminster Abbey.

Captain Brooks was more clear-sighted. 'You can go, Barton, and try and liven up a bit. I am

getting tired of hearing complaints about you.—As to that fellow Peters, seize him and give him six dozen for striking the marine; and remember this is the last time I shall prescribe such a moderate dose. I only make it light now because I think perhaps the sentry was a little hasty. Turn the hands up to witness the punishment.'

Barton made a movement to remonstrate, but was hurried away by the escort.

Peters laughed. 'You may do your worst, captain,' he called out as they dragged him off. 'I've been a good man hitherto; but, by the Lord! you'll only make a devil of me.'

'Very well.—Mr Ward, give him an extra six dozen for his insolence,' said the captain quietly.

An hour later Peters was carried below by two of his messmates, and laid upon his side on a blanket stretched on the deck, his back raw and bleeding. It was Barton's watch below, and he was sitting on the deck too abjectly miserable to sleep when Peters was brought down and laid beside him. There was nothing unusual in the affair, and no one took the trouble to ask the man how he did. The cat of those days on a well-regulated ship was always of the same hardness, and its size and the knots upon it never varied much, the arms of the boatswain's matos never failed, and so the effect on most men was alike, and sailors got used to it.

The lower deck was very quiet, for the watch below had turned in by this time, and Barton and Peters were the only men not in their hammocks.

'How do you feel, Peters?' asked Barton. 'Can I do anything for you?'

'You are a man, Barton. You have got into trouble once through me; but—but—for God's sake, get me a drink! I shall die if I don't get a drink!'

'You shall have one,' said the other. 'Wait a moment.'

Barton ran on deck, flew up the rigging at a speed he had never gone before to get the dipper, brought it down, dropped it into the cask by the lanyard, and was rewarded with a hollow rattle for his pains. The cask was empty.

The sentry laughed. 'Take that dipper aloft again,' he said. 'You got into a row this forenoon with my comrade over the cask. Don't get foul of the marines again.'

Barton painfully climbed to the masthead and replaced the dipper. The man below waited for his drink, and whined under his breath at Barton's slowness. He rolled from side to side groaning. The heat was horrible, the wounds on his back smarted fearfully, his lips cracked, and he breathed curses. Then Barton came back and heard his reproaches.

'Listen,' he said. 'The scuttle-butt is empty. I will go aft and beg a drink for you.'

'No, don't. They will only tell you to go to the devil, and laugh at me.'

'But I can't see you lie there like that and'—

'If you want to help me really, and you are not frightened, you can get a drink.'

'Where? Tell me where.'

'Right aft—outside the gun-room door. No one can see you. There is a cask of spruce-beer belonging to the gun-room mess.'

In a moment Barton snatched a pannikin from the mess traps, rushed aft, and found the cask. The spigot had been taken out to prevent the possibility of thieving; but Barton turned the cask over and filled the pannikin with beer out of the bung-hole. Then he turned to go aft, and ran into the arms of the boatswain.

'By the Lord, thieving! Come here. Caught in the act.' The shrill pipe of a whistle, a word from the boatswain, then two marines and a pair of handcuffs. Barton heard, saw, and felt these things, and in a dreamy way wondered what would be the next act, as he sat ironed to the deck in the defaulters' cell, a sentry outside the barred door. This was how the worst-behaved and most serious class of prisoners were kept.

Meanwhile Peters, rolling from side to side upon his blanket, cursed Barton for a humbug who had promised to get him a drink; but who had turned into his hammock and gone to sleep instead.

CHAPTER III.

A MERCIFUL CAPTAIN.



BARTON spent that night in the ship's cell in the hold. This was below the water-line, and the tropic heat seemed to burn through the decks above. The ship was lying becalmed; but the sweltering prisoner could hear the lapping of the sea against the sides—a musical sound suggestive of cool running water, but a tantalising torture to the man as he lay in his leg-irons through the dark night gasping for the few mouthfuls of the air that found its way into his prison through the hatch-gratings.

The irons just gave play enough to walk backwards and forwards the breadth of the cell; but Barton was too tall to stand upright in it. He had been given a gill of water and a biscuit at night, and a similar ration in the morning. He had been warned by the ship's corporal, who gave him this prison ration, that the skipper would be sending for him shortly, when he would be made an example of that would not soon be forgotten. However, that did not trouble him, for from the moment he had been left in the cell he had fully understood that the crisis was come that he had dreaded, and a means of escape he had been thinking out for

[Christmas Number.]

a long time now seemed quite clearly to be the only way. His plans were formed. He knew well the procedure. At nine o'clock in the morning he would be brought before Captain Brooks and charged with stealing the officers' spruce-beer. It would be useless to deny the charge or try to justify it, so he determined to acknowledge the crime frankly. Then would come the sentence—one hundred, two hundred, or any number of lashes. The number was a matter of indifference to Barton, because he had made up his mind that he would not submit to any.

The escort would lead him on to the quarter-deck ironed, where he would receive the sentence. His irons would be removed as soon as the grating was rigged; then, as a couple of marines stepped towards him to lash him up, he would strike out with both fists, make a spring for the bulwarks, and be over the side before the others had time to recover from their astonishment. They might lower boats and fire shots at him; but he would throw up his hands the moment he touched water, and then there would be peace.

At nine in the morning they came for him, and when he arrived on the quarter-deck he saw the loom of a small island on the port bow. He thought, as he saw it, it was curious that he should be given a last sight of land now, for they had seen no land for days, and so far as he knew were not expecting to see any.

Captain Brooks was standing with a little group of officers waiting for the prisoner, and of course the boatswain and any number of witnesses were there to testify to the crime. But there was no need for them, he thought. Then his eyes, looking aft, caught sight of the ensign only half-hoisted at the peak.

Turning to the corporal, he asked, 'What is the flag half-mast for? They are not going to hang me, are they?'

'Hush! Peters cut his throat last night, and his last words were a curse on you for not getting him that drink.'

Barton could not answer, for they were right aft by now; and the captain, stepping from the group about him, said, 'Keep that man handy. I'll attend to him presently.' Then he turned away, and beckoning the first lieutenant to him, walked apart from the others.

'Look here, Ward, I'll not flog that man. I see a way out of it that I think will satisfy you.'

'I know of only one punishment for a thief, unless you hang him, sir.'

'Well, I'll get rid of him for you, Ward.'

The first lieutenant was keeping pace with Brooks in his short walk at the break of the poop; but he stopped and looked curiously at the captain. 'By the Lord, sir, don't hang the fellow! Think of the consequences; and the

1903.]

man's not so bad as all that, even if you could hang him.'

'I don't propose to hang him.'

'Then give him a hundred lashes and be done with it. You'll excuse my saying so, sir, but there's really no reason why we should talk this man's case over any more than any other man's.'

'You're wrong there, Ward. You don't realise what this life is to Barton. You forget that he has been an officer of a merchant-vessel, and that not six months ago that man walked the deck of his brig just as free and of just as much importance to his fellow-man as any of us; and what is he now?'

'Whatever he was, he must be as others here.'

'Yes; and that is why, knowing the stuff he is made of, I feel for him.'

'Are you going to let him off, sir?'

'No. I am about to tell the second lieutenant to clear away a boat; then I shall put him in her with some food and water, a musket and ammunition, and have him landed on Sorbas.'

'Good God, you cannot mean it! The island is a desolate rock. Why, you surely wouldn't maroon a seaman of a British man-o-war!'

'That is exactly what I intend to do, Mr Ward.'

'Then you will pardon me, sir, if I beg that you will note my solemn protest against the proceeding.'

'Mr Ward, I will enter your protest in the ship's log; but I can't for the life of me see why. The hide-bound traditions of this service have taught you to look on unmoved at a man being flogged round the fleet, and dying of the punishment, yet you are indignant—for you are—I can see it in your face—at this proposal of mine.'

'Most respectfully, sir, I am bound to point out to you that the punishment is illegal; and, forgive me, sir, it is inhuman.'

'Well, well! we shall see what the prisoner has to say to it. Unless I am much mistaken, he will thank me for letting him off so lightly; and to please you, if he protests and claims a flogging instead, he can have it.'

'The man's a sailor, sir; he is not so mad as to submit quietly to being marooned.'

'Very well, we shall see.'

The captain came forward again to where Barton was standing, curiously wondering to himself what all the delay was about, and ultimately deciding in his mind that Ward wanted to give him more lashes than the captain would agree to.

'Barton, do you admit that what the boatswain says is true—that you were caught in the act of stealing beer from the gun-room mess?'

'Yes, sir.'

'You are aware that for the crime of theft I can give you no consideration—that I must punish you with the utmost severity.'

'I ask for none, Captain Brooks. If the man who was driven to death last night by this ship's treatment of him could know that I did the best I could for him I should be content.'

'What do you mean?'

'I mean that I stole the beer to give it to him to drink, and that I am told he died cursing me because I failed of my promise. And I tell you this: I would steal anything in the ship for the same reason, if I were free and I saw any other man as Peters was when you had done with him.'

'Yes, I know you are incorrigible, and for that reason I will keep you no longer in the ship.—Mr Hales, clear away the second cutter.—You, Barton, do you see that island?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Well, instead of flogging you, I intend to land you on it.'

'Is that to be my punishment? No flogging?'

'Yes, that is your punishment. I repeat, I shall not flog you.'

Then Barton answered—and there was a general ring of feeling in his voice that none could mistake the meaning of—'Captain Brooks, I thank you. This is an act of kindness for which I will remember you with my last breath.'

Hales, who had been forward seeing to the clearing of the boat, when he heard why it was being got in readiness, turned away and walked aft filled with righteous indignation. He heard Barton's reply, and thought he was mad.

The second lieutenant walked straight up to the captain. 'Do you know what you are doing, sir?' He spoke quietly so that the crew could not hear him; but he was choking with anger.

'What the devil do you mean, Mr Hales?'

'I ask you, sir, whether you realise that you have ordered me to lower a boat and convey that man to a desolate rock. In fact, I am ordered to take part in marooning a British seaman.'

'And I reply, sir, that I repeat the order, and ask you whether it is becoming on your part to discuss your duty with me.'

'Will you, sir, allow some other officer to perform the duty?'

'No, sir, I will *not*.' Captain Brooks thundered out the words; then he said quietly, 'What do you mean by this, Hales? You are not serving the prisoner.'

Barton, between two marines, was close enough to hear much and understand all that was going forward, and he now stepped away from his guard, and said, 'Lieutenant Hales, I beg your pardon, but for heaven's sake don't argue with the captain! Can't you see that this is the kindest turn he could possibly do me?'

'That man's mad, sir, and he does not know what this means. I beg of you, Captain Brooks, to reconsider this.'

'Will you do your duty, sir, or shall I put you under arrest?'

Hales gave in. 'Sir,' he said, 'I will carry out your orders, and I beg that you will enter the respectful protest I have made when you enter this business in the ship's log.'

'There will be more entries in the ship's log than some of you bargain for presently if officers do not preserve better discipline than has been the case this morning.'

Half-an-hour later the ship was hove-to and the boat lowered. As the men shoved off, Barton, sitting upon a tub of beef and the rest of his few stores, sank back with a sigh of relief as each stroke of the oars increased the distance from the hell he had spent the last few months in.

'Are you mad that you should have thanked Captain Brooks for this?' the second lieutenant asked when the boat was clear of the ship, and leaning forward to Barton's ear that the crew might not catch what he said.

'Very far from it, Mr Hales. I was mad, but this change has made me sane. Do you understand what my life has been?'

'But you don't realise that this place is a barren rock, and you'll starve to death.'

'Better that than be flogged to death.'

'When I get back to England I'll see justice done.'

'Pooh! you don't mean what you're saying, Mr Hales. The captain has acted with the best intention in the world. He knew very well I couldn't stand flogging, and he has given me this means of escape.'

'But you can't escape. No vessels ever come near the place. There is nothing to eat upon it except perhaps turtle and some shellfish; there is no water. The breaker in the boat contains nine gallons. When you have drunk that and eaten the biscuits and beef, you have nothing but the rain and shellfish to keep you alive.'

'And what more does any man want?'

'He—or rather most men—would want to see his home again.'

'I don't, if I am to return with a scarred back.'

'Have you no mother or father or sisters or sweetheart?'

'I was left an orphan when I was ten years old, and have been to sea ever since. What can such a man have in the world?'

'And no sweetheart?'

'A man scarred with the eat would not be a fit mate for the girl I love.'

But by this time they were so near to the little islet that Hales had to turn his attention to the steering of the boat to find a suitable landing-spot. The place was so small that it would have taken little time to row round it; but there was no need for this. The clear water showed the rocks, and the boat was easily steered in between them until they came to one close to the little beach that stood high enough for the passenger to step upon it.

[Christmas Number.]

'Now, men,' said Hales, 'make a collection for Barton. God knows he will need all we can give him.—Here, Barton, is my knife and a couple of pounds of tobacco by way of a start.—Come, my lads, a handkerchief, a hat—anything will be useful.'

'Ay, ay, sir,' was the response; and, in spite of Barton's protests, the men half-stripped themselves of their clothing. Soon, what with the stores and the good nature of the boat's crew, quite a little heap was made upon the beach.

Then said the lieutenant, 'Now I must shove off; it won't do for me to remain a moment longer, as I am in for a devil of a time with the skipper already. But keep your spirits up, for if there is justice to be got in England I'll have a ship sent for you before many weeks have passed.'

'You are very good, sir, and I thank you and all my old shipmates.'

'Come, give me your hand,' replied Hales; 'don't stand there touching your hat in that fashion. Good-bye, good-bye.—Out oars; shove off; give way, men.—Once more, good-bye.—Give him a cheer, boys.'

The four men and the little midshipman raised a feeble cheer. Barton smiled sadly and waved them a farewell. Then the oars bent to the strong arms of the rowers, and Hales, looking over his shoulder at the little white patch of beach, saw only the broad back of Barton, for he had already turned away and was pushing his water-breaker up the slope, as if the *Hotspur's* boat and her people had ceased to have the slightest interest for him.

CHAPTER IV.

ISLAND AND QUARTER-DECK.



WHEN the boat's head was turned from the island, leaving Barton picking his way over the slippery rocks, the man's spirits rose as the sound of the oars grew fainter and his dis severance from the sloop more complete. After a walk of a few yards he stopped and turned round to make certain that he was to be left; that no afterthought of Brooks might lead to the boat being sent back for him. He shuddered at the thought, and fingered his sailor's knife, thinking that even would be better than a return to the ship. Then he remembered that they had given him a musket, and resolved that if the boat should come back he would put himself out of their power with that weapon before she touched the shore.

But there was no danger. He looked over the water and saw the boat, a tiny speck by this time, reach the ship's side; saw her hoisted up, the sails of the sloop trimmed; and watched

the vessel until she was hull-down upon her course. Then Barton made for the centre of his domain, that he might survey it and arrange a plan to live.

It was not difficult to examine, for it was only three-quarters of a mile long by about a hundred and fifty yards broad. The whole surface was flat, and seemed to be composed of rock whose rugged edges, even when close to the island, could not be distinguished from the water surrounding it. Just close to where Barton stood was a little oasis in this desert of rock. This was a patch of soil on which grew some poor grass and weeds, the last a kind of samphire. How this patch came there was plain enough, for multitudes of sea-fowl rose shrieking in the air as the man neared the spot, and in among the rocks all round the wave-washed shore the birds were perched in hundreds, their deposits tipping the points of the rock with white, making them appear like the crests of sea-waves.

Barton was free, and in the joy of freedom he forgot all else, taking no thought of how he was to make a shelter for himself or find security for the few poor stores that lay on the rocks below almost awash. But when the royal-mastheads of the sloop disappeared below the horizon, and the afternoon sun began to decline, he woke up to the necessity of finding a shelter, if not for himself, for his few possessions. With freedom came the desire to live; and how to preserve life upon this rock was a problem that it was now becoming plain would be very difficult of solution.

Escape from the island he dismissed from his mind. He never wished to see his fellow-man again, and the impossibility of rescue from the place troubled him not at all. He thought of it only with satisfaction.

The decision to land him on the island had been so suddenly arrived at, and his mind had been so filled with the horrors of the preceding few days, that the whereabouts of the place, its remoteness from other islands or from the mainland, never once occurred to him; but now he began to realise that he was face to face with starvation, and the dread of such an ending began to take hold of him. He quickly retraced his steps to the rocky point where his goods had been left; and wearily—for it was very hard work even for a strong man—he carried them the three or four hundred yards from where they lay to the little green spot in the centre of the island.

After surveying his tiny heap of stores, he realised how small was his stock of water, and recollected that the rainy season had gone by. Then he collapsed in despair at the prospect. He was in a worse plight than the man in the only story-book he had read. Robinson Crusoe, he remembered, was able to do all sorts of things because he had the wreck of a ship to

pick and choose from. Then he thought of the girl at home.

He got up and shook himself, determined not to give way, and ashamed that before the first day of his new life was ended he should have caught himself regretting it. He lit his pipe and began to arrange for the night.

First he unrolled the bolt of canvas and spread it on the grass, rolling his goods upon it and covering them with what remained of the canvas; then, below the lee of the casks of water and beef, he lay down under his two blankets, determined to go to sleep and wake early to work in the morning. Fortunately he was too tired to lie awake thinking, and soon was sleeping much more soundly and peacefully than he had ever done in his hammock slung on the close lower-deck of the *Hotspur*.

Early in the morning he awoke refreshed and cheerful, and determined that before the end of the day he would solve the two problems, how to make a shelter for himself and how to find fuel for cooking. He went for a walk right round the island, narrowly searching between the rocks for pieces of drift-wood or material of any sort that he could collect for fuel. This expedition occupied him for perhaps half-an-hour, and the shortness of the time was a forcible reminder to him of the smallness of his prison; but the journey was a profitable one. No timber of any sort was to be seen; but there was plenty of seaweed, and he returned to his green patch, which he was already beginning to name to himself 'Home,' with an armful of weed. This he spread out to dry in the hot sun, and determined to spend most of the day in collecting the stuff. 'Now,' he thought, 'if I light this once a day and cook enough food to last me for two or three, I shall be able to make the supply last a lifetime; but I shall have to wait three or four days to dry it thoroughly; and meantime I will breakfast on biscuits and water.'

He ate this frugal meal, carried more seaweed until midday, then began to put into operation his plan for a shelter.

At the edge of his green patch there rose a rock some feet above the surface. The top of this was crumbled away by time and weather until it was smooth by comparison with the jagged points about it. Over this rock Barton spread his canvas doubled, standing upon the edges of it his two casks, the only heavy weights he possessed. Then all round he piled heaps of weed to keep out the cold night-breezes and to add weight to the canvas. Inside this tent he stored the remainder of his goods, and made for himself a bed of the weed covered with the coats and other garments that had been given him.

'Since I have nothing else,' he said to himself, speaking aloud—a habit he had soon fallen into, as men do when no other human voice can be heard by them—'this will serve for my house, and perhaps as time goes on and the sea-

weed accumulates I shall be able to build up a regular barricade of it; and, who knows, perhaps one day some wreck breaking in pieces will drift my way, and from it I shall be able to build myself a regular hut.'

For a week his life went on thus, every day alike, most of the time spent carrying seaweed and spreading it to dry, or turning about his beef and biscuits to preserve them as long as possible. He had lit a fire once, and managed to boil a piece of beef in his kettle. But the weed was not dry enough, and most of the fuel expended itself in smoke, and he wasted so much powder in igniting it that he determined not to light another fire until his fuel was well dried. The sun was very hot during the day, and he now thought that if he could catch a bird or two he would make another attempt at cooking. So with this idea he cast about in his mind for a way to catch the birds. Then he thought of the fishing-lines and hooks; that reminded him of bait, and then of the possibility of catching fish instead of birds. He baited his hooks with a piece of meat, and going to the water's edge, sat upon a rock and cast his lines. Almost as soon as they were down he was rewarded, and in a few moments had landed several fine mullet. It was the eighth morning since he had landed, and as he sat on the rock playing his lines and deep in thought he became conscious that, after all, life was worth living, and that this was not life; that he would give up even the girl to be once more within touch of the world; and that since this longing had come upon him at the end of the week, before many months had gone by in this living death he would be a raving lunatic.

Lost thus in thought, he forgot to pull up his lines, forgot everything about him, and saw not the black clouds rising over the edge of the horizon, felt not the fitful gusts of wind coming from all quarters, and saw nothing of the sea rising at his feet and gradually growing more and more angry until it lashed itself into boiling white foam against the black rocks below him.

No thought of the weather had troubled him from the moment of his landing. Each morning had seen the tropical heat and sultry stillness of the West India day; each evening the cool breeze had fanned him into refreshing sleep beneath his poor canvas shelter. His ignorance of the place where he was, of the climatic disturbances of these seas, had left him in blissful unconsciousness that these peaceful days and nights were not to last for ever.

It was three o'clock in the afternoon, and Barton presently started from his sleep to find that darkness had come upon him unawares. Then, before he had time to wonder at the meaning of it, there came a terrific clap of thunder, forked lightning danced in the sky, and with an ear-splitting roar the hurricane struck the island. Barton just managed to creep into a hollow between two rocks a few feet above the water,

[Christmas Number.]

and there in an agony of fear he crouched for hours, the wind, the rain, the thunder, and the lightning making a storm such as in all his years at sea he had never before seen equalled. Hidden between the two rocks, he dared not move from the poor shelter of his hole lest he should be blown into the sea. Frightened nearly out of his senses, cramped, and wet to the skin, he remained wedged thus until daylight, when the storm died out as suddenly as it had come.

Then Barton, thanking God for his escape, came forth and stretched himself; then he made for the green patch to see what damage had been done to his stores, and in a minute or two he had reached the spot. Standing there dazed, he looked about him to make sure that in the horrors of the preceding few hours he had not wandered away from it. No; the place was too small for him to have made such an error. There was no doubt he was not mistaken; equally there was no doubt that no vestige of anything remained, not even the broken stave of a cask. Then the full meaning of it burst in its awfulness upon him. The hurricane had swept every movable article from the barren rock into the sea; and the man stood there a castaway indeed, possessing not a particle of any one thing needful to preserve such feeble life-spark as the terrors of the night had left in him.

The *Hotspur* had fallen in with the hurricane, and the ship was badly damaged by it. For some days she was compelled to stand on and off the island; but in a week from the day that the final catastrophe befell Barton the ship was near enough to lower a boat, and the captain himself landed to bring back the man he had marooned. For four hours he and those with him searched the island. The man was not there, nor was any vestige of him discovered; the rocky ground left no footprints, the hurricane had swept away all traces, and the island, for all that Captain Brooks could find upon it, might never have been visited by any human being before he landed there. There was no more to be done, and so the *Hotspur's* course, in accordance with the Admiral's orders, was set for England, and Barton's disappearance duly entered in the log-book.

A few months after the arrival of the *Hotspur* all England was crying out indignantly for justice to be done on Captain Brooks for his inhuman treatment of a British seaman. It was no use for the captain to protest that it was kinder to get rid of a man like Barton in such fashion than it was to flog him. It was no use for Brooks to bring evidence to show that the island was frequently visited by American turtle-gathering schooners; that he and the master of the *Hotspur*, knowing this, had selected the island for his purpose, and in such circum-

stances that the landing of Barton could not be described as marooning. The British public would listen to no excuses, and the House of Commons demanded a severe punishment. So Captain Brooks was cashiered.

Meantime, in spite of many inquiries, nothing reliable could be heard of Barton; but in a year or two there were rumours that he had been seen serving in American ships. These rumours even reached as far as Portsmouth, and to the ears of the sweetheart from whose arms Barton had been almost torn when the press-gang took him. But the story was heard with indifference by the girl. She, a month after the *Hotspur* returned from the West Indies, had married a well-to-do local tradesman, and the name of Barton was to her merely a reminder of a lucky escape from an idle flirtation.

The war of 1812 broke out, and in the Government of the day there was a friend of Captain Brooks, who reinstated him in the service, gave him once more a command, and sent him to fight the Americans. His ship was an eighteen-gun brig, the *Swallow*, and his first orders after his appointment were to convoy a small fleet of West Indiamen. The passage was half-completed when, in a heavy gale, the *Swallow* was partially dismasted and separated from her charges. Night fell with an increasing wind and a heavy sea. Then a sail hove in sight, which was soon discovered to be the American sloop-of-war *Adder*.

Brooks felt his position keenly. His ship was partially a wreck; his convoy were scattered, but within easy distance for capture by the American should she come off victorious in the impending engagement; and in the state of his ship the English captain felt that this was only too likely. The ships closed to within half-a-cable length, then exchanged a broadside, the muzzles of their guns frequently dipping under water as the ships rolled in the heavy sea. The Americans fired their lee guns every time their vessel rolled to leeward, and the crew aimed with the accuracy that has always characterised American gunnery. The *Swallow* fired as her engaged side rose with her rolling. In fifteen minutes the English vessel had been so seriously hulled as to have become unseaworthy, while aloft she was an utter wreck; but her shot had for the most part passed harmlessly through the *Adder's* rigging. Then the American wore ship; and, with his opponent entirely at his mercy, he raked her again and again with his carronades.

By way of their ship's bowsprit, which was sticking between the *Swallow's* fore and main rigging, the Americans boarded, and after a desperate fight took possession of their opponent. Brooks and his crew had fought bravely, and the fight, which had lasted for an hour, left more than half of the ship's company lying dead or wounded, while the enemy's loss had been little less. The British captain throughout the en-

agement had chosen the most exposed position on his ship's deck, and in the last bloody quarter of an hour had fought hand-to-hand with his opponents. The American captain, on the contrary, had stood coolly by his helmsman, and from his position right aft had quietly given his orders, sending away his boarding-party under the command of his first lieutenant.

From the moment that Brooks had recognised the American vessel he realised that the crowning misfortune of his life had arrived. The *Adder* had become famous for the skill and courage of her commander, and had won more honour for the American arms during the few months the war had lasted than any vessel of her size and weight of metal in the United States Navy. To contend against her with his ship a wreck was, as Brooks well knew, hopeless, and all that was left for him was to die leading his men. Yet Fate denied him even this compensation, and he stepped on his enemy's deck to yield his sword without having received a scratch.

The two commanders met. 'You have made a good fight of it, sir,' said the American. 'Keep your sword.'

'I thank you, Captain Stephen,' answered Brooks. 'I have heard of your gallantry, and no man need be ashamed at having to yield to you. But for me this defeat is the end. I shall never be given another chance to use my sword.'

The American bowed his prisoner into his little stern cabin and motioned him to a seat. 'You do not remember me, sir,' he said. 'My

first name is Stephen, and in the United States Navy I have used it also as my surname. But when we met before my name was'——

'Barton! By heaven, I recognise you!' exclaimed Brooks.

The American captain held out his hand. 'Yes, sir,' he said; 'and, believe me, this is the first time I have felt sorry for serving under the new flag.'

Brooks responded heartily. 'How did you get away from the island?' he asked. 'You bear me no ill-will, then?'

'A turtle-schooner took me off; and I regard you as one of the best friends I ever had,' replied the other, smiling sadly.

'You know that all England accused me of murdering you,' said the Englishman.

'When you go back, answer them from me that I don't want their maudlin sympathy. Let them keep some of it for the men who have fought their battles. Tell them that kidnapping men and then flogging them makes bitter enemies for England.'

'Still, you should remember that you are an Englishman. I have been treated with injustice; but that does not justify'——

Barton raised his hand with an impatient gesture. 'No,' he said, 'it does not. But among the men who this night served the guns of the *Adder* were at least a score who fought at Trafalgar, and who were left by their grateful country to starve upon the streets, and they have chosen this service instead. Enough, sir; my cabin is at your disposal. I will find quarters elsewhere.'

THE SLEEPERS ON THE VELDT.

BENEATH the mountain's dominance
The blustering night-wind raves,
Whose pointed shadows of the thorn
Strike slant across our graves.

Calmly we wait the waking hour,
Beneath the eternal stars;
Sleeping as friends, who died as foes
In half-forgotten wars.

For us, the blistering sun at noon
Wakes memories in our breast,
The secrets of the moonlit nights
Enrich our silent rest.

But, 'neath these alien stars, the foe
Sighs in uneasy sleep
For shifting clouds on heather hills
Where peat-brown waters leap.

The silent spaces of the veldt
Say nothing to his soul;
His heart is held by high white cliffs
Where tumbling sea-waves roll.

The silence solaces our heart
And charms this interlude;
Our wives were won, our children born,
Within its solitude.

His boyhood calls from shady lanes,
And deep pellucid streams;

Soft cloudy skies and deep-set tarns
Haunt his uneasy dreams.

Our women's broken-hearted tears,
Drunk by the thirsty land,
Can never reach our shallow graves
Scooped in the sunburnt sand.

But at the sound the foeman stirs,
Moved by sad, lingering fears;
His women will not find his grave
In all their lonely years.

But one still dawn the Judge's voice
Shall reach the hearts of all;
Heavy with sleep, confused with dreams,
We shall obey the call,——

From well-fought fields whose thousands sleep,
From lonely, star-watched graves,
Scattered about the solemn veldt,
O'er which the night-wind raves.

And, side by side, we all shall march
With slow, reluctant feet,
To stand before that Judgment Bar
Where every foe shall meet.

Then when that tardy dawn shall break,
And waiting hours be done,
The foes who died will rise as friends
To greet the morning sun.

AUTHOR OF 'MISS MOLLY.'

[Christmas Number.]